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"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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ENTRE NOUS.

THE Queen will hold an Investiture one day next week in the White Drawing-room, at Windsor Castle, at which the new K.C.B.'s will be knighted, and Lord Derby will receive his Garter. The attendance at this function is to be as small as possible, in accordance with the Queen's express commands; and several individuals who, under ordinary circumstances, would be summoned, will learn with disappointment that, except in a few special cases, the ceremony of investiture has been dispensed with for this year.

Her Majesty drove to Ditton Park a few hours after her return to Windsor, last Wednesday, and drank tea with the Dowager Duchess of Buccleuch, who, with the Duke, met her Majesty at the drawbridge. The Queen remained at Ditton for about an hour.

The precautions taken to shield Aladdin's Princess from the public gaze, when she passed through the streets of Bagdad on her way to the baths, were not more stringent than the probibition which was issued from Balmoral last week against the admission of any person whatever, except indispensable officials, to the stations when the Royal train stopped between Ballater and Windsor. When the Queen was coming home from Darmstadt, the stations at Bonn, Coblenz, and other places at which the train was to stop, were most elaborately decorated with flags and evergreens, and there were many people with large bouquets of flowers. It may be supposed, therefore, that the Germans were not much pleased when the blinds of the Royal saloon were sharply pulled down as the train entered the various stations, and were not raised again till after it had left.

The Duchess of Albany, who arrived at Windsor Castle on Thursday, is to remain on a visit to the Queen until the removal of the Court to Osborne, which will take place about July 18.

Her Majesty is expected to arrive at Balmoral from Osborne for the autumn between the 23rd and 30th of August. The precise date of the Queen's departure for Scotland will depend on the health of the Duchess of Albany.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are to arrive at Abergeldie Castle during the second week in August, and the Duchess of Edinburgh will reach Birkhall about the same time. The Duchess remains in Russia for about fortnight longer; and, till she goes to Scotland, her children will continue to occupy Abergeldie Mains.

In compliance with a wish expressed by the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales will not attend any theatres this season.

The Prince's schooner, *Aline*, is fitting out at Cowes and I hear that it is the intention of H.R.H. to take a fortnight's cruise in the Channel before he goes to Scotland.

Princess Beatrice was much better for her visit to Aix-les-Bains last autumn, but she has again been suffering from rheumatism, and I hear that it is in contemplation for H.R.H. to go to Amsterdam for a few weeks to be under Dr. Metzger, from whose treatment the Empress of Austria and the Queen of Sweden have derived so much benefit.

It seems to me that H.R.H. would do well to give our native waters a trial. She was on the point of going to Bath last year, and there can be no doubt that the waters there are quite as efficacious as any in Europe, and the baths are the most luxurious in the world.

Edmund's account of "Prince Albert Victor at Heidelberg" deals with everything and everybody in and about the place, except the young Prince; but this is not strange, as the article must have been written at least a day before H.R.H. reached Heidelberg, and if he had stopped at Wiesbaden, to pass Sunday with the King and Queen of Denmark (as was first proposed), it would have been published before his arrival. Edmund ought to have waited another week.

The wedding-gift of the Grand Duke Sergius to his bride was a parure of daisies, which is said to have cost £20,000. The Queen presented her grand-daughter with her *trousseau*.

During the last month the King of the Netherlands has been recruiting his health (which is in a most precarious and critical condition) at Carlsbad, and the Queen has been taking the waters of Kissingen. A few days ago a rumour reached the Hague that the Queen is *enceinte*, and it has caused much excitement, as, in the event of her giving birth to a son, the difficulties of the Dutch succession would be solved, as far as the most troublesome points are concerned. In any case, however, a Regency Act will have to be passed at once, as, under the Dutch Constitution, this is a question which must be settled during the life of

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the King. It is expected that Queen Emma will be appointed Regent, under the guidance of a committee of Dutch notables. Unluckily the Queen is by no means popular in Holland, and she is particularly disliked at the Hague. If the King leaves no son, the Duchy of Luxemburg passes to the Duke of Nassau. The large fortune of the late Prince of Orange is divided between his father and his half-sister. The King and Queen are expected to reach the Hague this evening from Germany.

The mistakes which have been made by English newspapers in their comments upon the consequences of the death of the Prince of Orange are curious. As a matter of fact, Princess Wilhelmine, the daughter of the King, is heiress to the Crown of Holland, for in that country there is no Salic Law. The King, however, is Grand Duke of Luxemburg, where the Salic Law exists, and, consequently, the Princess will not inherit the Grand Ducal Crown. The correspondent of the *Standard* in Amsterdam writes :—

> Even in the sad event of anything befalling the young Princess, the succession would devolve on the King's sister, Princess Sophia, and on the Princess Marianne and Prince Frederick, his aunt and uncle.

A Frenchman once called the Dutch *une nation éteinte*, but even he never supposed that they could be ruled over by dead Princes and Princesses. Princess Marianne died May 27, 1883, and Prince Frederick, Sept. 8, 1881.

Queen Marie of Hanover, who has been taking the waters at Kissingen, has arrived at Schloss Fröhliche, near Jena, on a visit to the Princess Thérèse of Saxe-Altenburg, where she has been joined by Princess Frederica, who has been staying at Leipzic. This is their first meeting for nearly five years, as the Queen resented her daughter's *mésalliance* (as she considered it) almost as bitterly as the Duke of Cumberland, who has never since held any communication with his sister, and who sent a letter to the Queen remonstrating, in very strong terms, against the manner in which she had thought fit to help on the affair.

The Countess von Hutten-Czapska, the mother of Madame de Kalomine, has just arrived at Wiesbaden from Russia, and is described in the local journals as "wife's mother" of "Seine Königliche Hoheit der Gross-Herzog Luis von Hessen."

By the way, the Duke's morganatic marriage, and its diverting sequel, have led to a legal prosecution, instituted by the State Prosecutor of Berlin, against the comic journal *Schalk*, "for having ridiculed and insulted a reigning Federal Prince."

There are few busier men in the kingdom than the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and possibly none whose occupations are so varied. After a busy time in the North of Ireland, Lord Spencer had a terribly heavy week at the Viceregal Lodge. Every day he attended the meetings of the Rifle Shooting Association at Dollymount, and took an active part in the contests. On Tuesday he dined with the Benchers at the King's Inns, Henrietta-street, at six o'clock, the traditional banqueting hour, which even the sacredness of tradition hardly makes commendable to general taste on a sultry June afternoon. On Friday the rifle teams were entertained at dinner by Lord and Lady Spencer. Finally, the postponed birthday review was held in the Phœnix Park, on Saturday, General Lord Clarina being in command. Lord Spencer rode with Sir Thomas Steele and a brilliant staff. Lady Spencer, with Lady M. Boyle, was present in a State carriage with outriders. Her Excellency's costume was of dark green silk with dull red stripes, and bonnet and sunshade to match. Amongst those near the flag-staff were Lady Annaly, Lady Hamilton, Lady Gertrude Astley, and Mrs. G. Dawson-Damer, the two latter ladies wearing toilets of the Guard's colours, with sailor hats.

A hoax after the Theodore Hook fashion was perpetrated last week in Dublin, when invitations to a festivity "To have the honour of meeting their Excellencies," were apparently issued by the authorities of Trinity College. The bidden guests arrived at the stated time in large numbers. When the facts of the case became known, the tableau in the College Quadrangle, where the company was assembled, can be readily imagined.

The Forestry Exhibition, in the grounds of Donaldson's Hospital, Edinburgh, which is to be opened this week by Lord Lothian, ought to be a success. There are nearly six hundred private exhibitors, and more than fifty different Governments have sent exhibits. The exhibition, however, will not be in proper order for at least a fortnight to come. The Queen has sent specimens of oak, beech, and ash, from some of the oldest trees in Windsor Great Park; also a model of her Swiss chalet in Ballochbuie Forest. The Duke of Connaught's contributions include specimens of silver fir, and of a Spanish chestnut at Bagshot Park, which were planted in the reign of Queen Anne. Lady Willoughby d'Eresby has sent a very fine collection from Drummond Castle, which has long been famous for its trees and its gardens. One interesting object is a Manitoba farm-house, with miniature buildings and fields of corn. Mr. Gladstone's presentation axe will no doubt be viewed with intense interest by his legions of admirers North of the Tweed.

At Lady Freake's last week, the *tableaux* of Schiller's "Song of the Bell" drew a good many guineas from the pockets of the benevolent. A convalescent hospital, a young women's help society, and the Princess Frederica's Home at East Molesey come in for the benefit. But there was something worth seeing and hearing for the money. Mr. Clifford Harrison read snatches from a translation of the "Song"—hardly enough to please me; the organ played rather too continuously; whilst a few choruses from Wagner, and what sounded like "Hymns Ancient and Modern," enlivened the dumb show of the scenes. These, however, were pretty lively: a wooing, a wedding, a nursery full of pretty children—but, *horresco referens!*—a new lady each time!

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Some thought it rather hard that she who was wooed (Miss C. Taylor) was never wed, and that she who was wed (Miss Florence Fowlie) was not called upon to preside over the nursery. Mrs. Finney managed that, however, very well. The baby was very good; it didn't cry—it was wax; but people at the back of the room didn't know that, and the ladies were in ecstasies over the little darling. The bell-casting pleased me most. Guido Schmidt, the artist, and Messrs. Schloesser and Carl Haag arranged the scenes. Lady Freake paid for the dresses, which were certainly capital throughout, and Mr. Malcolm Lawson looked after the music. I am told the *tableaux* are to be repeated. In that case I should advise the performers to rehearse their pieces before a skilled actor. He would at once rectify a few little technical faults, such as the lover kneeling on the wrong knee—the knee next the footlights should, of course, have been used—the crowding-up of the chief figures in the wedding-scene, &c.

Lord Bridport has been appointed Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen, in succession to the late Lord Torrington, in accordance with the anxious wish of her Majesty. Mr. Gladstone, with his usual kindly consideration for the Queen's personal feelings, has consented to this appointment, although Lord Bridport is a strong Conservative, and such posts are almost invariably given as payment for political services and votes, to Peers who support the Ministry. Colonel Ewart, C.B., Groom-in-Waiting, succeeds Lord Bridport as Equerry, and is himself replaced by the Hon. Alexander Yorke, who was for several years attached to the household of the late Duke of Albany.

Mr. and Mrs Vyner received the Prime Minister and Mrs. Gladstone, and the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans, at their villa near Wimbledon, from Saturday till Monday last.

Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar have been staying during the last week at Bembridge, in the Isle of Wight. They have consented to visit Southsea on the 16th, to open an Egyptian Bazaar, which is to be held in aid of the Young Men's Christian Association.

The Duke of Cambridge has sold Coombe End, his villa near Kingston-on-Hill, to Lord Tankerville.

Ismail Pasha, the ex-Khedive, has been staying at Trentham during the last few days, on a visit to the Duke of Sutherland.

The Duke of Bedford returned to town last Wednesday, after a month's cruise in his yacht *Northumbria*. He goes afloat again in about a fortnight, when the Duchess and the Ladies Russell go to Endsleigh.

Sir Charles and Lady Louisa Mills, who have been staying for some time at Mulgrave Castle, came up to Camelford House last Tuesday.

Lord Cranbrook has gone to Marienbad for the benefit of his health, and will remain abroad till the beginning of August.

"Liberty" Arabian Furniture and Decoration. A new Sketch-book post-free. Liberty & Co., Chesham House. Regent-street, W.

The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk who have been abroad for nearly two months, are expected to return shortly to Arundel; but there will be no party at the Castle for Goodwood week. The Duke and Duchess will pass the autumn at Derwent Hall, their place in North Derbyshire.

Lord and Lady Monck have returned to Charleville, their place in Ireland, from Bath, where they had been staying for a month. Lord Monck has derived much benefit from a course of the waters.

The Duke of Argyll returned to town on Friday from Inverary Castle, where he had been staying for a week. He stopped at Edinburgh for a day on his way up.

Lord Durham received a small party at Lambton Castle last week for Newcastle races, and Lord and Lady Hastings entertained a few friends at Seaton Deleval, their place in Northumberland.

Nearly the whole of the tradesmen and other inhabitants of the little town of Evesham assembled at the railway station on Friday afternoon to welcome the Duc d'Aumale, who is paying a visit to Wood Norton, his pretty Worcestershire residence. The Prince is very popular in the neighbourhood through his former residence there.

Lord Cloncurry has taken a lease of the Duke of Sutherland's extensive shootings at Loch Inver, on the north-west coast of Sutherland.

Sir Alexander and Lady Mackenzie have gone to Switzerland for a few months, and Delvine, their beautiful place in Perthshire, has been let, with the shootings and the salmon fishing in the Tay, to Mr. McFarlane, of Port Dundas distillery, near Glasgow.

Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie have a large party at Fawley Court this week for Henley Regatta, and Mr. and Mrs. Scott-Murray are entertaining a few friends at Danesfield for the same festival.

The pleasant and lucrative post of Warden of Raglan Castle has been conferred by the Duke of Beaufort on Mr. Raglan Somerset, the son of his cousin, the Rev. William Somerset, Rector of Woolastone.

Valentine Baker has returned to London in greatly improved health, having derived much benefit from his visit to the Italian lakes.

Visitors to Dorking may be glad to know that the guardians of the new owner of Deepdene have opened the beautiful grounds to the public, on payment of a small fee, which goes to a local charity.

It is proposed to present a testimonial to Mr. Jacob Wilson, the well-known Northumbrian agriculturist, in recognition of his long and valuable services to the farming interest. The movement is promoted by Lord Lathom, Lord Egerton of Tatton, and Mr. S. P. Foster.

"Liberty" Art Fabrics.—Original inventions for Ladies' Costumes and Toilets. Patterns post-free. Regent-street, W.

Tournaments are so popular now that the management of the Ranelagh Club have arranged to hold one on Saturday next in the Club grounds. It is to be under the direction of the Earl of Harrington and General Fraser. Given fine weather, I should say that at this time of year, an out-door tournament would be in every way preferable to one held under a roof. What with the tournament itself, the Maori King, and the ex-Khedive, all on view, the afternoon's entertainment ought to prove attractive. By the by, when his Majesty the Maori King honours such resorts with his company, I wonder what arrangements are made as to his refreshments?

The Bibury Club dinner at Stockbridge, on the evening of the race day, is an institution which has wonderfully revived of late years. It is not so long since, when the Steward of the year dined by himself; but last week no fewer than thirty-six sat down, under the presidency of the Duke of Portland, Lord Zetland, and Mr. Alexander (the Club Steward), whose place for next year is taken by Lord Zetland, while the Duke of Beaufort succeeds Mr. Craven as Steward of Stockbridge.

Her Majesty did not exhibit so largely as usual at the show of the Royal Counties Society which was held at Guildford last week. The Queen took second prize in the Devon class with a nine years' old bull from the Flemish Farm at Windsor, which was bred at Tregothnan by Lord Falmouth, and her white pigs from the Shaw Farm carried off three prizes. Lord Coventry carried all before him in Herefords. The Prince of Wales took prizes for Southdown rams (second) and ewes (first). Lord Northbrook's dairy at Stratton Park carried off the first prize for butter.

A decided novelty in the racing line came off at Campament, near Gibraltar, last week. Captain Dalton, D.A.A.G., offered two prizes for the winners of a trotting race, the competitors to be ladies, mounted on their own ponies. A very large company assembled to see the sport, and no fewer than sixteen ladies entered for the prizes. The race was run in two heats, and was eventually won somewhat easily by Lady Gifford, on her pony, "The Pink 'Un," Miss Adye being second, and Miss Cochran third.

Matches for cruisers have, I am told, become the fashion. But at present no one seems to know what is or what is not a cruiser. One day one hears of such a race being won by a famous twenty-tonner of a season or two ago, on another of a crack yawl of but a season past scoring honours. Such a state of affairs can have but one result—and that is protests. If cruiser races are encouraged, one day a flying cruiser will be built, with iron ballast and all the rest of it; in fact, as it is, I am told that one cruiser at present racing is fast enough to beat many racers, and that one, if not two, of last year's forty-tonners intend calling themselves cruisers later on. Would it not be better either to abolish the term "cruiser" or to impose penalties on winners, since "duffer" races must be intended to enable each craft to win a prize in turn?

Screens, with tea-cup shelf on each fold, from 21s. A large variety of screens in Japanese leather paper, needlework, stained glass, and hand-painted in all sizes and styles.—C. Hindley & Sons, 290 to 294, Oxford-street, London.

The Eton and Winchester match last week was only remarkable, from a cricket point of view, for the poorness of the batting on both sides; but the beautiful weather attracted a great many spectators, and the College grounds at Winchester looked their best, although the view is a good deal spoilt now by an embankment for the new Southampton line. I must say I cannot agree with the unfavourable criticism often passed on the Winchester school authorities, for not allowing the match with Eton to take place, as of old, at Lord's. The present system of playing it at Eton and Winchester alternately seems to me far better for all parties; and I will even commit the heresy of saying that no one—except, I suppose, the M.C.C.—would lose much if the Eton and Harrow match were played under the same conditions.

Up till Saturday afternoon few among the vast crowds of spectators at the Oval imagined that the well-contested match they were enjoying was to end disastrously for the English Gentlemen; but so it was, and the conspicuous failure of some of our leading players at the crisis showed that, in the very essential particular of nerve, our amateurs are, as a rule, far inferior to their colonial rivals. W. G. Grace, by obtaining one-third of the runs scored on the English side, proved that his title of Champion cricketer is as indisputable as ever. C. T. Studd was again disappointing; in fact, he seems to have a regular "fit of the funks." W. W. Read showed that his high average cannot be maintained against first-class bowling; E. J. Diver was a failure, and W. E. Roller and F. J. Welman were evidently nervous. Young Christopherson bowled finely, and fully justified his selection; but that is more than can be said for several others of the team.

"Unlawful games," said Mr. Justice Hawkins, in delivering judgment in the Park Club case, "are ace of hearts, faro, bassett, hazard, passage, roulette, every game with dice except backgammon, and every game of cards that is not a game of mere skill; and he was inclined to add any other game that was a mere game of chance." Now, as a matter of fact, there is no such thing as a game of cards which is a game of "mere skill." Whist is, of course, the nearest approach to such a game, but what whist player has not repeatedly seen the most inferior performers win rubber after rubber against the best players in London? Will the police, therefore, make a raid against all clubs where whist is played? The truth is, that the regulations about gambling are illogical and ridiculous, and the sooner they are thoroughly overhauled the better.

Mr. Bernard Becker has published an interesting article entitled "Games and Gamesters" in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*. Whist-players would do well to treasure up this:—

> Why it is better to lay the odds of five to two after the first game of a rubber of whist than to take them, is that if it be even betting on any game it is three to one, and not five to two, against either side winning two *coups* in succession, which the side having lost the first game in a rubber must do in order to win. That it is always three to one against two events on each of which

Almond's Hotel, situated in the best position of the West-End and close to the theatres, parks, &c., is now re-opened. A spacious Salle à Manger and Ladies' Drawing-room have also been added, hot and cold baths and many single bedrooms. Special attention directed to sanitary arrangements. Clifford-street, Bond-street, W —J. R. Roy, Proprietor.

the betting is even is easily demonstrated thus: put one piece of money down on a table, suppose the event one and add another piece; put both pieces on the second winning event and cover with two others. The result is four pieces, including the original stake of the backer, who thus wins three pieces by staking one.

Considering the number of intelligent persons who play at whist, it has always been a matter of wonder to me that no person ever seems to act upon this very simple statistical fact. Assuming all players at a whist table to be equal as to play, a person has only invariably to bet 5 to 2 whenever he has an opportunity in order to secure to himself a percentage that must tell in the end.

The game of baccarat is erroneously explained by Mr. Becker in many of its details; but its votaries will benefit themselves by acting on this calculation:—

The reason why the punter should not draw when he holds five is the fairly obvious one that it is five to four against his improving his position. Thus the tenth cards and the court cards being null, he may get any of nine draws, the lower four improve his position, the five and the higher four draw over and destroy his chance of winning.

A curious innovation as regards costume was introduced a few days ago at the matinée given at the Comedy Theatre for the benefit of Mr. D'Albertson. The day being intensely hot, several of the occupants of the stalls and boxes increased their pleasure and made their life endurable by donning evening dress. When one considers how much cooler than the ordinary morning costume this is, it seems almost a wonder that some enterprising tailor does not invent something similar in cut for ordinary summer wear.

It is settled that "Sigurd" shall be produced at Covent Garden on Thursday, July 17. This opera had a great success at Brussels, where it was brought out last winter. The composer, M. Reyer, who is a Frenchman, is Bibliothécaire en Chef of the Grand Opera of Paris, a member of the Académie, and a distinguished writer on musical subjects. He has produced many works, of which his oratorios and ballets are best known. It was his opera, "La Statue," which procured him the honour of the Académie.

As I stated last week, Madame Albani is to create the part of Brünhilde, and Monsieur Jourdain, of Brussels, whose services have been specially retained, will make his first appearance in this country in his original (tenor) *rôle* of Sigurd. Fürsch, Madi, De Reszké, and Devoyod will also appear in the opera, which is thus assured a most favourable rendering.

The libretto treats of the "Nibelungenlied," but in place of the series of operas by which Wagner has illustrated the legend, Reyer has compressed the tale into one. The music may be said to be of the advanced school, but as there are sustained and beautiful melodies, the opera is probably destined to prove as great a favourite in England as it was in Belgium.

It has been decided that the New York season at the Metropolitan Opera House is to be carried on this winter by the Royal Italian Opera, Covent-garden, and Mr. Gye will take over with him the strongest company ever known in New York. The subsidy offered by the directors of the American house is very handsome, and the season is likely to prove a lucrative one to the Royal Italian Opera company.

The Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* has a paragraph respecting the examination at Southampton of the luggage of Miss Hauk, the prima-donna, by the Custom-house officers. The lady had forty-six boxes, and a day and a half were passed in examining them. The officers came upon several dozen little stuffed crocodiles, which Miss Hauk was bringing over as presents to her friends, and it was only after rigid investigation, which showed that they were stuffed with wool and not with dynamite, that they were allowed to pass.

Maurel has engaged Madamè Patti for the opening of the Italian Opera House in Paris next November. She is to sing in "La Traviata."

Princess Pignatelli's little manœuvres have at length been successful. Her family has given way at the thought of her holding a bar at the Folies-Bergères and she is now to receive a handsome allowance under the express condition that she remains away from Paris.

H.R.H. Princess Louise honoured Mrs. E. M. Ward's studio with a visit on Thursday afternoon last, and inspected the students' drawings.

A memorial has been signed in the House of Commons urging the Government to acquire the Raphael, and one or two other pictures in the Blenheim Gallery.

Professor von Angeli, of Vienna, is at present engaged upon paintings of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Germany, which are to be a present from them to the Queen.

The newspapers of the United States have not treated the Queen's book with the same amount of consideration that it has received in England. One journal parodies it in the following manner:—

January 1st.—This is the first day of the year, and Beatrice reminds me it is New Year's Day. What a beautiful coincidence! We had cream, toast, and muffins for breakfast, and I had two helps to each. Beatrice said she was delighted to see my old appetite for muffins returning.

March 8th.—Brown has a cold. Four mustard plasters were applied to him by the Royal College of Surgeons. He is better. I ordered Dean Stanley to sing a "Te Deum." He sent back word that personally he would prefer to whistle it. I will order Tennyson to write a poem on it. Tennyson is a worthy man.

April 1st.—Brown came in this morning with a large placard on his back, which bore the initials, N.G. When I called his attention to it, he was real angry, and said he supposed it was done by the Prime Minister or somebody. I shall ask Mr. Gladstone about it. The cat had a fit this morning, which quite upset us all. Jenner was in attendance, and prescribed; he said it was meat. Dear me!

April 10th.—I sent for my lady-in-waiting and read her this Journal for a year. She sat with closed eyes, nodding her head whenever I came to a favourite passage. She then said that she did not think any distinguished woman had ever written anything like it. I chided her for flattery, but she assured me it was honest truth. I will read it to Mr. Gladstone.

April 11th.—Mr. Gladstone called; I read it to him.

April 13th.—Mr. Gladstone is very ill.

April 15.—Beatrice and I went out for a walk. We walked up a hill and then we walked down.

May 2nd.—Brown said this morning that Mr. Gladstone ought to settle that Egyptian matter right off. I sent for Mr. Gladstone at once and told him. He said nothing, but seemed to be in a brown study.

J. B. Brown & Co's New Price List of Iron Hurdles, Bar and Wire Fencing, Fencing Wire, and Galvanised Wire Netting. Champion Prize, Three Gold Medals.—J. B. Brown & Co., 90, Cannon-st., E.C.

International Health Exhibition.—In referring to Messrs. Fry's Exhibit of Cocoa and Chocolate, *The Grocer* says:—"Their goods are displayed in an exceedingly attractive style—the Chocolate Creams and similar articles of Confectionery are offered to consumers in the most dainty form, and the boxes in which they are placed are quite works of art. They turn out nothing but the best.'

The second series of the extracts from the "Diary of Henry Greville" is capital reading; indeed, I think the book is an improvement on the first series, for many of Mr. Greville's French stories had previously appeared in the "Diary of Mr. Burke," while most of the anecdotes in this volume are new. One of the choicest "plums" in the book is the remark of the late Duchess of Sutherland after Victor Emmanuel had been invested with the Garter. "He was the only knight of the many I have seen who looked as if he would have had the best of it with the dragon." If a second edition is called for, Lady Enfield will do well to supply an index.

New editions of popular books seldom call for special notice, but the "Lord Beaconsfield" of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., is an exception to the rule. It is a good many years now since the young Irishman, who was slowly making his way in London journalism, suddenly found his biography of Mr. Disraeli the most talked-about, and in consequence the most successful, book of a season of successful books. The time has been long enough to allow the work to pass out of print, but not out of the position it at once assumed of being a most remarkable biography. The new edition which Messrs. Chatto & Windus have just published is something more than a mere reprint, for it includes an introduction, written with all the descriptive power and the irony of the early text, in which the career of Benjamin Disraeli is carried on to the death of Lord Beaconsfield.

The Rector of Lincoln College has just deposited his papers, including a large portion of his journals and correspondence, in the Bodleian Library, in a sealed box which is not to be opened till 1910. Mr. Patteson's health is still in a very unsatisfactory condition, and he continues in a state of considerable depression.

On Saturday the Master and Fellows of Balliol entertained the Speaker at dinner in the College hall, and invited two hundred old Balliol men to meet him. The whole of the guests were quartered in the college, and the invitations were from Saturday till Monday, but most of them left on Sunday afternoon. The speaking was particularly good, especially on the part of the Master, the Speaker, Sir Stafford Northcote, Lord Justice Bowen, Sir R. Lingen, Mr. Nettleship, and Mr. Arnold. The Speaker's response was in every way admirable, both in manner and matter. Mr. Peel has singular dignity of presence, a charming voice, and perfect elocution. Had it not been Saturday, Cardinal Manning, the Bishop of Exeter, and Dean Bradley would have been among the company, and the Duke of Westminster was also prevented from attending. The whole affair was a brilliant success in all respects.

Dr. Hornby is not to assume his new office as Provost of Eton till the end of the "summer" half. According to the old Eton etiquette, the Provost must never go "into school" after he has once taken up his residence at the Lodge. The new Head-Master (Mr. Warre, in all probability) will begin work when the school re-assembles at the end of September, after the holidays.

People who intend visiting the Cathedral of St. Giles, in Edinburgh, would do well to notice a discussion which took place in the Edinburgh Presbytery last week. One gentleman complained bitterly of the money-grubbing which was carried on in the church, and narrated how on one occasion, when he had been looking at a pillar, an official had come up to him and informed him that he must either pay something or go out. Another member of the Presbytery explained that the word used was not "pay," but "pray," and a somewhat acrimonious debate on the point ensued. In any case, it is perfectly evident that the motto of the St. Giles's officials is "pay, pray, or go," so visitors should be prepared to take their choice.

The zeal of the Bishop of Truro seems to outrun his discretion. It is very probably desirable that there should be harbours of refuge in Cornwall; but the Bishop goes somewhat far when he encloses to a clergyman a letter from the Chairman of the Harbour of Refuge (Cornwall) Committee, requesting him to desire his clergy to preach in favour of petitions being signed advertising the scheme, with the observations that:—

> He who wept by the grave of Lazarus bids us, His Ministers, so far as in us lies, to carry on the echo of the words He spoke to the widow of Nain, and, by diminishing the risks of our seamen, to lighten the anxieties and lessen the sorrows of their wives and mothers.

I hear that the late Bishop of Ripon had insured his life for a very large amount, and that it was mainly owing to pecuniary considerations that he did not resign his See, as he certainly ought to have done, for he was quite incapable of doing his work for two years before his death.

A correspondent writes:—

There will be some dreadful accident at Westminster Abbey on an early Sunday evening unless the Dean and Chapter alter the present scandalously defective and confused arrangements for admitting the public to the nave services. Under Dean Stanley the general public entered by the great west doors, which were opened an hour before service commenced, and the narrow and inconvenient cloister entrance was available only for persons connected with the Abbey, and for those among whom had been distributed the limited number of tickets which were issued for the seats in the reserved space round the pulpit. This plan worked admirably, but it has been altered for some reason (or no reason), and on Sunday evening there was a scene in the cloisters for half-an-hour which reminded one of the traditions of the pit-door at Drury-lane on Boxing Nights. I arrived at 6.40, with an order for a special seat from a member of the Chapter, but there was not a place to be had, and, on returning to leave, I found that the Cloister gates had been locked, and that the public passages were literally as full as they could hold of a really furious mob of "highly respectable" (or rather genteel) persons, who were battling with the officials at the gate. It was as impossible to get out as it was to get in. The members of the choir were dragged through by the police, amidst howls of remonstrance from the crowd, who thought they were being unduly favoured. Some ladies who were crushed against the rails made piteous appeals to be allowed inside the gate where, at least, they would be in safety; and the families of some of the Abbey clergy, who fought their way in, aided by the police, literally had their outer garments torn off their backs. Canon Fleming, after a prolonged struggle, was hauled into safety in a state of exhaustion, and two well-known members of Parliament could be seen fighting vigorously, but vainly, to get through. The Dean and the Bishop of Ripon were escorted by vergers and police, but could only pass after a long delay and a most unseemly row, and Mrs. Boyd Carpenter was nearly knocked down. Although every available seat was full long before the service commenced, the crowd (many of whom had special orders) would not leave as the officials continued to admit people they knew, which, of course, excited the hisses of the mob. I was compelled to kick my heels between the aisle and the cloister inside the gates till after the service commenced, as it was simply impossible to get out, and it

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would have been dangerous to have made the attempt. Finally, when the Psalms were being chanted, the select crowd was allowed to go into the choir; where, being separated from the congregation by the organ-screen, there was nothing to be seen or heard except the music. The sooner there is a return to the old plan the better.

Professor Westcott is in residence at Westminster Abbey this month, and he is to preach for the first time in his official capacity as Canon next Sunday afternoon. The Bishop of Manchester will be the special preacher at the evening service in the nave.

There has just been an octave of special services at St. Alban's, Birmingham, a famous "high" church. The offertories amounted to nearly £2,200.

I am informed that the Bishop of Salisbury intends to resign his See in the course of a few weeks.

It is to be hoped that the following job will not be perpetrated. Our Naval officers are not so worthless that it becomes necessary to give an important Naval command to an estimable but inexperienced German Prince :—

Sir,—Prince Leiningen is again named as the probable successor of Vice-Admiral Rice at the Nore.

That such an appointment should be possible is discreditable; but that it should be made by a Board of Admiralty serving under a Liberal Administration will be disgraceful.

The *Broad Arrow* of June 21 gives a *résumé* of the Prince's services, from which it appears that, omitting midshipman's time (from March, 1849, to April, 1855), he has served as a commissioned officer rather over nineteen years, of which sixteen and a-half have been in the Royal yacht, and two years and seven months actually at sea, viz., one year and six months as lieutenant in the *Cossack*, and one year and one month as captain of the *Magicienne*.

The case, therefore, stands thus :—It is proposed to confer the Command-in-Chief at the Nore on an officer who has never served as senior officer or commanded a station, squadron, or division; who has never been superintendent of a dockyard or steam reserve; who has never served in, much less commanded, an iron-clad or reserve ship; who has never been in a squadron of exercise or evolution; and who, in fact, has never held any command or served in any position of importance in the Navy, and whose total sea-service as a commissioned officer only amounts to two years and seven months.

Now, if an officer with this amount of inexperience is fit to be Commander-in-Chief at the Nore, it is clear that the office is so utterly unimportant that it might, without detriment to the Service, be abolished, and the country saved about £5,000 a year.

If, on the other hand, the appointment is one which in the interests of the country should be maintained, it is equally clear that Prince Leiningen cannot possibly have the professional knowledge and experience to fit him to fill it.

Lord Northbrook is credited with having long stood out against perpetrating this job, and only lately is he said to have felt disposed to yield to high influence.

Let him stand firm, and the country and the Service will appreciate his honesty and straightforwardness; and their good opinion will, I trust, go far to compensate for the loss of a little Courtly favour.

R.N.

It is probable that the Channel Squadron will again go to the Mediterranean next month. The Duke of Edinburgh's term of command will come to an end in December, to the great regret of the Squadron, as he is very popular with those now serving under him. The Duke made an excursion to Galway in the *Seahorse* during the stay of the Squadron in Bantry Bay, and had two days' excellent fishing. His best capture was a salmon of 22 lb. A concert was given on board the *Minotaur* the other day, at which the Duke played among the first violins. There was also a capital nigger minstrel entertainment on board the *Agincourt*.

The *Ajax* and the *Agamemnon* are, I hear, admitted to be failures, which is not very satisfactory, inasmuch as they took nearly eight years to construct, and, from beginning to end, cost close upon £1,100,000. It is high time that there was an end to such expensive and fantastical "experiments." A private firm on the Thames built an ironclad of 6,000 tons for a foreign Government in two years, which not only embodied all the latest improvements, but cost only a quarter of the amount which has been squandered on the *Ajax* and *Agamemnon*.

The *Calliope*, which was launched at Portsmouth last week, is a sister ship to the *Canada*, the vessel in which Prince George of Wales is serving, but she is 10 feet longer, and her displacement is greater by 390 tons. The *Calliope* has taken three years to build, and has cost £100,000 exclusive of her machinery and equipment.

I hear that the practice of the Channel Squadron with the Whitehead torpedoes at Bantry Bay cost nearly £1,000. The results were not altogether satisfactory.

The ways of the Admiralty are inexplicable. There is no despatch vessel with the Channel Squadron, but two are allowed to the Reserve Squadron. When the ships of the latter were at Portland, one of these despatch vessels was kept pretty well employed in conveying the Admiral Superintendent between his flagship and Weymouth, where he was residing. Sir A. Hoskins might surely have taken advantage of the railway, instead of uselessly wasting the time of the officers and men, to say nothing of the Government coal.

With regard to the appointment of Lieutenant Milne to the Royal yacht, a correspondent writes :—

Lieutenant Milne had continuously served as Lieutenant in sea-going ships of a high class from October, 1876, to the end of 1882, during which period he held responsible posts in the Zulu and Egyptian campaigns. It can hardly, therefore, be said that this officer has no sea-going qualifications. I am in a position to assert that he has himself alone to thank for his advance, and that no interest whatever was used in his behalf.

The officers serving under the command of Rear-Admiral Sir William Hewett have certainly been most fortunate during the last two years. His flag-captain has been given the Companionship of the Bath, his commander has been promoted and also awarded the C.B., his flag-lieutenant has been made a commander, his chief-engineer an inspector of machinery, his staff-surgeon a fleet-surgeon, his surgeon a staff-surgeon, his navigating-lieutenant a staff-commander, whilst his senior-lieutenant receives the Osmanieh of the Fourth Class for his services in the Egyptian War, and his secretary the Medjidie of the Third Class for the same campaign. Admiral Hewett himself has been made a K.C.S.I., has received the Medjidie of the Second Class for the Egyptian parade, and a good-service pension for the Soudan.

It appears that the directors of the Royal Lifeboat Institution have ordered the dismissal of the crew of the Eastbourne lifeboat. Some weeks ago this boat saved the crew of a Norweigan barque, which was in great distress off Beachy Head. There was much local enthusiasm at this feat, and, inspired by the eulogies of their neighbours, the crew made a salvage claim upon the owners of the barque

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to the amount of £100. This, of course, was a gross offence, and the matter having been brought before the authorities, the dismissal of the crew was ordered.

Whatever advantages may be claimed for the short-service system, it cannot be said that its working has been favourable to military savings-banks. During 1883 the deposits in these banks amounted to £179,309, while the withdrawals were £209,054, or a decrease of nearly £30,000.

I was passing that excellent institution, the Westminster Hospital, when I saw an appeal for £16,000 upon its walls. The appeal is made on the ground that, as further accommodation is required inside the building for nurses, resident medical officers, and out-patients, it is necessary to erect the medical school elsewhere. These medical schools in connection with hospitals are useful, but, on reading this appeal, I could not held thinking that the public are being asked for funds to build and maintain a medical school, and not for the treatment of in- and out patients, which, it seems to me, is the idea conveyed in the term Hospital.

The Thames Conservators are not one day too early in their attempt to deepen the channel of the Thames between Teddington and Isleworth. The river has almost entirely disappeared. Cricket was played last week on the bed of the channel between Eel-pie Island and Twickenham, and a tent erected. The water has now sunk about eighteen inches below the lowest point previously reached.

I cannot help thinking that one cause for this is the vast amount of water taken from the river by the water companies above Teddington. If you take away one-seventh of the water which belongs to a river, common sense tells one that the river will be either lower or narrower. The Conservators should decline to supply the water companies with more than their present amount of water, for, if they do not, there simply will remain no Thames.

As I understand the scheme of the Thames Conservators, they are decreasing the force of the current between Teddington and Isleworth by widening the channel and by deepening it towards Teddington. With this object they are facing the Middlesex bank with stone between the high and low water line, and taking away the mud-banks. All this is in itself an improvement, but whether it will thoroughly carry out the particular end in view remains to be seen. If not, it is obvious that the issue will lie between a lock somewhere below Richmond, and practically no river between Richmond and Teddington. The latter would be a pity; for putting aside all æsthetical grounds, this part of the river furnishes a healthful amusement to a vast number of Londoners—indeed, the number increases each year.

Mr Mackenzie, of Fawley Court, in his examination before Mr. Story-Maskelyne's Select Committee, made several complaints as to the existence of nuisances in the Thames. He objected very much to promiscuous bathing, in which, perhaps, he was justified, but he added that, "owing to this, and to the costumes of boating-men, it was almost impossible for ladies to use the river." I cannot help thinking that it is not so much the boating-men who are a nuisance as the virtuous persons who profess to be so shocked by their airy costumes.

I insert the following letter with pleasure. No doubt there is some point in it. Still, with all respect to Sir J. Whittaker Ellis, I should prefer as my representative a young man who votes rightly to a Lord Mayor who votes wrongly. The issue between Sir J. and Mr. Stern was not a personal, but a political one. Each was the standard-bearer of certain principles, and whether they they were sages or idiots, the vote of each would count on a division:—

Sir,—In the number of Truth dated June 26 I read as follows:—"The Mid-Surrey election surprised no one. It was the triumph of that snobbism which is rampant in the metropolitan counties, and which is the result of persons in trade, or connected with it, wanting to figure as fine gentlemen when away from their place of business. Of politics they have but slight knowledge," &c.

Will you allow me to ask if you have not been carried away by your Liberal feelings? Are you not accusing of "snobbism" those electors who, by voting according to their political opinions, have at the same time more indubitably secured the better representative in Parliament? I would put politics aside. Which of the two candidates is the most likely to be a good member of Parliament—a man who has worked hard all his life; who, having succeeded, must have been intelligent; who, having been Lord Mayor, must be honourable; and who, being of a certain age, must have had experience? Is he not to be preferred as a representative to a young, untried, and comparatively unknown man, *qui n'a eu que la peine de naître*; rich, through his father's exertions, no doubt—and *tout est dit?* Is he clever? who knows? His only opportunity of showing cleverness was when he was at Cambridge. Did he shine there? No one ever heard. He can drive, I hear, a four-in-hand without danger to his passengers, but has he sufficient perspicuity to steer that proverbial vehicle through any one of those Acts of Parliament that they say always leave room for a good whip, *i.e.*, a clever fellow. I opine not. I think, sir, you would have been more correct in your remarks had the rich young Liberal been preferred to the perhaps equally rich, but certainly more valuable (as an intelligent member) Conservative. Under these circumstances, had you treated his voters as "snobs" for choosing a rich nonentity because he was rich, you would indeed have been right. But permit me to think you utterly wrong in railing against the "snobbism" of Mid-Surrey *because they chose a Conservative.* I should add that I am unacquainted with either gentleman, and am of no particular politics.—Faithfully yours, Fairplay.

A correspondent sends me a circular from "Miss Cowper, daughter of the late Colonel Sir G. and Lady Cowper, of 6, Lowndes-square," in which she—

Earnestly appeals for funds to pay the sum of £60 immediately, for the late unavoidable expense of rebuilding and doing up school premises to avoid fatal injury, also to repay friends' loans. In order to meet these difficulties, Miss Cowper, in defiance of medical orders, did not leave town last year, and gave up biscuits, dessert, and nearly all wine.

My correspondent thinks that this circular business is becoming a perfect nuisance. "Become," I should say; and that for a very long time.

People who dine at restaurants like the Star and Garter at Richmond must remember that the season is always a short one, and often, when the weather is wet, a bad one. The prices of dinners cited in the following letter, as against the charges in a first-class French restaurant, cannot be called dear. I became a shareholder in the Greenwich Hotels when they were formed into a Company some sixteen years ago. The dinners and the wines at these hotels are expensive, but I have never, to my recollection, received a

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dividend on my shares, which is a convincing proof that the price of dinners at Greenwich is not too high. Quality is rather the question than price at fashionable restaurants. But I have had of late several letters complaining that the dinners at the Star and Garter are not only dear, but the reverse of good.

Sir,—I dined with a party of five others last night at the Star and Garter, Richmond. Three of the party were ladies. The *menu* was as follows:—Sole (Hollandaise); salmon cutlets (Indienne); whitebait; sweetbread (portions for two; filets de bœuf portions for four); ice; cheese and watercress.

The charge for this modest dinner was 9s. 6d. a head. We had two claret cups, at 7s. 6d. each, and a bottle of moderate Chablis, at 6s.; attendance, 3s.

After dinner we had two dishes of strawberries and some cream. For this "dessert" the charge was 12s.

I may add that we were kept waiting some time for our dinner, and that the dishes, when they appeared, were very "skimpy!" I enclose the bill and my name, the latter not for publication.

The German system of Banting is an improvement upon that of the great Banting himself. That suffering mountain of flesh deprived himself, not only of food containing starch or sugar, but of all fatty substances. Fat is destroyed by fat, proclaims the German Banting, and he insists upon those who would become thin eating copiously butter and fat meat, but not touching anything producing sugar or starch. Considering the number of people who nowadays are forbidden starch and sugar, not because they are fat, but because they are gouty, I wonder that someone does not publish a culinary book explaining how appetising a *cuisine* may be without these ingredients. Such an author would be a public benefactor, and, unlike most public benefactors, would reap a rich reward, for his book would sell largely.

There are some things I never have been able to understand, although very possibly the explanation is a simple one. Why does a horse get fat if he is turned out to grass, and fine down when fed on oats, and yet a man gets fat when he feeds on bread, and thin when he only eats meat and green vegetables? What is the difference between our inner mechanism and that of a horse?

It appears as if America and Australia will shortly be supplying the English market with most if not all of the necessaries of life. The latest proposal is to bring over fresh milk from America, and successful experiments have already been made in that direction.

Apropos to America, the Republicans seem to have made a mistake in choosing Mr. Blaine as their candidate. He is an able man, not overburdened with principles or scruples, and has consequently for long exercised great weight in his party. But the Americans, while recognising that such men are necessary, prefer as their President a decent, respectable man, who has left others to intrigue for him instead of being himself an intriguer. Blaine, they are fully aware, spells corruption.

It is a long time since any magazine has published so entertaining and instructive an article as "The Freebooters of American Finance," which appears in the July number of *Blackwood*. Nothing could be more startling than the plain narrative of the devices by which many of the great American millionaires have acquired their fortunes, and I shall be surprised if this very frank chronicle does not strongly excite the public opinion of the United States against these very clever, but not too scrupulous, operators.

Another American millionaire has, in the legal lingo of his countrymen, "made an assignment"—Cornelius K. Garrison, who, at the beginning of the year, was worth fifteen millions of dollars. Originally a Mississippi raftsman, then a steamboat captain, next a California pioneer, and latterly a railway banker, he has succumbed to shrinkages of assets. About five years ago, at the age of 70, he made a romantic second marriage with a beautiful young lady, and made a nice settlement on her. He will doubtless find this useful at the present moment.

At home, I observe from *Kemp's Mercantile Gazette*, the businesses which are doing the worst just now are those of builders, drapers, and grocers. Of the seventy-nine failures which were gazetted last week, eight were "building trades," seven "drapery trades," and ten "grocery and provision trades." During the week only two farmers failed.

I have discovered a new and thriving industry which I should like to check. We all know that, according to mistresses, servants are difficult to get, and more difficult to keep; but it seems that they are not at all difficult to interview. You advertise; your promising candidate turns up, has excellent references, a little way out in the country, to be sure, but the lady will be in town the next day, and glad to see you. All is arranged, but on parting the poor girl represents that she has to pay for her railway ticket; hopes you will not mind giving her the amount; as, not having had her wages yet, she is rather short of cash. You give her the railway fare, and off she goes to another house, in answer to another advertisement, and gets another fare. Needless to say, she is no servant at all, comes from no place, and is seeking none—is a common swindler, in fact. I am told this little game is being extensively played in London just now. Young married ladies, beware!

It has been decided, I hear, to abolish one of the Deputy Governorships at each of the great Convict Prisons—a piece of economy which will throw much additional work and responsibility on the chief warders, who have quite enough to do already, and who are by no means overpaid.

At Liverpool Sessions last Wednesday, Edward and Henry Gilder, who had been found guilty of maliciously damaging a quantity of yeast belonging to a rival firm, were brought up for sentence before the Recorder. They had mixed a quantity of carbolic acid and ammonia with the yeast while it was lying at a railway station, and, as both these substances are poisonous, it is evident that they might have caused the deaths of several of their rival's customers. Under these circumstances, one would have expected that an exemplary sentence would have been inflicted; but the Recorder, after expatiating on the wicked and

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diabolical nature of the offence, merely sent the offenders to prison for six and three months respectively. Property is, of course, in the eyes of the law, more sacred than life; but in this case the one was destroyed and the other imperilled, so I fail to see any adequate reason for leniency.

The Claimant is to be released on a ticket-of-leave on October 24. That he is not Sir Roger seemed to me proved, but that he is Arthur Orton, I never was fully convinced.

Some piquant details are expected in the case of Matthews *v.* Arnott, which is set down for trial this week. Mr. Matthews, the plaintiff, is largely and favourably known, both in London and Dublin, as an able and skilful journalist. He has also had a distinguished University career in the two countries, and recently won the Prize Essay at Cambridge. The respondent is Sir John Arnott, proprietor of the *Irish Times;* and the cause of action is, of course, the vexed one of what constitutes due remuneration for literary services. Mr. Matthews was special correspondent of the *Irish Times* in London for several years; and among his other commissions for Sir John Arnott, accompanied Mr. Parnell in his tour through America. A description of his adventures in the latter enterprise, if permitted by the Court, will afford food for reflection.

An inquest which was held at Manchester on the body of a woman who had apparently been drowned in the Irwell may, perhaps, throw some light upon the causes of the numerous deaths in the Metropolitan rivers. The woman was taken out of the river alive, but subsequently died, not from drowning, but from poisoning caused by swallowing the water of that delightful river. Such, I cannot help thinking, must have been the fate of many of the unfortunate people who have been fished out of the Thames.

I hope before cholera next makes its appearance in England that doctors will have come to some sort of agreement as to the elementary principles on which it ought to be treated. From a few statements on the subject which have recently appeared, it seems that one school of medicine swears by opium in large doses, another recommends the same drug in small doses, and only carried to a certain point, while a third protests against narcotics in any form or quantity. There is a precisely similar difference in regard to stimulants. As to other drugs, it seems as if every doctor of eminence had his own treatment. Again, some advise ice-water and solid ice *ad libitum;* others are equally strong against it. One gentleman injects fourteen ounces of milk into a vein; another says "a copious imbibition of cold water will suffice for the cure of most curable cases." I wonder which is the more deadly—the disease or the doctors?

The fact that the physicians and surgeons on the staff of some of the leading metropolitan hospitals are unrepresented on the board of management is continually leading to differences between the two bodies At the North-West London Hospital these differences have just culminated in the resignation of the whole medical staff, the reason alleged being the dismissal of one of their number by the committee without sufficient explanation. Although it is satisfactory to learn that the patients will not suffer by this sudden step—as each doctor has undertaken to continue his attendance on the cases at present under his care until they are well enough to be discharged—it would be still more satisfactory to know that steps were being taken in all our hospitals to ensure greater harmony between the governing bodies and the medical staffs.

There can be no doubt about the genuineness of the devotion of the greater part of the Irish people to the popular cause. A Dublin lady has just bequeathed £1,000, as she expresses it, "to the national cause for the independence of Ireland," though it is by no means certain that the good lady will benefit the cause to the extent she has intended. According to the terms of the will, the interest of the £1,000 is "to be given yearly to the highest form of managing a national government for my beloved country." I am afraid the Irish law courts are the only form of managing Irish affairs likely to gain anything substantial from this bequest.

Provincial Town Councils have been somewhat embarrassed of late by the action of the Lord Mayor of London, who has been sending round circular letters requesting that the Provincial Corporations should petition Parliament in opposition to the London Government Bill. What have they to do with the matter?

The Report on the City Companies shows that £100,000 per annum is spent in eating and £175,000 in "maintenance." This latter item covers a multitude of strange practices. Generally a City Company becomes the spoil of some particular family or gang. The solicitor is one of these favoured individuals, the architect another, the surveyor another. When anything is to be done, a committee is appointed, and the committee lunches and pockets fees. In this sort of nonsense, and in feeding, £275,000 is annually expended, whereas all legitimate requirements might be covered by an outlay of about £10,000 per annum. The plea of the Companies against reform is that they only misappropriate £265,000 each year, and spend the rest of their funds more or less usefully. We must have this £265,000.

But the chief fault to be found with the report of the City Companies Commission is that it was not published a good deal sooner, for I am afraid that the chances of giving any legislative effect to its recommendations during the present Parliament are now exceedingly slight. The Government ought, however, to introduce the Suspensory Act which the Commissioners recommended "in restraint of alienation," at once, for there is nothing to prevent the Companies dividing up their corporate property to-morrow; and that the danger is not imaginary is shown by the fact

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that thirteen of the Companies have ceased to exist since the last report upon the subject.

Meanwhile, Mr. Alderman Cotton's defence of the Companies, in a separate report all to himself, is a very entertaining document, and there is a touch of real humour in his concluding remark that any interference with the Companies would strike a blow at "habits of saving and thrift." Very charming, too, is the way in which he reminds her Majesty of benefits received; the guests at the Companies' dinners, it would seem, "frequently including Royalty." It would have been more to the point had he proved that they frequently included paupers.

The following advertisement appears in the *Times of Natal*—the Government organ, I believe :—

To Able-bodied Men!—Able-bodied men of good character, who can ride and shoot well, are required at once. Applicants must be prepared to provide their own horse, carbine, &c., such as they may require for field service. Satisfactory remuneration offered. For further particulars, apply by letter or personally to "A.B.C.D.," *Times of Natal* Office, Pietermaritzburg. May 13, 1884.

On application to "A.B.C.D.," the following circular was sent :—

Times Office, Pietermaritzburg, ———, 1884.

From "A.B.C.D." to———

The able-bodied men are required for service in the Zulu Reserve, for, amongst other duties, the protection of the property of white residents and others from the Usutu marauders. Persons willing to undertake this duty should proceed to the Reserve, *viâ* Stanger and Lower Tugela. At the station, or place of rendezvous on the other side of the river, Mr. Johan Colenbrander, or one of his agents, will receive and further direct and inform persons entering on the service.

What is the meaning of this? Are raiding expeditions allowed openly to be organised in Natal? If so, is it surprising that war between the colonists and the Zulus should ensue? What is the "satisfactory remuneration?" Is it the right to loot the Usutu cattle, &c.?

Considering that the Cape Government is obliged to stop public works, and is likely to find it difficult to obtain more money on loan, it is somewhat ridiculous that it should have spent £300,000 on its Parliament House, and have furnished it in the most costly manner.

I am informed that the hope which I expressed last week, that Mr. Sotheron-Estcourt did not know of his agent's treatment of tenants on the Estcourt estates in Yorkshire, hardly bears the test of fact, for it would seem that in the monstrous case to which I called attention the agent has had to admit that he had talked the matter over with his employer before the notice to quit was sent.

Mr. Alexander Crum, the sitting member for Renfrewshire, having intimated his intention not to seek re-election, Mr. James Widdrington Shand Harvey will come forward at the next election as a Liberal candidate. He is the eldest son of the ex-Chief Justice of the Mauritius, and before succeeding his uncle as owner of Castle Semple, he was engaged in farming pursuits at the Mauritius.

Archbishop Trench remarks in his well-known book on "English Past and Present," that one may well tremble to think what English would have become if all the foreign words introduced by illustrious authorities had been admitted to free circulation among us on the strength of their recommendation. As much as I respect M. Waddington, I do hope that the Alien Act will be enforced against the terrible word "synallagmatic," which he has been introducing into his despatches, and which puzzled every one in the House so much the other night—with the exception, of course, of Mr. Gladstone. It is all very well, this kind of thing, for second classics, like M. Waddington, and scholars like Mr. Gladstone; but really if despatches are to be published, they ought to be in a tongue "understanded" of the people. Moreover, as far as I have been able to make out, a "synallagmatic agreement" only means, after all, a reciprocal agreement.

It seems hardly probable that the Session will be a lengthy one, whether the Lords throw out the Reform Bill or not. There remain only the Estimates and a few unimportant Bills, for it is unlikely that any Bill of importance will survive the Massacre of the Innocents, although a debate on the second reading of the London Corporation Bill is announced for Thursday. Proceedings will be varied by occasional debates upon Egypt, but the subject will soon be so threshed out—if it has not been already—that these debates will presumably be brief.

The indignation of the Conservatives was amusing to witness whilst Mr. Gladstone was informing the Lords that their own fate was involved in their decision upon the Reform Bill. That a Prime Minister should tell these grave and reverend seigniors that they must either break or bend is indeed a sign of the times.

However, the House of Lords might continue to exist as a House of respectable dummies, just as Gog and Magog are allowed to occupy niches in the Guildhall, and will remain there as curious relics of the past, even though the government of the City be entirely changed. If, however, the Lords decline to accept the position of waxwork figures, arrayed in gorgeous raiment, like the effigies of statesmen in Madame Tussaud's, and prove themselves more than negatively obstructive, they will have to be melted down, and their wax run into another mould.

What, I should be glad to know, would the Conservatives say were a hereditary House of Democrats to be established, who would change, alter, or reject every measure proposed by a Conservative Ministry, on the ground that the chosen representatives of the nation know nothing about the wishes of the nation—this knowledge being by some mysterious dispensation confined to these hereditary Democrats, some of whom are law-givers because an ancestor had not stolen church property, others because an ancestor had refused to be bribed at an election, others because an ancestor had declined to yield to the blandishments of Royalty. Yet, *mutatis mutandis*, this is exactly the position of the House of Lords towards a Liberal Ministry.

Theoretically they are men removed by their wealth and position from party politics, independent in spirit, and patriotic in intent. As a matter of fact, the majority are exceedingly narrow-minded persons, Conservatives in the party sense, and eager that their party should be in power, in order that they may have well-paid offices, or decora-

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What finer tobacco can be desired than Fryer & Coultman's "'Varsity" or their "Prince of Wales's Mixture" which is becoming decidedly popular.—*Tobacco*, June 5th, 1884.

tions, or local distinctions. A more thoroughly venal or more thoroughly self-seeking set of men does not exist on the globe.

Will they profit by the words of warning addressed to them by Mr. Gladstone? The leaders will not, and it is impossible to say whether the followers will be more actuated by their hatred of democracy or by their fear of coming into collision with democracy. More than once they have turned tail at the last moment, and yet occasionally they have stood to their guns. I confess that I regard the legislative veto which they possess as so pernicious, that I should console myself were they to throw out the Reform Bill. The Bill would be passed a little later, and the country would simply prevent such legislative obstruction being possible in future.

Mr. Gladstone's argument against including Redistribution in the Bill was unanswerable. We have given to the Bill every day of the Session, he said, that we could, and its third reading is only passed on the 26th of June. We are already behindhand with the Estimates. How, then, possibly could we pass a Franchise and a Redistribution Bill in the same Session? The Conservatives, of course, know this. Their objections to separating the two Bills are objections to any Franchise Bill, unless what is given by it is taken away by redistribution jugglery. To be in power, and to bring in a juggling Bill, is the aim of the Conservatives in both Houses of Parliament. They have been defeated in the People's House. In the House of the Lords they are more powerful. Naturally.

The vote of the House of Commons on Monday night was the triumph of common sense against precedent, officialism, and Conservatism. Mr. Gladstone has stated that the decisions of the Egyptian Conference will only be binding on us, provided that they be approved of by the House of Commons. Common sense, in the persons of the majority of the members of the House, came to the conclusion that it would be impossible to discuss the matter until the Conference had arrived at its decisions, and most inexpedient to attempt to do so whilst the Conference was sitting. Hence the vote.

Bishops, and other Arcadians of the House of Lords, must surely be satisfied with the result of their deliberations on that fantastical piece of legislation, the Criminal Law Amendment Bill, the principal clause of which, it may be well to note, has been steadily opposed by the most sagacious members of the House, and especially by those who have enjoyed an experience of the practical working of the law as it stands. The Peers have passed a Bill which creates ten new misdemeanours, six offences punishable by summary conviction, and one new felony. It proposes to put the most extravagant power into the hands of the police, who, generally speaking, are distinctly unfit to enjoy a "discretion" liable to the most fearful abuses. There has been an infantile ingenuousness in the tone of the supporters of this mawkish and mischievous measure which would be refreshing if it were manifested in connection with some other subject, but which is singularly out of place in debates on the criminal law. The Archbishop in particular canted or twaddled in a way which must have made the shade of his sagacious predecessor long to smite him. The House of Commons may luckily be trusted to expunge the pernicious portions of this measure.

Lord Redesdale's Pigeon Shooting Bill, which the Peers have been shamed into passing, is a scandalously inadequate measure, and it will need to be considerably amended in the House of Commons if it is really to put a stop to the horrible and wanton cruelties which now take place in connection with the slaughter of birds as a means of gambling by knaves and simpletons. There is no sort of excuse for the barbarities which now exist, and which are inseparable from this "sport." The clay pigeon, which is in constant use in America, is just as satisfactory a test of the shooter's skill. The Bill needs numerous additions, and these it will doubtless receive in the House of Commons. The Peers will hardly venture, I should think, to again reject it for the benefit of some of their scatter-brain members.

Would not the whole question be met by a Bill making it an offence to slay animals for prizes, or to bet upon the chances of slaying them?

SCRUTATOR.

"FEATHERBRAIN."

Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM'S new play at the Criterion has travelled to success, complete and assured, by a very roundabout route. Its history will serve as a warning to authors and managers who, when they have bought and paid for a capital comedy, are anxious to show that they are "too clever by half." It is sometimes the best policy to "let well alone." When "Fédora" was running at the Vaudeville Theatre, in Paris, they played at every available *matinée*, and always on Sunday afternoons, a clever and complicated farce called the "Tête de Linotte." Every one whose opinion was worth having saw in this play a fortune for an English manager. It could easily be adapted, it was novel in arrangement and business, and in one act there "was such a getting upstairs" as had never been seen in a French playhouse. It tickled the Parisians to see two pretty girls gathering up their petticoats and running up and down a steep flight of stairs. This exercise required agility and ankles. So away rushed the English managers to secure the "Tête de Linotte," and, as usual, the majority of them were too late for the fair. Mr. Toole wanted it, Mr. Thorne hankered after it, Mr. Wyndham secured it. Mr. Wyndham was, of course, the very man to have it, for at the Criterion, as at the Paris Vaudeville, they like pretty girls to run up and down staircases with a frou-frou of petticoats and a dainty display of ankles, but they do not like the aforesaid pretty girls to sprain their ankles, as Miss Rose Saker did on the first night of "Featherbrain." There are three parts in the "Tête de Linotte" that require good acting and a strong appreciation of character. These are the heroine, Featherbrain, a wild, mad-looking, flighty creature, romantic, impulsive, and forgetful; her husband, a good-

natured old dodderer, who shuts his eyes to all that is going on around him, and won't see that his sentimental private secretary is flirting and philandering with his wife; and a passionate, love-stricken Portuguese, full of dynamitic fervour, and prepared to explode on the first available opportunity. Alice Légault, who played the part of Featherbrain in Paris, was the very thing. She had an Ellen-Terryish, wild look about her; and she was what we should have called a few years ago an æsthetic girl. This character is played at the Criterion by an American actress, Miss Jansen. She is exceedingly clever; indeed, a brighter and more intelligent little actress I have not seen on the stage for a long time. She has no American accent, and seems to have much of the finesse which is the making of Judic. For old Coney, the husband of this wild creature, Mr. Mackintosh was selected. Mr. Wyndham or Mr. Albery, or both, got it into their heads that Old Coney, instead of being an inane dodderer, as Barrière intended, was another John Mildmay, a virtuous nonentity. As such Mr. Mackintosh played the part on the first night, and he could make nothing of it at all. He let down the play and himself at every turn. He gasped, as he has taken to gasping lately; he sucked his lips and made a queer hissing sound with his mouth, and he succeeded in frightening every one as much as himself. M. Marius alone saved the play from absolute condemnation on the first night. He played the amorous Portuguese far better than Francès, the original in Paris—indeed, he and Miss Jansen had the entire play on their shoulders. Miss Evesson, another American actress, could only look pretty. To make matters worse, Mr. Albery's dialogue had not been pruned, the waits were irritating, and the play was not over till midnight.

The next morning Mr. Wyndham came to the rescue. He slashed and cut away at Mr. Albery's dialogue, which, however amusing and excellent, retarded the action; he made Mr. Mackintosh forget all about John Mildmay, and play the character as it was intended to be—an amiable old fool. And what is the result? On the second night the play went with roars of laughter, and since then it has turned out to be what it could scarcely fail to be—one of the funniest plays of the kind ever written. In this case it would be uncharitable to be down on the critics, because they one and all diagnosed the disease, and prescribed an instant remedy. They did the same with "The Private Secretary," which failed on the first night at the Prince's because it was clumsily arranged for the stage. In both instances critical advice, taken in time, has made immediate success out of decided failure.

MUSIC.

I notice a decided tendency amongst ladies just now to drop in at concerts in the afternoon, sit down and rest, say a few words about the heat to any one next them, flourish a fan, think of tea, and decamp. As to gentlemen, they are more than usually conspicuous by their absence. What with garden parties, river parties, and cricket matches, afternoon concerts and at-homes have generally been—well, not exactly—left out in the cold, but left indoors with a scant attendance in the hot. Why do not people take to entertaining in the large squares? Why not set up tents, as Sir Joseph Hooker does down at his charming place at Kew? People say that music does not sound well out of doors. Nonsense! Get the right sort—the Hungarian Band and people with good voices—and put any kind of screen behind them, and they sound just as well as anywhere else. In stuffy rooms—and a room, however large, is always stuffy when it is full of people—music often sounds a great deal too loud. I heard Mr. Winch, the American baritone, very nearly blow the roof off the other day at a house close to Hyde Park. 'Tis a pity these fine singers cannot "aggravate their voices" moro often, and "roar as gently as sucking doves."

Still, no one can say that there has been any dearth of drawing-room music, or that the big concerts have not been, on the whole, a great success, as far as they have gone. Benedict's certainly were; and the next "grandest" undertakings of the kind—the Floral Hall concerts apart—are Mr. Watts's two monster assemblies at the Albert Hall. Mr. Watts is a well-known Brighton *entrepreneur*, and, like Kuhe, he is not accustomed to do things by halves. At his next concert, on the 9th, a number of operatic stars will appear, and Sarah Barnum—Bernhardt, I mean—will *recite* "The Last Rose of Summer." I would rather hear Sarah say it than Adelina sing it; but frankly, I would prefer to hear neither, except for the joke.

At Mr. Watts's first concert last week he craftily assembled in the Albert Hall all the available talent liberated by the off-night at the Italian Opera. The performance differed in nothing from the usual type of opera concert. I was glad to greet Marimon, too seldom heard of late; and the names of Albani, Tremelli, A. Sterling, Maas, and Foli speak—or rather sing—for themselves. Sims Reeves did not sing for himself; he had been reading Mackenzie's pamphlet, and so, of course, got "hay fever."

Marimon, to me one of the freshest and brightest singers before the public, sang again at Tito Mattei's concert on Saturday. She is a thorough artiste, and one who enjoys her work. Mary Davies, who, by her very simple and goody-goody style, has got the *touch* of the ballad public, was also there. Two contraltos, Madame A. Sterling and Miss Damian—either would have done alone—Maas and Foli, with Papini and Tito Mattei, made up a very good *menu*. Mrs. Robertson and Harvey Löhr give a concert at Princes' Hall to-night. Mr. Ganz—tired with the glare of publicity, I suppose, and longing for a quiet cup of tea like other people—opened his house in Harley-street last night, and enjoyed a little music, with the assistance of Carlotta Elliot, Miss Marian Mackenzie, the American Miss Griswold, Mr. Maas, and a hundred or two of friends. This is the way his feverish spirit seeks repose.

John Thomas, the celebrated harpist, gave his concert at St. James's Hall on Saturday. He was assisted by Miss Hope Glenn, Ely Warnots, Edith Wynne, and Mr. Winch. Still, nothing could disguise the monotony of the incessant harp or harps. I should say there were sixteen of them! Where did they all come from? Thirteen compositions and adaptations by John Thomas are rather "sultry" on such an afternoon as was last Saturday. Mr. John Thomas's skill is prodigious, no doubt, and a little of the harp to me is

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sweet and wonderful; but I quite agree with the gentleman who objected to heaven because of the quantity of harps. That "little heaven below" last Saturday at St. James's Hall would certainly not have changed his opinion.

I was glad to look in at the Bishop of Gloucester's later in the afternoon, where to me a more interesting entertainment was going on. Miss Hilda Wilson sang a couple of songs by Miss Rosalind, the Bishop's gifted daughter, and I had just time to hear two capital movements of a string quartet from the same versatile young lady's pen. Mr. Brereton and Miss Ambler, whose approaching marriage I am happy to announce, were also there. Matrimony will not sever the tuneful couple from the public, as, in addition to wedding each other, each is wedded to his and her art.

I sat through a few pieces at Madame Isabelle Letowska's recital at Collard's Rooms last week. I went because I am always glad to welcome new talent; but, really, this kind of thing won't do. It might pass in a provincial town, or at an idle watering-place abroad, but not in London in the middle of the season.

Hallé's concert at Princes' Hall was much brighter last Friday. Hummell's quintet, a septet by Saint-Saëns, and a violin sonata by Schumann were all pleasing features. The company seemed more alive than ordinarily, and Madame Norman-Néruda was quite charming; as for Hallé, he was just the same as usual. I never knew any artist so uniformly good—always up to his level, and never above it.

Mr. William Sergison, the clever organist of St. Peter's, Eaton-square, has been giving a series of recitals on Thursday afternoons, when the church has been thrown open to the general public. The organ, which is a splendid instrument, is heard to great advantage on these occasions. On Sunday it is naturally subordinated to the exigencies of the service, and only has an unfair field and small favour to itself in playing the people in and out of church. Such works as Handel's organ concertos or Mendelssohn's organ sonatas are too seldom heard by the general public—I may say never, or "hardly ever," in the concert room. To-morrow (Thursday) the oratorio of "St. Paul" is to be given in St. Peter's, with a full band and chorus, under the direction of the organist.

A morning concert at Princes' Hall on the 8th, at 3.30, is announced in aid of Mrs. Watts Hugh's excellent Home for Destitute Boys. Miss Ellicott, who also sings at Grosvenor House this afternoon, Papini, Mr. Brereton, Miss Wakefield, John Thomas, and others will assist.

To-morrow afternoon (the 3rd) Madame Sainton Dolby gives her second Vocal Academy Concert. Any one who wants to hear rising talent had better go there. Madame Sainton has always had the gift in an extraordinary degree of discovering and developing vocal powers. Schubert's exquisite chorus, "The Lord is my Shepherd," will be given; and I should like to call attention to a promising young pianiste, Miss Gyde, and to two very clever pupils, Miss Mary Willis and Miss Fanny Moody.

Patti created the usual *furore* on Saturday in "Don Giovanni." Pauline Lucca sang in "Carmen" on Monday, and Albani repeated her success in "Romeo and Giulietta" on Tuesday.

Great disappointment was caused by the non-performance of "Savonarola," Stanford's new opera, on Friday. It is postponed to the 9th for extra rehearsals. The German prima, it seems, caught cold, and Madame Waldmann-Leideritz undertook the part at short notice. The latest news is that the prima—Sucher—has recovered her voice, and will sing on the 9th.

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—The Trail of the Bondholder.

Of all the unfortunate nations of whom we in history read,
Of all the ill-starred populations who dumbly for sympathy plead,
Of all the long-suffering peoples that e'er in existence have been,
There is none that has suffered so keenly as Egypt's oppressed fellaheen.

From the days when, to glorify Pharaohs, the Pyramids rose to the skies,
And the whip-driven workmen fell fainting, and died in the desert like flies,
Up till now, when their system of ruling 's a mere tax-extorting machine,
No interlude, even of promise, has dawned for the poor fellaheen.

Their rulers have changed, but their fortunes have ever ill-fated remained;
Whoever has governed in Cairo, the people no good have obtained.
The Turks, and the French, and the English, in turn, have pervaded the scene,
But ne'er has the load been made lighter that bears down the meek fellaheen.

De Lesseps, 'midst flourish of trumpets, proceeded to dig out his ditch,
And Egypt was told she was fated to straightway be prosp'rous and rich;
But, bringing unspeakable horror, forced labour soon came on the scene,
And the sands of the desert grew white with the bones of the duped fellaheen.

And then, at Lord Beaconsfield's bidding, our Jingoes for Egypt went in
By strange hanky-panky manœuvres essaying its Delta to win;
Nor stopping at high-handed action, but stooping to strategy mean,
To wring for the bondholders' pocket more gold from the robbed fellaheen.

But go to this listless-eyed native, as here in his rice-field he plods,
Too tortured to trust to man's promise, too hopeless to pray to his gods;
Go, tell him that, e'en as he labours, all Europe, with sympathy keen,
Is sitting at London in Council to better the poor fellaheen.

Go, tell him the Powers are anxious to better his life and his lot,
And to make of his Nile-watered homestead a bright and a prosperous spot;
Go, tell him good days are before him, and then watch his aspect and mien,
And list to the answer he'll give you—this type of the land's fellaheen.

He will tell you with fateful indiff'rence, that "Allah for ever is great;
But that you are cruel to promise the future will better his state;
That once, years ago, he'd have listened, for young and impulsive he's been,
But that now he believes in no future for Egypt's deceived fellaheen.

And then he will warm to his subject, and tell how he's toiled in the sun
From the years of his youth and his manhood till now that his life's nearly done;
And how that, despite his long labour, bewhipt and be-tortured he 's been,
To make up the tale of the taxes wrung out of the cursed fellaheen.

He will tell of the mudir's exactions, his lies, and his threats, and his blows;
And his eyes will flash fire as the marks of the infamous *kourbash* he shows;
And his voice will grow soft as he wonders if England's beneficent Queen
Can know what is done, 'neath her Standard, to Egypt's oppressed fellaheen.

He will tell you of millions squandered of which he received not a jot,
And yet to pay which now embitters, and still must em-bitter, his lot,
Till he verily longs in his anguish that Allah would but intervene,
To save from the bondholding Shylocks the wretched and cowed fellaheen.

He will tell you how word used to reach him that Europe had heard his deep sigh,
And meant in her might and her mercy to list to his piteous cry;
And how there would come to him rumours she'd hastened to councils convene,
To place on a fair and just footing the case of the poor fellaheen.

And then, after weary weeks' waiting, the news would come, ever the same,
That Europe agreed in defending the bondholders' merciless claim.
And all that the months of debating and council were destined to mean
Was a round of new toil and new torture to curse the foredoomed fellaheen.

And could you pretend to feel wonder if such were the native's reply,
And if upon Europe's last Council he firmly refused to rely?
Nay, you must agree that already that Council's result is foreseen—
We know it will mean more exactions, more toil for the duped fellaheen.

For, even supposing it acts on its widely fore-rumoured intent,
To lower the payable interest a half or three-quarters per cent.,
Can there be in the whole of this Empire a man with an intellect keen
Who can think this reduction will better the lot of the crushed fellaheen?

No, the fact is, howe'er we conceal it, we're destined to witness once more
An oft-performed farce, gravely mounted, and played to the end as before;
Well knowing this last repetition arranged by the actors has been
For the bondholders' benefit—not for the sake of the poor fellaheen!

NOTES FROM PARIS.

NAQUET'S TRIUMPH OVER HYMEN.

PLAYWRIGHTS and well-to-do fathers and mothers groan over Naquet's victory in the Senate. It will destroy that *vieux jeu* which consisted in making sensational dramas pivot on breaches of the Seventh Commandment. Public sympathy in the theatre has been with the actress representing an erring wife chained for ever to a husband who was not such a fine fellow as the lover. Madame Dorval, I have heard from old playgoers, was sublime in her personations of heroines weighed down by the chains of matrimony. Victor Hugo tells me that in situations arising out of breaches of the Seventh Commandment she was unrivalled. Her manner of personating them gave rise to a school of fictional literature, one of the chiefs of which was Eugène Sue. What with him, George Sand, the St. Simoniens, and Madame Dorval's acting, a powerful current of public feeling and opinion was in Louis Philippe's reign created in favour of divorce. A Divorce Bill was voted by the Chamber of Deputies, and there was a majority in the Peers ready to accept it. But on the eve of the day on which it was to be presented to them, Marie Amélie put her long foot—(and a very long foot it was, I once heard from her shoemaker)—down upon it. Mutual consent was allowed in the Bill, on the ground that it was better for the children of ill-assorted spouses that their fathers and mothers should be able to part company without bedaubing each other with mud. The Queen supplicated the Citizen King, in the name of her virtuous fidelity and of the example she had shown the Royal children, not to suffer, in her life-time, a Bill so impious to become law. In his private life that monarch, unless when a pecuniary interest was in question, was easy-going. He was also naturally uxorious, and, in a degree, stood in awe of his wife because her birth was superior to his own. It is possible that in yielding to her wish he might have reflected that if he obtained heiresses for his sons a divorce law would possibly upset some of his matrimonial combinations. Be this as it may, he sent, late in the evening, despatches to the Peers who were to vote next day for the Bill. MM. Bentin and Mosmer were summoned to the Tuileries, and were requested to go to their most influential colleagues and ask them confidentially, in the name both of the King and the Queen, to reject the measure. The Queen herself, when they hesitated, threw aside her habitual reserve, and implored them to do as they were asked. It was hard for them to stand out, and, as they were on excellent terms with their wives, they had no strong motive for not yielding. The Duc de Montpensier was soon after married, and two years later the Duc de Praslin murdered his wife. He and the Duchess had twice begun suits for separations, and as often had been persuaded by Marie Amélie to be reconciled. She sympathised with the Duchess, because the nursery of the latter was quite as well stocked as that of the Queen. Her Majesty was almost as

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averse to separations as to divorces. The King was a model husband; and, you know, when the Great Mogul was in his cups, all his subjects went nid-nid-nodding, as if they had drunk more than was good for them.

In 1848 old Crémieux tried to get his colleagues of the Revolutionary Government to promulgate a divorce decree. But he talked of his design. He was roasted by the clerical caricaturists, and especially by Gavarni. They represented him as being assailed by interesting clients, and tired of his prosaic wife. If ever there was a Darby and Joan couple it was formed by Crémieux and Madame C. Perhaps, if he had succeeded, there might have been no war in 1870. Under Louis Napoleon the divorce question was twice gone into by Ministers of Justice with the design of presenting a Bill to the Chambers. But as the Emperor had a weaker will than that of the Empress, his good intentions did not become law.

Naquet, who triumphs over Hymen, is a Jew of Carpentras. He is descended from a tribe of the Chosen People who were driven, in the seventeenth century, out of Algeria by the Dey. The men and women of this offshoot of the stem of Jacob are remarkable for the length and delicacy of their hands and the gazelle-like softness of their black eyes. Naquet is not an exception, which explains the conquest he made of a Legitimist young lady of romantic ideas, notwithstanding his Richard Crookback figure. She was ultra-Catholic, while his people were ultra-Hebrew. Before she left the church where he and she obtained a nuptial benediction from a priest, she repented of her choice, and at the wedding-breakfast she said so. When she had a son, Naquet, from a feeling of gallantry, renounced all paternal rights, so that the child was brought up on the knees of the Church at Nice and other southern places. In politics, Naquet has so often varied as to win for himself the name of a *farceur*. He begun by publishing chemical formulas for the use of Reds who wanted to "remove" the Empire by gun-cotton and other explosives. Then he belonged to the Scientific Committee at Tours, and had influence enough to get the War Department there to buy of the United States Government all those honeycombed pieces of artillery which filled, in the early months of 1871, the Place de Quinconces at Bordeaux. He followed Louis Blanc at Versailles, and used nightly to play chess with him until he saw that Gambetta was sure to become all-powerful. Naquet is one of the most terrible bears in existence. He once, by a simple question in the Versailles Assembly, inflicted a wound that was near being mortal on the financial establishment that Baron de Soubeyran heads. He used to have a shock of jet-black hair. His head is now close-cropped and grey. The day on which his Bill was last brought before the Senate the tribunes were filled with ladies, who, as soon as it was passed, showed their gladness by shaking hands with and embracing each other, although they were strangers. Gambetta and Émile de Girardin were not with Naquet in his divorce campaign. They knew if he succeeded that they could not keep up a friendly and pleasant intercourse with divers ladies who were unattached wives.

Naquet's triumph over the Church will prove, on the whole, a useful measure; but it will bring forth some evil. Already new Tricoche-et-Cacolet agencies are springing up. All the married men in the house in which I live have received the visit of an officious Tricoche, and all their wives that of a Madame Cacolet. The latter put in an appearance disguised as a pedlar of Brussels lace. Perhaps you are not aware that in voting the Divorce Bill the Senate went on the principle that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. A husband is bound to be after marriage *aussi sage que sa femme*. This is a novelty in French legislation. It was introduced by Senator Pressensé, who is also a pastor.

You have asked me whether a certain Marquis, who, as I told you about three weeks since, turns an honest penny by "recognising" the offspring of prosperous sirens, might not have borrowed the idea from Chavette's novel "Le Père Omnibus." On making inquiry, I find that he accidentally hit upon the plan he follows in trading on his ancestral name. It was Rochefort who, in a squib on the parentage of the late Duc de Morny and of other prominent members of the Imperial Court, originated the central idea of Chavette's work, and Thiers the employment given therein to the word "Omnibus." He, in his rage at the intrigues of the Bonapartists with the Duc de Broglie applied it, in a manner too dreadful for me to quote, to a very intriguing Princess of their faction. The ingenious Marquis only sells his name in "recognising" infants who are technically fatherless. His coronet is held in reserve for some heiress who is ashamed of the father to whose intelligence and activity she owes her fortune, and, as the *La Figlia del Reggimento* puts it, of "the dear companions of her youth." "Recognition" is a peculiar device of compilers of the French Civil Code, and is unknown to Scotch lawyers. It does not completely legitimise the recognisee, unless followed by the recogniser's marriage with the mother of the former. The recognised party is entitled to a name, an alimentary pension, and to inherit the recogniser's fortune should he die a bachelor and intestate. I find that the device of the Marquis for keeping afloat until he gets hold of an ambitious heiress is not so new as I had thought. A younger son of a very ancient and wealthy ducal house resorted to a similar expedient thirty years ago after he had lost his fortune at gambling tables. Berryer was consulted by his family, who were anxious to preserve the honour of their patronymic unsullied, and to prevent its being given to the sons of the charmers of the Caroline Haas type. He said he knew no way of putting a stop to the desecration of which they complained otherwise than by getting the precious sprig of nobility married, matrimony exhausting the power to recognise. A short time after, his eldest brother died, and he became the head of the house. This event enabled him to apply successfully for a brilliant function at Court, and to ask of a wealthy manufacturer the hand of one of his daughters. She was the eldest of three children, had a dowry of about half-a-million sterling, and sang like a nightingale. The noble husband did not render her happy; but, fortunately for her, he soon died, and left her an unencumbered widow. The claims which the young

Army and Navy Hotel, Victoria-st., S.W., is probably now the best Hotel in London. Table d'hote 6 to 8. Cookery excellent.

Vanity Fair says:—"Mr. Benjamin is still the Prince of Ulster and Stalking-Coat Makers." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

people whom he recognised had on the common purse in her life-time expired with her. French law is very severe in obliging opulent persons to keep their poor relations. An alimentary pension must be, when enforced by law, not according to the wants of the pensioner, but in proportion to the opulence of the person who pays it.

SPORTING NOTES.

SPECULATION on the Leger has been amazingly brisk during the last month, and half-a-dozen of the most fancied candidates have been backed for many thousands, although one would suppose that nobody fit to be at large would venture a sou on the race for at least two months to come. The backers have already had much the worst of the business, and this early discomfiture is, no doubt, a warning of still graver disasters to follow. Last year the eager, silly, greedy geese who rushed in, thinking to get the best of the market, were wofully disappointed, for it was not till after York that the chance of Ossian (for whom I gave a plumper the week before the race was run) was looked upon with any favour—which, after all, was not wonderful, considering his running with Ladislas at Ascot, which seemed calculated to settle his pretensions for Doncaster honours; but then the Duke of Hamilton's steed "came on" and ran into form, while almost everything else deteriorated.

Busybody was favourite till her collapse at Ascot, and very properly, for, according to her private trials with Harvester, and her public running in the One Thousand and Oaks, she is the best "classic" form of the year. The mare has been backed very freely since Ascot, but the chances are strongly against her standing a thorough preparation, and not a shilling should be put on her till the day of the race. It must be remembered, moreover, that Busybody has always been a delicate animal to train, and, unluckily, she was obliged for several weeks to do her work on very hard ground. It is doubtful, to say the least of it, whether Harvester is thoroughly sound, and there certainly was nothing encouraging in his Ascot running with Tristan. Harvester and Busybody have several engagements both at Goodwood and at York. The horse is in the rich Gratwicke Stakes, and has nothing better than Poetry and Diadeste to beat. They are both in the Sussex Stakes, along with Departure's dam colt (5 lb. allowed), Royal Fern (3 lb. extra), Cambusmore (5 lb. extra), and Sandiway (5 lb. extra). In this race (which Ossian won last year) Busybody has 5 lb. extra, and Harvester 12 lb. extra. The horse is also in the Drawing Room Stakes (10 lb. extra) against Loch Ranza and Cormeille. Busybody is in the Nassau (12 lb. extra) against Whitelock, Wild Thyme, and Sandiway (7 lb. extra). At York, Busybody and Sandiway may meet in the Oaks, running at even weights, and the former is in the Great Yorkshire Stakes (4 lb. extra) against Harvester (7 lb. extra), Waterford, Talisman, and Borneo (each allowed 7 lb.). Scot Free and Superba have no engagements before Doncaster. Mr. Foy's horse won the Two Thousand in a common canter, and when Harvester beat him in the Payne Stakes a fortnight later, at 7 lb., he had manifestly gone off. He was afterwards judiciously indulged with a rest, instead of being kept at work for his engagement at Ascot, as it is the pole-star of Mr. Foy's ambition to win the Leger. Scot Free went badly in the market for a few days, but of course nobody ought to think of backing him yet. It is stated that a great deal of the money for which this horse was backed, at and after Ascot, was laid out on account of his owner. I have the best authority for contradicting this seductive flim-flam. Mr. Foy has not backed his horse for a shilling, nor does he intend to invest on him until the day of the race. This is the same prudent policy which he pursued on the Two Thousand. The Biennial, at Ascot, which was won by an outsider of Lord Rosebery's, would have been a certainty for Superba, but, considering that she had run a severe race at Sandown on the previous Friday, Peck acted with commendable discretion in withdrawing her, and we shall not see her again till Doncaster. It is said that Superba lost the Oaks because Archer "lay off" till it was too late to catch Busybody. This seems to me to be a mere fairy tale, and the running of Peck's mare with Darlington at Sandown certainly does not support the theory that she had entirely regained her best form when she ran at Epsom. Superba is no doubt "coming on," and she has been most wisely treated throughout. If she goes on well, she may be a 10 lb. better mare at Doncaster. Queen Adelaide was evidently all to pieces at Ascot, and the thrice-abject folly of her owner in running her there was as reprehensible as his fatuity last year when he started her for the Chesterfield two days after she had run a most punishing race with Archiduc for the July Stakes. It would have been no more retribution than such a *bêtise* deserved if Queen Adelaide had never won another shilling. This mare, however, if she be allowed to take things easily for the next two months, may come out in her best form at Doncaster. I fail to appreciate the grounds for Lambkin's rapid advance in the betting. Mr. Vyner's horse was beaten in the Grand Prix by Wild Duck, literally without a struggle; and although it is asserted that his prospects have been much brightened by Acrostic's victory in the Hunt Cup, yet, after all, when one comes to consider that performance in a business-like way, it does not seem anything very brilliant, looking at the enormous difference in the weights of Acrostic and Duke of Richmond. Moreover, it seems to be forgotten that Acrostic is supposed to be a rogue; and, perhaps, when Lambkin beat him at Sandown he was not in the humour to do his best. About Ascot time some beast always comes to the fore which, on the strength of a victory over a bad lot, is pronounced to be "the ideal of a Leger horse." This illusion blossoms every summer as regularly as the roses. I can see that Cambusmore is to be the especial fancy of the gullish herd this year, because he is "a grand horse," and "one capable of great improvement." The fact is that he is just the sort of horse which goes off after the course of hard work which is intended to improve him. Sandiway can only be backed on the off chance of the best of the favourites coming to grief, as it is quite possible they may. She is a thoroughly sound mare, but she has no pretensions to first-class form, and we have yet to learn that she can stay the Leger course. In the

"Royal Charter" Champagne.—Wachter & Co., shippers to H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales by special appointment

One Thousand she appeared to run like a non-stayer, and her Coronation Stakes victory was simply worthless if regarded in the light of a test of really good form. Lord Alington has taken eleven "monkeys" about Cambusmore and Sandiway coupled. There is one "great fact" (as Mr. Rigby would have said), which is, that the backers of the Duke of Westminster's pair may rest assured that everything will be thoroughly straightforward and satisfactory in connection with them, and that there will be no equivocal market maucuvrings of any kind. I have reason to believe that the Duke intends to run Cambusmore in the Sussex Stakes at Goodwood, and Sandiway will also be seen out at that meeting. Such candidates as Waterford, Sir Reuben, Brest, and Cormeille need not be thought of while half-a-dozen keep on their legs, and one would have supposed that even the most pertinacious followers of Doncaster Cup and Royal Fern would have been satisfied by this time. Whitelock is more likely to win the Stewards' Cup or Portland Plate than the Leger.

The Stewards of the Jockey Club really ought to have reduced the Liverpool July Meeting to two days, and if they had swept it away altogether nobody would have regretted their severity. The "revision" of the list of fixtures has, so far, been a mere ridiculous farce. Why on earth should there be another meeting at Windsor next week? There are some Leger "forlorn hopes" in the St. George's Stakes at Liverpool, including Doncaster Cup (who surely ought to take this prize "if" he is worth keeping or training), Whitelcck, and Kinsky. The Knowsley Stakes will probably be walked-over for by either Cherry or Duke of Richmond, if it is thought worth while to send either of them so far for so paltry a stake. The only racing of any interest till Goodwood will be at Kempton and Sandown.

In writing last week of the principal handicaps at Derby, I alluded to them as having £1,000 added to each. This was a blunder which I desire to correct. There are cunning devices at this meeting by which large sums are ostensibly given to the stakes, whereas, in the majority of cases, the bulk of the money comes out of the pockets of the ingenuous subscribers. The Rutland Plate "of £1,000" was made up of £650 from the owners of the horses entered, and £350 from the fund. The Welbeck Plate, also "of £1,000," got £375 from the fund, and the owners contributed the remainder. In reality the winner of each only received £950.

Cannon's hospitality at Danebury last week seems to have been bread cast upon the waters, to be very quickly "found;" for most of the papers have praised the sport at Stockbridge in terms which calm people would think extravagant if applied to Ascot or Goodwood. The two-year-old racing was fairly interesting, but hardly up to the usual average of this meeting; and for the rest there was really nothing of any interest whatever, except to bettors. Geheimniss won the Cup in a canter from Energy. This is one of the most extraordinary stakes in the Calendar. Not a farthing is "added," the whole amount being obtained by subscription of £10 each on the part of the nominators, yet the owner of the winner has to pay £10 "towards expenses." The *Sporting Times* enters into a laborious calculation with the object of proving that Geheimniss ought to have won the City and Suburban. "Give me the use of figures and I can prove anything," said Mr. Pitt, and it is a flagrant fact that almost any conceivable proposition as to racing form can be made to appear plausible with a little hocus pocus. In this case it has been overlooked that Energy may now very well be stale, seeing that he had run three tolerably severe races on very hard ground in three successive weeks. I fail entirely to understand, moreover, on what running Geheimniss was to give Quicklime 27 lb.; for at Epsom Lord Bradford's horse had temporarily regained his three-year-old form. Mr. Corlett is no doubt right in his notion that St. Blaise would have been a better representative for Kingsclere in the Royal Hunt Cup than Duke of Richmond. If St. Blaise does not win the Stewards' Cup he will be the early favourite for the Cambridgeshire. Farewell (by Doncaster—Lily Agnes), who brought backers to grief at Ascot, won the Mottisfont Stakes in a walk for the Duke of Westminster, who also secured the Troy with White Nun, by Hermit—Lady Blanche. Langwell is evidently not nearly so smart as he was supposed to be when he came out to race for the New Stakes, as he was easily beaten for the Post Sweepstakes by Match Girl, who ran second to Melton at Ascot, and who is half-sister (by Thebais) to St. Blaise. Lord Alington also won the Hurstbourne with Luminary (the colt by Beauclerc—Stella), who had no difficulty in defeating Grecian Bend and Present Times, both of whom have shown more than respectable form this season. The Kingsclere stable must be very strong in two-year-olds, for so poor an opinion was entertained of Luminary that he was backed for less than £50 when he won at Ascot, and he paid forfeit for the Stockbridge Foal Stakes on May 3. Donatello will, no doubt, win a good race before long. Rosy Morn was sent from Newmarket to run for the Hurstbourne, but went amiss on Thursday morning.

The Duke of Portland sent St. Simon to Newcastle to run for the Cup, which has been won by many good horses, and he "lost" Chislehurst, who was giving him 8 lb. Beauchamp won the North Derby, but it is evident that there was no affinity to reason in the fancy for him for the "classic" races, and Borneo ran a perfect wretch at this meeting. Royal Stag won the Queen's Plate in a very slovenly fashion from Duncan; it would seem that he is something of a rogue. The Northumberland Plate was won easily by Lawminster, who on the previous Friday had run "nowhere" in the Rutland Plate at Derby, —a somewhat startling reversal of form. It would appear, however, that his friends fancied him last week, as he was backed down to 9 to 1, in the face of Duncan and Robertson, for one of which the race was declared to be a certainty. Robertson has been a most unlucky brute, but I remember that Duncan ran unplaced (and unbacked) in a selling race at Newmarket, on the day before the Two Thousand, so that one would hardly have expected him to develop so soon into the favourite for an important handicap. He had won a race at Newton the previous week, but it was supposed that the 6 lb. penalty would not stop him. It is evident that handicappers must always be well on their guard in dealing with the Northern horses. Mr. Jardine was compensated for his disappointment by winning the Seaton

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Delaval Stakes (the conditions of which are egregiously absurd and most unfair to owners) with Albert, by Albert Victor—Hawthorn Bloom, to whom Laverock ran second. This colt is by no means the black swan he was announced to be when he came out at Lincoln, but on Thursday he was giving 15 lb. to the winner. Bonaparte (the brother to Beauclerc) who has been backed over and over again for important races during the last two years, won a small handicap here.

After the running of Grecian Bend in the Irish Derby last week, no rational being would take 500 to 1 about her for the Leger. We shall doubtless see several other rotten candidates weeded out in the course of the next few weeks.

MAMMON.

CHILI AND PERU.

I SHOULD be glad to know how much money has been devoured by the various benevolent gentlemen who have engaged in the remunerative undertaking of "protecting" the interests of Peruvian bondholders. What has Sir Henry Tyler received? The circular which he issued, as Chairman of the Committee of Peruvian Bondholders, announcing that one Smiles was being sent out to South America, with the approval of our Government, and, in fact, in a semi-official character, was repudiated by Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice. Mr. Williamson, M.P., is to be thanked for having exposed this deception by means of a question to the Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and Sir Henry's counter question, whether Mr. Williamson asked the question in his own interests as a merchant connected with South America, was as impudent a one, coming, as it did, from the ex-Chairman of the notorious Brush Company, and addressed to a partner in one of the largest and most respectable firms connected with Chili, as, perhaps, was ever asked. The circular, as Mr. Williamson justly observed, was likely to entrap the unwary as to the approval or identification of the Government with a private mission, and so to raise the price of Peruvian bonds. Once for all, let the Peruvian bondholders understand that neither directly nor indirectly will our Government have anything to do with any attempt to bully Chili. If the bondholders like to spend money on Sir Henry Tyler and his friends, by all means let them. This is their affair, and merely shows how fond people are of sending good money after bad. The Peruvians forced Chili into an expensive war, and these expenses have not been recouped; as for the Peruvian debt, Peru had failed to pay interest before the war. If I might venture a word of advice to the Government of Chili, it is absolutely to refuse to have anything to do either with Sir Henry Tyler, his committee, or his Company. Chili is the one decent and respectable Republic in South America. Let her continue, as she has done, to pay interest on her own debt, and she may rest assured that she will not suffer in public estimation if she declines even to discuss her liability in respect to the debt of Peru with Committees and with the representatives of Committees.

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C.

EGYPT.

In its political aspect, the arrangement which is being laid before the Conference is advantageous to us, for it recognises that neither our country nor any other has exclusive rights in Egypt, and that the interests of all will be consulted by its eventually becoming an Eastern Belgium. This disposes entirely of the buccaneering tendencies of the Conservatives, and of the interested trash of the bondholders. We see in the near future a limit to the expenditure and to the corresponding risks which have been the outcome of our meddling in matters which do not concern us.

When, however, we look at the arrangement in its financial aspect, there is much to criticise. Why should we guarantee the interest on eight millions? It will be no benefit to the Egyptian taxpayer, for it is admitted that they already are taxed more than they can afford to pay. Egypt might raise this money herself by a further issue of Preference Bonds, and our guaranteeing the money merely secures to the owners of Deferred Bonds the difference between the interest on an English bond and on an Egyptian bond. There seems no reason why the British taxpayer should incur liabilities in order that the Egyptian bondholder should receive a high interest on the price of his investments. I doubt, however, whether the security for our loan be good, for I am convinced that, taking one year with another, Egypt will soon again be in financial difficulties; and then, whether our loan be a pre-preference charge or a deferred charge, we shall be called upon to sacrifice a portion of interest. Moreover, this lien upon Egyptian finance will be used by the Conservatives and the bondholders as a ground for our further interference.

No country can have a larger permanent revenue than what can be legitimately raised. The first charge upon this revenue must in the very nature of things be the cost of administration. Any interest that it may have to pay on indebtedness can only be met from the surplus which remains after the cost of administration is paid; or, in other words, bondholders can only have a lien on net revenue, and not on gross revenue. If Egypt wants to borrow more money, she can only get it by reducing the interest now exacted by her existing creditors, for the plain reason that there can only be twenty shillings in the pound, whether they be divided between two or twenty people. This basis of all national finance has been upset in many cases by interest on debt being met by further borrowings. Such a plan is, however, robbing Peter to pay Paul, and, as in Turkey, it must end in bankruptcy.

In Egypt the debt is divided between Preferred Stocks and a Deferred Stock, which is called "Unified." The former may be said to represent debentures, the latter shares. It is absurd, therefore, to lay down a minimum which is to be paid upon these shares, for the amount must be dependent upon results; and equally erroneous does it seem to me to be to reduce interest on the debentures, so long as anything can be paid upon the shares, for this deprives the former of their preferential character. Such, however, is the scheme proposed, but even in this an invidious exception is made, for the interest on the Domain Loan is not reduced, though what the difference between this

John Shaw, Share Broker, Wardrobe-chambers, Queen Victoria-st. deals at tape prices at an inclusive commission of one-sixteenth.

loan and the Daira Loan is, it would be difficult to explain, except that the one has more powerful advocates than the other.

Our course of action in Egypt, past, present, and prospective, shows what a mistake it is for us to interfere in the finances of foreign countries at the bidding of their creditors. One slip begets others, and we go from mistake to mistake. It may be important to an Egyptian bondholder that he should receive either his full pound of flesh, or as many ounces of the pound as he can get. But whether he receives the full pound, or not one single ounce of it, is—or rather ought to be—a matter of the most absolute indifference to the British taxpayer collectively.

THE EXPLOSIVES COMPANY.

The directors of this Company had a "mauvais quart d'heure" at the meeting of shareholders held to consider the report of the shareholders' committee. The latter had come to the conclusion that the directors ought to be removed from their office, and they have good reason for so thinking. The promotion of this concern, in which several of the directors played the part of vendors, was one of the most glaring pieces of juggling. In May, 1881, four gentlemen, Messrs. Fox, Garrett, Heath, and Johnson, purchased the Stowmarket Works, the drying works in Wales, and a lease of some premises at Pembrey, for the sum of £24,000. These same properties they foisted on the public within six months at the outrageous price of £120,000. The Explosives Company was formed by them and for their benefit, and they all became directors of that Company. I suppose they could not get a sufficient number of other men to approve, as directors, this unfair bargain, and so had to undertake the office themselves; perhaps, also, they wished still further to milk the concern by drawing directors' fees. The grossest mismanagement followed, and unless more money is provided, the Company will have to go into liquidation. The shareholders' committee are of opinion that "they have been bamboozled all along," and that the vendor-directors ought to be made to disgorge. The latter have clearly overreached themselves. Having occupied, with regard to the contract, the position of vendors and purchasers, they were legally placed in a fiduciary position, and were therefore debarred from obtaining more than a fair value for their property. I do not generally recommend litigation, but, in this case, the most uncompromising attitude on the part of the shareholders will doubtless help them to their own.

THE E.C. POWDER COMPANY.

This Company is the unfortunate offspring of an unfortunate parent, the Explosives Company. Like "Father Brush," the latter went in for the sale of patents, but only succeeded in disposing of the E.C. Powder patent to this bantling at the enormous price of £40,000. Some £20,000 more has been expended in erecting buildings and factories, which leaves only £10,000 out of the capital of £70,000 with which the E.C. Powder Company was started. The charges for carrying on the first year's business were simply enormous, and amounted to £2,800, while the only business done appears to have been the sale of 130 barrels of powder, at a gross profit of £580. Should both sides of the account continue to grow at the same ratio, I am afraid the last £10,000 will soon be absorbed. The chairman, however, stated at the last meeting that the only thing wanting to achieve success was that the shareholders "should treat the Board with fairness and kindness." I am afraid they will hardly be able to treat them with fairness and kindness at the same time.

LONDON LIFE.

V.

MY DEAR BOY,—In my previous letters I have tried to warn you against the London temptations that were likely to prove most difficult for you to resist. In this, my last letter for the present, I want especially to put you on your guard against the greatest curses of London life—the usurers. Every path in the wrong direction that a young man can take while enjoying himself in town leads through a common point—the money-lender's office. Usury is the Clapham Junction of the roads to ruin. Borrowing money at high rates of interest to spend on unnecessary pleasures must destroy richer men than ever you can hope to be. Although your mode of dispensing it may stamp you as a fool, yet so long as you spend only your income, you will always be able at your pleasure to stay your stupidity and retrieve your position. It would be idle for me to preach from such a commonplace text as "Keep out of debt." Every one with a permanent fixed income is neither more nor less than a thief if he wilfully exceeds it. I am willing to allow for the extravagances of a young man who, at the end of a year, finds that his tradesman's bills are heavier than he can immediately pay. A little self-control during the next few months will equalise matters, and you will only suffer temporary inconvenience. But if you try to meet your difficulties by borrowing money, there is no telling when and where your troubles will end. Supposing that you commence by obtaining a loan of £100. The most moderate Shylock will require your note of hand for £120 at three months. You have no debts to collect, no goods to sell, no bills to mature. Ninety days soon pass away, and there is no reason why you should be richer at the expiration than at the commencement of them. Nor does the money-lender expect you to, or desire that you should, take up your bill when due; he will renew it on the same liberal terms that he discounted it, viz., £20 cash. Of course, this trifling amount will not inconvenience you; and you will continue paying a like sum quarterly, maybe for years. But pause, and calculate. In fifteen months you will have repaid the full amount of the original advance, and still owe twenty pounds more than you borrowed! Let us make the calculation another way. Your portion charged on our estates brings you in four per cent. per annum; you pay eighty. It is a commercial certainty that you will come to grief in buying £100 for £180 and selling it for £104. Yet this sort of business goes on day after day, year after year, to the

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Goode's Depôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

Riding Habits.—Specialty of John Redfern & Sons. Ladies' Tailors by Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 26, Conduit-street, London, W. Also at Cowes and Paris.

enrichment of disreputable panderers to youthful follies and to the premature ruin of many a promising and respected family.

Most of the richest and most extortionate money-lenders consider themselves too respectable to tout for clients, or to advertise in the newspapers. But sitting in their offices, they hold levées of lumberers and touts, hear all that is going on, and plot the destruction of greenhorns, often providing small sums to carry on a campaign against a likely customer who requires nursing and encouragement. A capitalist who invests in usury is far too great a man in his own estimation to talk of business anywhere but in his own office. Meet him at a theatre, restaurant, race-course, or gambling club, and you will find him affecting a languid indifference for anything but the pleasure before him. But he keeps his eyes open, and when Mr. Advertising Tout calls upon you just in the nick of time, after you have had a bad night at baccarat or a fearful day at Kempton Park, you will accept his proffered loan, thanking your stars that the assistance came so opportunely. It will not strike you that the gentleman who indignantly repulsed your proposal for a loan a few hours before has now sent *his* agent to lend *his* money. Again, you will, no doubt, be surprised, on going into Mr. Kayler's offices at 32, St. James-square, and timidly asking for a "monkey," to find that he accedes to your request without even rising from the sofa on which he considers it compatible with his dignity to recline. Just as a matter of form, however, you sign a promissory note for £625, and a document drawn up in the following words (I have one in front of me as I write):—

"In consideration of your discounting my promissory note at three months, for six hundred and twenty-five pounds, I hereby agree that, should the same be overdue and unpaid, I will pay interest thereon at the rate of one shilling in the pound per month, from the date of maturity until actual payment."

Six hundred and twenty-five shillings a month for a loan of £500 cash! Well, you cannot understand any one—especially a shrewd money-lender—advancing such a sum without at least going through the form of asking as to your means or expectations, or satisfying himself that you were the person you represented yourself to be. But just turn the history of the transaction over in your mind. Had you not read in a newspaper that Gurney was prepared to make immediate cash advances, and had not he advised you to call on Kayler? You little knew when you paid him a visit that Gurney's real name was Jordan, and that he was a bankrupt, and had been convicted of keeping a disgusting exhibition, and had to apply to a Father of his tribe to discount any bills that might come in his way. It was this man, however, who found out all about your financial prospects from his brother—an equally charming gentleman, who, under the name of A. Warner, carries on the filthy trade of usurer's tout in Jermyn-street. Be sure, my dear boy, that everything connected with you and myself was well discussed in Kayler's back parlour before you received a penny; that he expected your coming, and was accordingly prepared to accommodate you without asking questions.

Perhaps you would have been no better off if chance had directed you to Samuel Engel, in his solicitor's office in Great Marlborough-street. He is no cheaper, nor is, Robert Morris, although his usurer's web in Regent-street is dignified by the title of the "Carlton Bank." Messrs. Wells & Co., of 39, South Audley-street, albeit newcomers, are not particularly moderate in their charges, but there may be some excuse for their rapacity. Before embarking in his present occupation, the head of this firm was himself denuded of four-fifths of his ample fortune by usurers and baccarat. He is trying to recoup himself by utilising the experience he has so dearly purchased.

Each of the gentlemen of the oblong slip has his special peculiarities well-known to the touts. Some revel in minors. With these mere children a convenient system is adopted. Bills for large amounts are taken, and the consideration money is doled out in monthly instalments. Thus, if a youth of nineteen feels that his allowance is insufficient for his wants or extravagances, there are money-lenders who will augment it say by £50 a month until the borrower attains his majority. Two years, or twenty-four instalments, would amount to £1,200. This, with 80 per cent. interest for two years, mounts up to £3,120 (money quickly amasses at this price), for which a bill is taken. By this system the money-lender not only defers the payment of his advance, but has the advantage of seeing the boy and keeping on friendly terms with him until almost the very day he becomes his own master and receives his fortune. When your young brother comes to pay you a visit, keep him away from Mr. Sanguinetti, of Pall Mall, who not only trades with children in money, but also in jewellery, on which there is even a larger profit.

While on this subject I may as well warn you to avoid dealing with those who under pretence of carrying on respectable callings, really use them as a cloak to usury. It might never strike you that Mr. John David Myers, late of St. Mary Axe, and now of 14, Sackville-street, cigar merchant, would, subject to the advice of his solicitor and the consent of his partner, Louison, accommodate with a little cash *as well as* tobacco. The price of both is the same—from sixty to eighty per cent. above the recognised market value. Rather an expensive rate, perhaps, to pay for credit for cigars; but then this firm has heavy expenses to keep up, such as a private hansom, broughams, and saddle-horses, which, when not adorning the London parks, are enchanting the residents and visitors on the King's-road, Brighton. Woe betide you if you get into Myers's hands! He is as difficult to settle with as was his prototype, Shylock, for the world has not treated him kindly of late. Only last year the magistrate at Marlborough-street committed him, in company with one, Arthur Snelling, his tout, for trial at the Old Bailey, on a charge of conspiring to defraud.

Altogether Sackville-street is not a desirable place for "shopping." The usurer who trades under the name of Saville Parker, has removed from Duke-street, St. James's, to No. 10. The ground-floor of No. 13 is occupied by Sampson Genese, a tailor and usurer, who, having all his life made the clothes of other money-lenders at Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, has recently conceived the idea of dealing in money-lending on his own account, and on account of one Alfred Saville, *né* Samuel. His system, to say the least, is a novel one. He gives cheques

in exchange for bills, but these cheques are not always met on presentation, or even subsequently, without the impetus of legal proceedings against the enterprising clothier. If by any chance, therefore, you should be led into transacting monetary business with Mr. Genese (and really if, after this letter, you insist on borrowing money, you are as likely to go to one usurer as another), you had better be careful not to part with your bill unless for notes or gold.

I could, my dear boy, go through the whole list of London money-lenders and their touts. But the few I have referred to are fair specimens of the rest. You will, however, on referring to the list of papers I insisted you should read, find a double mark against Truth. From its pages you can gather personal details of most of the West-end usurers. But in case you should have forgotten what you have read, I have thought it better to revise and append the last list published by that journal under the head of Fathers of Usury.—Your affectionate

FATHER.

Michael Benjamin, Cockspur-street.—Having failed as a lamp-dealer in the Brompton-road, he started as a usurer's tout, and formerly advertised from No. 1, Air-street, Piccadilly. A successful speculation in Mexican rails helped Michael to a little capital, and the best bills that are proposed to him he now discounts with his own money; but he is principal tout for Robert Morris, Carlton-chambers, who discounts approved bills to any amount. They are supplied by Benjamin, Sanguinetti, and all other touts. Robert dignifies his office by the name of the Carlton Bank. When an unsuitable investment is offered to Robert, he says that he is sick of business, and is retiring from it. This seclusion, however, extends only to worthless paper.

Thomas Kayler, 19, Piccadilly.—Formerly carried on the business of his family as a baker at 8, Calthorpe-place, Gray's-inn-road. Lured by the inducements of Henry Mason, alias Marcus, alias Kennedy, a circularising agent, he abandoned the oven for the bill-book, and after discounting in a desultory manner for some years, he took offices on his own account, and blossomed forth as a full-blown disciple of Shylock. The whilom baker is supplied with bills by Mason, Warner, Gurney, and others, but he has now also a large private connection, and likes security. He charges 60 to 80 per cent. for accommodation, and he used to take a prominent interest in parochial matters in a northern district of London.

John David Myers, 14, Sackville-street, is a cigar-dealer, and was formerly in a small way of business in St. Mary Axe. An Australian named Louison, with adequate capital, installed Myers in the offices he now occupies, and, together, they discount bills at usurious rates. Cigars are considered to be cash at No. 14, Sackville-street. Since his committal for trial for conspiracy to defraud, Myers has been more careful, and prefers doing business without the intervention of touts.

Samuel Engel, 50, Great Marlborough-street, discounts bills brought to him by the recognised usurers' touts, whose names are so familiar to the readers of Truth. He carries on business in the offices where his brother practises as a solicitor. Engel is not considered a smart man in his trade, and many bills discarded by his brother money-lenders find a resting-place—frequently a final resting-place—in Samuel's bill-case. Umbrella-making was the employment which occupied his attention before he embarked in his present occupation.

James Martin, 44, Southampton-buildings.—This is a curious specimen of the obsolete stage money-lender. An old man, eccentric in his habits, occupying shabby offices as above, he is enormously rich, extremely cautious, and very dilatory; nor does he calculate interest by the recognised tables. "How much do you want for it?" is his formula when the proffered document has passed the ordeal. Martin does not discount bills; he buys them at a profit varying from £100 to £300 per cent. A notification that the house is to let has been in Martin's window for many years. Strewed all over his office is a queer collection of odds and ends; a stock of wall-papers, an Indian shawl or two, some dozens of wine, pictures, carvings, and books lie huddled together in a heterogeneous mass, for Martin likes security of a substantial kind. No loan is too small for him, and no duration too short. He is, or was until recently, a churchwarden of his parish.

Alfred Harris, Dublin, succeeded to the bill-discounting business of his father, who intended him for a tea-dealer. The young aspirant soon discovered that there was more profit accruing from "sugar." An alderman of his native city, he unsuccessfully contested Kildare at the last general election. Irish borrowers are poorer than English borrowers, and 40 per cent. satisfies Harris.

Saville Jacques Parker, 10, Sackville-street, late of 23, Duke-street, St. James's.—Parker's name is not Parker. He formerly importuned the public personally, but has prospered, and now not only does business brought to him by the other touts, but has subsidised a brother who advertises in the name of—

Jackson & Co., York-street, St. James's-square.—Parker has severed his connection with—

S. Albert & Co., 128, Jermyn-street, and—

P. Henry & Co., Jermyn-street, who advertise for—

Henry Jacobs, who was at one time a respectable tradesman in Gloucester, where he kept a shop for the sale of brushes and buckets. Jacobs has exceptional opportunities for obtaining customers, commanding, through a well-known ring-man, the earliest information about any one "short for Tattersalls." Albert's proper name is Samuel, but he is no relation to Mr. Genese's "Saville."

Wells & Co. (See letter).—There is no such person as Wells in this firm, which has ceased advertising, and has added to the list of its principal's many vocations that of turf commissioner.

Mr. D. Jay has lately come upon the scene, but he has not astonished the world yet by the amount of business he has done. It is curious to note that D. J. are the initials of Mr. Myers, of Sackville-street.

Alfred Warner (proper name Jordan).—A penniless tout. So much has been written about him from time to time that his character is well known. Appears to have been well subsidized lately, for his advertisements have increased largely. He takes his customers to Kayler, Morris, and others.

Gurney, Craig's-court, Charing-cross.—A penniless tout, named Jordan, Warner's brother. The two work together through the same sources. Gurney has recently annulled his bankruptcy by payment of a very small composition, which the creditors were delighted to receive.

Messrs. Middleton & Co., Finsbury.—This firm consists of one H. Flower, who has been an introducer of dupes to West-end usurers for years, and of a man known as Captain Middleton, *alias* Bagot. Beyond one case, in which the borrower has since become bankrupt, and has been prosecuted, this firm has not done much business.

Henry Marcus, *alias* Mason, *alias* Kennedy & Co., formerly of 224, Piccadilly, has now opened an office in the Haymarket, from whence he circularises customers. At one time this tout had a large *clientèle*, but he gambled away what money he had. He was the first to induct Kayler into the mysteries of bill-discounting, and now takes such applications as he gets for the consideration of the worthy baker.

Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street Grosvenor-square.

QUEER STORIES.

MR. GUMBY'S GONDOLA AT HENLEY.

MR. SAMUEL GUMBY was a very rich stockbroker, who had commenced life as an office-boy to the eminent firm in which he was now the senior partner. He was a bumptious, pushing individual, exceeding proud of himself, his money, his family, and, indeed, of everything which belonged to him. Being very well off indeed, Mr. Gumby had no idea of hiding his light under a bushel, and, though by no means extravagant, he never hesitated to spend money upon his own gratification, provided it was done in a sufficiently open and ostentatious fashion. Mr. Gumby had a very fine house, a great number of gorgeous menials, and plenty of horses and carriages; but his pet weakness was the river. Ever since he had been an office-boy, and had daily been conveyed from Chelsea to the City on board a penny steamer, he had taken a keen interest in matters aquatic, and one of the first extravagances of which he had been guilty was the purchase of a steam-launch. Mr. Gumby was a great deal too careful of himself to trust his precious person in a skiff or a dingy, except when he could not help it. Rowing blistered his hands, and, as he could not swim, he had a very wholesome dread of being drowned. On a steam-launch, however, or on the smooth lawn of his house at Maidenhead, Mr. Gumby was quite in his element. He attired himself in flannels and a straw-hat, and, standing in a very conspicuous position on the deck of the *Bertha* (he had named her after a well-known stock), he issued his orders to the crew, or to the magnificent footmen who constantly accom-

panied him, with twice the pomposity of the captain of an ironclad. On his lawn, too, the worthy stockbroker never forgot to impress all passers-by with a sense of his wealth and dignity. In fine weather, he took most of his meals there, surrounded by his family, and waited on by numerous servants. He erected an open marquee, under which tables seemed to remain most of the day, ready for a meal of some sort, and covered with costly plate and bottles of champagne.

It is needless to remark that the Henley Regatta annually afforded Mr. Gumby excellent opportunities for the gratification of his ruling passion. At the aquatic carnival, as it is the fashion to call it, he always made a point of appearing in tremendous state. He lived in a house-boat of abnormal dimensions and unprecedented magnificence, while two or more smaller craft of the same description served for the accommodation of a party of friends. He was, of course, attended by a large staff of servants, who slept in the town and appeared at an early hour in the morning to minister to his wants.

One lovely June morning Mr. Gumby was seated in a luxurious armchair on the lawn of his house reading his letters. As he had two or three partners and a large staff of clerks, the worthy stockbroker was not in the habit of appearing at his offices much before noon. Moreover, business was comparatively slack, so in fine weather he frequently did not go to the City at all. One of his letters was from an eminent artist of the vague school, whom Mr. Gumby had commissioned to paint him some views of Venice. Mr. Lazzaroney Mezzotinter Brown, for such was this distinguished painter's name—or that, at all events, by which he called himself—wrote to announce that his work had been satisfactorily completed, and that he was on the point of returning home.

"By the way," wrote Mr. Brown, "I wonder that a man so fond of the river as you are has never tried a Venetian gondola. It is a delightful craft, and the motion is dreamy and luxurious. There is one to be sold just now which was expressly built for a young nobleman who has unfortunately ruined himself by gambling. You would, of course, want a gondolier, but that could be easily managed. I am sure it would look charming at Henley."

Mr. Gumby always paid Mr. L. M. Brown excellent prices for his daubs, and the artist was an astute person who perfectly understood his patron's weaknesses. The stockbroker was much taken with the notion.

"An excellent idea of Brown's," he mused; "it *would* look splendid at Henley; and what a rise it would take out of old Sharon! He would be green with envy. I'll go and ask the missus and the girls."

Mrs. and the Misses Gumby were, of course, enchanted, and a telegram was promptly despatched to Mr. Brown, bidding him to secure the gondola at once, and have it sent over in charge of a trustworthy gondolier.

The gentleman whom Mr. Gumby hoped to turn green with envy of his new acquisition was a certain Mr. Moses Sharon, an old friend and rival of the stockbroker's. He was a partner in the great house of Sharon & Sons, foreign loan agents and financiers, and, unfortunately for Mr. Gumby's peace of mind, his tastes lay in the same direction as those of that eminent patron of matters aquatic. Mr. Sharon was very fond of the river; he had a house not very far from Mr. Gumby's; he was the possessor of a steam-launch, and he usually monopolised a hundred yards or so of the bank at Henley with a row of gorgeously-appointed house-boats. The sight of Mr. Sharon's house, launch, and house-boats had long sorely vexed the righteous soul of the stockbroker. But Mr. Sharon was exceedingly fond of display, and he seemed to take a malicious pleasure in cutting out Mr. Gumby in his own special line. When the latter gentleman started a couple of flunkeys gorgeous in blue and silver liveries, Mr. Sharon responded with four resplendent in crimson and gold. Mr. Gumby increased his staff to four, but Mr. Sharon was not to be outdone, and flaunted half-a-dozen in the eyes of his rival. Mr. Gumby's steam-launch had a parqueterie deck and blue satin hangings; but Mr. Sharon's was adorned with electro-plated rails, which some people averred were solid silver. A profusion of silver plate glittered on the tables on Mr. Gumby's lawn; but Mr. Sharon's was gold, or, at all events, silver gilt. Hence it came to pass that Mr. Gumby hated Mr. Sharon with a fervent hatred, and anticipated with delight the prospect of outdoing him in the matter of the gondola.

In a few days, Mr. Lazzaroney Mezzotinter Brown telegraphed to say that he had secured the gondola for Mr. Gumby at a ridiculously low figure—which, nevertheless caused the worthy stockbroker to open his eyes considerably; and that he would bring it over himself without delay, accompanied by a most admirable gondolier, who rejoiced in the romantic name of Angelo Macaroni. So Mr. Gumby's mind was at rest, and he looked forward with glee to the arrival of the gondola, and to the complete discomfiture of the presumptuous Sharon.

A fortnight passed, and the gondola and gondolier duly arrived, and were introduced to their new master by the obliging artist. Mr. Gumby was hugely delighted with his new purchase, and, in the enthusiasm of the moment, gave Mr. Brown a cheque for his pictures without noticing that that ingenious painter had charged him about 50 per cent. more than his usual prices. Mrs. and the Misses Gumby were also in ecstasies, and no time was lost in launching the odd-looking craft on the Thames, and taking her for a trial trip under the experienced guidance of Macaroni. Everything went admirably. The motion, as Mr. Brown had said, was delightful; the gondolier's skill was amazing, and that personage himself, with his swarthy skin, black eyes, and picturesque costume, attracted an amount of attention which caused Mr. Gumby to feel at peace with all the world. Naturally enough, he took good care to pass close under the lawn of Mr. Sharon's house, when he had the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing Sharon and sons in person, and of noticing the air of astonishment and chagrin with which they watched him.

"Hullo, Sharon, my boy!" shouted Mr. Gumby; "what do you think of this craft? Just come from Venice with the cove that steers her! Hasn't he gone green!" he added to his wife, as he subsided into a fit of suppressed chuckling.

Whether Mr. Sharon went green or not, there is no

I certainly recommend Mr. & Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most just and liberal purchasers of Cast-off Clothes, Jewellery, and every description of property. They punctually keep appointments, and remit P.O.O. for articles per return

doubt that he was exceedingly disgusted. Mr. Gumby had undoubtedly stolen a march upon him, and on this particular occasion even his astute brain entirely failed to devise any means of cutting out his rival.

"Telegraph to Venice for two gondolas," suggested one of his sons.

"Stuff and nonsense," growled old Sharon. "What's the use? Henley's next week. Hang Gumby and his gondola! I'd give fifty pounds to any one who could tell me how to put his nose out of joint!"

And so there was joy in the house of Gumby, while Sharon and sons, figuratively speaking, sat in sackcloth and ashes.

The joy of the fortunate possessor of the gondola was only marred by one trifling drawback, and that was that Angelo Macaroni, perfect gondolier though he was, could neither speak nor understand one single word of the English tongue. Mr. Gumby, it is needless to remark, was utterly innocent of Italian, and his wife and daughters, although they immediately invested in a phrase-book and a dictionary of that musical language, could not be expected to make much progress in it before the regatta. One of the Miss Gumbys, however, devised a notable plan for directing the operations of Angelo. She adapted to the circumstances the phrases which she found in her music-books, and it soon came to be understood between them that *andante* or *piano* meant slow, *forte* fast, *da capo* turn back, and so on. The vocabulary was certainly limited, but it was more or less effective, and Macaroni received his directions with many "*si, signorina's*" and much grinning, and generally seemed to comprehend her wishes.

The first day of the Henley Regatta came and went, and Mr. Gumby's triumph was complete. The gondola created a prodigious amount of interest; Macaroni's steering was the admiration of all beholders. Mr. Gumby's three houseboats were crowded all day long with lots of nice people, curious to examine closely the wondrous craft and to interview her proprietor, while those of Mr. Sharon were comparatively empty. Gumby accordingly went to bed serenely happy, and blessed the names of Lazzaroney M. Brown and Angelo Macaroni. Far otherwise was it with Sharon and sons. The triumph of their rival was gall and wormwood to them, and they sat late into the night on the deck of one of their boats, plotting futile schemes of vengeance.

"I'd give fifty pounds to upset the thing!" groaned old Sharon in despair.

"Make it a hundred, and I'll have a try," said a voice from the darkness.

"Is that you, Barnes, my boy? Well, you shall have it if you do. But what are you thinking of?"

"Never mind, Mr. Sharon, you leave that to me," was the answer.

Mr. Charlie Barnes was a very lively young Oxford undergraduate, a friend of Sharon's son Isaac, and the confident tone in which he spoke did something to revive the drooping spirits of his host.

The next morning was splendidly fine, and Mr. Gumby was astir at the comparatively early hour of nine o'clock. He was in an excellent temper, and felt prouder than ever of himself and his possessions. Naturally enough, one of his first cares was to inspect the gondola. There she lay, moored to a house-boat, her sombre black-and-gold contrasting oddly with the blue satin hangings. Everything was just as he had left it last night, but Angelo, the gondolier, was not to be seen. This struck Mr. Gumby as being somewhat odd, for the man was, as a rule, a very early riser, and ordinarily spent hours in cleaning and polishing his craft before any of his master's family were out of bed.

"Must have overslept himself," thought Gumby; "he had a lot of work to do yesterday, and I dessay the champagne got into his head."

The morning wore on, but no Angelo appeared. Mr. Gumby became seriously uneasy, and was, moreover, much annoyed at being unable to take a short trip or two up and down the line of house-boats, just to show himself off, and to see how old Sharon was getting on. In the absence of the gondolier, however, this was hopeless, for no one else had the faintest idea of managing it, so Mr. Gumby was forced to stay on his house-boat and conceal his irritation as best he might. Just before the racing began, Angelo appeared. He said something in Italian which his master took for an apology, and immediately went to the gondola. Macaroni did not appear altogether in his usual spirits; he did not show his white teeth quite so much as he generally did, and he seemed somewhat to avoid meeting Mr. Gumby's eye.

"Must have been drunk last night," reflected that gentleman. "It's a plaguy nuisance, but I suppose they all do it."

Racing began, and all eyes were turned towards the river. Angelo sat silent in the gondola, and appeared but slightly interested in the proceedings; but just before the final heat for the Grand Challenge he rose to his feet and began to chatter and gesticulate in Mr. Gumby's direction.

"What's he jawing about?" asked that gentleman of his eldest daughter, who was commonly supposed to be able to fathom the recesses of the foreigner's mind.

"He wants to speak to you, pa," she answered.

"Oh, well, he must come up here, I can't be bothered by going into the gondola to him."

"I think you had better go," urged Miss Gumby; "these Italians are so funny and hot-tempered Look, he is getting quite excited."

"So he is," said Mr. Gumby, doubtfully, scanning his mysterious retainer. "Perhaps he wants to stick a knife into me!"

"Oh, nonsense, 'pa; go and speak to him."

So Mr. Gumby reluctantly left the deck of his house-boat, and gingerly climbed into the gondola to interview the excited Italian.

"Now then, look sharp," said the stockbroker; "the boats are coming."

But no sooner had Mr. Gumby set foot in the gondola than Macaroni ran to the stern of the boat, and cast off the painter.

The Bazaar of Oct. 28, says that Mr. & Mrs. B. Phillips, Manchester House, 36, Thayer-st., Manchester-sq., W., are the most Liberal Buyers of all kinds of Clothes, Uniforms, Jewellery, Gold, Silver, &c. Money orders sent for parcels. Appointments kept. Cash only.

Pfungst's Extra Quality Champagnes, old landed, can be obtained at the House of Commons Rest., Hotel Bristol, Claridge's Hotel, Café Verrey, Grand Hotel, Woods' Hotel, First Avenue Hotel, Holborn Rest., Palmerston Rest., Stock Exchange (Mabey's), Ship and Trafalgar, Greenwich, and Star and Garter, Richmond, &c.—Agents, J. L. Pfungst & Co., 23, Crutched Friars.

"What are you up to?" cried Mr. Gumby. "Can't you see that the boats are coming?"

But the Italian made no sign; he shoved the gondola away from the house-boat, and began to propel her right in the course of the advancing eights. Somehow he appeared to have lost his usual skill; the boat proceeded in a very erratic and unsteady fashion, and once or twice it seemed to Mr. Gumby that Macaroni narrowly escaped falling overboard. The people on the banks began to notice his singular evolutions, and there were occasional shouts of "Look ahead!" "Get out of the way!" &c. Macaroni, however, evidently understood nothing; the gondola aimlessly wobbled about in mid-stream, and, as the cries of the spectators changed from warning to execration, he smiled amiably and bowed his acknowledgments.

"Why, the idiot thinks the whole show is got up for him!" said Gumby, getting alarmed. "If he doesn't get out of the way precious quick we shall be run down!"

It was too true. The racing eights were within fifty yards of them, and a perfect storm of curses rose from the excited crowd on the banks. Mr. Gumby could hear his own name attached to extremely uncomplimentary epithets; everybody was staring and howling at him, and he began to suffer agonies of shame and terror. The boats were now within a few yards of the gondola, and Mr. Gumby rose to his feet in desperation. The noise on the shore was simply appalling.

"Here, you infernal organ-grinder!" screamed the stock-broker, in a frenzy of agitation, "Andante! piano! Pianissimo! Da Capo! Pococurante! Dolce far niente! *Will* you get out of the way?"

But it was too late. Just as the leading eight was within a couple of feet of him, Angelo turned towards his master with a grin, kissed his hand gracefully, and took a header overboard. A second later there was a terrific crash; Mr. Gumby was shot into the river, and disappeared in the water with a terrible howl of anguish. He rose to the surface spluttering and struggling, an oar hit him on the head, and he remembered no more.

When he came to himself he was lying huddled up in the bottom of a punt.

"Oh, you're alive, are you?" said a gruff voice. "Serve you jolly well right if you'd been drowned, running that 'earse of yourn in the way like that!"

Mr. Gumby rose to his feet in a dazed manner, and a howl of execration greeted him as he did so. He was in a terrible mess. His hat was floating down the river, he had lost a shoe, his clothes were covered with mud, and a boathook had made a huge rent in his trousers.

"Where's that infernal Macaroni?" he gasped.

"Over there," growled the boatman who had fished him out.

Mr. Gumby looked, and on the opposite bank he beheld his gondolier wringing the water out of his blue shirt, and apparently convulsed with laughter.

"But that isn't Angelo!" said Mr. Gumby, as he realised that the person indicated was a fair-haired young man, as unlike an Italian as himself.

"That's the cove as steered you, any'ow. He's lost his black wig in the water!"

* * * *

In a back bedroom of a little inn in Henley, the real Angelo Macaroni slept the sound and dreamless slumber which is the portion only of the just and of the helplessly inebriated.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—We Londoners are longing and thirsting for the country in the midst of this truly tropical heat. Even the very words that are associated with rustic delights have a cool, refreshing charm about them; and only to talk of lanes, streams, meadows, glades, and woods is soothing. Hot as it is, however, this has been the best and busiest week of the season. The dear Prince and Princess have returned to town, and their presence has administered a very much needed stimulus to society. Dinners and dances have been the order of the day, and as to weddings, they are more than abundant. That of the Hon. Hallam Tennyson was a very brilliant affair. The bride was Miss Audrey Boyle. She wore the usual orange-blossoms and white satin, and her ten bridesmaids were dressed in ivory silk and lace. The four grown-up one's wore lace bonnets, and the six children lace hats, with pale-blue aigrettes. Each carried a bunch of deliciously sweet carnations. There was such a crowd that it was impossible to see the dresses of the guests, but I particularly noticed one charming toilet. The dress was made of white poult-de-soie, which, as I told you before, is to be very much worn this summer. It had three deep box-pleated flounces, and over each of these fell a flounce of old lace. The white bonnet was trimmed with roses, and a bunch of similar flowers was tucked into the silk belt. The white silk sunshade was lined with pink and covered with old lace. Was not that a quite lovely dress?

The wedding of the Hon. Cecil Bingham with Miss Rose Guthrie took place at all Saints', Margaret-street, on Saturday afternoon. There could not be a more beautiful church inside than this is—you have never seen it, have you? The walls are painted with magnificent frescoes, the colours in which are exquisitely soft and warm, and they are rendered still more so by the filtering of the light through the stained-glass window. The church was filled with friends of the bride and bridegroom. The former looked so charming that I could not attend to the details of her dress. The bridesmaids wore white sprigged muslin, made over silk, with small white bonnets trimmed with roses. They carried large bouquets of roses, and the wedding favours were roses too.

Some lovely gowns were worn by the guests. One was made of broché silk in a very soft yet vivid shade of red. The bonnet had a crown of red-and-white straw mixed, and was trimmed with red silk. A girl in a mushroom-coloured muslin dress had poppies in her lace hat and on her sunshade. A lady made a great success with a mauve bonnet and a pink feather. That *sounds* dreadful, does it not? But the mauve was very pale, and the pink very soft, and the two tints seemed to borrow something of each other, and almost to melt together. Even in the broad daylight, outside the church, this bonnet was artistic, but, alas! I cannot say the same of the dress that accompanied it—a very violent check of most portentous size.

A very pretty woman wore a gown of greyish blue cashmere, sprigged over with some small flowrets in apricot colour. She had the most becoming little bonnet you can imagine, made of some silk or satin matching her dress, and trimmed with a short, fluffy feather in apricot colour.

There was a pretty grey dress, made of some soft sort of silk—perhaps the kind that is called "satin-sheeting." It was of that greenish shade of grey that is so artistic. I

Minton's (Limited). — Minton's China. A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century and a half

Old Lace.—The finest collection in London at A. Blackborne & Co.'s, 35, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square.

have seen the sea just that colour under a pale-blue sky towards sunset. It might be called silver-green. Suspend a poplar leaf over a bright silver spoon, and you get the precise tint reflected.

One lady at this wedding wore an evening dress, train and all, of primrose broché silk, trimmed with Mechlin, and with the square of the neck covered over also with lace. It certainly looked cool. Long primrose gloves supplemented the inadequacy of the sleeves to daylight wear.

Some of the new Paris hats appeared on this occasion, with enormous trimmings of flowers ranged upright in front. One was trimmed with immense cabbage-roses, and an upstanding sheaf of foliage resembling a branch off a lilac-tree. These hats are very wild-looking, and by no means becoming.

Before we went to Margaret-street we had spent a most enjoyable hour in the Park. The Coaching Club met there between twelve and one. There was not nearly such a crowd as on the previous occasions this season. Have not the two clubs been fortunate in the matter of weather this year? They had even a fine day for the meet at the Horse Guards' Parade. Until now this appointment had always been kept in the very worst of weather.

There were some pretty frocks in the Park; quite the coolest and freshest were the muslins and ginghams, and those made of point d'esprit lace. A white muslin was relieved by an orange sash of some soft Liberty silk. As it was both wide and long, it decidedly embellished the very simply-made gown. Extremely reprehensible was a sapphire blue gown, consorting with bronze green bonnet-strings—a flagrant *mésalliance*. A pretty girl in white lace over pink reminded us of a draped toilet-table. I do not like white over colour, unless it be the very palest tint of mauve or apricot. I noticed a successful dress, consisting of black lace over striped black and white silk; and another black lace looked well over poppy-red silk. A lovely French muslin was just the tint of a tea rose, but oh, Amy, what a peony face surmounted it! Persons of choleric complexion should not choose these delicate colours, which serve to emphasise, by satirising, their wearer's deeper hues.

I liked a brown dress, of rather a fawn shade, worn with a pale pink bonnet and a bunch of blush-roses fastened at the throat. A gorgeous brocaded velvet, violet and mauve, looked ridiculously out of place for a morning saunter in the Park, but perhaps it was going on to the Bingham wedding.

There was a really *cruel* dress of red, green, and blue in a big check. Maud and I both turned to gasp out our horror confidentially in each other's ear, and our poor dear noses came violently into collision. I thought mine was going to bleed, and that would have been a nice catastrophe, all owing to a hideous gown.

Redfern is turning out some delicious gowns for Henley. I like one that is made of cream-coloured flannel serge, with just a little silver braid. The waistcoat is braided in silver, and so is the collar. Three rows run round the edge of the tunic. The hat is made of the same stuff as the dress, with trimming of silver braid of the wider sort, arranged in loops.

I am glad to tell you that the craze for dyeing private houses Vandyke brown, or ochre, or blue, or mud-colour, is now dying a natural death. Is it not a comfort? That sort of thing is now left to the owners of shops, whom it serves as an advertisement, or as a mark of identification to their customers. The human mind is so framed as to have a natural antipathy to numbers. Don't you remember how we resented the multiplication table in our childhood, especially seven times seven?

Apropos of dyes, I have something very serious to mention. You may remember that I told you white stockings are said to be coming in again, the doctors having found out how injurious the coloured ones are. Well, dear, I find there is a case in the International Health Exhibition containing some gloves and stockings which have been wicked enough to allow the dyes with which they are coloured to be absorbed into the skin of those who wore them, and have thus caused much irritation and a disagreeable eruption, and, in some cases, serious illness. It seems that some lovely shades of red, violet, and yellow are highly dangerous when worn in contact with the body; so mind, dear, that you do not select any very brilliant colour for your stockings or gloves, or for the boys' socks.

I am told that dear old croquet is coming in again. It is a far more becoming game than tennis. Girls get so dreadfully flushed and hot over the latter, whereas they can keep delightfully cool over the more leisurely croquet. It is a better flirtation game, too, than tennis.

But I sincerely hope, dear, that if croquet be revived, it will not resume its ultra-scientific aspect, with such tiny apertures for the balls to go through that to accomplish the feat requires as much skill as the artillery gunners showed in driving their carriages between the posts at the late Tournament. It only led to cheating to have them so small. The ball was slily "eased" through by a wary foot, or "insinuated" by an unorthodox movement of the mallet. Laws that make life too difficult must inevitably lead to crime. It is all very well to say "you musn't cheat;" but if things are so *very* hard, one *must* cheat. There is no other way.

There is to be a *matinée* at the Criterion on Saturday next at two o'clock, in aid of the funds of the East London Nursing Society. A new and original play, called "A Tangled Web," is to be performed, professional actresses taking the feminine *rôles*, and the members of the "Eton Histrions" Club the masculine parts. The play is written by Lady Greville, who, you will remember, made her mark in literature as Lady Violet Greville.

The Hon Lewis Wingfield gave us a lecture upon dress the other day at the International Health Exhibition. He did not harrow us up with so many unpleasantnesses as do most lecturers on this subject. He spared us the sight of damaged interiors, and showed us nothing worse than a portrait of one of Queen Elizabeth's corsets, an awful-looking thing, which was more like a blood-relation of the thumb-screw and the Scavenger's Daughter than an article of dress. The "Genial Journalist" was in the chair, and made an amusing speech, as is his wont.

The following weddings are coming off early in this month:—Mr. Arkwright, of Sutton Scarsdale, and Miss Agnes Somers-Cocks, on the 8th; Mr. Charles Ridley and Miss Schenley, on the 9th; and Mr. Hanbury Williams with Miss Beatrice Leatham, on the same day, at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, by special licence. The Hon. Luke White's marriage with the Hon. Lilah Agar Ellis is fixed for the 24th. Sandown is on the 22nd and 23rd.

We paid a visit to our School of Cookery in Mortimer-street, with a view of learning salads and the intricacies of ice-pudding and creams. We have had a lovely time all through the heat. Finding that it had deprived us of our appetite for meat, we have lived on fish with salad and mayonnaise. Maud makes the mayonnaise as well as a professed cook. I have not the requisite patience; but she ties on a thick apron, surrounds herself with all requisites, and then sits quietly mixing the oil and yolk of egg, pouring in the former a drop at a time, in a way that would soon exhaust my small stock of perseverance. I should want to jump up and scream after the first ten minutes.

I get on better with the manipulating of the lettuce, cleansing it with a scrupulosity of which our dear old cook's failing eyesight has rendered her incapable. I like to see the sparkling drops of water (for, alas! London lettuces need washing!) shaking off the leaves. Then I "dab" them dry with a cloth, put them in our big china bowl, and cut them up *in it*, in rather small pieces, tossing them about afterwards, and lightly sprinkling them with oil. We tried a *salade au hareng* the other day, but for the herring we substituted sardines. It was what Charlie graphically calls "galoptious," a word that seems to suggest a smacking of the lips.

Here is an economical way of making a most delicious sauce:—

When you have fish, take off and put aside the fins, the head, the tail, and the spine. Cook them over again, in the water in

"International Health and House-Drainage Association." Reports made and work executed on all questions relating to sanitation on the co-operative principle. Broadway-chambers, Westminster, S.W.

which the fish has boiled till reduced into a sort of jolly, which you will keep in some very cool place. The next time you eat fish, melt a cupful of this jelly on a very thin slice of onion, then put it with a pint of milk boiled with a laurel leaf, and flavoured with a little nutmeg. Thicken with a little flour, and when dishing up add a little lemon juice.

Thus may you twine together your dishes of fish in a chain of linked sweetness long drawn out.

Good-bye, dear. Ever your loving cousin,

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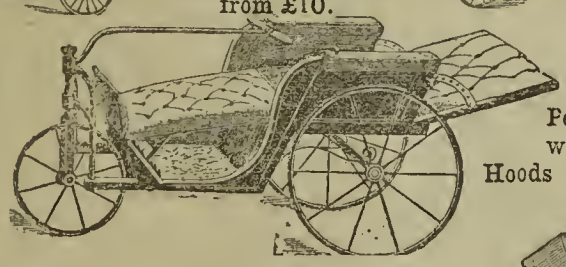

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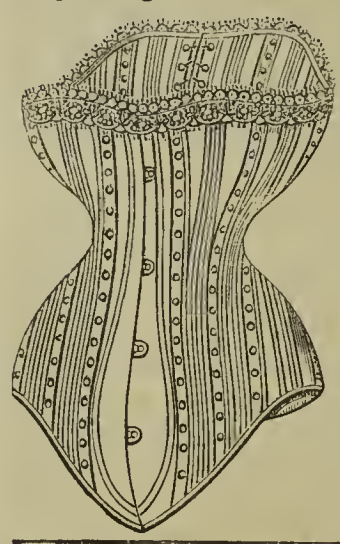

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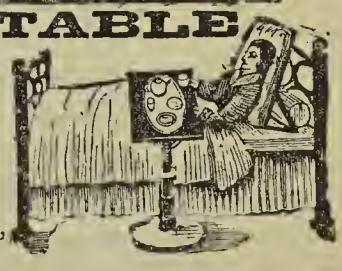

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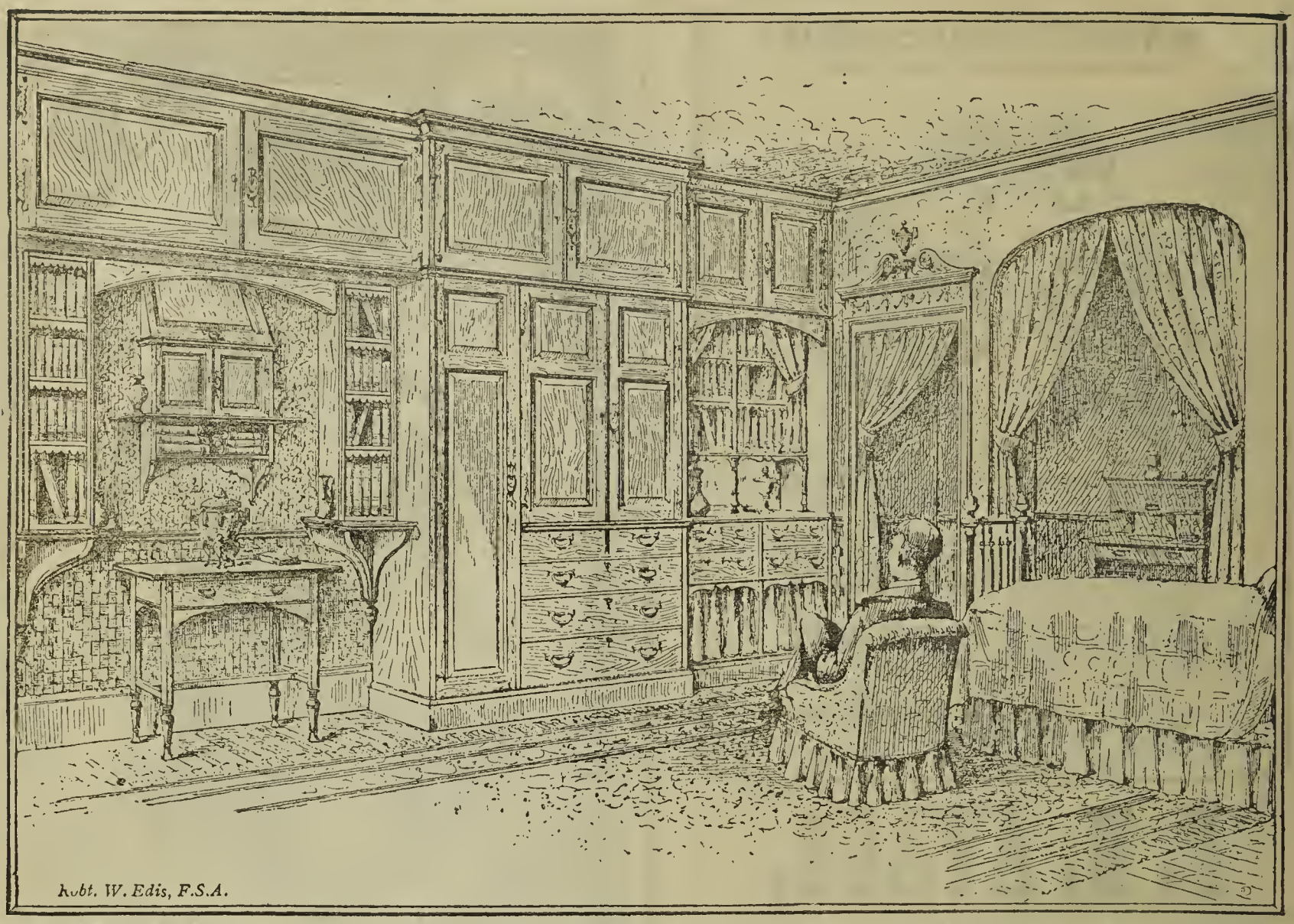

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At the present time the financial world is suffering from a plethora of money to such an extent that it has become practically unlendable, even at the nominal rate of 1 per cent. per annum, and the banks and discount houses have reduced the interest on deposits to 1 per cent. at call, and 1½ per cent. at notice.

To many depositors this curtailment of the chief source of their supply of ready cash becomes a serious consideration.

In a few weeks the half-yearly dividends on Consols, many Foreign and Colonial bonds, the principal Railways, Banks, Insurance, Tramway and other Companies will be distributed; and allowing that a considerable portion is required for immediate needs, there will remain a large sum in the hands of the public for employment or reinvestment. Many from want of information and knowledge will again go to their banker and deposit their surplus with him for 1 or 1½ per cent., while there are many channels of investment from which they may obtain such returns as 5, 6, 7, and 8 per cent. per annum.

In offering or giving advice it is our endeavour to keep two considerations prominently in view—viz., to recommend those securities which are safe, and at the same time may be depended on to return three or four times the interest received on deposits.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

It is under circumstances such as the present that we venture to suggest to capitalists, investors, and depositors, several means of utilising their capital in a more profitable manner than they may possibly have been aware of before, and we are convinced that our advice will be found to be established on the soundest basis.

Lately nearly all Stock Exchange securities have been suffering from the general dulness and depression of trade, and from a variety of circumstances the current of investment has been directed into one or two channels which to investors presented for the moment the most reliable if not the most profitable means of investment. Capitalists sold Consols, and wisely, on the proposed reduction of their interest; and we gave this advice when they were quoted 102; but now they are below par there is not so great an inducement to realise. In place of Consols they bought preference and debenture stocks in the principal English railways until from the continuous demand they stand at prices considerably beyond their fair dividend-earning value. Foreign bonds are out of favour at present, owing to the disturbed and unsettled condition of politics. Colonial and Foreign Railways fluctuate so violently, and are subject to such varying conditions of prosperity, that they are now avoided by ordinary investors, and American railways have so disappointed the hopes of the English investor, besides causing him enormous losses, that a thorough and radical change in their management will be absolutely necessary before the British public buy to the same extent as heretofore.

Apart from Railway Preferences and Debentures, those securities which come under the title of Trusts, Mortgage, Land, and Investment Companies have attained a position of importance second to none in the general market.

We have given this subject careful and long-continued study, so that we are in a position to express the most confident opinion regarding their several merits. In some of the older established Trusts there are to be found the disadvantages of liability on the shares and a considerable premium; and in our present recommendations we have selected those which stand at a moderate premium and are without any liability on their shares.

Most of these pay good dividends to the original shareholders, but to purchasers at present price the return, owing to the heavy premium, is reduced to a bare 5 per cent. Moreover, there is the other disadvantage to which we have referred—viz., the liability on the shares, and this must always be an important consideration with investors. In the securities to which we wish to call attention these disadvantages do not exist.

THE BRITISH, COLONIAL, AND GENERAL INVESTMENT TRUST, LIMITED.

The constitution of this Trust is analogous in its main principles with the most successful of those companies, the shares of which stand at high premiums, while it contains many improvements on their working and management. The bases on which these Trusts are established are of the soundest character, and as in private life there is no more binding obligation on an individual than a trusteeship, so in these business trusts the same principle exists in an extended form, with equal obligation, so that, given the known character and ability of the managers, or, as we may call them, trustees, there ought to be, and there is, in our opinion, no safer means of investment; and the past history of these trusts supports this assertion.

The past history of this Trust has been one of uninterrupted success, as demonstrated by the dividends paid, which have been of the substantial character of 10 per cent., with additions to reserve fund.

Its field of operations is so extensive, embracing the principal Stock Exchange securities, financial and general commercial transactions, that its sources of profit are seldom or never stagnant.

In all respects we consider this Trust one of the best means of investment for every class of investors, and especially for those who still cling to the practice of allowing considerable sums of money to lie on deposit at the attenuated rates of interest at present obtainable, while this Trust offers them the opportunity of realising from 6 to 9 per cent. on their capital. The price of the shares, which are of £5 each, is £5. 6s. 3d. ex dividend, fully paid, without further liability.

HOME MINES TRUST LIMITED.

A sound progressive security, which has paid average dividends of 15 per cent. for several years past, besides adding to reserve fund. There are many grounds to warrant a decided advance in value. The business of the Trust consists in investment and the making of advances on approved mining securities. Advances not being made for less than three months, it frequently happens that borrowers desire to redeem their securities before the loan matures, but as this can only be done by the forfeiture of the balance of interest, this produces a considerable revenue to the Trust, and besides being an advantage to the borrower if he desires to realise on a market advance, it also enables the Trust to turn over their capital more rapidly with corresponding profit.

This Trust, having the earliest information at its command, has the opportunity of making purchases at the lowest level of prices, and realising on any substantial market advance, and by thus quickly turning over their capital the high dividends paid by the Trust are earned.

Nothing is supposed to be more speculative than mining; and yet when investments are intelligently conducted by those who give their time and attention to the changes at the various mines and the fluctuations of the Metal and Share Markets, profits are large and frequent, and average from 20 to 30 per cent., with no more risk than by dealings in railways and other Stocks.

The capital account has been closed at £100,000, consequently no fresh issue of Shares can be made. Every fresh purchase of Shares must, therefore, tend to increase the market value of this security.

The present tempting prices of several classes of mining securities offer to this Trust good opportunities for making large profits, and, we understand, full advantage is being taken of these. This gives us confidence in advising the purchase of these Shares, as we anticipate a very good report and dividend in September. The Shares are of £1 each, fully paid, with no further liability.

THE RAILWAY, DEBENTURE, STOCK, AND MORTGAGE CORPORATION (LIMITED).

Has all the favourable characteristics of the best Trusts, together with the increased assurance of the solidity and value of the securities operated in by the Corporation.

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The field of mortgages is also a large and a profitable one, while the other means of operation open to the Corporation are such as yield good returns on the capital.

In consequence of these assurances of safety and dividends the opportunities afforded to this Corporation of making the high rate of profits earned by some other Trusts are not so numerous, and we find that, from the conservative nature of their business, 5 per cent. must be considered a handsome return to obtain on an investment in their Shares. Nothing of a speculative nature is entertained, and advances are only made on the most approved securities, and purchases of stock made when profits are reduced to a certainty. Advances are made for the furthering of railway and other sound enterprise, and the business of the Corporation generally is conducted on the safest lines. In whatever department of the business we look we find every one of a thoroughly safe and profitable nature; so that we anticipate much larger profits than the maximum rate of 5 per cent. and as all in addition to this is to be placed to reserve, we feel quite confident this Corporation will attain a position equal to the best of similar institutions.

The shares are all full paid, and consequently without further liability—the nominal value being £10, and the present price £10. 1s. 3d.

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HOME MINES TRUST.

Since going to press we have received official information that the Directors have decided to pay a quarterly dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. on the 16th of July, and to continue to distribute the profits every three months instead of half-yearly, as heretofore.

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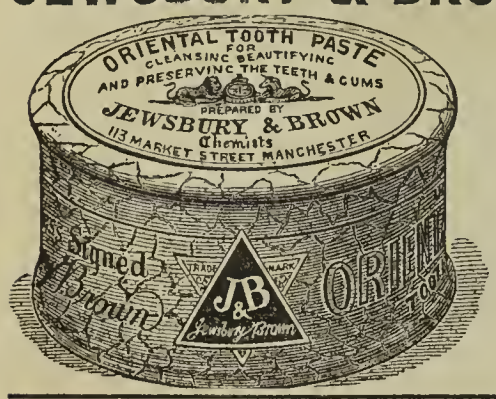

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THE INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION.

OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 280.—BEST ENGLISH REPRESENTATIVE CRICKET ELEVEN.

FRANCIS (James Francis, Esq., 16, Mark-lane, E.C.)	7	0
MAGGER (No application received)	7	0
J. H. BUSTEED, ESQ. (Avondale, Alleyn Park, West Dulwich, S.E.)	7	0
CRYING TOM (G. Rogers, Esq., Lorne Villas, Queen's-road, Aldershot)	7	0
RECTOR (No application received)	7	0
VANDADELZEN (No application received)	7	0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 281.

This Puzzle, which was given in accordance with the wish of certain correspondents who objected to compete unless the competition was an instructive one, failed to meet with anything like general favour. It was, in fact, as I feared it would be, rather too literary to serve the purpose of a competitive exercise inteuded not so much to inform as to recreate; and a comparison of the number of competitors essaying to win this prize with the total of those who struggled for prize No. 280 clearly shows in what direction Puzzle popularity lies. As will have been seen, no one succeeded in giving the sources of the whole of the fifteen various quotations given on June 12. But three competitors—viz., C. T. B., EURYTUS II., and MISSING—succeeded in tracing eleven out of the fifteen correctly, and it will be therefore necessary, their merit being equal, to divide the prize equally amongst them. C. T. B. failed to trace quotations Nos. 3, 4, 8, and 14; EURYTUS II., 1, 3, 8, and 11; and MISSING, 1, 3, 8, and 14. Close behind the winners comes MR. J. MCGRIGOR ALLAN, who actually traces ten quotations, and, in the case of No. 8, makes a guess at "Scott," which is so far right, though he fails to give the name of the work whence it comes. Then come, each with ten correct answers, SVONOK and JERSEY HOUSE; MISS P. DE TOMPKINS, COCKYOLLIBIRD, and MACTAVISH having traced nine each. AIAS, I may add, has sent me an answer in which eleven quotations are verified, but his reply was received too late, unfortunately, to take part in the competition. MRS. MARTEN also sent me an answer which was "Too Late." It will have been noticed that no competitor succeeded in tracing the third quotation, which was taken from one of "Peter Pindar's Odes." All the other extracts were traced by some one or other of the competitors.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 284.

The Puzzle for this week will take a form which past experience has proved more than once to be a popular one. The prize of two guineas will be given to the competitor who, on or before the first post on Friday, the 11th inst., sends me

THE BEST DEFINITION OF CRICKET, LAWN-TENNIS, AND FOOTBALL.

The definitions required are not, as I need scarcely explain, literal dictionary-derived definitions of the above games, hut rather definitions as brief and epigrammatic as possible, into which satire, irony, humour, or it may be pronounced cynicism, is imported. The definitions are to be prose, and should not he long, it being the competitors' object, in fact, to make them as brief and pointed ae possible.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** As the Rules are omitted this week, it may be well to state that all answers to Puzzle No. 283 must be sent, on or before the morning of July 11, to the Puzzle Editor, TRUTH-Buildings, Carteret-street, Qneen Anne's Gate, London, S.W.

*** I have received an answer to the current Puzzle (No. 282) giving the names of ten dramatists in parallel columns, with their plays on a piece, seemingly, of white ruled foolscap. The list begins with J. Taylor and ends with W. S. Gilbert. Whose is it?

MAWBER.—I received, and attended to, your correction.

COALY TYNE.—Thanks for yonr intimation as to quotation No. 2.

W. RICHARNS.—Your "Eleven" was "Too Late."

CORPORAL W. MITCHELL (R.A.)—Your Eleven containing seven of the names in the selected Prize Eleven was received too late for publication.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Do *you* know the answer to your riddle?

R. H.—I am obliged to you for your letter.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 282. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

LIST OF THE TEN BEST MODERN ENGLISH DRAMATISTS, WITH THEIR BEST PLAYS.

Boucicault, Dion—Louis XI., Flying Scud, Colleen Bawn, Willow Copse, London Assurance. Buckstone, J. B. — Green Bushes, Flowers of the Forest, Dream at Sea, Wreck Ashore, Married Life. Byron, Henry James—Cyril's Success, Married in Haste, Our Boys. Planché, James Robinson—Charles XII., Loan of a Lover, Invisible Prince, Olympic Revels, Riquet with the Tuft, The Merchant's Wedding. Gilbert, Wm. Scheuck—Pygmalion and Galatea, The Princess, The Palace of Truth, Creatures of Impulse, Engaged, Sweethearts, Dan'l Druce. Robertsou, Thos. Wm.—David Garrick, Caste, School, Ours, Home, Society. Lord Bulwer Lytton—The Duchess de la Vallière, Richelieu, Lady of Lyons, Money, Not so Bad as we Seem. Taylor, Tom—Still Waters Run Deep, Ticket-of-Leave Man, Overland Route, Unequal Match. Wills, Wm. Gorman—The Man o' Airlie, Charles I., Eugene Aram, Olivia. Marston, Westland—Patrician's Daughter, The Wife's Secret, Anne Blake, The Heart and the World, Philip of France, The Favourite of Fortune.—I. S. PIA.

Bulwer Lytton—Money, Lady of Lyons, Richelieu. Tom Taylor—Still Waters Run Deep, The Serf, The Ticket-of-Leave Man T. W. Robertson — Caste, Society, Ours. Charles Reade—Masks and Faces, It's Never too Late to Mend. Palgrave Simpson—Scrap of Paper, Alone, Broken Ties. Sir Charles Young—Shadows, Montcalm, Charms. W. S. Gilbert—Pygmalion and Galatea, Sweethearts, Dan'l Druce. H. J. Byron—Our Boys, The Girls, Blow for Blow, Partners for Life, Married in Haste. W. G. Wills—Charles I., Olivia, Man o' Airlie, Vanderdecken, Nell Gwynne. Dion Boucicault—The Shaughraun, London Assurance, Arrah-na-Pogue, Colleen Bawn.—VANDERDECKEN.

W. G. Wills—Charles I., Olivia. W. S. Gilbert—Pygmalion and Galatea, Dan'l Druce. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton—Lady of Lyons, Richelieu. H. J. Byron—Our Boys, Married in Haste. Tom Taylor—Ticket-of-Leave Man, Hidden Hand. Dion Boucicault—London Assurance, Shaugraun. T. W. Robertson—Caste, Ours. Palgrave Simpson—Scrap of Paper. J. Albery—Two Roses. Charles Reade—The Wandering Heir, Never Too Late to Mend.—IDA.

Robert Browniug — The Return of the Druses, Luria. Tennyson—The Cup, Falcon (from Boccaccio), Harold. Lord Lytton—Lady of Lyons, Richelieu, Money. W. S. Gilbert—Pygmalion and Galatea, Broken Hearts, The Palace of Truth, Creatures of Impulse. Robertson—Caste, Home, Ladies' Battle. Tom Taylor — 'Twixt Axe and Crown, Still Waters Run Deep, Masks and Faces. Dion Boucicault—Colleen Bawn, Corsican Brothers, Arrah-na-Pogue, Janet's Pride. J. Alhery—The Two Roses. H. J. Byron—Our Boys, Not such a Fool as he Looks. G. R. Sims—Lights of London, Crutch and Toothpick.—CANTAN.

Tom Taylor—Still Waters Run Deep, Plot and Passion, Overland Route, Ticket-of-Leave Man. T. W. Robertson—Society, Ours, School, M.P., Play, Caste. Charles Reade—Masks and Faces, It is Never Too Late to Mend. H. J. Byron—War to the Knife, Blow for Blow, £100,000, Lancashire Lass, Not such a Fool as he Looks, Dearer than Life, Uncle Dick's Darling, Old Soldiers, Our Boys. Dion Boucicault—London Assurance, Colleen Bawn, Arrah-na-Pogue, Octoroon, Streets of London. James Albery—Two Roses, Oriana, Forgiven. W. S. Gilbert—Palace of Truth, Pygmalion and Galatea, Broken Hearts, H.M.S. Pinafore, Patience. F. C. Burnand—Deal Boatman, Ixion, Artful Cards, The Colonel, Paw Clawdian. W. G. Wills—Charles I., Man o' Airlie, and part of Claudian. G. R. Sims—Crutch and Toothpick, Mother-in-Law, Member for Slocum, Lights o' London, Romany Rye, and part of In the Ranks.—H. G. S.

G. R. Sims—The Lights o' London, Romany Rye, Crutch and Toothpick. Charles Reade—Masks and Faces. Palgrave Simpson—Alone, Scrap of Paper. H. J. Byron—Our Boys, Partners for Life, Married in Haste. Dion Boucicault—Shaughraun, Arrah-na-Pogue. T. W. Robertson—Caste, Society, Dreams. W. G. Wills—Charles I., Nell Gwynne, Vanderdecken. W. S. Gilbert—Palace of Truth, Dan'l Druce, Pygmalion and Galatea, Engaged. Tom Taylor—Ticket of Leave Man, The Serf, Hidden Haud, Still Waters Run Deep. Bulwer Lytton—Money, Lady of Lyons.—MALICORNE.

W. G Wills—Charles I., Olivia. Charles Reade—Masks and Faces, Never Too Late to Mend. Hermann Merivale—Forget-me-Not, The Cynic. Tom Taylor—Still Waters Run Deep, The Serf. H. J. Byron—Married in Haste, Our Boys. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton—Money, Lady of Lyons. T. W. Robertson—Caste, Ours. Dion Boucicault—The Shaughraun, London Assurance. W. S. Gilbert—Engaged, Dan'l Druce. G. R. Sims—Lights o' London.—DAISY.

H. J. Byron—Our Boys, The Upper Crust, Lancashire Lass, Dearer than Life, Fourteen Days. T. W. Robertson—Caste, School, Ours. Geo. R. Sims—Lights o' London, Mother-in-law, In the Ranks, Flats, Golden Ring, The Halfway House, Member for Slocum. Joseph Derrick—Confusion. Dion Boucicault—Colleen Bawn, London Assurance, The Shaughraun. Charles Reade—It's Never Too Late to Mend. Hugh Conway—Called Back. James Albery—The Two Roses. A. W. Pinero—The Money Spinner, The Iron Master. Henry Pettitt—Taken from Life, In the Ranks.—WILLIAM TYRRELL.

H. J. Byron—Cyril's Success. T. P. Cooke—True to the Core. Tom Taylor—Fool's Revenge. J. Alhery—Two Roses. T. W. Robertson—Society. D. Boucicault—Flying Scud. A. Halliday—Daddy Grey (performed at Royalty). Lord Lytton—Rightful Heir (Lyceum). J. B. Buckstone—Overland Route. F. C. Burnand—Turn of the Tide. — BRENTWOOD CAT.

Boucicault, Dion—London Assurance, Old Heads and Young Hearts. Browning, Robert—Blot on the 'Scutcheon. Dubourg, A. W.—New Men and Old Acres. Gilbert, W. S.—Engaged, Tom Cobb, Dan'l Druce. Grundy, Sydney — Snowball, In Honour Bound, Mammon. Herman, H. — Claudian, Silver King. Lytton, Lord—Richelieu, Money, Lady of Lyons. Marston, Westland — Strathmore, Life for Life. Merivale, Herman C.—White Pilgrim, Forget me Not, All for Her. Wills, W. G.—Man o'Airlie, Juana, Charles I.—CARPE DIEM.

Albery, J.—The Two Roses, Spendthrift, Forgiven, Wig and Gown, The Two Thorns. Boucicault, D.—Colleen Bawn, Octoroon, London Assurance, Streets of London, Led Astray, Shaugraun, Arrah-na-Pogue. Bulwer-Lytton—Money, Lady of Lyons, Rich lieu, Rightful Heir, Duchess de la Valliere. Byron, H. J.—Our Boys, Upper Crust, Old Soldiers, Married in Haste, Dearer than Life, Not such a Fool as he Looks. Gilbert, W. S.—Pygmalion and Galatea, Palace of Truth, Wicked World, Sweethearts, Engaged. Merivale, Herman—The Cynic, White Pilgrim, All for Her, Alone, Forget Me Not; the plots of the last three being in collaboration respectively with Palgrave Simpson, Gilbert A'Becket, and Craufurd Grove. Robertson, T. W.—Caste, School, Ours, Society, Play, M.P. Sims, G. R.—Lights of London, Crutch and Toothpick, Romany Rye, In the Ranks; the plot of the last in collaboration with H. Pettitt. Taylor, Tom—Ticket of Leave Man, Still Waters Run Deep, New Men and Old Acres, Lady Clancarty, Arkwright's Wife, Unequal Match, Overland Route. Wills, W. G. — Olivia, Charles I., Mary Stuart, Broken Spells, Claudian; plot of this last in collaboration with Herman.—JOE BOTTING.

Dion Boncicault—The Colleen Bawn. H. J. Byron—Our Boys. Tom Taylor—Still Waters Run Deep. T. W. Robertson—Caste. F. C. Burnand—Colonel. W. H. Wills—Charles I. J. Maddison Morton—Box and Cox. G. R. Sims—The Lights of London. W. S. Gilbert — Palace of Truth. H. Herman — Silver King.—ROYAL STAG.

Lord Lytton—Money. Byron—Our Boys, Not such a Fool as he Looks, Courtship. G. W. Godfrey—My Milliner's Bill. Jones and Herman—Chatterton, Claudian. Gilbert and Sullivan — Iolanthe. Robertson—Caste, School, Ours. C. H. Hawtrey—The Private Secretary. Pinero—The Ironmaster. F. C. Burnand—Stage. Dora, Paw Claudian. Cemyns Carr Conway—Called Back.—SHERRINGTON.

T. W. Robertson (the late)—Caste, Ours, School. J. Alhery—Two Roses, Forgiven, Apple Blossoms. W. G. Wills—Man O'Airlie, Medea, Ninon, Charles I. Herman Merivale—Forget Me Not (with Grove), All for Her (with Simpson), and White Pilgrim. W. S. Gilbert—Sweethearts, Dan'l Druce, Pinafore, Engaged. A. W. Pinero—The Squire, The Money Spinner, Imprudence. Hester's Mystery, Low Water (although Low Water was a failure, it contains some of Mr. Pinero's best writing). Tom Taylor (the late)—Clancarty, 'Twixt Axe and Crown, New Men and Old Acres (with Dubourg), Arkwright's Wife, Overland Route. H. J. Byron (the late)—Cyril's Success, Our Boys, Dearer Than Life, Married in Haste, Uncle Dick's Darling. G. R. Sims—Lights of London, In the Ranks (with Pettitt). Chas. Reade (the late)—Masks and Faces (with Taylor), It's Never too Late to Mend, Two Loves and a Life (with Taylor), The Wandering Heir.—POLOCHY.

Jas. Alhory—The Two Roses and adaptations. Dion Boucicault—London Assurance, Colleen Bawn, Shaughraun. F. C. Burnand—Black-Eyed Susan, Our Club, and adaptations. H. J. Byron—Cyril's Success, Married in Haste, Our Boys. W. S. Gilbert—Pygmalion and Galatea, Dan'l Druce, Engaged. Bulwer Lytton—Lady of Lyons, Richelieu, Money. Hermau Merivale—White Pilgrim, Cynic, All for Her, Forget-Me-Not. T. W. Robertson—Caste, Ours, David Garrick, School. G. R. Sims—Crutch and Toothpick, Lights o' London. W. G. Wills—The Man o' Airlie, Charles I., Olivia.—W. G. O.

Lord Lytton—Lady of Lyons, Richelieu. Tom Taylor—An Unequal Match, Still Waters Run Deep. Dion Boucicault—Colleen Bawn, Arrah-na-Pogue. T. W. Robertson—Society, Caste. H. J. Byron—Our Boys, Maid and Magpie. Charles Reade—Never Too Late to Mend, Foul Play. Tennyson—The Cup, Queen Mary. Herman Merivale—The Cynic. Sims—Crutch and Toothpick, Lights o' London. Pinero—The Squire, Lords and Commons.—MRS. POYSER.

Charles Reade—It is Never Too Late to Mend. H. J. Byron—Our Boys. James Albery—Two Roses. W. G. Wills—Charles I. W. S. Gilbert—The Palace of Truth. Tom Taylor—'Twixt Axe and Crown. T. Robertson—School. G. R. Sims—The Lights o' London. D. Boncicault—London Assnrance. Lord Lytton—Money.—GEORGINA.

Tom Taylor—New Men and Old Acres, Fool's Revenge, Plot and Passion, part of Masks and Faces, Lady Clancarty. T. W. Robertson—School, Caste, Ours. W. S. Gilbert—Palace of Truth, Sweethearts, Engaged, The Wicked World, Pygmalion and Galatea. Lord Lytton—Money, Lady of Lyons, Richelieu. H. J. Byron—Our Boys, Cyril's Success, Dearer than Life, Courtship. W. G. Wills—Charles I., Olivia, Ninon. G. R. Sims—Lights o' London, Romany Rye, Half-way House. Charles Reade—Never Too Late to Mend, part of Masks and Faces, Jealonsy. Dion Boucicault—London Assurance, Life of an Actress, Colleen Bawn. Andrew Halliday—Checkmated.—D. FIELD.

Robertson — Caste. Boucicault — Colleen Bawn. Tom Taylor—Plot and Passion, Lord Lytton—Lady of Lyons. Pinero—The Squire. Albery—The Two Roses. Gilbert—The Palace of Truth. Burnand—The Colonel. Charles Reade—It's Never Too Late to Mend. Wills — Charles the First. — M. H. Thompson.

Bulwer-Lytton—Lady of Lyons. Dion Boucicault—Colleen Bawn. Chas. Reade—Drink. Blanchard Jerrold — Paul Pry. J. H. Byron — Our Boys. Gilbert—Broken Hearts. Robertson—Caste. Oxenford—East Lynne. Pinero—Lords and Commons. Sims—In the Ranks.—Garryowen Jack.

W. S. Gilbert—Pygmalion and Galatea, Engaged, Dan'l Druce. W. G. Wills—Charles I., Olivia, Nell Gwynne. Bulwer Lytton—Lady of Lyons, Money. J. W. Robertson—Caste, Society, David Garrick. Tom Taylor—Still Waters Run Deep, Hidden Hand, Serf. Dion Boucicault—The Shaughraun, Colleen Bawn. Charles Reade—Wandering Heir, Masks and Faces. H. J. Byron—Our Boys, Married in Haste, The Girls. Hermann Merivale—Son of the Soil, White Pilgrim, Forget-Me-Not. Sir Charles Young—Shadows, Charms, Montcalm.—Llewellyn.

Lord Lytton—The Lady of Lyons, Money. H. J. Byron—Our Boys, Cyril's Success. W. G. Wills—Charles I., Olivia. F. C. Burnand—Our Club, Paw Claudian. Maddison Morton—Box and Cox, Thumping Legacy. Arthur Sketchley (George Rose)—A Dark Cloud. Tom Taylor—Joan of Arc, 'Twixt Axe and Crown. Arthur à Beckett—Long Ago, Faded Flowers. G. R. Sims—Lights of London, Crutch and Toothpick. Tom Robertson—Caste and Ours.—Blue Bell.

James Albery—Two Roses. W. S. Gilbert—Palace of Truth. T. W. Robertson—Caste. Dion Boucicault—Arrah-na-Pogue. Tom Taylor — Bertuccio. H. J. Byron—Our Boys. G. R. Sims—Lights of London. A. W. Pinero—Imprudence. F. C. Burnand—The Colonel. W. G. Wills—Charles I.—A. B. W.

Bulwer Lytton—Lady of Lyons. Sheridan Knowles—The Hunchback. Dion Boucicault—London Assurance. W. S. Gilbert—Pygmalion and Galatea. Charles Reade—Masks and Faces. T. Robertson—Caste. H. J. Byron—Our Boys. W. G. Wills—Charles I. Tom Taylor—Ticket of Leave Man. James Albery—Two Roses.—Billus.

Albery, J.—Forgiven, Two Roses. Gilbert, W. S.—Dan'l Druce, Sweethearts, Charity, Pygmalion and Galatea, Tom Cobb, Patience, Engaged, Pinafore, Pirates of Penzance, Iolanthe, Princess Ida. Knowles, S.—Virginius, Hunchback, Love Chase. Marston, Westland—Strathmore, Patrician's Daughter, Anne Blake, A Wife's Ransom, Wife's Portrait. Pinero, A. W.—Money Spinner, Imprudence, Daisy's Escape, Bygones, The Squire (?). Robertson, T. W.—Caste, Ours, School. Wills, W. G.—Charles I., The Man o' Airlie, Medea in Corinth. Byron, H. J.—Our Boys, Cyril's Success, Partners for Life, Dearer than Life, Uncle Dick's Darling, Prompter's Box, Old Soldiers, Old Sailors, Not Such a Fool as He Looks. Lytton, Lord—Money, Richelieu. Taylor, Tom—'Twixt Axe and Crown, Clancarty, Ticket-of-Leave Man, Arkwright's Wife, Plot and Passion, Fool's Revenge, Masks and Faces.—Mawbee.

H. J. Byron—Our Boys. H. A. Jones—The Silver King. G. R. Sims—The Lights o' London. F. C. Burnand—Paw Clawdian. J. Derrick—Confusion. W. S. Gilbert—Comedy and Tragedy. Henry Herman—The Silver King. W. G. Wills—Claudian. T. W. Robertson—Caste. Dion Boucicault—London Assurance.—Floridor.

Lord Lytton—Lady of Lyons, Money, Richelieu. Chas. Reade—It is Never too Late to Mend, Drink. Dion Boucicault—Colleen Bawn, Arrah na Pogue. T. W. Robertson—Caste, School, Ours. Geo. R. Sims—The Lights o' London, Romany Rye. W. G. Wills—Charles I. H. J. Byron—Our Boys. W. S. Gilbert—Pygmalion and Galatea. Lord Tennyson—The Cup. Hugh Conway—Called Back—Crystal Palace.

Lord Lytton—Money, Lady of Lyons. Robertson—Caste, Ours, School, Home, M.P. Tom Taylor—Still Waters run Deep, Lady Clancarty, To Parents and Guardians. W. G. Wills, Charles I., Jane Shore, and part author of Claudian. H. Herman—Part author of Claudian, Silver King, Chatterton. H. A. Jones—Old Master, Clerical Error, and part author of Silver King and Chatterton. Dion Boucicault—London Assurance, Octoroon, Shaughraun. W. S. Gilbert—Dan'l Druce, Sweethearts. G. R. Sims—Member for Slocum, Lights o' London, Romany Rye. H. J. Byron—Our Boys, Weak Woman, Old Soldiers, Uppercrust.—Sefton.

Bulwer Lytton—Lady of Lyons. Alfred Tennyson—Queen Mary. Tom Taylor—Ticket-of-Leave Man. Charles Reade—Never Too Late to Mend. T. W. Robertson—Ours. H. J. Byron—Our Boys. J. B. Buckstone—Green Bushes. W. S. Gilbert—The Palace of Truth. G. R. Sims—Lights o' London—James Albery—Two Roses.—Una.

H. J. Byron—Our Boys. T. W. Roberston—Caste. Charles Reade—It's Never Too Late to Mend. Lord Lytton—Lady of Lyons. A. W. Pinero—The Squire. Tom Taylor - Ticket-of-Leave Man. G. R. Sims—Lights o' London. W. G. Wills—Charles I. Wilkie Collins—Man and Wife. Dion Boucicault—Colleen Bawn.—Coaly Tyne.

Robertson—Caste. Lord Lytton — The Lady of Lyons. Tom Taylor—The Ticket-of-Leave Man. Gilbert—Pygmalion and Galatea. Wills—Charles I. H. J. Byron—Our Boys. Reade—Masks and Faces. Boucicault—The Shaughraun. Pinero—Money. Burnand—The Colonel.—Dash It.

H. J. Byron—Our Boys. T. W. Robertson—Caste. Charles Reade—It's Never too Late to Mend. Dion Boucicalt—Colleen Bawn. G. R. Sims—Lights o' London. W. S. Gilbert—Pygmalion and Galatea. Paul Merritt and Henry Pettitt—New Babylon. James Albery—The Two Roses. G. W. Wills—Olivia.—Oxalic Acid.

Henry Byron—Our Boys. W. Gilbert—Pygmalion and Galatea. T. Robertson—Ours. Tennyson—The Cup. Pinero—The Squire. Bulwer Lytton—The Lady of Lyons. G. Wills—Charles I. Herman—Claudian. Albery — The Two Roses. Sims—The Silver King. Herman Merivale—Forget-me-Not.—Cockyollibird.

Lord Lytton—Money. Dion Boucicault—London Assurance. Gilbert — Pygmalion and Galatea. Robertson—Caste. Wills—Charles I. Tom Taylor—Still Waters Run Deep. H. J. Byron—Cyril's Success. Hamilton Aidé—A Nine Days' Wonder. Buckstone—A Rough Diamond. Burnand—Stage Dora.—Ænone.

Bulwer Lytton—Richelieu, Lady of Lyons, Money. W. G. Wills—Charles I., Olivia. Tom Taylor—Still Waters, The Serf, Ticket-of-Leave Man. H. J. Byron—Our Boys, Married in Haste—Partners for Life. T. W. Robertson—Caste, Ours, Society. D. Boucicault—Shaughraun, Colleen Bawn, London Assurance. W. S. Gilbert—Dan'l Druce, Pygmalion and Galatea. C. Reade—Masks and Faces, Never Too Late to Mend. G. R. Sims—Lights o' London, Romany Rye. Palgrave Simpson—Scrap of Paper, Broken Ties, Alone.—Vandadelzen.

Lord Lytton—The Lady of Lyons. H. J. Byron—Our Boys. Mr. Westland Marston—The Patrician's Daughter. Lord Tennyson—The Cup. Tom Taylor—The Ticket-of-Leave Man. W. G. Wills—Charles I. A. G. Swinburne—Bothwell. R. H. Horne—Judas Iscariot. Professor Arnold—Merope. Charles Reade—Drink.—Harold.

H. J. Byron—Our Boys. James Albery—The Two Roses. G. R. Sims—The Lights o' London. Charles Reade—It's Never Too Late to Mend. T. Robertson Caste, Ours, Society, &c. Watts Philipps—The Dead Heart. W. G. Wills—Charles I. Edmund Falconer—The Peep o' Day Boys. J. B. Buckstone—The Green Bushes, The Flowers of the Forest. Dion Boucicault—The Long Strike, The Shaughraun, Arrah-na-Pogue, London Assurance.—Cinquante-Cinq.

D. Boucicault—Colleen Bawn. H. J. Byron—London Assurance, Our Boys. George Eliot—The Spanish Gipsy. W. S. Gilbert—Palace of Truth, Pygmalion and Galatea. R. H. Horne—Cosmo de Medici. Lord Lytton—Lady of Lyons, Money. Charles Reade—Never Too Late to Mend. T. W. Robertson—Caste, Society. H. Taylor—Philip von Arteveldt. Lord Tennyson—The Cup, Queen Mary.—Dane.

Lord Lytton—The Lady of Lyons, Richelieu. T. W. Robertson—Caste, Society, Ours. Tom Taylor—Ticket-of-Leave Man, An Unequal Match. Henry J. Byron—Cyril's Success, Our Boys. W. S. Gilbert—Pygmalion and Galatea. F. C. Burnand — The Colonel. W. G. Wills—Charles I., Olivia. A. W. Pinero—The Money Spinner. Palgrave Simpson—All for Her, Time and the Hour. George R. Sims—The Lights o' London.—Jones.

H. J. Byron—Our Boys. Herman and Jones—Silver King. T. W. Robertson—Caste. G. R. Sims—Lights o' London. W. S. Gilbert—Pygmalion and Galatea. A. W. Pinero—The Rocket. Tom Taylor—Ticket-of-Leave Man. C. Reade—Never too Late to Mend. James Albery—Two Roses. Andrew Halliday—The Great City.—Dormer.

Henry J. Byron—Our Boys, Betsy. W. S. Gilbert—Engaged, Pygmalion and Galatea, Palace of Truth, H.M.S. Pinafore, Clarice, &c. Charles Reade—Never Too Late to Mend, Drink, &c. Lord Lytton—Lady of Lyons, Money, &c. James Albery—Two Roses. Tom Taylor—Still Waters Run Deep, Ticket-of-Leave Man. Geo. R. Sims—Lights o' London, Romany Rye. Henry Jones—The Silver King. Wills—Claudian.—J. Elliot.

Lord Lytton—Lady of Lyons, Money. Tom Taylor—Plot and Passion, Ticket-of-Leave Man, Still Waters Run Deep, Sheep in Wolf's Clothing. W. S. Gilbert — Dan'l Druce, Pygmalion and Galatea, Engaged, Palace of Truth. Byron—Our Boys, Cyril's Success, Uncle Dick's Darling, Old Soldiers, Weak Woman, &c. Dion Boucicault—London Assurance, Colleen Bawn, Arrah na Pogue, Shaughraun, Streets of London. Herman Merivale—All For Her. Forget-Me-Not, Son of the Soil. Robertson—Ours, Caste, M.P., Play. G. R. Sims—Lights o' London, Romany Rye, In the Ranks, Crutch and Toothpick. W. G. Wills—Charles I., Claudian, Jane Shore, Eugene Aram. Charles Reade—It's Never Too Late to Mend.—Mascotte.

Dion Boucicault—London Assurance. H. J. Byron—Our Boys. W. S. Gilbert—Pygmalion and Galatea. Lord Lytton—Money. John Maddison Morton—Box and Cox. J. R. Planché—Charles XII, and the extravaganzas under Vestris' management. Charles Reade—Never Too Late to Mend. T. W. Robertson—Caste. Tom Taylor—New Men and Old Acres. G. W. Wills—Charles I.—Paddington Green.

Tom Taylor—Ticket-of-Leave Man, Still Waters Run Deep, 'Twixt Axe and Crown, Plot and Passion, Clancarty. T. W. Robertson—Caste, Ours, School, David Garrick, Society. H. Byron—Our Boys, Our Girls, Upper Crust, Weak Woman, Uncle Dick's Darling, Dearer than Life. W. G. Wills—Charles I., Claudian (part author of). H. Herman—Claudian (part author of), The Silver King (part author of). H. A. Jones—The Silver King (part author of), An Old Master, A Clerical Error. W. S. Gilbert—Pygmalion and Galatea, Palace of Truth, Engaged, Comedy and Tragedy, Dan'l Druce. A. W. Pinero—Money Spinner, The Squire, Lords and Commons, The Rocket. G. Sims—The Romany Rye, The Lights o' London. Dion Boucicault—The Shaughraun, The Colleen Bawn, London Assurance.—Oxonian.

H. J. Byron—Our Boys. T. W. Robertson—Caste. F. C. Burnand—The Colonel. Maddison Morton—Box and Cox. Tom Taylor—Ticket-of-Leave Man. G. R. Sims—Lights o' London. Lord Lytton—Money. W. S. Gilbert—Pygmalion and Galatea. Dion Boucicault—London Assurance. Wills—Charles I.—Silver Stick.

Sir Henry Taylor—Philip Van Artevelde. Henry Hart Milman—Fazio, a Tragedy. James White—Earl of Gowrie. Tennyson—Queen Mary. Lord Lytton—Lady of Lyons. Tom Taylor—Ticket-of-Leave Man. Dion Boucicault—Colleen Bawn. H. J. Byron—Our Boys. T. W. Robertson—Caste. C. F. Buruand—The Colonel.—C. Dick.

Dion Boucicault—London Assurance. F. C. Burnand—Artful Cards. H. J. Byron—Cyril's Success. W. S. Gilbert—Pygmalion and Galatea. Lord Lytton—Money. John Maddison Morton—Box and Cox. T. W. Robertson—Caste. Tom Taylor—New Men and Old Acres. Chas. Reade—Never Too Late to Mend. G. H. Wills—Charles I.—Nancy.

H. J. Byron—Our Boys. T. W. Robertson—School. F. C. Burnand—Black Eye'd Susan. D. Boucicault—Colleen Bawn. A. W. Pinero—The Rocket. Herman and Jones—Silver King. Wilkie Collius—New Magdalen. Geo. R. Sims—In the Ranks. Watts Phillips—Lost in London. Tom Taylor—Ticket-of-Leave Man.—Stein.

Tom Taylor—The Ticket-of-Leave Man, Masks and Faces (joint with C. Reade). J. Albery—Two Roses, Dion Boucicault, senr.—The Colleen Bawn, London Assurance, Streets of London. H. J. Byron—Cyril's Success, Our Boys. F. C. Burnand—The Colonel. T. W. Robertson—Caste, Society, Ours. Lord Lytton—Money, The Lady of Lyons, Richelieu. W. S. Gilbert—The Palace of Truth. Charles Reade—It is Never too Late to Mend, Masks and Faces (joint with T. Taylor. W. G. Wills—Charles I., Claudian (joint with H. Herman).—K. W.

Gilbert—Pygmalion, Palace of Truth, Dan'l Druce. Reade—Never too Late to Mend. Albery—Two Roses. Herman Merivale—All for Her, Forget-Me-Not. T Taylor—Ticket-of-Leave Man, Still Waters, Sheep in Wolf's Clothing. Robertson—Caste, School, Ours, Play, M.P. Wills—Eugene Aram, Olivia, Claudian. Boucicault—London Assurance, Colleen Bawn. Lytton—Lady of Lyons, Money. Byron—Our Boys, Dearer than Life, Cyril's Success, Uncle Dick's Darling, £100,000, Blow for Blow, Partners for Life, &c.—F. Killick.

Lord Lytton—Lady of Lyons, Richelieu, Money. T. W. Robertson—School, Caste, Ours, Play. Dion Boucicault—The Colleen Bawn, The Shaughraun, The O'Dowd. H. J. Byron—Our Boys, The Upper Crust, Cyril's Success. W. S. Gilbert—Palace of Truth, Pygmalion and Galatea, Engaged. Tom Taylor—Still Waters Run Deep, The Ticket-of-Leave Man, The Fool's Revenge. A. W. Piuero—The Squire, The Money-Spinner, Imprudence. G. R. Sims—The Lights o' London, The Mother-in-Law, Half-way House. W. G. Wills—Charles I., Ninon, Juana. G. W. Godfrey—The Queen's Shilling, The Parvenu, My Milliner's Bill.—Invalid.

Tom Taylor—Ticket-of-Leave Man, Still Waters Run Deep, New Men and Old Acres. Charles Reade—Masks and Faces, Drink, Foul Play, Put Yourself in His Place. Dion Boucicault—London Assurance, Colleen Bawn, Arrah-na-Pogue, Old Heads and Young Hearts. J. R. Planché—Follies of a Night, Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady, Numerous charming extravaganzas. Madison Morton—Woodcock's Little Game, Box and Cox, Thumpiug Legacy, Lend Me Five Shillings. H. J. Byron—Our Boys, Cyril's Success, Old Soldiers. T. W. Robertson—Caste, School, Society. W. G. Wills—Charles I., Olivia, The Man o' Airlie, Claudian, Hinko. W. S. Gilbert—Palace of Truth, Engaged, Sweethearts, Pinafore, Pygmalion and Galatea. H. Merivale—White Pilgrim, Forget-Me-Not, All For Her, Cynic.—H. B. C.

Lord Lytton—Richelieu. T. Robertson—Caste. T. Taylor—Still Waters Run Deep. H. J. Byron—Our Boys. G. R. Sims—Lights o' London. Jones and Herman—Silver King. A. W. Pinero—The Squire. W. S. Gilbert—Pygmalion and Galatea. Dion Boucicault—Colleen Bawn.—Ferreum Cor.

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton—Money, Lady of Lyons. W. G. Wills—Charles I., Olivia. H. J. Byron—Our Boys, The Girls, Married in Haste. Dion Boucicault—Colleen Bawn, Arrah-na-Pogue. W. S. Gilbert—Dan'l Druce, Pygmalion and Galatea. Tom Taylor—Ticket-of-Leave Man, Still Waters, The Serf. Charles Reade—Masks and Faces, It's Never too Late to Mend. T. W. Robertson—Caste, David Garrick, Society, Ours. G. R. Sims—The Lights o' London, Romany Rye. J. Albery—Two Roses, Apple Blossoms.—Inez.

W. G. Wills—Charles I., Olivia. Geo. R. Sims—Lights o' London, Crutch and Toothpick, Mother-in-Law. Jas. Albery—Two Roses. H. J. Byron—Cyril's Success, Our Boys, A Fool and his Money. W. S. Gilbert—Broken Hearts, Pygmalion and Galatea, Palace of Truth. A. W. Pinero—The Squire, The Money Spinner, Imprudence. F. C. Burnand—The Colonel, Betsy. T. W. Robertson—Caste, Ours, The Ladies' Battle. Tom Taylor—Still Waters run Deep, The Fool's Revenge, The Ticket-of-Leave Man. G. W. Godfrey—The Queen's Shilling, The Parvenu, The Millionaire.—Sock and Buskin.

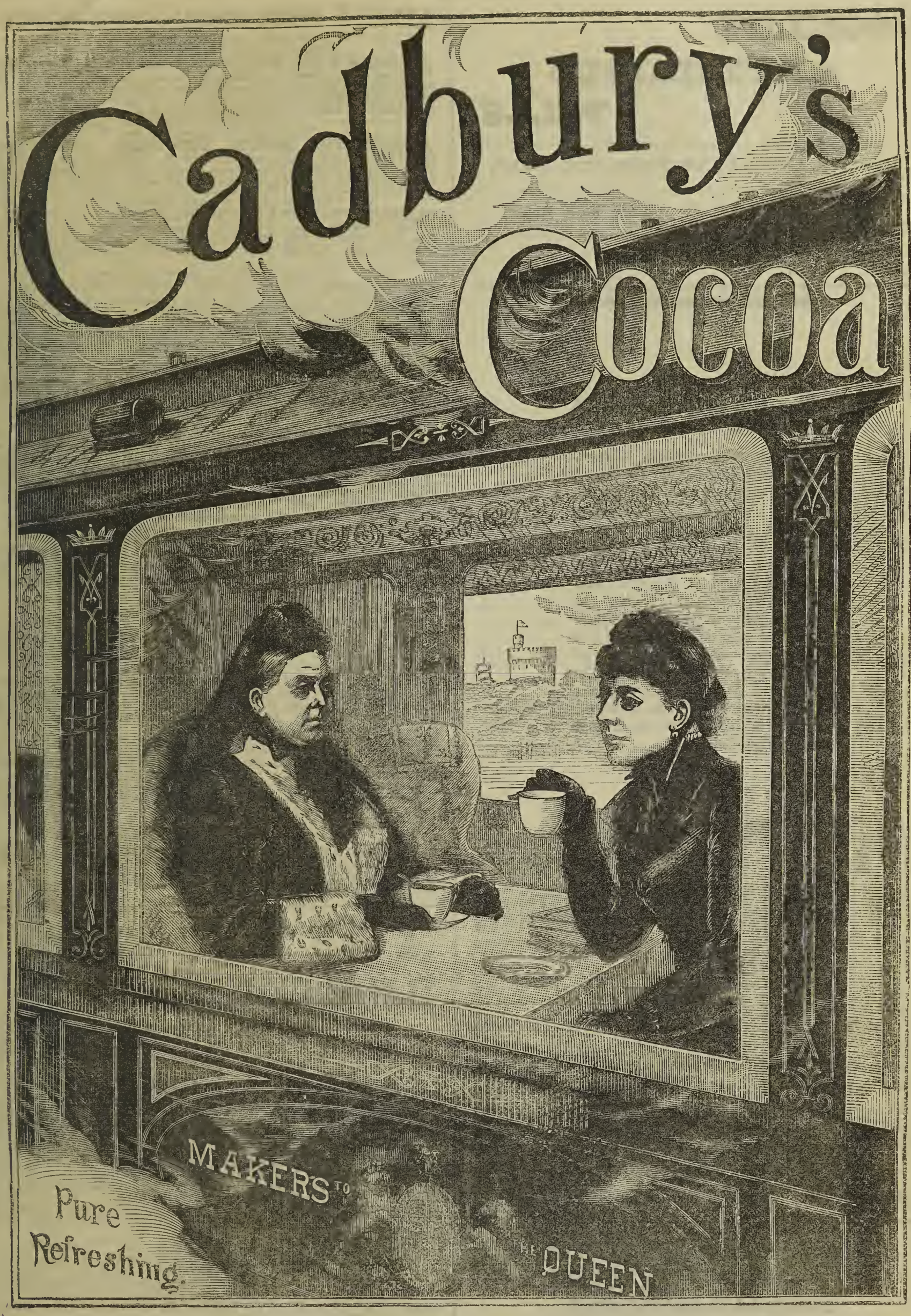
Lord Lytton—Richelieu. W. S. Gilbert—Comedy and Tragedy. T. W. Robertson—Caste. H. J. Byron—Our Boys. John Albery—The Two Roses. W. G. Wills—Charles I. F. C. Burnand—The Colonel. Tom Taylor—London Assurance. G. R. Sims—Lights o' London. John Poole—Paul Pry.—Butterfly.

G. R. Sims, W. G. Wills, W. S. Gilbert, A. W. Pinero, Jas. Derrick, H. Pottitt, H. A. Jones, H. Hermann, F. C. Burnaud, B. C. Stephenson.—Australian.

Dion Boucicault—London Assurance. H. J. Byron—Our Boys. W. S. Gilbert—Pygmalion and Galatea. Lord Lytton—Money. Tom Taylor - Mary Warner. Albery—The Two Roses. Wills—Charles I. Robertson—Caste. Pinero—Money Spinner. Burnand—Colonel.—Hampton.

Edward Bulwer Lytton (born in 1805)—Money, Richelieu, The Lady of Lyons. Charles Reade—Peg Woffington, Christie Johnston, Never Too Late to Mend. Tom Taylor (born 1817)—'Twixt Axe and Crown, Plot and Passion. W. S. Gilbert—Pinafore, Patience, Dan'l Druce, Palace of Truth, Pygmalion and Galatea, Pirates of Penzance, &c. F. G. Burnand—Colonel, Stage Dora, Blue Beard, Diplomacy, Valentine and Orson, Ariel. Wills—Charles I., Olivia, King Réné's Daughter, Marie Stuart, Jane Shore, Stepmother, Old England, Ellen. T. W. Robertson—Society, Caste, School, Ours. Boucicault—Streets of London, Colleen Bawn, Evicted, Arrah na Pogue, Shaughraun. H. J. Byron—Our Boys, Engaged, The Girls. Albery—The Two Roses.—Good Luck.

W. S. Gilbert — Patience. E. Lancaster — The Guv'nor. C. W. Godfrey—The Parvenu. W. G. Wills—Claudian. H. A. Jones—Silver King. H. J. Byron—Our Boys. J. Derrick—Confusion. Charles Reade—The Ticket-of-Leave Man. G. R. Sims—In the Ranks. T. W. Robertson—Caste.—X. X. X.



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Ladies

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VIN MARIANI should be particularly demanded, as there are several fraudulent and worthless imitations of this valuable preparation.

By its use health is restored and strength obtained.

This Peruvian plant yields from its leaves the most powerful tonic yet discovered; its effects are more speedy, more apparent, and more durable than any other known, it is a nervous excitant, giving great muscular vigour and sustaining the human frame under unusual physical exertion and fatigue.

Delicate persons and people of nervous and excitable temperament will find this Wine a real boon, as it supplies just the stamina required. Invalids and convalescents will find in it the gentle stimulant and sustaining power so eagerly sought after. It is exceedingly pleasant to take, and is used by very abstemious persons as a Dessert Wine. It is of a low alcoholic strength, containing only the percentage of an ordinary Burgundy. It may be taken continuously as it does not derange the nervous system, as is too often the case where Bark or Quinine are given.

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LINCOLN.

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"Fair hand, smooth skin, how beautiful ye are."

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"Her teeth were pnre as virgin ivory."

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DORE'S TRANSPARENT SOAP is the Soap of the Day. It is perfect in purity and strength, thoroughly cleansing the skin, while free from soda. DORÉ'S TRANSPARENT SOAP preserves the natural hne and benefits the skin. In boxes, 1s. and 1s. 6d., containing three cakes each.

"I breathe again, and freely court the breeze."

GLYKALINE, THE APPROVED REMEDY FOR Colds, Coughs, and Catarrhs. Miss Melville, 40, Upper Mansell-street, Swansea, writes:—"My niece for the past five years has suffered from Hay Fever. GLYKALINE has done her much good. Hers was a stubborn case. I send this in common justice that others may find the benefit from GLYKALINE." Of this approved remedy, Mrs. Bruce (Lesarrach, Roscrea) says:—"It acted almost miraculously with me. In a bad case of bronchitis I was perfectly cured." GLYKALINE for Conghs and Colds is unprecedented. "Talon Rouge," in *Vanity Fair* says:—"This medicine has the valuable property of CURING cold in the head. BEFORE NIGHT I WAS PERFECTLY CURED. It is called GLYKALINE." This independent contributor bears witness to the healing properties of this remarkable specific. Price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.; post-free, 1s. 3d., 3s., and 4s. 9d. All Chemists.

"Balmy sleep gave sweet repose."

NEURALINE.—THE APPROVED SPECIFIC, Cures Toothache, Neuralgia, and all Nerve Pains, Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, and Face-Ache. Often acts instantaneonsly. In many cases a single application cures; in all cases relief. Writes Sir J. Matheson:—"Mr. Edgar, of Butt Lighthonse, Island of Lewis, N.B.—Mrs. Edgar cannot fully express her thanks to Lady Matheson for the NEURALINE. It proved THE MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY SHE HAD EVER APPLIED." All Chemists, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.; by post 1s. 3d. and 3s.

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"Insidious, undermining foes, begone!"

WORM POWDERS for Adults and Children. Parents should remember that the injurious effects caused by Worms are very serious, not only to the physical system of children, bnt to their mental development. These WORM POWDERS remove Intestinal Worms of large and small size. Price 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. post-free.

"Remove the Cause, and the Effect shall cease."

PLAIN DIRECTIONS FOR COMMON COMPLAINTS, sent post-free by

LEATH & ROSS, HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS, 5, ST. PAUL'S; and 9, VERE STREET.

A FACT WORTH KNOWING.

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Are admitted by thousands to be worth above a guinea a box, for Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as wind and pain at the stomach, sick headache, giddiness, fulness, and swelling after meals, dizziness and drowsiness, cold chills, flushings of heat, loss of appetite, shortness of breath, costiveness, scurvy, blotches on the skin, disturbed sleep, frightful dreams, and all nervons and trembling sensations, &c. The first dose will give relief in twenty minutes. This is no fiction, for they have done it in thousands of cases.

Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one box of these pills, and they will be acknowledged to be

Worth a Guinea a Box.

For females of all ages these pills are invaluable. No female should be without them. There is no medicine to be fonnd to equal Beecham's Pills for removing any obstruction or irregularity of the system. If taken according to the directions given with each box they will soon restore females of all ages to robust health.

For a weak stomach, impaired digestion, and all disorders of the liver, they act like "MAGIC," and a few doses will be found to work wonders upon the most important organs in the human machine. They strengthen the whole muscular system, restore the long-lost complexion, bring back the keen edge of appetite, and arouse into action the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "FACTS" admitted by thousands, embracing all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the nervous and debilitated is

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• TRUTH •

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

No. 393. Vol. XVI. Thursday, July 10, 1884. Price Sixpence.

NOTICE.—As, in view of the large increase in the advertisements in Truth, *it has been found necessary—so as to give the same proportion of reading matter—to add to the number of pages, several of the recent issues have been over weight for the foreign post. It has been therefore decided to print, for the future, a* ***Special Edition on Thin Paper,*** *for circulation abroad. Copies of this edition can be had on application to the Publisher,* 10, Bolt Court, Fleet-street, E.C. *The question of weight does not affect the ordinary postal distribution of the paper throughout the United Kingdom for one halfpenny.*

ENTRE NOUS.

IN the very probable event of the Queen visiting Edinburgh on her journey to Balmoral next month, I understand that her Majesty will not stay at Holyrood, but that she will be the guest of the Dowager-Duchess of Roxburghe at Broxmouth Park (where she stayed a few years ago), and will visit the Forestry Exhibition from Dunbar. I hear that the Duke of Buccleuch offered to place Dalkeith Palace at the Queen's disposal for a few days.

I hear that the Queen has issued a command that when the Prince and Princess of Wales dine out in London, the number of guests invited to meet them is not to exceed fourteen.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will give a garden-party at Marlborough House, on Friday, the 25th.

Their Royal Highnesses will leave town on Monday, the 28th, for Goodwood, where they will be the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Richmond till the afternoon of the following Friday, when they will proceed to East Cowes. The Prince and Princess will leave the Isle of Wight for Scotland on or about August 18, and on their journey north they will stay for a day at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where they will preside at several public functions.

The Prince and Princess are to go to Aberdeen from Abergeldie on Thursday, August 28th, for the purpose of presenting new colours to the 3rd Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders. It is desired to make the ceremony a function of much state, but, as the programme is to be submitted to the Queen for her approval, it is exceedingly probable that the proposed arrangements will have to be considerably curtailed.

The Prince of Wales went down to Newmarket on Tuesday by the midday train, and, getting out at Dullingham, he reached the July course in capital time for the races. His Royal Highness occupied his new rooms in the Jockey Club house, where Prince Christian was also quartered. The Prince of Wales had intended to stay till Friday afternoon, but an invitation (*i.e.*, a command) to lunch with the Queen at Windsor on that day obliged him to cut short his visit, and he went back to town early on Friday morning. The Prince was entertained during the week by Lord Castlereagh, Lord Cadogan, and Lord Calthorpe.

Lord Rowton, who has recently returned from a long visit to Pau, was at Windsor last week on a visit to the Queen, who, I hear, is very anxious for the early publication of the first instalment of Lord Beaconsfield's papers. A selection from his "remains" down to the close of 1851 might appear at once, but it is manifestly impossible that anything of special interest relating to the latter portion of his life can be published for a long time to come, at least, without the risk of vexatious and irritating controversies.

Whatever is published will, of course, be most carefully edited, or I suspect that the Queen would be slightly astonished at the bitterness with which Mr. Disraeli inveighed against the Court for many years, and particularly against Prince Albert, who greatly disliked him, and who, if he had lived, would have done his best to prevent him from being Prime Minister. I wonder whether Lord Rowton will publish the correspondence which passed when, contrary to all precedent, Mr. and Mrs. Disraeli were not invited to the State balls and concerts.

The Queen has appointed Captain Sir Duncan Campbell, of the Royal Highlanders, to the office of Gentleman Usher of the Green Rod of the Order of the Thistle, in succession to the late Mr. F. P. Round. The post, which is a sinecure, is worth about £100 a year. Sir Duncan Campbell's father was for many years the factotum of the late Marquis of Breadalbane, and he made himself useful to Prince Albert during the Royal visit to Taymouth in 1842. He was subsequently appointed to a post under the Lord Chamberlain, and Sir Duncan Campbell is indebted to the services of his deceased sire for his present preferment.

A contemporary thinks it worth while to record that the Duchess of Albany was attired "in the deepest mourning" at Windsor last week. It would be rather strange if she had been in any other garb.

There were the usual difficulties about precedence at the Royal wedding at St. Petersburg, which ended in the exclusion of Prince Louis of Battenberg (who, in the eyes of German and Russian Royalties, is not "born") from the Imperial table at which his wife was seated. There was just the same wrangling here after the marriage of Princess Louise, for, at the State Ball, Lord Lorne was refused admittance to the Royal supper-room.

The King of the Netherlands was too ill last week to bear the journey from Carlsbad to The Hague, so he was merely removed to Krenth, a quiet and very healthy watering-place in Bohemia, where the Queen has joined him. It is expected that he will be able to return to Holland next week. The funeral of the Prince of Orange has been postponed in the hope that the King may be well enough to attend it. He is to be buried in the vault of the Orange family, beneath the choir of the Nieuwe Kerk at Delft, where all the Princes of the House of Orange have been buried, since the great William, whose monument is one of the finest in Europe. It is rather curious that there is only room in the vault for two more coffins.

Prince Bismarck, who is now staying at Varzin, his favourite summer residence, goes next week to Kissingen for his annual "cure." The villa which the Chancellor always occupies has been engaged for four weeks from next Tuesday.

The Crown Prince of Germany is also expected at Kissingen shortly, to stay for three weeks.

Prince and Princess Hermann of Saxe-Weimar have arrived at Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar's house in Portland-place from Germany, and are going this week to Shanklin, where they intend to stay for the next six weeks.

As at present arranged, Lord Spencer will make a stay of some weeks in England, where he rejoined Lady Spencer on Saturday. How curtailed the holiday privileges of the Viceroyalty have become since the good old days when the Irish Viceroy only spent a few months of the year in Ireland! Lord Spencer's brother Peers might well draw a useful lesson from this curtailment of privileges.

There is much complaint amongst débutantes and London tradesmen at there being no Drawing-rooms; and certainly if there be any sound reason for these functions, a Court mourning ought not to put a stop to them. If it does, considering the large number of our Princes and Princesses, an actuarial calculation would show that on the doctrine of chances, there will only be Drawing-rooms every third year. The London tradesmen should, however, not lose sight of the fact that what they lose on one hand, they gain on the other. A Court mourning must bring grist to their mills.

The General Stock Exchange, Lim., 48, St. James's-st., corner of Piccadilly.—Private special telephonic and telegraphic communication with the City and other business centres. Great convenience to West-end and Country Clients. Every class of Stock Exchange business transacted. Moderate commissions. Telephone No. 3722.

A Suggestion for Combining Happiness with Health.

O ye who rule the "Healtheries,"
And do so much to please—
Excuse the notion I suggest
To put our "soles" at ease:
The pretty coloured lamps we like,—
The German band of horns,
But, oh! those horrid gravelled walks,
Play havoc with our corns.
Please, kindly bear this plaint in mind,
From one who loves you well;
And let us find next season's paths
All nicely powdered shell.

A correspondent writes:—

Has it never occurred to the Directors of the Crystal Palace Company to follow the successful examplo of the Fisheries and Health Exhibitions, by keeping open their grounds during the summer nights, lighting them up after dusk, and providing a military band in the open air? The popularity of the Kensington Exhibition is greatly increased by the *al fresco* entertainments, which are attended by crowds of visitors. The beautiful gardens of the Crystal Palace would not only attract visitors from London, but would afford a delightful resort for the residents in the populous suburbs on the south side of the metropolis, to whom it would supply a great want. Why not try this experiment? I am sure Mr. Knight would afford railway facilities.

Under the auspices of a long list of Duchesses, Marchionesses, Countesses, and other titled ladies, a private subscription ball was given at the Town Hall, Kensington, yesterday, in aid of the Kensington Conservative Working Men's Building Fund. It is quite in accordance with the nature of things that these mythical working men should obtain funds by means of choreographic displays of our female aristocracy. The Radical working men of Chelsea, I would point out, have built the Eleusis Club with their own funds.

The long-talked-of ball at the German Embassy appears to have been postponed for yet another year, as Count Münster gave his annual party last Thursday—and a terrible squeeze it was, for everybody arrived just at the same time, and then all appeared anxious to get away with the least possible delay. The Embassies have certainly not done their fair share of entertaining during this desperately dull season.

Mr. Gladstone is to be the guest of the evening at the dinner of the "Eighty Club," on Friday next, and has promised to make a speech. As the Prime Minister is likely to draw a large muster of members and their friends, the dinner is take place at Willis's Rooms.

If the strange system is to continue of allowing the head of a family to enjoy, from generation to generation, the right to place the prefix of "Sir" to his name, no better man could have been chosen for this so-called honour than Mr. Samuelson. He has amassed a large fortune by his intelligence and enterprise in trade, and he has devoted his leisure time to the encouragement of technical education. There could have been no sort of objection to all this being recognised by conferring upon him the right to wear a piece of ribbon round his neck, or a piece of metal on his breast; for these decorations represent really nothing more than the good service stripes in the army. One cannot, however, help

asking what his great grandson has done that he should inherit his great grandfather's good service stripe—all the more as I presume that the young gentleman is not yet born. It may be that he will be one of the world's greatest benefactors. It may also be that he will be very much the reverse of this. Why, then, anticipate the future, and guarantee a reward before it can possibly be known whether it be merited? An hereditary "Sir" is as absurd as an hereditary prize-winner in the schools would be.

Lord Randolph Churchill, Lord Beaumont, and Sir Alfred Slade have been spending a few days at the Orleans Club at Brighton. The recent additions to the club-house have made it one of the most comfortable clubs out of London. The principal rooms are lit by the electric light, and the new coffee-room is at the same time both commodious and cosy.

On Wednesday evening Lord Hartington received an immense mob at Devonshire House. Lady Louisa Egerton and Lady Edward Cavendish assisted him to welcome his guests. The floral decorations of the staircase were much admired, particularly the arrangement of roses of various shades in the boudoirs. The whole of the state-rooms were thrown open, and they were very tastefully ornamented with palms, flowers, and orchids. There was a magnificent display of rare fruit in the dining-room; pines, peaches, and grapes had been sent up by cartloads from Chatsworth and Hardwicke. The Duke of Cambridge was among the company, and so was Maria Lady Ailesbury.

Mrs. Naylor-Leyland's ball was decidedly the best and most brilliant entertainment that has been given this season. It was rather too well attended, for even the numerous and splendid rooms at Hyde Park House were inconveniently crowded till some time after supper, which was served in the large dining-room, between one and two, on a number of small tables. The Blue Hungarians played.

Lord and Lady Bradford will receive company at Weston Park next week for the Royal Agricultural Show at Shrewsbury, and Lord and Lady Forester will entertain a party at Willey.

The *County Gentleman*, in its account of Mr. Tennyson's wedding festivities, "wonders afternoon weddings are not more popular." Evidently the "Man about Town" is not aware of the fact that the present Archbishop of Canterbury will not give his consent to the marriage ceremony being performed after noon unless under extraordinary circumstances; and what circumstances are *extraordinary* he alone is the judge. Afternoon weddings are very popular, but like most popular things they can only be indulged in by a privileged few.

A cable despatch from London to the *New York Herald* of June 22 gave a rumour as to the approaching marriage of William Henry Hurlbert, who for fifteen years was editor of the *World* of that city. I am enabled to confirm the report. The marriage is arranged for the second Wednesday in next month at the seat of Mr. Beckett-Denison, in Yorkshire, whose wife is a near relative of the bride, Miss Kitty Tracy. This lady is a daughter of the late William Tracy, who was one of the great jurists of New York, and who left a large fortune. Her cousin is the wife of J. S. Morgan, the banker, of Morton, Rose, & Co. Mr. and Mrs. Hurlbert, after a honeymoon in Rome, expect to make England their permanent residence.

I regret to hear that the Duchess of Norfolk has been rather seriously ill since her return to Arundel, and it has been deemed necessary to summon medical assistance from London.

Lord Falmouth proposes to go abroad early next month for a few weeks, for the benefit of his health.

The Duke and Duchess of St. Albans leave town next week for Newtown Anner, her Grace's charming place near Clonmel, where they intend to stay till the end of September.

Lord Wilton has undergone another most severe and critical operation, this being the third. I regret to hear that his condition excites the greatest anxiety to his family and his numerous friends.

Northwood, which is the finest place about West Cowes, has been sold by Mr. Ward, of Weston Manor, to Monsignor (Lord) Petre, and it is to be converted into a Roman Catholic school.

A large and very handsome screen of carved oak has just been placed in Enville Church as a memorial to the late Lord Stamford.

The individuals who will succeed to the various estates of the late Lord Stamford, after the death of his widow, are not likely to derive much benefit from their respective inheritances for a considerable period, as I hear that the encumbrances, which are to be paid off gradually, exceed £900,000.

No fewer than three fires, resulting in a large destruction of timber, recently took place in the woods at Gordon Castle in the course of a week. All of them are attributed to sparks from locomotives. Here, then, is a new argument for the opponents of railway extension in picturesque localities.

An enormous ranche in Mexico has just been purchased for £200,000, by a syndicate of English and Scotch speculators, of whom Lord Tweedmouth is one. It extends over sixteen hundred square miles.

Lord Boyle, eldest son of Lord Shannon, has settled on an extensive cattle-ranche in a remote district of North-West Canada.

Spectacles scientifically adapted to assist & strengthen the weakest sights by Mr. Laurance, F.S.S., Oculist Optician, 1a, Old Bond-st.

Army and Navy Hotel, Victoria-st., S.W., is probably now the best Hotel in London. Table d'hote 6 to 8. Cookery excellent.

Sir Henry Allsopp, who recently purchased a large property at Alsop-le-Park, in North Derbyshire, has entirely rebuilt the old manor house, and has greatly improved the village. Sir Henry and Lady Allsopp have arrived at Alsop from their place in Worcestershire, and intend residing there for several weeks.

Mr. Waldegrave-Leslie has purchased a fine herd of Norfolk red-polled cattle for his farm at Leslie, in Fifeshire. They are all pedigree animals, and they are the first of this breed that have ever been imported into Scotland. Mr. Waldegrave-Leslie intends to exhibit some of them at the Highland Society's Show at Edinburgh next month. They greatly resemble the polled Angus, only they are red instead of black.

An attempt is being made to introduce into England the culture of the Bartlett pear. It is a fruit that tempts every one to take hold of it, but inasmuch as it overflows with juice at the faintest handling, it is not popular. This leads me to presume that the pear is named after an ancestor of Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, who overflows with talk at the very faintest handling. The Yankee farmers call it a "slobbery" fruit, and prefer what is known as the Chingstone or Gladstone peach. We, too, prefer the Gladstone to the Bartlett.

Lord and Lady Pembroke reached Cowes last week in their yacht *Minerva* from Gibraltar. Lord Pembroke has been much benefited by his Mediterranean cruise, but he is still suffering severely from weakness in the legs. He will start on another cruise in about a fortnight—probably to the Baltic.

Mr. Phipps, of Leighton, who intends to hunt a considerable district of North Wilts next season at his own expense, is building extensive kennels and stables at Well Head, near Westbury.

I hear that the question of disputed boundary between the Goodwood and the Hambledon hunts, which has led to so much troublesome correspondence and negotiation, has been settled by the Committee of the M.F.H. Association, who have decided that the disputed coverts on the Stanstead Estate of Sir J. Clarke-Jervoise are neutral between the two hunts.

The Duc and Duchesse de Castries, who have been to Blankney to inspect Mr. Chaplin's stud, and who were last week favoured with a sight of the Duchess of Montrose's splendid collection of mares, were the most notable foreign visitors at Newmarket. They stayed at the house which the Prince of Wales used to occupy. The Duc de Morny and Count Berteux were attracted over by Lord Falmouth's sale, and so also were Count Szapay (from Hungary) and Count Lehndorff, who came direct from Ems, where he has been staying in attendance on the Emperor.

The American papers are much exercised as to the owner of a certain "Lorna colt"—a racehorse. It would seem that it is entered for its engagements "as owned by Lord Abercrombie." The newspapers point out that the only Lord Abercrombie in the Peerage of the United Kingdom is Baron Abercrombie, aged 46, and that the owner of the Lorna colt, who is also, it appears, offering a reward of five dollars for any one who will return him a cane that he has lost, is a gentleman apparently not over thirty-six years of age. The matter is rendered even still more inexplicable by Lord Mandeville—or some one who takes the name of Lord Mandeville—publishing a letter in which he says:—"I beg to state that the gentleman alluded to is Lord Abercrombie; that he was my schoolfellow at Eton, and that I have been acquainted from boyhood with him and his family." Now Lord Mandeville is only thirty-one years old.

Mr. U. R. Burke, in "Business and Pleasure in Brazil," gives the following account of the mode in which betting on racing is managed in Brazil, from which we might take a hint:—

> The professional bettors are locked up in a large building with grated windows at intervals, at which they bet with the public, giving tickets to record the transaction and attest the receipt of the money; when the race is over, the winners repair to another window, and on presenting their ticket, they are paid their winnings.

The Players had no difficulty in scoring a victory over a weak and anything but representative side of Gentlemen at the Oval. The features of the match were the fine batting of Ulyett and Dr. Grace for their respective sides, Ulyett's innings being the best he has played for a long time, the "hat trick" performed by Barlow in the second venture of the Gentlemen, and the fact that in the same innings the three Surrey cracks, Messrs. Shuter, W. Read, and Diver, were, much to the disappointment of the Ovalites, each disposed of by the very first ball received.

Truly, the stars in their courses appear to fight for the Australians. Fresh from their victory over the Players of England, they encountered a comparatively weak scratch team at Huddersfield, and only escaped a single innings defeat by very remarkable luck. Just at the most critical moment play was stopped by a heavy shower of rain, which lasted three-quarters of an hour, and deprived the Englishmen of a certain victory, the Australians only having three wickets to fall, and still wanting 153 runs to save the innings.

Some yacht-racing has been going on in Scotland since the first of the month, under the auspices of the Mudhook and Royal Clyde Yacht Clubs. It was far from satisfactory, consequent on the yachts being sent round the Powder Buoy, a course universally condemned for years by all who should know. The Mudhook Y.C. propose changing another season to what is known on the Clyde as the Largs course. Mr. William Pearce, owner of the *Lady Torfrida*, in the absence of the senior flag officer, performed his duties as Vice-Admiral of the Mudhook Y.C. in a most efficient manner.

For the first time in ten years there has been reason to find fault with a Clyde Committee. The Royal Clyde Yacht Club insisted on sending the first-class yachts a second round, although the first round was not completed until 5 p.m. This caused a strike, such as has seldom been seen in yacht-racing before, as no less than seven out of the eight competing yachts refused to sail a second round, and went to their moorings. *Marjorie*, who was a bad fourth at the end of the first round, was, consequently, the only yacht to complete the full course, which she did in company with her steam tender.

People, of course, go to Henley Regatta for every conceivable reason except to see the racing; but it is, perhaps, somewhat singular that the crowd last Thursday, when only preliminary heats were rowed, should have been larger than that on the Friday, which is devoted to the decision of the finals. The racing itself was not specially interesting, and very little enthusiasm was evoked by any of the results, except, perhaps, by the victory of Eton in the Ladies' Plate.

Eton were the best school eight ever seen. Had they been entered for the Grand Challenge, they would have been as good as the best of the entries, and with reasonable luck in stations they would have won it. Radley were good for a small school crew, but they had the misfortune to meet an exceptional Eton crew. The manner in which Radley disposed of Christ Church, which had made many bumps in the College races, shows that they were above the standard of school eights.

Such scorching weather told severely on those who had to row many races in one day. To this alone I attribute the defeat of Lowndes in the Diamond Sculls. It is certain that he could give Smith, of the Thames Club, many lengths over this course on equal terms; but it was the third race in the day for Lowndes, while Smith was quite fresh. In the final heat the latter had bad luck in being fouled by Farrell, and but for the *contretemps* it would have been a wonderfully near thing between him and Unwin, the Oxonian. The London Grand Challenge crew were hardly up to the standard of winners of this prize, and owe their victory to luck of stations. Thames threw away their heat for the Stewards' fours by wild steering, otherwise they were about as good as Kingston, the winners. Twickenham could not last the course. Third Trinity were as good a four as any, but cautiously confined their efforts to the Visitors' Cup (for college and school crews), and won all their races in a common paddle.

Of course, there were a vast number of strange and outlandish craft. There were three gondolas, belonging to Captain Hammersley, Mr. Morgan, and Mr. Ross, respectively; there were dozens of Indian and Canadian canoes, and a queer-looking boat, which represented a Greek caïque. There were also some extraordinary arrangements in the matter of oars, some being fastened to the boats by long white strings, while others were divided in the middle and worked on pivots—a device which may have been effectual, but was certainly not graceful.

The house-boats, barges, and steam-launches were as numerous as ever, and the Isthmian Club again entertained their friends most sumptuously and pleasantly in large marquees erected on an enclosed piece of ground, just below Phyllis Court. I wonder that more London clubs do not follow the example thus set them. Judging by the success of the Isthmians, it is a virtue which soon meets with a reward, for their club has become so popular that they have just been compelled to enlarge their town house. Again, perhaps men might find that their wives and daughters would look more kindly upon clubs, if they knew that they would benefit by their existence on at least one day in each year.

Mr. Lionel Brough had a dramatic ark; wit and beauty, art and aristocracy, were all fully represented; male and female invited he them.

By far the handiest boats for people to move about in were the Indian canoes, the crowd on the river being so great that sculling was a matter of impossibility. The manner in which one man mixed himself and two ladies up in the tiniest of dingies was worthy of a family of contortionists. He, however, made himself conspicuous, so I suppose he was happy.

The new arrangement of staking off the bays greatly improved the course, and tended to keep row-boats out of the way of the racing craft. As a result, there were no cases recorded of competitors having their chances extinguished by loafing pleasure-boats. The Thames Conservancy deserve all credit for the manner in which the course was kept.

It was a real scandal, however, to see decayed barges sent down to the Henley course before the regatta began, to secure moorings, and then for them to be advertised "to let." The Thames Conservancy should peremptorily stop this abuse next year, otherwise we shall soon see the whole Bucks bank secured a week in advance by old lighters, waiting to be bought out of their vantage-ground. And why was a boat, announcing on gigantic placards the programme of a couple of theatres, allowed to disfigure the course? Surely one might draw the line at advertisements at Henley.

People have been very busy in France lately, predicting the terrible consequences which will ensue from the re-establishment of divorce. Here is one of the most terrible of all. A young man gets a divorce and marries a second time; but the mother of his first wife has been divorced too, and has married the father of his second wife. Thus the young man has changed his wife, but not his mother-in-law. Where, then, is the profit on the transaction?

There is a rumour that Madame Patti will immediately take advantage of the new French law to obtain a divorce from the Marquis de Caux.

Mustapha ben Ismaïl has just arrived in Paris from Tunis, accompanied by his wife and his two sons. The suite consists of seventeen governesses and seven servants.

The production of the new opera "Sigurd" at Covent-garden will take place on Tuesday, July 15, and not Thursday, the 17th, as stated.

At the Opera House the performances during the last few days have been drawing full houses. The revival

Rowland's Kalydor cools and refreshes the face during hot weather and eradicates Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, &c. Of chemists.

of "Romeo e Giulietta," with Albani as the heroine, has been a great artistic success. A beautiful and effective tableau has been introduced at the end of the opera, the idea of which was taken from a picture of "The Dead Lovers," by a French artist. Patti and Scalchi resumed their favourite parts in "Semiramide" on Thursday last, when De Reszke sang the part of Assur for the first time. This artist's voice and manner excited universal admiration, and since the days of Tamburini, with whom he can be compared favourably, no one has better filled the part.

The opera season is now drawing to a close, and the last night is fixed for the 26th inst. Durand has already left; Sembrich took her benefit in "Rigoletto" last night; and Lucca will make her last appearance this year either in "L'Africaine" or "Carmen" on Monday, the 14th. The German opera season will terminate on Friday next, when Albani sings in "Lohengrin." A special extra performance of "Tristan und Isolde" will be given on Thursday afternoon.

At Bath Theatre on Monday week the performance was interrupted by an untoward incident. The piece was "Princess Ida," and after the first act the band left the orchestra, and as they did not reappear the remainder of the opera was performed to the music of a harmonium. The lessee (whose speculation at Bath has not been rewarded with success) wrote to the local papers next day complaining that the band had deserted him "in his hour of need," to which the conductor retorted that they had merely asked for £1 each out of arrears of £80, and only struck work when their request was refused.

I hope the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals have had their attention directed to a disgusting story reported from Eastbourne last week. It seems that the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" dramatic company possess, among other properties, a young donkey, in addition to the "real bloodhound," who plays an important part in the action of the drama. These two animals were put togther into a horse-box, somewhere in the North of England, for conveyance to Eastbourne. What happened need not be described. It is enough to say that when the box reached Eastbourne the donkey was found horribly mutilated, but still living. The occurrence may possibly serve as a sensational advertisement, but it is an advertisement for which either the Railway Company or the manager of the dramatic company should be made to pay pretty heavily.

The difficulty in the way of the purchase of the Blenheim pictures is that it is by no means easy to arrive at an estimate of the market value of "great gallery" works of art. Take, for instance, the "Raphael." It is admitted to be a *chef d'œuvre*—indeed, such a one does not exist outside Royal and National Galleries. It is consequently the one chance that any country or private individual has to become the possessor of a first-class Raphael. Intrinsic value, therefore, has to give place to market value, which latter means the most that would be given for a thing that many wish to acquire, and that can only belong to one.

What has occurred respecting the transaction is, I believe, this. The Duke of Marlborough, having determined to sell some of his pictures, put the matter in the hands of a well-known and respectable dealer. This latter, after consultation with buyers abroad, gave in his estimate of market value. The authorities of the National Gallery were then invited to say which pictures they wished to buy. They selected eleven, and, without exact specification, a general idea was arrived at as to market price. The Treasury was not prepared to pay this sum, and at present an effort is being made by the Trustees of the National Gallery to come to a satisfactory arrangement as to three.

Personally, I am inclined to think that the country would do well to buy the eleven pictures, or even more. The question seems to me to be one of "to take or to leave." It is hardly likely that the Duke will sell them to us for less than he can get from others, for this, practically, would be making a present to the nation of the difference. Indeed, as a matter of fact, he could not do this, because the pictures, being heirlooms, have to be sold by the trustees of the Blenheim estate, and the proceeds invested for the benefit not only of the present Duke, but of all future Dukes of Marlborough. Trustees, of course, cannot make presents; they have either to sell to the best advantage or not to sell at all. What I object to is the authorities of the National Gallery, or of the British Museum, or of the South Kensington Museum spending annually a lot of money in the purchase of second- and third-rate stuff; far better is it to acquire first-rate articles, even if a higher price be paid for them.

The announcement in the papers that the Leigh Court pictures sold for£44,296 is calculated to convey an entirely false impression. The fact is that nineteen pictures, which nominally fetched £16,890, were purchased by Mr. Phillips, who was bidding on behalf of the Miles family. In reality, fifty-six were sold for £27,766. The five pictures bought for the National Gallery are the best bargains that the country has obtained for many years, and Mr. Agnew got the Claudes very cheap.

I have seen some very ingenious life-size portraits in oil, produced at an incredibly low rate by the Société Parisienne. They are all manufactured in the art schools at Vienna, although the method adopted is the suggestion of a clever Frenchman. He noticed the quantity of good, but perfectly unsaleable, art-work produced by the pupils in the Viennese art schools—models, studies, drawings, &c.—and thought they might as well paint something that would sell. He accordingly suggested that the reflections of photos, portraits of well-known persons, should be thrown

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from a camera-obscura, life-size, on to canvas, and that the pupils should then be set to outline them accurately upon the reflection itself, filling them in with oil-colour on the same canvas afterwards, and thus producing an excellent portrait in oil. Of course, the quality of the work varies with the ability of the pupil, but I am told that the invention is already becoming a source of income to many a poor art-student at Vienna.

From the latest returns, I gather that photography costs the nation £2,620 a year. Of this sum £860 is spent in photographing the inmates of our gaols in all parts of the three kingdoms; £760 is voted on account of the photographic department at Woolwich Arsenal; and the Science and Art vote includes £1,000 for the photographing of art objects and the reproduction of pictures.

Roman Catholics are strong in amateur theatricals. There is hardly a "mission," or, as Protestants call it, a parish, of considerable size where "in aid of the schools," or for some no less laudable object, exhibitions of this kind may not be witnessed at least once a year; and the bishops who discourage dancing, and would excommunicate their clergy for even entering a real theatre, have not a word to say against parochial plays performed under priestly patronage. At the colleges and boarding-schools the institution is still more established, and at Beaumont "the play" is as great an event as the 4th of June is at Eton.

When at home, if not when in London, country clergymen look upon the stage with a good deal of suspicion, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they would be about as likely to invite General Booth to occupy their pulpits as to encourage a taste for things theatrical amongst their simple flocks. Consequently the charm which springs from novelty attaches to the proceedings of the Rev. W. K. Chafy-Chafy, who is at once the rector and the "squire" of Rous Lench, an out-of-the-way Worcestershire village. Finding that life in this remote district was unutterably dull, and that the conventional concert and the familiar penny-reading would do little to relieve its monotony, he boldly determined to strike out a new line for himself. He began with the production, a year or two since, of *tableaux vivants* dealing with sacred subjects, which elicited much general comment and not a little condemnation from some of his clerical brethren. Since then he has not introduced anything religious into his entertainments, but has devoted considerable time, energy, and money, to the production of "fairy extravaganzas," with all the usual ingredients of picturesque scenery, ingenious properties, brilliant dresses, choruses and crowds, songs with "topical" words, and lively dances. A representation of "Beauty and the Beast," adapted from the acting version of Planché, which was first seen at Covent Garden in 1841, has recently enjoyed a "run" of eight nights. The scenery, costumes, &c., were obtained from London, and the piece was placed upon the stage in a very creditable manner under the personal supervision of Mr. Chafy-Chafy, in whom the theatrical profession has missed an excellent stage-manager. Over seventy persons, mostly children, appeared; and as they had been carefully trained in elocution, singing, and acting, the performance was far more successful than some people might be disposed to imagine.

Cardinal Manning is a very good man, but also a very astute man. He loses no opportunity of associating himself with the philanthropic movements of the day, and thus conveying the impression to the public mind that the Romish Church is on the side of reform and progress. Some years ago, when the agricultural labourers held a great demonstration in Exeter Hall, his Eminence was the only Christian minister on the platform. He is a familiar figure at the gatherings of the Hospital Sunday Fund. The other week he took a prominent part in the National Temperance Congress at Liverpool, and a few days ago he spoke at Stafford House on behalf of the Society for Befriending Young Servants. Nor does he lose any opportunity of helping forward the movement for providing better dwellings for the poor. In all this, however, there is surely the true Christian spirit, and it would be well if Protestant ministers, instead of fighting so much over their creeds, their millinery, and their church properties, would practise a little more "pure religion and undefiled."

The principal novelty at the Norwich Musical Festival in October will be Mr. Mackenzie's dramatic oratorio, "The Rose of Sharon;" and there will also be produced an "Elegiac Ode," by Mr. Villiers Stanford. The "Messiah," "Elijah," and "The Redemption" are to be given, as well as the "First Walpurgis-Nacht" by Mendelssohn, Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, Beethoven's "Leonora" overture, the prelude to "Lohengrin," and minor compositions by Sir J. Benedict and Mr. Cowen. The vocalists engaged include Misses Emma Nevada, Anna Williams, and Damian, Madame Patey, and Messrs. Santley, Maas, E. Lloyd, and H. Thorndike. Mr. A. Randegger will conduct, except in the case of the new compositions, which will be conducted by their respective composers.

Can this be true?—

There was a floral service at Christ Church, Brondesbury, the Sunday before last. The churchwarden, in making a list for the distribution, selected "The Cripples Home and Industrial School for Girls," Marylebone-road, as one of the recipients; but when he called to announce that he would bring some flowers on the Sunday afternoon, the matron replied that "she should decline to receive them, as they might interfere with her Bible-class."

Mr. Munro, Minister of the Free Kirk of Reay, in Caithness, ought to have lived forty years ago, when "innovations in worship" were looked upon as entirely devilish and abominable. He has resigned his pastoral charge at Reay, and has quitted the Free Kirk, because permission has been given to congregations by the Assembly to use instrumental music, which Mr. Reay holds to be "detrimental to the best interests of true religion." There is something in the highest degree absurd in quitting the Free Church on this ground, inasmuch as the organ is now used by all the Scottish sects, and Mr. Munro will find himself a wanderer in the wilderness—unless, indeed, he can

Woods' Hotel (within Furnival's Inn, Holborn, E.C.) has been considerably modernised and improved. Families and Gentlemen will find in this Hotel *home comforts*.

form a new sect, of which the *raison d'être* shall be opposition to the use of instrumental music, and other objectionable "innovations."

The Bishop of Truro, who is so exceedingly zealous in favour of the scheme for constructing harbours of refuge in Cornwall, is also credited with some truly remarkable views as to the efficacy of cathedrals. At a meeting of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society last week, the Rev. E. W. Matthews informed his hearers that he had heard the Bishop, when advocating the claims of the Truro Cathedral, give utterance to the following singular opinion: "that Satan was aware that if the Truro Cathedral was finished, his power in Cornwall was broken." Without in any manner attempting to question the ability of this Bishop's Satanic gift of thought-reading, I am compelled to draw his attention to the fact that statistics do not show that cathedral towns enjoy any special immunity from the pernicious influence of that fallen angel.

Canon Birch's death is not a subject for regret, for he had for several months been in a most hopeless state, and had become quite insane. He had long suffered severely from gout, but he persisted in going on with his work after he had been ordered to rest. About a year ago his health entirely broke up, and he derived but little benefit from a lengthened stay at Bath. He was very popular in the neighbourhood of Manchester, and he exercised a great and beneficial influence at Ripon, where he made the cathedral a centre of spiritual activity, and greatly improved the choral services. Canon Birch was a most pleasant and genial man, and "capital company," for he had a vast collection of really good stories about notable people and events, and he was a consummate *raconteur*. His gifts to charities and to church institutions were munificent. He was a strong but sagacious Conservative, and a High Churchman of the Hook and Wilberforce school. He will be long and affectionately remembered by a host of friends in all classes of life.

The Rev. Baldwin Brown might almost be called the last of the Independents. His church is the Brixton Independent (not Congregational) Church, and this seemingly trivial fact is very significant. No such champion of freedom as Mr. Brown now remains among Congregationalists. Dr. Parker did at one time promise to develop in that direction, and become the foe of centralisation and inquisitorial officialism; but his election to the Chair of the Union has had the same effect as the bestowment of an office usually has upon a politician; it has tied his hands and stopped his mouth. Those who hoped that Dr. Parker would lead them out of the Egypt of official domination to the Promised Land of freedom may well regret his election to the chairmanship.

No doubt! no doubt!—*Shakespeare.*

Dear Truth,—Your story of Spurgeon, "How d——d hot it is," like most of those told of him, is only a Joe Miller.

I heard it told of Rowland Hill at dinner on Christmas Day, 1847, when Spurgeon was still a mere boy (13).

The narrator was Dr. Stroud, author of "The Physical Causes of the Death of Christ"; and he gave us many others, almost all of which I have since heard attributed to Spurgeon.

Amongst the auditors were Mr. Dayman, afterwards one of our Metropolitan Police Magistrates, and Mr. John Bishop, F.R.S.

June 30, 1884. Yours faithfully, S. V.

Canon Lyttelton's health has improved during the last fortnight, and it is hoped that in a few days he will be able to remove from Gloucester to Hagley.

I hear that Bishop Claughton will shortly resign the office of Chaplain-General. He has been in very bad health for the last two years, and although he has nominally kept his months of close residence as Canon of St. Paul's, he has not been able to preach, and his place in the pulpit has been taken by other members of the Chapter. The office of Chaplain-General is worth £800 a year, and it may be hoped that it will not again be given to a clergyman holding other preferments. The office of Archdeacon of London (with a stall in St. Paul annexed) is worth £1,000 a year, and the individual who holds it ought to devote his whole time to the duties. Why Bishop Claughton should have been permitted to become so flagrant a pluralist it is not easy to understand.

In recognition of the value of his services as a mission-preacher, the Bishop of Lichfield has appointed the Rev. J. H. Lester, the Diocesan Missioner for Lichfield, who has been connected with the Church Parochial Mission Society almost from its formation, an Honorary Canon of his cathedral.

The following letter deals with a nuisance which really ought to be abated:—

Dear Sir,—I am, unfortunately, residing in close propinquity to a very High church, which has recently acquired a very loud, discordant, and painfully-penetrating bell.

There are many anniversaries of saints, martyrs, and other mediæval barbarians, each of which it seems necessary to hold sacred; and in order to do this, this ghastly bell is started at the most unwonted hours of the day and night of these anniversaries. It seems shameful that I and others who are obliged to live within earshot of this infliction should be awakened from our sleep merely to gratify the vanity of about three old maids and a rabid curate, who, with a frowsy pew-opener, form the morning congregation.

I am sure it is quite enough to deter any one from becoming either a saint or a martyr to think that others will in future ages make thereby pretexts for torturing their fellow-creatures.

I may add that yesterday this awful bell was tolled for an hour. Happy the corpse who heard it not.—Yours truly, S. W.

I see that Mr. Horton, Fellow of New College, whose proposed appointment as Examiner in Divinity caused so much excitement at Oxford lately, has just had a new congregational church built for him by his flock at Hampstead. Mr. Horton is, I should think, the first instance of a Fellow of an Oxford College who has been at the same time a Dissenting minister on active service.

Rugbeians will be interested to learn that Mr. Christopher Hutchinson, who has for so long been an assistant-master, is going to leave at the end of this term for a country living, to which his Cambridge friend and contemporary, Dr. Benson, has presented him. Mr. Hutchinson has also been appointed one of the Archbishop's examining chaplains.

The often-prophesied destruction of religion at Oxford does not seem to have come yet, if one may judge by the Class List issued in the Theology School last week. Not only was the List considerably longer than usual, but the number in the first class was unprecedentedly large. As often as not there have been no first classes at all; this time there were eight. What will the Dean of Chichester and Canon Liddon make of this?

Mr. Matthew Arnold is to visit Dundee in the autumn for the purpose of delivering the first of the annual course of Armistead Lectures.

The only hitch in the Baliol entertainment to the Speaker was caused by Mr. Sclater-Booth's wrathful indignation at finding himself seated in the body of the hall; while Mr. Osborne Morgan, to whom he is senior, was at the high table. The Master exerted his well-known powers of "blarney" to the uttermost in order to sooth the ruffled plumes of his outraged guest, and accompanied him to the station on Sunday afternoon.

At Wimbledon the camp will be ready for occupation on Saturday. Although the meeting of the National Rifle Association is often affirmed to be not so popular as it was a few years ago, it is expected that upwards of two thousand Volunteers will assemble on the Common by the 14th. The entries for the Queen's Prize amount to nearly 2,500, and the St. George's to nearly 2,300, the largest numbers ever chronicled.

Considering that the huts at Aldershot have long since been condemned, and are no longer fit for habitation, is it not grossly anomalous that the War Office authorities should continue to extort money from the pockets of soldiers on account of so-called "barrack damages?"

The following details respecting the late cholera outbreak on board the *Crocodile* on her homeward voyage from Bombay are received from a source which leads me to believe in their correctness :—H.M.S. *Crocodile*, with troops, sailed from Bombay for Portsmouth last April. The day previous to the ship sailing three cases of true Asiatic cholera appeared on board her in Bombay harbour. One case was fatal, and the man was landed and buried at Bombay, but although he died in the afternoon, his funeral did not take place until the evening of the second day. The other two cases were landed for treatment at the cholera hospital. These cases were carefully concealed from the public, and the ship was sent on her voyage, with the result that fifteen more passengers died of cholera on the way home, and that quarantine has been established at all the Mediterranean ports.

If any private firm managed its affairs with the reckless extravagance of the Admiralty, it would speedily be brought to the Bankruptcy Court. The *Turquoise*, a corvette of a perfectly obsolete type, has just been refitted at Sheerness for a three years' commission, at a cost of about £35,000. This vessel was built only eight years ago, and she then cost £100,000, and she has since served one commission of four years in the Pacific. What is the object of expending large sums in repairs on antiquated ships? A similar blunder is to be committed with the *Ruby*, another vessel of the same type, which has just returned from the East Indies.

The present Board of Admiralty has earned an unenviable notoriety from the frequency and the flagrancy of its jobs. It has become known during the last ten days that Rear-Admiral Wilson is to succeed Sir William Hewett as Commander-in-Chief of the East Indian stations, one of the most desirable and most valuable berths in the gift of the Admiralty. Now, it is only within the last few weeks that Rear-Admiral Wilson vacated the post of second in command of the Channel Squadron, so that he is scarcely entitled to another good thing so soon, especially as there are no fewer than ten Rear-Admirals senior to him on the list, who have not yet hoisted their flags, and most certainly these officers ought to be employed before he takes another turn.

I am informed that it has been arranged that the Duke of Edinburgh is to succeed Vice-Admiral Lord John Hay as Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean. This very excellent appointment becomes vacant owing to the promotion of Lord John Hay. The Duke has been most anxious to obtain the Mediterranean command, but, although he is a really good sailor and thoroughly competent in all respects, such an appointment is not likely to be popular in the Service, when so many senior officers are being passed over in order to provide for those of their juniors who happen to be in favour at Whitehall.

The Channel Squadron will remain at Portland till the first week in August. On Friday night the officers of the *Achilles* gave a capital performance of "Fra Diavolo," which was attended by most of the officers of the Fleet, including the Duke of Edinburgh, who was accompanied by Prince Alfred. Lord Londonderry brought a large party from his yacht, the *Cornelia*, which had arrived from Cowes in the afternoon.

John Mann, who appeared before a court-martial on the *Victory* last week, seems to be a man of an original turn of mind, although he is rated as an ordinary seaman of the second class. Being charged with desertion from the *Dolphin*, Mann pleaded that he had merely left the ship for the purpose of bringing out an invention of his own for raising sunken ships. If the story be false, Mann is still entitled to considerable credit as an inventor. The court, however, appear either to have disbelieved his story, or to have thought the invention would have more chance of being useful to the country if the author had an opportunity of thinking it over for a little while in private. Mann was accordingly ordered to spend six months in one of her Majesty's prisons.

The truth about the complaints respecting the ventilation of the Law Courts seems to be that the people in charge have very little idea of managing it. All through the hot weather one or two Courts have been the most enjoyable retreats in London—as they ought to be, considering the money that has been spent on them. And if one or two, why not all? Artificial currents of air—hot or cold—are most difficult to control; the mere opening of a door or window in the wrong place being liable to set the whole system working backwards. On one of the hottest days last week Mr. Justice Cave created considerable dissatisfaction for the moment by ordering the usher to close first the windows and then the doors. The result, however, was an immediate fall of about ten degrees in the temperature.

I have received the following letter from Messrs. Wontner :—

Mr. W. Irving Bishop consulted us relative to aspersions made upon his character in the last three numbers of Truth, and, it is but fair to you to state, directed us to apply to the Public Prosecutor for his *fiat* to prosecute.

That functionary, however, expressed an opinion that the matter is one which had better be tried in a civil court, and as we cannot proceed criminally without the *fiat* in question, we now write to demand an immediate apology for the libels in the three numbers referred to, and compensation for the gross wrong which you have done Mr. Irving Bishop.

In the event of your refusal to so apologise and to make compensation, we must request you to favour us with the name of your solicitor to whom we may send the writ for acceptance of service.

To this I have replied as follows :—

With your knowledge of law it can hardly have surprised you that the Public Prosecutor refused his *fiat*, for he is, of course, the official enemy of all domestic or Transatlantic rogues and vagabonds who prey upon the public by obtaining money from them under pretence of being possessors of supernatural powers. I am indeed glad if my exposure of your client has reduced the harvest which he has hitherto reaped from the credulous and the silly; and, consequently, it is hardly likely that I shall either apologise to him or compensate him. My solicitors are Messrs. Lewis & Lewis, of Ely-place. They will accept service on my behalf, and they will throw no impediments in the way of your client taking the sense of a jury upon his so-called wrongs as speedily as possible.

I regard myself as most fortunate in Irving Bishop having addressed himself to a firm of your professional eminence and respectability, for I have received many letters from persons complaining that they have been unable to obtain payment of money due to them by him, and had he applied to an unscrupulous firm of solicitors, they would have brought an action for him against me without inquiring whether he would be able, if he lost it, to pay my costs. With you as his legal advisers, I am, I need hardly say, convinced that your inquiries upon this matter have proved so satisfactory that I may, to all intents and purposes, regard you as the guarantors of my costs should I obtain a verdict in my favour.

This has elicited the following communication from Messrs. Wontner :—

We beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 5th inst. Except to disclaim any duty cast upon us of looking after your pecuniary interests, we think it best to discuss in no way the terms of your communication; and, whilst honoured by your polite mention of ourselves, we can but regret that the language used by you in respect to Mr. Bishop, so far from repairing, adds to the wrongs he has sustained.

Nevertheless, I remain of the opinion that any solicitor who brings an action of libel for a foreigner ought so far to look after the pecuniary interests of the alleged libeller as to insist, when he takes measures to see that his own costs will be paid, that his client should also be prepared to pay the costs of the defendant should the action be lost, and such is still my respect for the firm of Messrs. Wontner, that I am convinced that, notwithstanding their official disclaimer of responsibility, they do regard themselves *in foro conscientiæ* as guarantors of my costs should their client lose his action. What confirms me in this "thought-reading" is that they speak of the wrongs which their client has sustained, and thus imply that I shall have to pay, not only my costs and his, but also damages, for it is evident that, if this view be correct, the guarantee which I have suggested will, in their opinion, cost them nothing. With respect to the language used by me, I presume that I need hardly point out to gentlemen learned in the law that, according to our jurisprudence, any one who obtains money by the pretended possession of supernatural attributes, is technically known as a rogue and a vagabond. Now, I am not aware of any natural means by which one person can see in the air a picture of the mind of another.

A "Journalist" writes in the *Observer* to suggest that the Press should pay the costs incurred by the *Kentish Observer* in the recent libel case. It might be well if one hundred editors were each to subscribe £5 as a protest against the present state of the law, for most unquestionably the editor of that newspaper did not go beyond honest and independent criticism. What, however, I complain of is that a libel suit often costs an editor much money, even when he wins it. For instance, I exposed a swindler of the name of Lambri, who had—aided by the Turkish Embassy—foisted himself on society. A jury decided that what I had said was true, and that it had been published in the public interest. But what was the result? Lambri vanished into space, and left me to pay my own costs, which, as the trial was a long one, amounted to several thousand pounds. It would only be consistent with fairness that no alien should be allowed to commence an action for libel without giving security for defendant's costs, and that no native should be allowed to do so, without either giving such security or obtaining from a judge permission to try his action without this preliminary.

I understand that an action will shortly come on for trial in the High Court of Justice in which Messrs. Coutts & Company are deeply interested. It is brought by the original owner of Westgate in connection with the purchase of that estate by the firm of solicitors who recently made good their disappearance from this country, to the mortification of many of their clients. The liabilities of Messrs. Parker to Messrs. Coutts & Co. are said to be nearly half a million, but doubtless the bank holds ample security. It will, however, be interesting to see what kind of security private bankers are satisfied with.

Looking to the evidence and to the whole surroundings of the case, it struck me that the magistrates before whom Lord St. Leonards was brought would have done better to have either fined him or sent him to prison for a week, instead of committing him for trial, for he seemed rather to have been guilty, when drunk, of kissing a girl, than of a serious indecent assault. If, however, he had hard measure before the magistrates because he was a Lord, this has been made up to him by the action of the Recorder. Sentence was delayed until last Saturday. On that day, the Recorder condemned him to seven weeks' imprisonment from the date of his conviction, and as this was on May 19, the sentence at once liberated him, thus preventing his being subjected to convict garb, a cropped head, &c.

Lord St. Leonards' counsel pleaded for the release of his client, because "a conviction to such a person carries with it an amount of punishment lasting over more years than your lordship would have jurisdiction to inflict"; and in these observations the Recorder said that he fully agreed. Such a person! I had been under the impression that the boast of English jurisprudence was, that there is not one law for the great and another for the lowly. But in this it would seem that I was mistaken. It is, however, an ill wind that blows no one good. Lord St. Leonards is, I believe, a Conservative, and this hereditary legislator will now have an opportunity to aid his party in the House of Lords.

I am not at all surprised to hear that many ladies have already expressed to Miss Müller their wish to follow her example in the matter of their taxes. For it seems that Miss Müller's distrained furniture has now been bought back for her; and the net result of the transaction, therefore, is that her taxes have been paid by her friends instead of by herself. On these terms I can quite believe that most people would be only too glad to suffer "martyrdom."

Sir William Charley outdid himself at the Old Bailey last week. A man who had been concerned with four others in assaulting, first, another man, then a woman who cried "shame," and finally a woman in whose shop the first woman took refuge (the assault, in the last case, consisting of a blow on the head from which the woman ultimately died) was sentenced by the Common Serjeant to ten months' hard labour. A companion of this prisoner in the first two assaults got four months. Subsequently three other prisoners, indicted for stealing linen, received from the same learned judge five years' penal servitude. Sir William Charley evidently has the true Conservative feeling about the sanctity of property.

The "ferocious sentences" (to use Lord Bramwell's expression) which were passed last week at Devon Quarter Sessions have excited general indignation in the West of England. Five prisoners were sentenced in the aggregate to thirty-five years' penal servitude for such comparatively trifling offences as stealing respectively two ducks, four bullocks, seven fowls, an apron, and three small pieces of jewellery. The scandal of such sentences is in no way diminished by the fact that the prisoners had been previously convicted. They are so entirely out of proportion to the offences that they remind one of the famous Old Bailey chapter on "Gilbert Gurney," especially as in the Second Court at these same sessions a previously-convicted prisoner was found guilty of theft, and sentenced to six months' hard labour. Sir William Harcourt is always telling the House of Commons that he is responsible for the doings neither of judges nor of magistrates, and only a few days ago he was quite indignant at the idea of any one asking him whether Lord St. Leonards, during his imprisonment, had been occasionally let slily out to enjoy himself after his lordly manner. Who, then, is responsible to the country for judicial vagaries?

A highly-instructive case came before Mr. Justice Watkin Williams last week. Mr. Drake, the owner of several pheasant covers, brought an action against Mr. Nurse, who keeps a pack of staghounds. It appeared that Mr. Nurse's hounds had pursued a stag into Mr. Drake's covers and disturbed his game. Mr. Nurse offered forty shillings compensation, which Mr. Drake declined to accept, and the jury awarded him £50, the Judge having directed them that the specific amount of damages sustained was not the only point to be considered, but that they must also decide whether Mr. Nurse had been guilty of a "high-handed proceeding." Now, it is a distinctly high-handed proceeding, I should imagine, for a pack of hounds and a large field of fox or stag hunters to ride over a farmer's land without his permission. The next farmer, therefore, who feels himself aggrieved in this manner ought obviously to succeed in an action for substantial damages. Messrs. Drake and Nurse have conferred a distinct benefit upon the agricultural community. Indeed, their squabble reminds me strongly of a proverb which says that when certain persons fall out, honest men come by their own.

The findings of coroners' juries are luckily of more value, as a general rule, than their recommendations. Last Saturday, one of them "sat upon" the body of a child who had met with its death from drinking carbolic acid. It seems that the unfortunate infant, whose age was something over two years, was in the habit of finishing off the dregs in the ginger-beer bottles opened for its mother's customers. This in itself one would have thought a sufficient cause of death, but the child appears to have one day got hold of a bottle containing, not ginger beer, but carbolic acid. The jury naturally brought in a verdict of accidental death, but added a rider to the effect that the bottles ought to have been properly labelled! Our School Boards have done a good deal, but I fear it will be some time before they get as far as teaching two-year-olds to read.

As suburban residents are at all times liable to have a small-pox hospital established in their midst, I suppose they can hardly complain of a hospital for sick animals; but I certainly sympathise with the gentleman who applied to the Queen's Bench Division last week for redress owing to the next house to his at Stoke Newington having been turned into a hospital for Messrs. Carter, Paterson, & Co.'s horses. I can well believe that the pleasure of the suburban *rus in urbe* is considerably reduced by hearing horses coughing away "over the garden wall." It is most praiseworthy of Messrs. Carter, Paterson, & Co. to take such good care of their horses, but they really ought to show more consideration for their suburban clients.

Every man is bound to think of the interests of his colleagues, and therefore I am sorry to see from an interesting case tried before Mr. Baron Huddleston last week that the price of M.P.'s as directors of Companies seems to be going down in the market. The case in question was an action brought against the promoters of a certain Company to recover commissions said to be due for procuring directors; and it appeared that whereas the price to be paid for a man already a railway director was £1,000, the price for a plain M.P. was only £500.

The sensational story from Dartmoor Prison, which the papers published last week, was the work of an imaginative bagman who visited Princetown the other day. There are, however, matters at Dartmoor which call for the immediate attention of the authorities. A few days ago there were four hundred convicts on the sick-list. A great number of them are suffering from diarrhœa, which

J. B. Brown & Co's New Price List of Iron Hurdles, Bar and Wire Fencing, Fencing Wire, and Galvanised Wire Netting. Champion Prize, Three Gold Medals.—J. B. Brown & Co., 90, Cannon-st., E.C.

Vanity Fair says:—"Mr. Benjamin is still the Prince of Ulster and Stalking-Coat Makers." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

is stated to be caused by impure drinking-water, and also by the very unwholesome diet. The convicts now get pea-soup and rice instead of vegetables.

A new and most disgusting form of cruelty to animals appears to have been invented. At Maidstone, the other day, a man was convicted for exhibiting a cock with a needle run through its comb in order to make it stand upright. The practice is evidently pretty common, for the man kept a large supply of needles expressly for the purpose, and the same bird had been previously exhibited at Leeds with a needle in its comb, and had won a prize. It is to be hoped that judges at poultry-shows will be on their guard to detect this brutal custom, and also that magistrates will visit the authors of it with severe punishment when they are convicted.

During 1882 and 1883 sixty-five corpses were taken out of the Lea and 544 out of the Thames within the Metropolitan Police district. In 272 of these cases juries were unable to express any opinion as to the cause of death. It would seem, therefore, that on an average above five inhabitants of the metropolis find their way into the Thames and the Lea each week, but whether they throw themselves in or are thrown in no one knows.

Mr. Phillips Bevan's letter in the *Times* on the condition of the Thames comes very opportunely just now. Everybody knew that the Water Companies took a good deal out of the river, but most people were considerably surprised to learn that the total intake exceeds seventy million gallons daily, and that this quantity will every year increase unless some stop be put to this diversion of the people's water. Scientists, I believe, insist that this intake cannot affect the volume of the stream. Those, however, who are not scientists are aware that for every gallon taken out of a river, there is a gallon less in the river. Deprive a river of one-seventh of its water, and only six-sevenths remain. Deprive it of the remaining six-sevenths, and the result is a waterless depression. After this, it is not difficult to account for the appearance of dry land in the middle of the river at Twickenham and Richmond.

The minimum yearly subscription as a member of the Association of Railroad Shareholders is, I am informed by a circular, five shillings. The Chairman is Lord Brabourne. I think that I shall retain my five shillings in my pocket.

An astounding amount of either ignorance or impudence on the part of the opponents has been revealed by the debate on the London Bill. To hear that mild Liberal, Mr. Torrens, of Finsbury, pouring forth his eloquence against disfranchising the Metropolitan boroughs, any one would have supposed that the Bill had something to do with the franchise, or the Metropolitan boroughs had something to do with municipal affairs. But the Bill has no more to do with the franchise, and Finsbury and the other so-called boroughs have no more connection with local government, than Mr. Torrens has with sound Radicalism. These London "boroughs" are mere geographical expressions for certain electoral districts; they have not, and never have had, the smallest connection with local affairs nor the smallest signs of corporate existence, and they will, consequently, remain wholly unaffected by the Bill.

Take, again, the Metropolitan Asylums Board, which the opponents of the Bill try to represent as a central authority capable of grappling with cholera or small-pox, and generally with insanitary London. As a matter of fact, it is simply a poor-law authority, consisting of members nominated partly by the Government and partly by the unions and parishes, whose sole powers and duties are to build hospitals, asylums, and infirmaries. It cannot even deal by itself with small-pox when it comes, for, while the Board has to provide hospitals and put people in them, the vestry has to see to the disinfection of the houses and clothing, and the Guardians of the union have to see that those exposed, or likely to be exposed, to infection are vaccinated, while the prevention of disease arising from bad drainage and so on is in the hands of the Metropolitan Board of Works. In fact, the muddle in connection with the sanitary authorities is the strongest possible argument for the Bill.

I see it stated that there has been a very great, and, indeed, an unprecedented, demand for the City Companies Commission's report. The more widely the report is read the better, for it is a most instructive document, and cannot fail to open people's eyes to the abuses of the Companies. But where has the demand principally emanated from? Have the Companies been attempting to buy up the copies?

In the House, the other night, Colonel Nolan asked Mr. Fawcett to send weather forecasts gratis to rural post-offices, so that they might be published for the instruction of farmers. The Postmaster-General refused, on the ground that if one class of persons were favoured in this manner, all other classes would expect the same privilege to be extended to them. There is, however, another more practical objection, which does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Fawcett, which is that the weather forecast is rarely correct more than once a month, and that any confiding farmer who trusted in its guidance would be even more at the mercy of the elements than at present, and would perhaps claim compensation of the Post-office for being misled.

It is really a strong measure that Mr. Corry Conellan should be in the receipt of a pension. The theory of the Treasury is that a pension is a deferred payment of money due, because, were it not for the pension, the salary would be higher. A convicted felon, consequently, obliged to resign his office, or deprived of his office, in order to go to prison, would be entitled to his pension. The late Lord Torrington, than whom a more honourable man d d not live, insisted, after full consultation with others, that Mr. Conellan should resign his office under Governn ent and membership of all his Clubs, or accept the consequences of a refusal. He chose the former alternative, and surely a similar alternative might be framed by the Treasury which would relieve us of this pension.

So the Lords are determined to precipitate a struggle with the country! By all means. During the present century they have never done anything but obstruct and emasculate Liberal legislation. It is full time that this should be rendered impossible.

A few Peers met in a room in Lord Salisbury's house in Arlington-street. Most of them were expectant office-holders, and all of them were members of the party that was driven from power at the last General Election by the verdict of the nation. After a brief discussion they decided, *uno contradicente*, to throw out the Reform Bill, which has passed the House of Commons by a large majority. Their mandate was issued to the thanes to obey them. Some of these Thanes are well-intentioned, but narrow-minded, Bœotians; some are fast men about town; some are hungry for decorations, Lord-Lieutenancies, well-paid places about the Court, or well-paid places in the Public Departments; and some are men who want to quarter their relations on the taxpayers. All of them are landlords, who are aware that the triumph of democracy means the end of their social and political predominance, and of their raids upon the Treasury.

I can conceive the utility of an Upper House composed of calm, temperate men, removed above party strife, and anxious, according to their lights, to do equal justice to all parties, even though it were composed of hereditary legislators. But this is not what our Upper Chamber is. It is composed of partisans voting in the interests of their party. The Conservatives have there a permanent majority, and they have invariably used it to upset all legislation that has been brought forward by Liberal Ministers with a majority of the nation's representatives at their back. The Peers are, in point of fact, the mere janissaries of the Conservative Party.

Whose fault is it that the House of Lords is able to arrest at will the passage of a great measure of reform which is to enfranchise two millions of taxpayers who are now without votes? The fault is with the nation, which has too long left in their hands power that they never should have possessed, and that they invariably have abused.

Whilst some Radicals are of opinion that it is worth while putting off the Reform Bill for a year, in order to rally popular opinion to the necessity of dealing once and for all with the Peers in a manner which will render them innocuous for the future, others think that a Liberal majority in the House of Commons ought not, even with this object in view, to allow the Peers to dictate a dissolution, or to deprive for a year the unenfranchised of their place within the constitutional pale. These latter hold that, as in 1832, the Peers should be informed that if they maintain their determination definitely to throw out the Reform Bill, they will be swamped with a sufficient number of new creations to bring them to reason.

Probably the threat would be sufficient. If not, then let action follow. The new Peers should be selected from all classes, except that of landowners, which is already too fully represented. Care should be taken to give peerages to a considerable number of artisans. Nothing would be more useful to break down caste, and to put an end to the illusion that God created landlords and artisans of a different clay. Even still greater care should be taken not to send to the Upper House traitors like Lord Brabourne, who ran about whimpering, when Mr. Gladstone formed his Ministry, because he was not given some well-paid post; and who, when he was given a peerage to stop these whimperings, turned round on his benefactor and voted against his measures.

As I should be sorry that any illegalities should be committed by those whose feelings as patriots get the better of their responsibilities as law-abiding citizens, I trust that Sir William Harcourt will station policemen near the houses of Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Richmond, Lord Cairns, and the other chiefs of the oligarchs, so as to ensure that their windows are not broken. These policemen ought to be in force on the day of the Hyde Park demonstration.

On Monday the House of Lords presented a curious spectacle. Peers who had never been there before were wandering about outside, asking the way to the Chamber where they contemplated fulfilling their duties as legislators. When the debate began the Conservative benches were packed like sardines in a box with pleasant-looking thanes from the country, whose robust forms and comely features betrayed no strain of thought. It was the general impression of lookers-on that Lord Cairns was speaking from a brief, rather than in accordance with his own convictions. The two best speeches struck me to be those of Lord Fife and the Duke of Marlborough.

In Lord Macaulay's "Life" there is the following opportune passage:—

> June 6, 1833.—The Lords have been foolish enough to pass a vote implying censure on the Ministers. The Ministers do not seem inclined to take it of them. The King has snubbed their lordships properly, and in about an hour, as I guess (for it is near eleven), we shall have come to a Resolution in direct opposition to that agreed to by the Upper House. Nobody seems to care one straw for what the Peers say about any public matter. A Resolution of the Court of Common Council, or of a meeting at Freemasons' Hall has often made a greater sensation than this declaration of a branch of the Legislature against the Executive Government. The institution of the Peerage is evidently dying a natural death.

The popularity of Mr. Gladstone in the country acts against his views being adopted by the House of Commons. He has colleagues His Cabinet is composed of Whigs and Radicals. The Whigs in the House are hostile to him. When, therefore, he finds himself obliged to yield to the Whigs in his Cabinet, there is no protest from the Radicals in the House, and this strengthens the case of the Cabinet Whigs.

It is by no means improbable that the English financial proposals in regard to Egypt will not meet with the approval of all the Great Powers. On Saturday evening Mr. Childers went over to Paris, and returned on Monday. Should the financial proposals fall through, an attempt to give effect to the political portion of the arrangement will be made, for it is thought that the neutralisation of Egypt is desirable. In this case, our occupation would be a short one; whilst there, we should collect a fair revenue, meet all administrative expenses, and pay to the bondholders

whatever remains over. On our departure, we should leave the Egyptians to cook in their own juice, under a Khedive, or under a Mahdi, or under Arabi, as they best pleased.

The latest victory of democracy is in Norway, where King Oscar—none too soon—has had the sense to give in to his people. His veto on the Bill for giving Ministers a seat in Parliament is to be withdrawn, and Mr. Sverdrup, the leader of the popular party, has formed a Government on these terms.

Meanwhile the Norwegian Parliament has well understood the power of the purse. Last year they refused to grant the Crown Prince the addition of 50,000 krone (£2,500) to his income which Ministers asked for; but on Friday last they signalised the King's submission by promising his son an additional £4,000 a year. I believe that it is historically true that King William IV. obtained £100,000 per annum for his wife, in consideration of giving his assent to the threatened creation of Peers, if the Tories persisted in their opposition to the Reform Bill of that year. Money, nowadays, is lord of all, *vice* Love resigned.

Miss English wishes me to acknowledge the following contributions to her Fund:—

Mrs. Halford, £1; Miss Balfour, £2. 2s.: T. T. (Toronto), £2; Lady Heron, £1. 10s.

I have received £1 from Cato and £1 from A. G. C. towards Miss English's Fund.

SCRUTATOR.

STAGE WHISPERS.

HOT weather and "Healtheries" have swept down theatre after theatre. Suddenly, and without warning, that famous drama known in Paris as "Relâche," is to be enacted at the principal playhouses of the metropolis. The Princess's was the first to announce a holiday. "Claudian" is to take a rest, accordingly, until September, when he will be revived, earthquake and all, until such time as the preparations can be made for the posthumous drama by Bulwer Earl of Lytton, which was written for Macready, offered to Henry Irving, and will be produced eventually by Wilson Barrett, provided that he can take heart to postpone that inevitable moment in an actor's life when he is conscientiously bound to play Hamlet.

Even the "Ironmaster" has been unable to hold out against the attack of "Healtheries-fever." Messrs. Hare and Kendal suddenly remember that the Board of Works require certain alterations in the structure of the St. James's Theatre, one of the last new playhouses, redecorated, reconstructed, and refurbished recently at an enormous expense, and hitherto supposed to have been a model modern theatre. Presumably, when the new St. James's Theatre was thrown open to the public on the accession of the new managers, the plan was passed by the surveyors appointed by that learned functionary, the Lord Chamberlain, and was supposed to satisfy every requirement. Why, then, the Board of Works should now insist upon its being overhauled is a mystery which probably no manager can understand. Very recently, Mr. Bancroft was served in the same fashion, although the Haymarket was rebuilt, redesigned, rearranged, and refurnished in accordance with what was supposed to be the latest architectural and scientific fad. But apparently no theatre is safe for many months against the periodical attacks of the Board of Works. A clean bill of health given one month is cancelled the next. How soon will it be the turn of the new Alhambra, the new Empire, the new Comedy, the new Novelty, the new Prince's, and the new Criterion to be re-arranged? They are so comfortable, so convenient, and so well-ventilated at present, that it is certain the Board of Works will soon desire to take them in hand.

As with "Claudian," so with "The Ironmaster." There is to be a revival when the company reassemble in September and the Board of Works has completed its improvements. Meanwhile, as has been repeatedly pointed out, concert-rooms, music-halls, and churches are left alone, though many of them are as dangerous and discreditable as places of public assembly can possibly be.

The "last nights" are also announced of "The Rivals" at the Haymarket, and the company will, as usual, separate for the holidays before August sets in. The valiant Mr. Brookfield, however, intends to keep the house open for a summer season, in hopes of catching the country cousins on their way to the Healtheries, and promises to amuse them with an old French play, called in English "The Roused Lion." It is not by Buckstone, as many have confidently asserted, but by Benjamin Webster. Anticipating the holidays, the regular Haymarket company is rehearsing "Diplomacy," which is to be revived next season. Miss Calhoun has been cast for Dora, the part so admirably played by Mrs. Kendal; Mrs. Bernard-Beere will be Zicka, vice Mrs. Bancroft; and Baron Stein falls, of course, to Mr. Brookfield. It is to be hoped that Mr. Bancroft will not think of giving up Orloff to any one else. Mrs. Bancroft, one of the most unselfish actresses on the stage, and who has continually sacrificed herself for the good of the cast, has consented to play a small character in "Diplomacy," and it is needless to say that her assistance will be invaluable. Since Robertson died, no author has written a line for Mrs. Bancroft, the first interpreter of pure comedy on the English stage.

Signals of distress are also flying from the Court Theatre, in Sloane-square, where, it is to be feared, the young managers have had an unfortunate season. Mrs. John Wood did wonders, but the indisposition of Miss Marion Terry, the leading actress, was a blow from which the management never thoroughly recovered. However, Messrs. Clayton and Cecil believe that luck will turn, so they promise to reopen with "New Men and Old Acres" when the hot weather is over. Miss Marion Terry will be back, and amongst others Miss Le Thière will join the company.

M. Mayer has at last seen the wisdom of altering the date of the French play season. Experience has proved that the hot summer time, with Ascot, Lord's, the Park, Henley, the South Kensington Exhibition, the Botanic Night Fêtes, and what not, is about the worst season that

could have been chosen for French plays. Besides, the artists who are provided at an enormous expense for the Gaiety are permitted to play almost every night to the patrons of the New Club in Covent-garden, and it is inconceivable that fashion will pay to see Judic or Bernhardt at eight o'clock in a theatre, when they can be seen a few hours later, and far more conveniently, at a club. M Mayer is, therefore, wise to announce an autumn season at the Royalty. There is no time in the whole year when playgoing is so enjoyable as between September and Christmas, for the nights are cool, and life in London is at its most pleasant phase. As ill-luck will have it, Sarah Bernhardt has failed with her trump-card. "Macbeth," translated into ugly French prose and rendered in nine acts, has been unanimously pronounced a bore. It is not even funny. And Sarah's Lady Macbeth is surely one of the grand mistakes in the career of this eccentric genius. The idea of playing the part had its origin in a performance of the "sleep-walking" scene at a benefit recently given in Paris. From thence to the translated play, and hence the noisy, unimaginative, declamatory misrepresentation that fell so flat before an expectant audience in London, although the wiseacres of Edinburgh and Liverpool had pronounced Sarah's Macbeth to be worthy of Mrs. Siddons. It is a pity that this really great artist does not take more pains with her work. She has become slovenly and careless. She looks as if she dabbed the paint on to her lips anyhow, and caught up any garment that happened to be handy. Starring all over the world, long journeys, literary contentions, and the melodramatic atmosphere of the Porte St. Martin evidently do not agree with the constitution of this gifted woman. When she cares to do so, she can act so as to defy competition. As a rule, however, she scrambles through her work, and hurries off to Richmond, where she sleeps in the fresh air.

MUSIC.

Madame Sembrich richly deserved her benefit last night in Rigoletto. No artist during the last two months has worked harder or has done better work. Early in the season she laboured under some difficulties from our climate, but of late we have had true nightingale weather, and our singing birds from Italy and elsewhere have been in splendid voice; even Frau Sucher, who was said to be laid up with laryngitis, has recovered, and is fully expected to sing in Stanford's long-deferred "Savonarola" to-night. The Healtheries has certainly done its worst for opera, concert, and theatre this season; even Irving, they say, has taken off three rows of stalls.

Patti is keeping it up well with "Don Giovanni." Everyone says she sang divinely last night. So she did, but she took *encores* a great deal too easily. It does not seem to matter how often the *diva* repeats her parts; if she sang nothing but "Don Giovanni" all the year round, I dare say people would be quite satisfied—that is, all those who are *quite* satisfied now.

The most interesting event to me last week was the "Tristan und Isolde." The hard-worked Gudehus certainly sang his trying part throughout with great vigour and skill, and Fräulein Lehmann fully realised the expectation of her friends, in all but the last scene. She was superb in the long love duet in the garden at night—subdued, tender, pathetic, *feu voilé*, intense—but the prodigious strain which the heroine has to put upon herself in the early part of this tearing tragedy leaves her with scant energy and voice for the great death scene, where she requires most of each. I never yet heard this burst of expiring and ecstatic passion given on the stage as powerfully as in the concert-room, when the singer was fresh. Bülow was conducting, and Madame Alvsleben was singing. I do remember it once so given: people actually sat and cried like children. Still, the whole thing was admirably got through the ohter night. It began at 7.30; half the people came at 8; it lasted about four hours.

I was much interested at Madame Sainton-Dolby's Vocal Academy Concert. Amongst her pupils I generally find rising talent, and the pure, fresh, unspoiled voices are as delightful to the ear as the happy young girls' faces are to the eye. Most of them had to sing a solo, but of course all were not equally interesting. I especially liked Miss Fanny Moody in a ballad of Berthold Tours' (we ought to hear more of Berthold), "Only love can tell." 'Tis a pretty ballad—but Berthold can do even better—his sacred music is far superior. Miss Moody has a charming quality of voice, and a nice, just sentiment, quite genuine, which she need not be afraid of. When she forgets herself a little, and throws off her nervousness, she conquers without stooping. Miss Willis is so well trained, and so accomplished and finished a singer that I should think the Vocal Academy will soon send her on her way rejoicing, if it has not already done so. I liked the few choruses for female voices (amongst them Schubert's exquisite "Twenty-third Psalm") thrown in to relieve the monotony of the solos; but I should have also liked a trio or a duet more, and a solo or two less. I think this would improve the bill of fare without injuring the reputation of any one; it might even save a reputation here and there. M. Sainton conducted, and Madame Sainton-Dolby, who has got over her attack of bronchitis, was present in the stalls. There was a large and sympathetic audience.

I looked in at Mdlle. Gayrard Pacini's concert on purpose to hear M. Jules de Soria. I had never heard him, but as Liszt told me he had never heard Bottesini, I need not mind owning to this. Some years ago, Du Maurier assured me that De Soria was the most perfect thing in drawing-room singing he knew; and Du Maurier is a good judge, for, next to hearing Arthur Sullivan hum one of his own tunes with his mouth shut, I prefer to hear Du Maurier warble a French ballad with his mouth open. Du Maurier is quite right about De Soria. I don't suppose that any one could hear what he said more than half-way down Princes' Hall; but it did not signify; his phrasing riveted the whole audience, and those who could not hear the words hung upon the delicate intonations of sound, as he continued to say, sing, speak, breathe, murmur (or all in one), Tosti's fragrant love ditties, and a characteristic French song to follow.

The pianoforte recitalists, it appears, have not done, but I have done with them. Fräulein Geisler Schubert, of Vienna, was heard at Major Flood Page's, Sydenham, on

Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street Grosvenor-square.

Saturday, by special invitation; Carl Weber, also from Vienna, was heard, by himself and a few friends, at Princes' Hall last week; and Mdme. Viard Louis continues to advertise Beethoven music *ad infinitum* at the same Hall.

Yesterday, Mrs. Watts-Hughes' concert went off very well, with the assistance of Papini, the violinist, Miss Wakefield, Mr. John Thomas, and others. Mrs. Hughes is an admirable vocalist herself—Welsh songs are her *spécialité*; but, having retired from the profession, she is now seldom heard in public. More's the pity. She devotes her time, talent, and money entirely to the street roughs, and has opened, on her own account, a shelter for lads in Holloway. Her object is to seize on the homeless little vagabonds, and teach, train, protect, and turn them into honest bread-winning members of the community. She houses about thirty boys, and shelters up to ten o'clock at night a great many more. Her Home is already partially self-supporting. The poor little ruffians are grateful, and pay up when they can. In fact, her success has been remarkable, but she wants money—so, unfortunately, do a good many other people. I can sympathise with them all.

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—Dogs in a West-end Manger.

WHILST we willingly echo the pleas that are made,
And ask you the Summer-day's Outing to aid;
That the children who've tasted the pleasures it yields
Again may rejoice in the daisy-starred fields;
And also that those who have never yet been,
May learn what the joys of the country-side mean:
Whilst we willingly echo the pleas, we repeat,
Of those who for "days in the country" entreat;

Yet still, though we readily do what we can
To aid each well-meant and benevolent plan,
We cannot forbear to express a grave doubt
That it is not enough, this short summer day out.
'Tis a boon, we admit, and a pleasure supreme,
But is it a wild and Utopian dream
To hope that the joys which it brings may be found
And enjoyed here in London, the whole long year round?

The one day of country is pleasant and sweet;
But think of the weary months spent in the street—
Aye, think of the thousands of children to-day
Condemned in foul slums and dark alleys to play,
Uncheered by the sunshine, unkissed by the breeze,
And surrounded by squalor and dirt and disease;
Nay, come and survey for yourself the strange scene,
So sorry, so sordid, so sad, so unclean.

Here, then, is a street which a thoroughfare forms,
Where children are shouting and running in swarms;
A score in the gutter since breakfast have sat,
For they've found for a plaything a dead sewer-rat;
And others, grown weary of making mud-pies,
A fugitive mongrel with brickbats chastise;
Whilst enterprise all the more daring ones forces
To dodge with wild yells 'mongst the hoofs of the horses.

More orderly children on doorsteps essay
With some stones and an empty sardine tin to play;
And one boy, unkempt, and without shoes and socks,
Is dragging his sisters about in a box;
Whilst dozens, despising the traffic, find scope
For their love of adventure, in swinging a rope;
Or, still more defiant, foot passengers scare,
With the "tipcats" they send with a whiz through the air.

You need not look long ere you'll surely decide
That much woe to the State by the scene is implied;
You will gather at once these surroundings you see
Are baneful and bad to a shocking degree;
And that there is something supremely remiss
In leaving our children to grow up like this,
In an atmosphere foul that seems only designed
To disorder the body and ruin the mind.

But now, having seen where our children, alas!
By thousands are fated their play-time to pass,
We would ask you to come to a neighbouring square,
And note what a different scene there is there.
This square, you will find, of a garden 's possessed,
Which seems a most charming, cool haven of rest;
In fact, many passers, like you, are availing
Themselves of a peep through the green iron railing.

And what do they see? Well, a stretch of green grass,
With some noble old trees, and of blossoms a mass;
Whilst paths 'mongst the laurels most temptingly made,
Invite to cool seats and repose in the shade.
But, strange to relate, though the prospect's so sweet,
There reigns in the garden a silence complete;
And not for a while can e'en scrutiny keen
Detect any symptoms of life in the scene.

At last, though, by dint of long looking we spy
One nurse and one child in an arbour close by;
Whilst far in the distance, the beadle who keeps
The gate of the garden most placidly sleeps.
But these make the total of those who are present,
To taste the delights of this garden so pleasant;
Whilst close to the square, steeped in squalor so utter,
Poor children by thousands are doomed to the gutter.

And so we should see, if we went to the rest
Of the gardens we find in squares of the West.
The fact is that those who the privilege share
Of enjoying them have not the leisure to spare;
They are always so busy at rout and at ball,
That to walk in these gardens they 've no time at all;
And if the whole truth of the matter we'd know,
They scarcely a glance on them care to bestow.

Besides, at the least for a half of the year
They cannot the gardens enjoy, that is clear,
For then, as the front of each mansion declares,
Not a tenant is left in the big West-end squares;
And yet, though their gardens such pleasure might yield,
They still are kept guarded and jealously seal'd;
Their gates are still locked though there's nobody there,
And though crowds of pale children are gasping for air.

But surely the thought of how selfish they are
Will lead those concerned to these gardens unbar;
And the greatest offender should certainly be
The first one to issue the longed-for decree.
So perhaps our Archbishop will take this to heart,
And a favour that's priceless to Lambeth impart,
By making a playground of that spacious field,
Which, at most, small delight to his Grace can now yield.

Let him only consent, and, assured of his lead,
The project suggested would quickly succeed;
Let him his enclosure throw open, in fact,
And those who as dogs-in-the-manger now act
Would speedily see 'twould be certainly wrong
So selfish a course for a day to prolong,
And would yield our poor children henceforward their shares
In the now wasted joys of the big West-end squares.

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NOTES FROM PARIS.

PRINCE TOTOR'S VENDETTA.

THE feud between Prince Victor Napoleon (who was known at school and in his regiment as Totor 'Poléon) and his sire is no comedy. It is, although absurd in comic incidents, a vendetta. On both sides there is a disregard of the amenities, I will not say of polite, but of civilised life. Paul de Cassagnac (who claims that Totor is his dog, and a good dog) is like a fishwife in his championship of him. If Prince Jerome is Corsican in his virulence, he is up-right and down-straight, and has the advantage, from a public point of view, over Master Victor of being a man of not only wide political experience, but of more than average intellect. These qualities, however, do not render him a *persona grata* to the class of financiers who are disposed to make sporting investments in organisations for running pretenders, and using them, if they succeed, for their own profit and glory. Totor is little more than a bumptious *gamin*, and never was a bright boy at school. He had a talent for silence, which is the only one for which his father now gives him credit in accusing him of having quietly, for three years, conspired against him. Since, however, the undutiful son announced his intention of setting up a bachelor's establishment, he has shown quite a genius for fibbing. Had he been educated in a college of St. Ignatius, instead of at the Lycée Charlemagne, where the irrepressible and bright-witted About, Sarcey, and Assolant the uncompromising, studied, he could not have shown finer art in "arranging the truth." If his unconsciously-uttered Tartufferies were put into the mouth of Coquelin on the stage, they would be a fortune to the playwright adopting them. When the young Pretender, after serving a year in the Artillery as a soldier, arranged last winter to go to Piedmont on a visit to his mother, the Princess Clotilde, he managed to have clandestine interviews with De Cassagnac, whom the Jeromites suspect of being a decoy-duck in the employment of the Nuncio and the Philippists. On the day on which Victor left for Italy his father drove him to the railway terminus. They said good-bye to each other. But as the son was stepping into the train he turned round, as if struck by a sudden idea, and said, "Have you read an article in this evening's *Pays*?" "No; why do you ask me?" "Because I want you to understand that I have not inspired it. Au revoir." "Au revoir, mon garçon. Toutes mes amitiés à ta mère et à ta sœur." The elder Prince, in the course of the evening, obtained an impression of the *Pays*, of which his son had spoken. It seemed to him odd that Victor should have read it, and spontaneously assured him that it was not he who had inspired what he found was a Victorian manifesto, coupled with a Billingsgate attack upon himself. Prince Jerome demanded by letter an explanation of what struck him as being suspicious in the affair, and caused a friendly paper to deny that the *Pays* had been authorised by his son to "manifest" in his name. On the evening of the same day, Cassagnac announced that he had received written instructions from Victor, who had had the manliness to sign the proofs of the article which was the first move in a revolt against Jerome. A telegram was despatched to Montcalieri to point the questions put in the letter. Totor wrote back: "Dear Papa,—I have signed nothing, and, contrary to what has been affirmed, did not correct the proofs of the *Pays* article." But, while this denial was being taken to Paris by a mail train, its author telegraphed to a familiar of Prince Jerome: "Informations prises; les corrections ont été faites de ma main." Molière never imagined anything richer than the "informations prises."

Prince Jerome calls his son a *sournois stérile*, or a sulky, deceitful, good-for-nothing. He forgets that his son has a creative fancy, which was shown in the authorship of the story about the annuity which M. Moët, of champagne celebrity, granted, "out of respect for a wish expressed by his defunct wife."

At a Jeromite meeting last week, Victor Emmanuel's grandson and namesake was charged by M. Pascal with being, "morally speaking, a parricide," and "conducting himself in a manner as opposed to decency as to filial duty." Thereupon cries were raised of "À bas l'entretenu!" The verb *entretenir* has a shocking meaning when applied to a lady. The late Duc de Persigny ruined himself at Court by saying of his Sovereign's wife: "C'est la femme la mieux entretenue de l'Europe." He did not at all intend to convey a slanderous imputation; nor did he do so. But in stating a fact, which was not to the dishonour of the exalted lady, and which rather honoured the Emperor, he made use of a word which, when applied to the fair sex, we here associate with triumphant naughtiness. At the Salle Rivoli, where M. Pascal laid himself out to flay Victor, the cry of "À bas l'entretenu" *must* have simply meant down with the pensioner. It proves the sagacity of a remark of Louis Philippe at St. Leonards in 1849. The Royal exile would never admit there that the Comte de Paris, the Comte de Chambord, or any other pretender had the slightest chance of restoring Monarchy in France on a stable footing, because all feeling of respect for the kingly character had been for ever killed by Voltaire. "Tout prétendant," he said, "est possible; mais aucun ne durera, parcequ'il n'y plus de respect en France." Louis Philippe was so convinced of this as to approve the Prince de Joinville's prospect of joining Frémont in California, and there buying tracts of land and speculating in gold mines.

That "À bas l'entretenu" was, in its intense irreverence, beautifully Parisian. Kings have always lived upon their subjects, and done them too much honour in accepting subsidies and pensions from them. They prided themselves on taking the lion's share. Quite another view of the Royal (or Imperial) function was expressed in the "À bas l'entretenu!" This cry was meant for Prince Victor, who, as he certainly does not earn with his own hands or brain the money which enables him to keep up his bachelor's establishment, must accept it from some person or persons who evidently do not wish their names to be revealed. They may pension him because they are not so Voltairean

Almond's Hotel, situated in the best position of the West-End and close to the theatres, parks, &c., is now re-opened. A spacious Salle à Manger and Ladies' Drawing-room have also been added, hot and cold baths and many single bedrooms. Special attention directed to sanitary arrangements. Clifford-street, Bond-street, W —J. R. Roy, Proprietor.

The Bazaar of Oct. 28, says that Mr. & Mrs. B. Phillips, Manchester House, 36, Thayer-st., Manchester-sq., W., are the most Liberal Buyers of all kinds of Clothes, Uniforms, Jewellery, Gold, Silver, &c. Money orders sent for parcels. Appointments kept. Cash only.

as the bulk of their compatriots, and choose to regard him as their liege lord. Before M. Pascal ended his philippic against the "moral parricide" there was another cry of, "À bas le chéri de Gabrielle." "Who is this Gabrielle?" I have asked until I was tired. There is in the Canino branch of the Bonaparte family a Princess Gabrielli; but there is no Gabrielle in the whole kith and kin either of the Napoleons or of the House of Savoy. Perhaps, behind the curtain, there is a Belle Gabrielle, as in the time when Henry of Navarre was fighting against Paris and the Leaguers for his Crown. All the prominent Gabrielles that I can think of are actresses who play in big pieces, and the now aged but for ever beautified Gabrielle Elluini, who spent such heaps of money five years ago on masses for the repose of the late Prince Imperial's soul. She married three years ago a very young Adonis, from whom she took an early opportunity to separate legally. I remember hearing that she intended to devote her fortune to the realisation of the codicil of the Prince Imperial's will, in which the Napoleonic crown and mantle were bequeathed to Victor; so possibly, after all, whilst one member of the Bonaparte family lives from the proceeds of the Monaco gambling establishment, another lives on the economies of an actress. "'Tis a queer world, my masters."

The *sournoiserie* for which Prince Jerome finds fault with his son is hereditary in the House of Savoy: it skipped Victor Emmanuel. *Un sournois* is a fellow who, under a surly or sulky Jack Blunt air, can play a deep game. He has not the pleasant manners of *un dissimulé* or the oil of a sly hypocrite. Charles Albert was *un sournois*. Though a good woman, Princess Clotilde has the air of *une sournoise*. Victor has her lips, nose, throat, and sulky-looking shyness of manner, but does not appear to have inherited her obstinate rectitude, which places her above the temptation of "arranging the truth."

I am not surprised to read the theatrical criticisms of the London Press on Sarah Bernhardt's rendering of Lady Macbeth. Her advertising Boulevardier life is inimical to the serious study of the most serious of all Shakespeare's dramas, and one which is quite as independent of Baron, Félix, or Worth, as Phidias would be if he were now in our midst. Sleeping in coffins, going up in balloons, staying *en tête-à-tête* with a skeleton, painting poor pictures, modelling poorer groups, and living in a perpetual fever under the public eye, was not a good preparation for the task of personating a character in which a great epoch — the Renaissance—was summed up. That period began with Lucrezia Borgia, and ended with Queen Elizabeth. In its course, gospel light flashed from the eyes of Anne Boleyn, who was an amiable creature, but as devoid of moral sense as her daughter. Shakespeare was rich in experience of life when he wrote Macbeth. In seeming to pander to the witchcraft mania of James I. and his minions, he brought into play those hidden laws which the Greeks embodied in Nemesis, who, though he limps, is sure to overtake those whom he pursues. He had seen that human life, when it is not secretly as well as openly good, is "a brief candle—a tale full of sound and fury told by an idiot." Where was Essex? Raleigh was on the high road to disgrace. The great Queen was dead. The Valois were extinct, and a generation had arisen which could not appreciate Shakespeare. His soul must have been *abreuvé d'amertume*. The Court which he had laid himself out to please had disappeared, and he had neglected *la marée montante* of Puritanism. By the way, speaking of Phidias, can it be true that modern investigation proves that there never was such a man, and that the word is the name of the Athenian Board of Works?

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE HESSE-KALOMINE MARRIAGE.

I hear from Germany that it is not expected that the Grand Duke of Hesse and Madame de Kalomine will obtain their divorce for at least a year to come. The legal authorities have not yet decided as to the tribunal before which the case must be tried; and as there are difficulties in the way of a speedy and successful termination to the affair in German courts, it is in contemplation to take steps to obtain a divorce from a Russian judge, who would be more amenable to high influence. Baron Stark, the ex-Minister at Darmstadt, who celebrated the civil marriage, is seriously ill from worry, and has gone to Baden-Baden to recuperate. He has been most unfairly blamed for his part in the business. The truth is that on the afternoon of the Princess Victoria's marriage the Grand Duke sent for the Minister, who found him in a most agitated state. The Duke then announced his intention of marrying Madame de Kalomine within an hour. The Minister refused to assist him, and remonstrated in the strongest terms against the project, whereupon the Duke replied that he had given his solemn promise to marry the lady before twelve o'clock that night, and if he were made to break his word he would not survive the dishonour. He then produced a pistol from his pocket, and swore that he would shoot himself within the hour, unless the Minister agreed to marry him; for it appears that in Germany the civil marriage of the Sovereign must be celebrated by the Minister of State. The Duke had also intended to go through the religious ceremony, and he despatched an urgent summons to his principal chaplain to come instantly to the Schloss; but this divine had either received a hint that something unpleasant was impending, or else he gleaned the nature of the business for which he was wanted from the bearer of the summons, and he sent a message to say that he had gone into the country till the next day, and started instantly for Jugenheim, where he remained till the end of the week.

The marriage was celebrated at the house of the Prince of Isenburg, who has been on most intimate terms both with the Grand Duke and with Madame de Kalomine, and it is common talk at Darmstadt that it was mainly through his diplomacy that the affair was carried through. He has been rewarded for his pains by having every window in his house broken by the enraged mob. No sooner was the marriage over than the bridegroom's troubles recommenced. The Queen informed him that unless he agreed to accompany her to England and to

Minton's (Limited). — Minton's China. A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century and a half.

separate then and there from his spouse, with the view of annulling the marriage as soon as possible, she would quit Darmstadt that very night; and the Crown Prince of Germany went off next day in high dudgeon, having previously intimated to his brother-in-law that, in future, they must be strangers unless he at once sent Madame de Kalomine about her business. The Emperor was furious, not only from the considerations which animated his relative, but because he regarded it as a sort of treason for an officer in the German army to marry without having previously obtained his formal permission. The Grand Duke has, in fact, been quite cut by the German Court for the last two months. When he passed through Berlin on his way to Russia no attentions of any kind were paid him; and he was again ignored last week when he returned to his place in Silesia. There was not even an aide-de-camp at the station to greet him. The Queen found the money to pay off the "Gräfin von Romrod."

Madame de Kalomine left Darmstadt the day after her marriage for Heidelberg, where she went to consult a celebrated physician, as she has been by way of being in delicate health for some time; but she was reassured by this gentleman, and returned to Darmstadt, when she found everything in confusion. After some stormy passages, she departed for Berlin; and, in the course of the next month, terms were arranged. It is no secret that the Grand Duke, who is as weak as he is amiable, has acted under strong pressure from his relatives. Had he been left alone, he would, no doubt, have lived in perfect amity with his wife, and if he abdicates (as he declared he would) people vow that they will yet come together again.

SPORTING NOTES.

THE sale of Lord Falmouth's breeding-stud will be remembered as the great sporting event of 1884. It was, on the whole, the most important sale of blood stock that has ever taken place. The Middle Park sale in 1872 was on a very much larger scale, but then that was the break-up of a stud which had been owned by a public breeder, and, moreover, there was a vast amount of rubbish among the lots. The only sale which can compare in interest with that of last Monday was the break-up of Sir Joseph Hawley's famous stud, which took place at Middle Park just eleven years ago. On the day that Prince Batthyany purchased Galopin as a yearling for 600 gs., the average for eleven yearlings was a trifle under 500 gs., the cracks being a sister to Rosicrucian (Chaplet), sold to Lord Hartington for 1,800 gs.; a brother to Pero Gomez (Vasco di Gama), to Mr. Houldsworth for 1,300 gs.; and a brother to Blue Gown (Cœruleus), to Mr. Baltazzi for 1,200 gs. The stallion Rosicrucian was bought by Mr. Chaplin (in conjunction with Lord Granville and Lord Hartington) for 6,200 gs., and they sold him a few years later to Mr. Carew-Gibson at a profit of 80 per cent. The highest price paid for the brood mares was 1,750 gs. by Baron A. de Rothschild for Morna, and 1,000 gs. each for Bas Bleu, Madame Eglantine, and Green Sleeves, of which only the last can be said to have proved a good bargain. The total amount obtained was £24,100; and it only needs a glance at last week's figures to realise how enormously the value of blood-stock has increased of late years, in spite of the numerous and expensive disappointments which have driven so many too sanguine breeders out of the market.

Lord Falmouth (as was announced in Truth several months ago) has reserved Queen Bertha, Hurricane, and Silverhair, who will be allowed to end their days in peace at Mereworth. Hurricane, who was foaled in 1859, was bred from a mare out of the stud of the late Lord Exeter, by Mr. Oliver, who sold her to Lord Falmouth, for whom she has produced (*i.a.*), Atlantis, Atlantic, Pacific, and Whirlwind. Queen Bertha (1860) was foaled by Flax (by Surplice), a mare purchased by Lord Falmouth out of the Middle Park Stud; and it was from the late Mr. Blenkiron that he also bought Silverhair (1858). Queen Bertha is the dam of Gertrude, Queen's Messenger, Paladin, Spinaway (dam of Busybody), and of Wheel of Fortune, who was the best racer ever owned by Lord Falmouth. Silverhair produced Silvester, Silver Ring, Silvio, Apollo, and Garterly Bell.

The top price last week was obtained for Spinaway, with a filly by Isonomy, and served by Petrarch (sire of Busybody). She was purchased for Mr. Baird (Abington) for 5,500 gs., after a sharp competition, and her future home will be at Whittington, Staffordshire, where her new owner is forming a breeding-stud. The Duke of Portland paid 5,000 gs. for Wheel of Fortune (served by Galliard), and 1,100 gs. for her filly foal by Springfield. Jannette (served by Galliard) went to Captain Machell (acting for the Duchess of Montrose) at 4,200 gs., and into the same quarter went her colt foal by Isonomy, at the outrageous price of 1,350 gs., the largest sum ever yet paid for a foal. Jannette, in the opinion of the best judges, was, on the whole, the finest mare in the stud, and the Duchess is to be congratulated on having obtained her, and also on her purchase of Cantinière (with filly by Galopin, and served by Galliard) at 4,100 gs. This mare bids fair to be as productive a "gold mine" as Devotion, for everything she breeds runs. Cantinière was bred by the late Lord Ailesbury, who sold her for 2,000 gs. to Lord Falmouth, in the autumn of 1877, when she was in foal with Bal Gal. As to her daughters, Bal Gal (served by Galopin) went cheap to Mr. Baird at 1,350 gs., and Dutch Oven (served by Springfield) to Lord Fitzwilliam at 3,200 gs. Mavis (dam of Galliard) was bought for Mr. Lefevre for 3,000 gs. She was barren this year to Galopin, and has again been served by him. Mavis was bought by Lord Falmouth from Lord Cawdor for £1,000 when she left the turf. Lilian was bought very cheap at 450 gs. for Lord Wolverton, and he took her colt foal by Hampton at 300 gs. She was bred in 1869 at Rufford, and when she was taken out of training, Lord Falmouth bought her from Mr. Savile for £1,500. She has been served by Springfield. Redwing (half-sister, by Blair Athole, to Harvester) also goes to the Iwerne Minster stud, and was a decided bargain at 750 gs. She has been served by Galliard. Leap Year (half-sister to Redwing, by Kingcraft) was bought for Baron Schickler, at 1,050 gs.

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She has also been served by Galliard, and her filly foal by Isonomy was cheap to Mr. Baird at 200 gs. The Maiden Olive Branch (served by Skylark) was bought for £350 gs. on behalf of the Duc de Castries, and another mare which goes to France is the grandly-bred Muriel (served by Galliard), who was bought at 1,700 gs. for M. Pratt, of Bordeaux, who has a small stud at Chantilly. Gertrude (barren to Hampton, and served by Springfield) was certainly not dear at 380 gs. She was bought by that fine judge, Count Lehndorff, for the Imperial stud at Graditz. Duchess of Cornwall (served by Skylark) was a wonderful bargain at 270 gs. to Count Szpary for the Kisber stud in Hungary; and Whirlwind (served by Galliard) was almost given away at 520 gs., to a commissioner from Buenos Ayres, who also bought Ambassadress for 510 gs., and Lady Golightly for 2,250 gs. The most remarkable transaction was the purchase of Palmflower (served by Springfield) by Mr. D. Baird for 3,800 gs., which seemed fully three times her value. This deal may be taken as a "tip" that her two-year-old (Cocoanut) for which Mr. Baird paid 2,500 gs. in April, is a flyer; and especially as he now paid 1,100 gs. for her filly foal by Hampton. Palmflower is not a Mereworth bred mare, but was bought by Lord Falmouth from Mr. Gerard for £1,000. She was bred at Neasham by Mr. Cookson. Chevisaunce (originally bought when a yearling for £400) was sold to Mr. T. E. Walker for 1,010 gs. She was barren to Hampton this year, and has been served by Galopin. Lady Coventry (bought by Lord Falmouth for £500) was very cheap to the Buenos Ayres commissioner at 260 gs. Baron Hirsch took Wheatear at 1,650 gs, with a splendid filly foal by Springfield. She has again been served by Mr. Houldsworth's horse, which shows that Lord Falmouth has no very high opinion of Harvester. The prices for the crack foals were really monstrous. Three fetched £4,100. Mr. L. Rothschild bought the filly by Hampton—Lady Golightly for 800 gs., and many experts considered her to be the pick of the foals.

Galliard goes to Leybourne Grange to take the place of Foxhall, who, owing to his owner's financial collapse, has been sold for 5,000 gs. to Lord Rosebery. Porter was the "runner up" for Galliard, who did not fetch nearly as much as had been expected, and I was much surprised that Mr. Chaplin did not bid for him. This horse has been given a splendid chance by Lord Falmouth. F. Archer got a bargain when he secured Childeric for 1,900 gs.

The average for the sixteen yearlings was 1,135 gs., considerably more than double the amount obtained at the sale of the Leybourne stud. The highest price was 3,000 gs. paid by Lord Zetland for a very fine colt by Galopin—Jannette, which he only obtained after a contest with Robert Peck and T. Cannon (for Mr. Baird). This colt was very good-looking; but he was sold for thrice his value, as his forelegs do not look like standing much work. Mr. Baird, however, got a still worse bargain when Cannon paid 3,000 gs. for the colt by Galopin—Wheatear, which would not have fetched more than a sixth of that absurd sum if it had come up with any ordinary team. The finest of the colts was Oberon, by Galopin—Wheel of Fortune, and he would have been the crown jewel of the collection but for his somewhat unsatisfactory forelegs. Captain Machell gave 2,500 gs. for him for the Duchess of Montrose, Peck and Lord Rosslyn (for Baron Hirsch) being his opponents. The sister to Galliard was, taking her all round, the gem of the lot; and, as prices went, the Duke of Portland got her cheap at £2,100 gs. Skyscraper, by Skylark—Palmflower, will in all probability prove a dear bargain to Mr. Baird at 1,400 gs. Archer made a good deal in buying the racing-like filly by Queen's Messenger—Leap Year at 420 gs., and Mat Dawson made no mistake when he picked up the useful-looking colt by Childeric—Lilian at 400 gs. The half-brother (by Kisber) to Busybody was a disappointment, but he may prove speedy, and might win some two-year-old stakes; and at 620 gs. the Duke of Portland had a much better bargain than had the purchasers of several of the "sensational" lots. The half-sister (by Hampton) to Dutch Oven and Bal Gal was not dear to Lord Zetland at 1,000 gs, for, although small, she is a charming filly, and if she never won a race, she is worth all the money as a brood mare. Decidedly one of the best of the yearlings was Kingsmill, by Kingcraft—Silver Ring, who was bought for 1,000 gs. to go to Buenos Ayres. It is a pity that so stout and racing-like a colt should have been allowed to leave the country. The most satisfactory feature in the sale was the purchase of three yearlings by Lord Fitzwilliam, and it may hoped that he intends in future to patronise the turf more freely, as owners of his calibre are much wanted at present. He gave 1,600 gs. for the very handsome filly by Galopin—Gertrude, which he only obtained after a fight with Lord Rosslyn, Mr. Lefevre, and Peck. Lord Fitzwilliams' other purchases were the filly by Childeric—Whirlwind, at 420 gs., and the filly by Childeric—Ante Diem, at 410 gs. In my opinion the yearlings, taking them as a lot, were sold at considerably above their value; but this is not surprising, as everybody was in a state of rampant ecstacy.

The chimerical project of a second July Meeting will surely be for ever abandoned after the doleful experiences of last week, when the sport was by far the most meagre and the most uninteresting that has been seen here for many years past. Contrary to precedent, no "dark" flyers came out for either the July or the Chesterfield, which were left to be scrambled for by the Ascot lot. The finish for the July Stakes between Luminary and Melton was quite as exciting as that last year between Queen Adelaide and Archiduc.

There must have been egregious blundering in the trial of the Kingsclere two-year-olds, and although Luminary has during the last month won four times as much as Lord Alington had expected him to win during the whole season, yet it is painful for him and his astute "confederate" to reflect that a small fortune ought to have been won on him when he secured the Biennial at Ascot. Luminary (by Beauclerc—Stella) was purchased as a foal for £500, and he has already won nearly £4,000 in stakes. His next appearance will be in the Richmond Stakes, at Goodwood, in which he can fight his July battle with Melton over again. Looking at the New Stakes form of Lord Hastings' colt, it is clear that Luminary is the best two-year-old that has yet run. Present Times, who, on collateral running with Cora and Rosy Morn, appeared to be the best form of the season, was a bad third, and behind was Dona-

tello, who, according to the trial before Ascot, should have "lost" her stable companion. The Duke of Westminster, disgusted with these ignominious defeats of his steed, gave him to Porter, who subsequently sold him to Cannon. Of course, Match Girl was favourite for the Chesterfield, but she went lame in going down to the post, and in the race she never was seen in front, and Child of the Mist won cleverly for Mr. Mackenzie, from the disappointing Langwell. The winner is half-brother by Blair Athole to Beau Brummel. I called attention to his promising appearance after he had run second to Luminary at Ascot. He is still backward, but he will have plenty of time to "come on," as his next engagement is the Middle Park Plate. The July Cup and the Bunbury Stakes were spoilt by Geheimniss, who walked over for both, and the Summer Cup produced only a show of a race (20 to 1 *on* the winner) between Lambkin and My Lud, the latter being a wretch, for which the late Mr. F. Gretton paid 1,000 gs. as a yearling. At the sale of his stud, Lord March gave 350 gs. for him, and he will be lucky if ever he gets the money back. Rosie won the two principal T.Y.C. Handicaps, and the Suffolk Plate fell to Wire, a colt who belongs to Miss Graham, the owner of Sterling, and, as his previous performances had been wretchedly bad, the disheartened followers of "book" form were defeated. Hermitage has been backed by some addlebrains for the Leger since he beat Kinsky for the Midsummer Stakes; but it is impossible to understand how the most artful bedevilment of form can give him a 500 to 1 chance while eight or ten keep on their legs. The racing "sensation" of the week was the victory of Goldstone in a selling plate on Friday. Mr. Barnard, his owner, only backed him for a trifle; but, apparently, other people knew more about him, for at the last the money was fairly piled on him, and he won in a walk. He was entered to be sold for £200, but the first bid (Mr. Chaplin's) was £500, and finally he was sold for 1,150 gs. to Mr. E. Hobson, who trains in the stable. What Mr. Barnard thought of all this it would be interesting to learn. There has been a great deal of twaddle about the Arab race, but it was a piteous burlesque. If it is necessary to bolster up Newmarket with such mountebank novelties, I would advise the Stewards to establish a contest for donkeys, to be ridden by members of the New Rooms. Should the owners of Arabs and Barbs desire to test the speed and stamina of their animals, let them engage them in the Alexandra Plate and Goodwood Cup, in which they are allowed 28 lb.

MAMMON.

THE AMERICAN MARKET.

THE monotony produced by the utter prostration of the "Bull" party in this market has given place to a more enlivening state of things, and people have actually once again experienced the unusual sensation of a "boom" in American Railroads. Its advent has, naturally enough, been received with very mixed feelings. I can appreciate the sensation of an investor in American Railroad Stock, who, after having seen his holdings dwindle down to almost nothing, now hails the first ray of daylight. But what of the "Bears," who had come to consider themselves almost infallible, and who were so rudely awakened, with the result of a general scramble to cover long-standing commitments? The payment of the half-yearly coupon on their bonds on the part of several of the Railroads, whose prospects were regarded with a maximum of disfavour, took the "short" division by surprise; but I can see no cause of a more radical character to account for so sudden a reversal of the entire complexion. So many sources of weakness are still apparent, that I fear the hopes of those who look for a lasting recovery will, for the present, be disappointed. Recovery is always difficult in July and August in America, for these are regarded as the "off" months, and this year it is all the more difficult, owing to the impending Presidential election. In the opinion of Americans, therefore, there will be no real recovery until November.

The most conspicuous advance took place in Reading General Bonds, which, under the pressure of sales were forced down to 72½, and which recovered at one time to 89. In addition to this heavy loss, the "bears" have had to pay backwardations of £4 to £5 each recurring settlement, together with the half-yearly coupon of £3. A speculative seller of Reading General at 72½, who has been compelled to cover at 89, has thus been mulcted in no less than 21 per cent. in differences. After Reading General the largest advance has occurred in Milwaukee, Vanderbilt Stocks, Central Pacific, and Erie Seconds, but there has been little or no investment-buying, which alone can maintain prices. In the meanwhile, a large number of outsiders have been severely hit over "bear" operations entirely beyond their means, and it would not surprise me to see some difficulties from this cause at the impending settlement.

I am told First Mortgage Bonds of the West Shore Company, which has recently gone into the hands of a receiver, are likely to be guaranteed 3 or 4 per cent. dividend by the New York Central, should that line take over the Company. There has been a considerable reaction in Illinois Central Shares, which at one time had declined to 113½. The position of this Company is far from satisfactory just now. It has a vast and straggling system, one of its extensions, viz., that to New Orleans, being a source of weakness instead of strength. There is, indeed, hardly traffic enough upon this portion to warrant a single line of railway, while there are no fewer than three competitors for it.

A few years ago "Erie" was in one of its recurring fits of bankruptcy. Mr. Jewett, the President, had then declared, just previous to getting himself appointed Receiver, that it was a most thriving concern. A committee was then formed over here, and, of course, it pocketed many pounds as fees, &c. Jewett was reinstated as President, the shareholders were assessed, and the debts have been increased by a few millions. Now the Railroad is again in difficulties. The shareholders are again appealed to for money by a committee, and I suppose the same farce will be enacted. My advice to those who do not own any of the securities of this Company is not to buy them, and to those who do own its securities to sell them. In any case

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C.

the latter will do well not to subscribe one farthing to any philanthropical committee. Englishmen are laughed at in America for the facility with which they allow their money to be juggled out of their pockets by means of the stale thimblerigging which has again and again proved so remunerative to the Erie manipulators. There is not the remotest probability of anything ever being paid on a share out of profits, and I greatly doubt whether, except by borrowing and trickery, interest can ever be paid on its bonds. If we are to be robbed, let us at least, for the sake of variety, lose our money in some new swindle. It is really an insult to the British understanding that our American friends and their English confederates should be able to hook us again and again with the same putrid bait enclosing the same palpable hook.

EGYPT.

The Stock Exchange and the City generally are in a state of extreme indignation at any suggestion of the interest upon the Egyptian debt being reduced, and particularly in connection with the Preferred Stock. Such wickedness as the latter proposal, these good men say, they can hardly believe to be possible; it positively exceeds in its iniquity even what might have been anticipated of that Shylockoclast, the pernicious Gladstone. So far as a reduction of the interest upon the Privileged debt is concerned, I agree with these friends of bondholding humanity, in thinking that it would be a mistake. There ought to be no reduction on it so long as one farthing is paid on the Unified. But the ½ per cent. is not a reduction, it is a tax, and consequently it should be collected equally from all bondholders. The holders of Unified, however, need not flatter themselves that they will lose only this one-half per cent. A fair revenue will be collected by taxing bondholders as well as fellahs; and if then, after paying all administrative expenses, &c., the tribute, and interest on the privileged debt, anything remain, the holders of Unified bonds will get it. If there be nothing, they will discover that the proverb *où il n'y a rien, le roi perd ses droits* is also applicable to bondholders. The present policy of our Liberal Ministry is neutralisation *versus* annexation, and the rights of the fellahs *versus* the so-called rights of the bondholders. Those who wish for this policy to be altered will do well to aid the Conservatives in turning out the Liberals. If they succeed, they will have the satisfaction of knowing that all our resources will be employed in seeing that enough be flogged out of the fellahs to satisfy our Shylocks. Conservatism, indeed, is just now based upon a close union between the god Jingo and the god Mammon.

THE CANADA NORTH-WEST LAND COMPANY.

Some years ago land speculation in Canada was in high favour. The Marquis of Lorne had gone out as Governor-General, and considerable attention was directed to our American dependency. Advertising stock-jobbers and companymongers seized the opportunity, and caught the unwary in their traps. British capitalists and British emigrants were heartlessly humbugged. Bitter disappointment awaited the latter in the "Great North-West," and the former fared as badly. Of the different land companies started by the ubiquitous promoter to foist land in Canada at an outrageous profit on the British public none has prospered. Thus the Manitoba Land Company has invested £43,000 in lands in Manitoba which are utterly unsaleable, while its balance at the bank consists of the magnificent sum of £372. 1s. 11d. More disastrous, because dealing with much larger sums, has been the career of the Canada North-West Land Company. This company owns 2,200,000 acres of land in the "Great North-West," purchased from the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company. The directors' report very naïvely adds "that the option to take the remaining 2,800,000 acres from the Railroad Company is still open, but the directors do not recommend further outlay in the purchases of land." I should say not, considering that the land purchased is practically unsaleable, only 32,000 acres having been got rid of during the past year, while both the Canadian Pacific and the Hudson's Bay Companies sell adjoining lands much lower than 11s. per acre, the price paid by the Canada North-West Company. The whole paid-up capital of the Company, £1,308,400, is, moreover, locked up, with the exception of some £44,000 cash at bankers. What the land for which £1,185,500 was paid may be worth at present, it is difficult to estimate, but I should think that, if sold, it would not now realise that sum within half a million. Of course, the most reckless expenditure has prevailed. For the year 1882-83 directors' fees to the tune of £5,300 were paid, and even for the year under review these have only been reduced to £3,600. I cannot conceive how these sixteen directors can have the face to draw a single farthing, considering the position in which they have placed the shareholders' property. There is now much virtuous talk of reduction in the expenditure. But why were such outrageous expenses ever incurred? At the meeting a split among the directors made matters worse; Lord Elphinstone, the former chairman of the Company, and Sir George Warrender, Bart, the vice-chairman, proposing the resignation of the present chairman, Mr. Reginald Macleod, and eight other directors. His lordship's panacea for all woes appears to be the removal of the Company's office to Edinburgh, as, according to a curious, not to say fixed, idea of his, all Companies are more economically managed in Scotland. I should like to know whether the Scotch climate has more to do with the economical management of a concern than the policy and capability of the directors. His lordship also advocates assisting emigrants by advancing them money; but although I am not prepared to endorse Mr. Macleod's suggestion that he (Lord Elphinstone) thereby wants to benefit the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company on account of his connection with it, I cannot see how any business man can share his lordship's views. Philanthropic schemes ought not to be carried on with the money belonging to the shareholders of a Land Company. To borrow money on the Company's property for such purposes would, as the

John Shaw, Share Broker, Wardrobe-chambers, Queen Victoria-st. deals at tape prices at an inclusive commission of one-sixteenth.

International Health Exhibition.—In referring to Messrs. Fry's Exhibit of Cocoa and Chocolate, *The Grocer* says:—"Their goods are displayed in an exceedingly attractive style—the Chocolate Creams and similar articles of Confectionery are offered to consumers in the most dainty form, and the boxes in which they are placed are quite works of art. They turn out nothing but the best.'

Chairman said, probably lead the Company into liquidation. Mr. Macleod's address to the shareholders is not without considerable ability and straightforwardness. Unfortunately, however, his accession to the Chairmanship does not appear to have produced any reduction in the expenditure as yet, and he had nothing to show but promises for the future. The Committee of Investigation will not, I fear, be able to improve the position of the Company, which will have to wait a long time before it can realise its property even at cost.

CAPE FINANCE.

Mr. Spriggs, the Cape Premier, has odd ideas of finance. The Cape exports annually 22,705 tons of copper ore, which is valued at £454,173. The greater portion of this ore comes from the mines of the Cape Copper Mining Company, a concern started with English capital, and the shares of which are mainly held in this country. "The Company is flourishing," said Mr. Spriggs to the Cape Legislature, "therefore, let us impose an export duty on copper of 10s. per ton." All export duties are bad; but, to put an export duty on one particular industry, because it is in the hands of strangers, and because it is prosperous, is next door to confiscation, and is hardly likely to attract British capital to the Colony where this sort of finance obtains. So Mr. Spriggs, upon reflection, seems to have thought, for, according to later telegrams, he has renounced this scheme of spoliation.

THE VICTORIA GOLD MINING COMPANY.

If the statements which have reached me from deluded shareholders can be substantiated, the promoters and directors of this Company have placed themselves in a serious position. It is a case of the "bogus" director over again, for the directors are stated not to have any *bonâ-fide* holdings in the Company. But, then, the promoters did not consider such qualification necessary, and actually succeeded in introducing a clause in the articles of association, whereby the directors could be presented with 500 fully-paid vendors' shares each. The British investor is easily gulled, still it is but fair to assume that he would not have embarked in this venture, had his attention been called to this neat little clause. As it is, only one-sixth of the nominal capital of £200,000 was subscribed by the public. It is monstrous that under these circumstances the directors should have proceeded to allotment. Out of the £100,000 paid by the Company for the mine, £50,000, I am told, went into the pockets of the promoters. The £32,000 obtained from the public was, of course, soon disposed of. Half of this sum went towards the purchase-money; over £9,000 was frittered away in directors' fees, legal charges, and all kinds of preliminary expenses; and a heavy commission was secured to the promoters as brokers, leaving only £5,000 for the purchase of machinery and the working of the mine. No gold, of course, has yet been produced, and for more than eighteen months no accounts have been rendered or meetings of shareholders called. Whether the rumours of legal proceedings being taken are founded on fact is more than I can say; but, anyhow, it is high time that the shareholders should look after their own.

QUEER STORIES.

A LUNCHEON AT LORD'S.

MR. ADDERLEY BENYON BYNG was nearly, if not quite, the richest commoner in England. He was about thirty-five years of age, tall and slight, with a pale, interesting face, and a faded yellow moustache. His vices were comparatively few, and of a gentlemanly description. His near relations consisted of a couple of married sisters. He had no entanglements, and was not a gambler. Needless to say, therefore, that he was acknowledged by common consent to be the most eligible *parti* in London. But though by no means impervious to the charms of the fair sex, Byng was terribly difficult to please. The loveliest young *débutantes* and the most astute mothers had for years angled unsuccessfully for the glittering prize. But each recurring season brought with it some fresher beauty or some more confident mamma, and hence the hunting of Byng went merrily on.

He liked to talk to women about pictures, about poetry, love, transcendental philosophy, and matters generally mystical and ethereal. He found them so much more tolerant than men, and so much less apt to detect his utter and ghastly ignorance of nearly every subject upon which he conversed. Men, in fact, considered Byng an affected nincompoop, and only endured him for the sake of his wealth.

"Why the deuce don't you marry, Adderley?" remarked Captain Tom Carbury, one day.

Tom Carbury was Byng's man-of-all-work and devoted adherent. He had lived upon him for some years, and it was only when his eccentricity and vanity became utterly wearisome to the practical henchman that he hinted at matrimony. Carbury, moreover, did not see why he should not make a pretty good thing out of his patron's marriage by a judicious arrangement with the bride's family.

"My dear Tom," answered the transcendentalist, "where am I to find a woman with a kindred spirit; with a soul above the common things of earth; one who can really sympathise with my own idiosyncrasy?"

"Blessed if I know," answered the Captain, terribly puzzled by his patron's long words; "but if I were in your shoes I should get rather sick of being hunted about by all the old dowagers in London, and ogled by every girl who comes out. I should marry one of them just to spite the rest."

"I certainly cannot marry them all," mused Byng, languidly. "Well, Carbury, I'll think about it."

The Captain also determined to think it over, for, as stated, he was getting a little tired of his position. He was a thick-set, bull-necked man of two or three and forty, very fond of good living, and devoted to London and Paris. Byng, on the other hand, professed to despise

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frivolous amusements, lived like an anchorite for months together and was in the habit of occasionally rushing off to wild and uncivilised parts of the globe, where the unfortunate Captain was forced to submit to very unwelcome privations. A journey through Tartary had brought the Captain to the verge of rebellion, and though he did not like the idea of quarrelling with his bread and butter, he felt that he could not endure many more such terrible experiences, so he began to look about him for a helpmate suitable to the errant philosopher.

His difficulty naturally lay in the abundance of material from which he had to make the selection. After mature consideration, however, he decided in favour of a certain Miss Constance Laxington. She was exceedingly pretty, it was her first season, and her only near relative was her father, a gentleman whose pedigree was much longer than his rent-roll. Besides Mr. Laxington, as the Captain knew, was by no means overburdened with cash, and was not likely to have any hesitation in arranging some little scheme by which Carbury might share in the advantages Miss Laxington would derive from a brilliant marriage.

"What a deuced pretty girl your daughter is!" said the Captain one evening to that young lady's father as they sat in the smoking-room of the Lawn Club.

"Think so?" inquired the other, who knew that Carbury was not likely to make such a remark out of pure good nature.

"Might marry any one," continued the Captain, thoughtfully.

Laxington began to prick up his ears, and said, "Yes, I think she ought to do well."

After a little more preliminary fencing, Carbury began to approach the point. "She doesn't know Byng, does she?"

"No, and I shouldn't think it much use if she did. He's not a marrying man, is he?"

"Well, I don't quite understand what constitutes a marrying man," rejoined the cautious Captain; "but these things do happen all the same. I should be very glad myself to see Byng married to a nice girl," he added, significantly; "it would do him a lot of good."

Laxington drew his chair closer up to Carbury, and the two became engaged in a conversation apparently of the most absorbing nature. After half an hour or so, Carbury arose to go.

"I suppose I must agree," remarked Laxington; "but you are a terrible fellow to deal with."

"All right," answered the other; "half when she's engaged, and the other on the wedding-day. Man alive, it will be the making of you!"

A couple of days later Captain Carbury contrived that Miss Laxington, chaperoned by her aunt, Lady Carraway, should be introduced to the philosophical Byng at a house in Grosvenor-square.

"You might do worse than marry that Laxington girl," remarked the Captain to his patron the next morning; "young and lovely, and all that; got no inconvenient brothers; and you wouldn't be plagued with a mother-in-law. Not much money, but that doesn't matter to you."

"She seems a nice girl," said Byng, in his usual languid manner, "but how about the father?"

"Oh, Laxington 's all right; gambles and races a bit, but he always settles, and has never been caught cheating. What more can you expect now-a-days?"

Byng was obviously impressed by the probity of his father-in-law *in posse*.

"I'll call on Lady Carraway," he answered, and the subject dropped.

Byng duly visited her ladyship, who was naturally delighted to see him, and he made himself exceedingly agreeable to the fair Constance. That young lady heightened the favourable impression she had already made upon him, for although inexperienced, she was a clever girl, and very soon discovered the pet weaknesses of her admirer. In fact, by the time he left the house he began to think that Carbury was a man of unusual discrimination, and that he might really take into consideration the prospect of following his matrimonial advice. Miss Laxington was charmingly unsophisticated, and at the same time he thought he could discover in her indications of the possession of a soul—that is to say, of a disposition to appreciate his genius, and to share his philosophical yearnings without any symptoms of boredom. So for a few weeks everything went well. Byng was obviously fascinated, and without being too conspicuous in his attentions, he followed Miss Laxington's movements with considerable persistence, and monopolised her society whenever they met. Suitors of the detrimental type accordingly dropped off in despair, and the engagement was looked upon by the *quidnuncs* of society as a practically accomplished fact.

Ascot drew near, and Byng invited Lady Carraway and her fair charge to share his box and drag for the meeting. This was for him a very unusual step, for he generally left the selection and the entertainment of his guests to the indefatigable man-of-all-work.

Carbury therefore saw that matters were reaching a critical juncture, so he thought it advisable to make a few inquiries about the pecuniary position of Mr. Laxington. He did not succeed in hearing much. Laxington had been losing somewhat heavily on the turf, but he had paid up; and in the matter of cards he did not seem to have been doing either any good or harm. So Carbury felt for the present no particular anxiety about his little commission, and was satisfied to let the course of his patron's love affair run as smooth as might be.

Ascot came and went; Byng was languidly assiduous in his devotion to Miss Laxington, while the young lady, perfectly dressed, conscious of looking lovely, and fully aware of the envy, hatred, and malice which her good fortune stirred up in the bosoms of her fair rivals, never enjoyed herself more thoroughly or excited more admiration. With the Captain, however, things went somewhat badly. He betted rather more heavily than usual, and lost his money and his temper. Byng bored him terribly, and he grew irritated by Miss Laxington's exceeding sweetness. He sought consolation in creature comforts, and ate and drank to an extent which would infallibly have aroused his patron's disgust, if

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that gentleman had not been too much occupied to notice him.

Monday night found Captain Carbury at the Lawn Club. He had paid up his losses with some difficulty, and felt irritable and dyspeptic. He saw Laxington there, and it occurred to him that he might as well find out if that gentleman's luck had been any better than his own.

Laxington seemed anything but pleased to meet him, and responded to his friendly greeting with the curtest of nods.

"By the way, old man," began Carbury, as a plan of action occurred to him, "I want to ask you a favour."

Laxington was evidently in a vile temper.

"You've come to the wrong shop for that, my boy!" he sneered.

"Had a bad week, I suppose," said the Captain, quite unmoved. "Well, I was going to ask you to lend me £500, only for a week; fact is, I've been rather hard hit. Besides, you will owe me more than that in a fortnight, I fancy. That little affair of ours may be settled any day."

"I can't lend you £500," growled Laxington, "or 500 pence either; and as to what you call our little affair, I have no idea what you're driving at."

"What the deuce do you mean? Didn't you promise me a thousand on the day your daughter got engaged to Byng?"

"No," answered Laxington, "I never did anything of the sort!"

"Why, I've got your I.O.U!"

"Very likely; there are a good many of them flying about. Wish you may get your money!"

Carbury stared at his friend in disgust and amazement. He could not, however, express his opinion of him in the sacred precincts of a club, so he merely got up with a curt "good night," and left the room.

"That's your game, is it?" he muttered to himself. "I'll be even with you yet. It's not quite such a certainty as you think."

The next morning, Laxington evidently came to the conclusion that he had made a fool of himself over night, for he called on the Captain and explained to him that he did not mean what he said. He had a devil of a temper, he added, and things had been annoying him. Of course, it was all right about the I.O.U. The astute Captain accepted the apology, but he nevertheless made certain inquiries, which resulted in the unpleasant discovery that Laxington had lost £5,000 over the Ascot week, and had been entirely unable to settle.

"A nice prospect for my £1,000!" mused the Captain; "but what a fool he was to show his hand."

That day Mr. Byng and his factotum lunched together, alone, and the latter turned the conversation upon Miss Constance.

"Have you settled matters in that quarter yet?" he inquired.

"Not yet," said his patron, dreamily; "but I am thinking of taking the plunge."

"What are you waiting for? Charming girl—no nonsense about her; likes a good feed, too—saw her eat three platefuls of lobster-salad on the Cup day."

"Three platefuls of lobster-salad?" cried Byng.

"Certainly," said the Captain, eyeing his friend maliciously. "Why shouldn't she? Must have a wonderful digestion. I couldn't do it myself."

"How horribly material!" groaned Byng.

"Oh, nonsense! You don't expect a well-grown young woman of five feet seven inches to live upon air, do you?"

"This is not a subject for joking," said Byng severely, and the Captain ventured no farther. But the philosopher was obviously ill at ease; he played with his lunch, and maintained a gloomy silence.

The season wore on, but Miss Laxington's engagement was not yet announced. People began to hint that it would not come off after all. Lady Carraway grew anxious, and other fond matrons took heart once again, and cherished fond hopes that the prize of the matrimonial market might yet fall to an outsider. Miss Laxington herself, however, was in no way disquieted. Her admirer was perhaps less attentive, but his was not a nature capable of enthusiastic devotion. She met him constantly, and could not fairly accuse him of any definite neglect; she and Lady Carraway were often seen upon his drag, and Byng invited them both to accompany him to the Eton and Harrow match. This special mark of favour did much to reassure her ladyship, for Byng had often told her that though he was particularly fond of cricket, he had never taken a drag to Lord's, not caring to add to the number of people who looked upon the match merely as an occasion for gormandising, flirtation, and the display of elaborate costumes.

The day came. Lady Carraway and her charge had been instructed to be on the ground in good time for lunch, so they made their appearance shortly after one o'clock. The drag was tenanted only by Carbury and a few male friends. Byng, as the Captain explained, was watching the game from the roof of the pavilion, and had left word that he was to be sent for as soon as his fair friends had arrived.

A footman was accordingly despatched for him, and in a few minutes he clambered up to a seat next to Miss Constance. He was somewhat preoccupied and silent, but this was easily accounted for by the absorbing interest which he evinced in the fortunes of the game. Carbury watched him with some anxiety. Since their conversation on the lobster-salad question the lady's name had been seldom mentioned between them, and he began to fear that Byng's marriage would really take place without any pecuniary advantage to himself. Presently, as the bell rang for the luncheon interval, Byng left the drag, and talked for a minute or two with his butler, Mr. Corker. This circumstance somewhat aroused Carbury's wonder; he could not imagine what Byng could have to say to his retainer, for all arrangements of the household were left in the Captain's own hands. He failed, however, to gather any information from the butler's stolid visage. Byng always did things well, and in a very short time a table was spread on which was displayed every luxury which money could buy or the mind of man conceive.

"Please forgive me if I leave you," said her host to Miss Laxington; "I shall be back after the interval, and, in

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the meantime, Captain Carbury will, I am sure, look after your wants."

Miss Laxington graciously assented, and the air was soon filled with the clatter of plates and the popping of champagne corks. Throughout the progress of the orgie Carbury kept an eye upon the proceedings of the butler. He was anxious to find out the meaning of the mysterious communication made to that worthy by Byng. Moreover, Corker's movements were decidedly singular. He seemed perpetually at Miss Laxington's elbow; now pressing on her attention some triumph of Byng's *chef*, now filling her glass with champagne, or piling up her plate with strawberries. After these little attentions, he would retire behind the drag, and write something down on a piece of paper.

The Captain's curiosity at length exhausted his patience. He watched his opportunity, therefore, and came upon Corker suddenly just as that individual made an entry on the mysterious sheet.

"What are you up to?" he asked. Corker was momentarily confused, but he answered with dignity,

"I'm making a hinwentory, sir."

"What the deuce do you mean?"

"A hinwentory, sir, by Mr. Byng's orders," responded the butler, somewhat ruffled. The Captain paused a moment in thought. It *might* be important, this piece of paper. "Come, Corker," he said, "let me see that paper and I'll give you a sovereign!"

"Couldn't do it, sir," answered the incorruptible Corker.

"Oh, well, hang it, I'll make it a fiver!"

Mr. Corker was not proof against the extra inducement, and so he handed over the mysterious slip.

"What on earth—Do you mean to say your master told you to make this list?"

The butler nodded.

"Well, I'm blessed! Oh, this is altogether too lovely! Here, I'll keep it for a bit. Won't he open his eyes when he sees it!"

Byng did not reappear until very shortly before stumps were drawn for the day, and he made but a lame excuse for his long absence. Carbury, as it happened, did not see him again till late in the evening, when he found him in a state of great mental perturbation, poring over a small sheet of note paper, on which certain hieroglyphics were scrawled in pencil.

"What's the matter?" cried the Captain; "you look awfully bad."

"My hopes are shattered," said Byng, in a dismal voice; "my fondest illusions have been rudely dissipated; the dream is over."

"What *are* you talking about?"

"Look at this," answered the philosopher, in his most tragic tones. Carbury took the paper and read:—

2 platefuls mayonnaise, 2 ditto Périgord pie, 1 ditto lobster salad, 2 quails in aspic, 3 méringues glacées, 6 glasses champagne, 3 helpings strawberries and cream, 2 ices, 1 glass of liqueur brandy.

"Well, what is it? It reads like a menu."

"It is the disgusting record of the guzzling propensities of Miss Laxington. I ordered Corker to keep count, for after what you saw at Ascot I suspected her of materialism—even of sensuality—and my worst fears are confirmed!"

"And you mean to say you won't marry her because she likes a good lunch?"

"Never would I link my fate to one so wedded to the grossest pleasures! I shall start for Palestine tomorrow morning. You must come, so get ready. Good-night!"

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LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. O'BRIEN,—The glimpse you were good enough to give me in your last letter into the green-room of criticism, explains many bewildering reviews I've recently read. I took up, for instance, the *Times* the other day, and read in it this recommendation of incomparably the silliest book of the season:—"'Tommy Upmore' (1) is uncommon to an extraordinary degree. No bald sketch of the plot will suffice to give an idea of the charm of Mr. Blackmore's style, of the poetry with which he invests the meanest matter," &c. Now, the book so praised is a satire in the form of a novel, directed against Science and Radicalism. Science is supposed to be made ridiculous by representing its foremost professors, while pursuing the hero in his boyhood, plunge headlong into a cesspool; and Radicalism is supposed to be confuted by representing the hero in his manhood rise, like a balloon, from the floor to the roof of the House of Commons, so deciding the House not to pass a Bill for the surrender of the Fleet and of all our foreign possessions to France, Russia, and the Irish Republic. "To the sudden astonishment of the crowded house (which could scarcely believe its own eyes at first) I, Tommy Upmore, went up gently and steadily, as a ring of blue smoke rises from a cigar where no draught is." While hovering thus over the heads of members, he waved a toy Union Jack, and recited:—

"And shall we yield to dastard fears
Our empire of the seas—
The flag that braves a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze?"

And so saved the British Empire from disintegration. Honestly this is a fair specimen of the sense and satire of the book; while a scene in which the hero's father squirts soap-suds at a Radical sweep is an average specimen of its humour. That the author of "Lorna Doone" should grin through a horse-collar in this fashion to make sport for the Philistines!

Another political satire in the guise of a book for children (!) is, I think, hardly more happy, humorous, or effective—"Binko's Blues" (2). Possibly children might find fun in the sight of the names of things spelled backward and of the names of characters borrowed from "celebrated" soaps, tooth-powders, &c.; but wit of this sort—and with the exception of puns it is the only kind of wit in the book—is a little too thin and mechanical for my taste. "Boldness," says Bacon, "is ever blind, and is a

(1) "The Remarkable History of Sir Thomas Upmore, Bart., M.P.: Formerly known as 'Tommy Upmore.'" 3 vols. (London: Sampson Low & Co.) 1884.
(2) "Binko's Blues: A Tale for Children of All Ages." By Herman Charles Merivale. (London: Chapman & Hall.)
(3) "Property and Progress." By W. H. Mallock. (London: John Murray.)
(4) "The River Congo, from its Mouth to Bolobo." By H. H. Johnston. (London: Sampson Low & Co.)
(5) "South Africa. A Sketch-Book of Men, Manners, and Facts." By James Stanley Little. 2 vols. (London: B. Swan Sonnenschien & Co.)
(6) "The Story of Merv." By Edmond O'Donovan. (London: Smith, Elder, & Co.) 1884.
(7) "Life on the Lagoons." By Horatio F. Brown. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) 1884.
(8) "Henry Irving's Impressions of America." By Joseph Hatton. Author of "Clytie," &c. 2 vols. (London: Sampson Low & Co.) 1884.
(9) "Across the Ferry." By James Macaulay, M.A., M.D. (London: Hodder & Stoughton.) 1884.
(10) "A Trip to America." By William Hardman. (London: T. Vickers Hood.) 1884.
(11) "Granite Crags." By C. F. Gordon Cumming. (London: William Blackwood & Sons.)
(12) "The Way of the World." By David Christie Murray. 3 vols. (London: Chatto & Windus.)
(13) "A Roman Singer." By F. Marion Crawford. 2 vols. (London: Macmillan & Co.)
(14) "The Wizard's Son." By Mrs. Oliphant. 3 vols. (London: Macmillan & Co.)
(15) "The Giant's Robe." By F. Anstey, author of "Vice Versâ." (London: Smith, Elder, & Co.)
(16) "From Grave to Gay." By H. Cholmondeley-Pennell. (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.)

child of ignorance;" wherefore one is not surprised to find Mr. Mallock coming forward after his manner as the saviour of society against Socialism. He has reprinted in a volume, "Property and Progress," (3) essays contributed for the confutation of Mr. George to the *Quarterly Review*. Have you seen the book? To me it seems shallow, partizan, and unsatisfactory. It irritates me to see a question of such grave and growing seriousness taken up and treated like a lawyer's brief, one-sidedly and superficially—

"Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis
Tempus eget."

As you have not of late recommended any books of travel to me, I've had to grope about for myself, with the good fortune of finding one of the most fascinating works of the kind I've come across for years, Mr. Johnston's "The River Congo, from its Mouth to Bolobo" (4). If you had read it you would certainly have recommended it, and therefore I venture to call your attention to it, as it must hitherto have escaped you. Mr. Johnston, judging from this book, is an ideal explorer. He has not only all the requisite courage, energy, enterprise, and endurance for penetrating into this "strange new world," but all the literary, artistic, and scientific qualifications necessary for recording picturesquely and precisely what he had observed. He has, too, one other qualification, which doubles, in my eyes, the value of his observations upon the natives—the "un-English" qualification of sympathy with inferior races. Kicking won't coax a snail out of its shell, and the usual English manner towards "natives" simply shuts them up into themselves; but Mr. Johnston's kindliness disclosed the kindly character of the people to him, as a flower opens out its heart to sunshine.

Another book about Africa—unfortunate South Africa—interested me moderately; "South Africa: A Sketch-Book of Men, Manners, and Facts" (5). The author, to say the truth, a little exasperates you through the protestation of the motto from Chaucer he has chosen for his book:—

"Not oo word spak he more than was neede."

It is like the protestation of Polonius at the beginning of his prolix explanation of Hamlet's distemper: "I will be brief." For Mr. Little, after pledging himself to terseness, is as diffuse as he well can be in his diagnosis of the distempers of our mismanaged South African colonies. Nevertheless, he writes sensibly and seasonably on subjects which are most unfortunately forcing themselves once more upon the attention of our statesmen. Apropos of seasonable political books, I am glad to see that poor O'Donovan's brilliant "Merv" (6) has come out in a cheap, and concise form. I didn't myself find it a page too long in its original form of two vast volumes; but this cheap epitome containing the cream of the narrative, will suit people whose time and means are more limited than their literary interest.

Do you remember in "Merv," the story of the *attaché* to the Persian Embassy who could recall and record nothing of London, after a residence here of nine years, but an excellent luncheon he once made on corned beef and Bass? I am ashamed to say I was a little reminded of it in reading Mr. Horatio Brown's admirable "Life on the Lagoons" (7). One has such ethereal associations with Venice, that a book about the prosaic life of its gondoliers seems something of a bathos. Nevertheless, ethereal people have lucid, or rather lightning, intervals of this kind to console them:—"The Great Bear seems balanced on his tail, shooting his arc of stars far into the heavens from the head of the golden angel on the Campanile's top."

It's hard to say whether America or Mr. Henry Irving has been more desperately overdone of late, and a couple of volumes on the two together daunted me rather. Yet I was really interested in the record Mr. Joseph Hatton (8)—the Poet Laureate of the Lyceum Company—gives of their brief but brilliant progress through the States—

Now night descending, the proud scene is o'er,
But lives in Hatton's record one day more.

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In two other books on America—"Across the Ferry" (9), and "A Trip to America" (10), I've no doubt I should have been interested if their authors had discovered that continent. Miss Gordon Cumming was not the first to discover, nor the hundred and first to describe, the Yō-semité Valley; nevertheless, knowing the author of old, I took up "Granite Crags" (11) in the certainty of getting a more vivid picture of this wonder of the world than I had hitherto had. I was not disappointed. Her subject sometimes seems a little too tall for her, and she has to strain to get, as it were, on tip-toe to reach its level; but, on the whole, hers is by far the freshest and most effective description of the Valley, &c., I have ever read.

Could you kindly recommend me some light reading when you write? I've been so much in the mood for it of late that I've taken to novels with the zest of my youth. But, then, I've had the good fortune to blunder upon two or three capital stories. "The Way of the World" (12), which is certainly Mr. Christie Murray's masterpiece; "A Roman Singer" (13), by the suddenly and deservedly-famous author of "Mr. Isaacs;" Mrs. Oliphant's last, "The Wizard's Son" (14); and Mr. Anstey's first novel, "The Giant's Robe" (15). "A Roman Singer" has a really wonderful swing in it, so that, though you know, and are meant to know, the end from the beginning, you read on in breathless interest from the first page to the last. Mrs. Oliphant's novel is interesting, in spite of the wholly unnecessary introduction of a ghost. "Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus." And such a ghost! A sordid Scotch spirit that thinks only of money! Do you remember in Mrs. Oliphant's "Sheridan" (an unfortunate venture of hers), how pathetically the dramatist, statesman, and orator's failure to make and keep and leave behind him a fortune is bewailed as one of the blackest blots in his career? Mr. Anstey's "Giant's Robe" is a young man's book of undoubted promise; but, of course, it is more remarkable for fertility of invention than for width and depth of observation of life or of character.

Have you seen the exquisitely got-up edition of Mr. Cholmondely-Pennell's poems, "From Grave to Gay"? (16) I was eharmed to see my old favourites from "Puck on Pegasus" and from "The Modern Babylon" in an *édition de luxe*, as this surely is. I think every reader of the verses in which "The Muses of Mayfair" was dedicated to Mr. Lockyer will apply to Mr. Cholmondeley-Pennell's own poems the praise he there gives gracefully to his friend's:—

Thine is the spell that charms alike the sage,
Craving repose for wearied brain and eye,
And the fair child ling'ring her play-hour by
Thy page.
No vulgar lure, no tinsel arts are thine
To gild the common coarseness of the herd;
Still be thyself, unblamed in thought and word,
And shine.

Pray let me hear from you as soon as you can spare half-an-hour, and believe me, dear Mr. O'Brien, very truly yours,
MARK WYNDHAM.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—We have had a most delightful week. I revel in the hot weather, for everything looks so bright and festive, so cheerful and unclouded. To be sure, one is occasionally rather too hot, and it must be a trying time for hard-worked seamstresses and for the poor people who are cooped up in close houses and narrow courts. One pities the poor horses, too. Their tongues loll out with thirst, and they look quite exhausted, especially the omnibus horses. But for people who live in airy houses, and have nothing more fatiguing to do than writing letters to a dear little cousin Amy, the hot weather is quite delicious. It throws an idyllic radiance over the world, and gives an Arcadian flavour to life, even in London.

What is hardest to bear about the great heat is the caloric stored up and carried about by one's neighbours. I got into a railway carriage the other morning at Charing-

cross, feeling as cool and fresh as possible. Just as I had arranged myself in the shadiest corner, a panting and exuberant old lady entered. Her face was all one scarlet flush. The heat seemed to come in waves all over her extensive frame. She positively radiated it. In fact, I preferred the sunny end of the carriage to her proximity and changed my position as gradually and unostentatiously as possible, for fear of hurting her feelings, and making her hotter still.

But I must tell you about our week. On Wednesday, we went to the delightful Botanic Fête, and the weather being so magnificent, it was really more enjoyable than ever. We all thought of the poor Duke of Teck, whom we had seen last year looking so well, and who has since been paralysed. No one seemed to have heard lately how he is getting on. The King of the Maories was there, but we did not see him. We are, however, invited to meet him on Wednesday, and shall be able to tell you all about him next week. It was pleasant to see a party of Chinese enjoying themselves just like children, uttering curious little jerky sounds of delight, and chattering all at once like a family of London sparrows.

There was a great bank of roses in the large tent, a liberal, lordly bank—truly, a "goodlie companie." We adored them literally on our knees, for some of them looked too lovely to be passed by without tasting their fragrance. Maud and I gushed over them, and appealed to Charlie, who remarked that they were "very nice." Fancy, daring to say such a thing of those glorious roses! We fell upon him tooth and nail, of course, and declared we would not speak to him till he found something better to say. So, after a minute or two, he came meekly up with an absurdly exaggerated look of fright on his face, and, putting up his hand as if to ward off an expected blow, said, "Please, ma'am, will 'blithe and bonny' do?" And we forgave him. These roses were exhibited by William Paul & Sons, of Waltham Cross. Others, shown in boxes, did not look nearly so well. They had a cramped, uncomfortable air. Some of the table decorations were much too extensive for the size of the tables. The first prize for these was awarded to Nieman & Cornish, of Orchard-street. Theirs was a tasteful and exquisitely delicate arrangement of orchids, pale pink carnations, white lilies, maiden-hair, and begonia leaves.

A new feature this year consisted of floral decorations for evening dress. In this competition Miss Viola Prewett took first prize, with a very lovely parure of leaves only; no flowers. You cannot imagine how perfect it was, with its "tender tints of fading." Some begonia leaves in beautiful colours were mingled with the yellow-streaked green of the lemon-scented geranium, and small leaves of a dark, warm red, served to throw the lighter hues into relief. Some of the competitors had made the mistake of using large blossoms, which never look well on the dress.

Some pretty frocks were to be seen. I liked one with the skirt composed entirely of twine-coloured lace, and a bodice of brown velvet, with very short basques. Long loops and ends of brown velvet trimmed the skirt down one side. An original dress was of pale blue, with a panel of black lace down either side, and a full drapery of the same down the back. The bodice had a fichu of black lace, tucked into it in Sir Joshua Reynolds' fashion. We thought it bad taste to go in very *décolleté* bodices, as many people did. They did not look nice in the open air. One of these was pretty, though unsuitable. The skirt was black lace, the bodice scarlet velvet. A misguided young woman had dressed her head in an antimacassar. Another looked funny enough with one end of a blue and white comforter stretched over her coiffure, and fastened with many hairpins, while the remainder of the useful garment hung down her back, and was drawn through her right arm. She hung on fondly to the fringe in front, and she was right, for it would have looked odd indeed floating behind her.

The lake was lovelier than ever. Maud was looking into every face in the gloom, seeking for Scheherazade, so strongly did the aroma of the "Arabian Nights" pervade the scene. I don't know how she and Charlie will get on together; she is so imaginative, and he so matter-of-fact. In the midst of all the loveliness he whispered in my ear, "Shouldn't you like to scrape that girl's face with sandpaper, Madge?" Now, isn't that a dreadful way of expressing a hilly complexion?

There was a very pretty girl there who looked as if she had stepped out of an old pastoral. Her dress fell in straight, simple folds, the fulness of the bodice being caught in at the waist with a carelessly-tied, narrow sash. Her wide-brimmed hat was wreathed with wild flowers. One of the prettiest people there wore a gown of some thin texture in a shade of soft coral pink. Her head was enveloped in a filmy cloud of black lace, through which I could see a flower or two pinned in her nut-brown locks.

The next day we spent at Henley, which never looked lovelier. I adore my dear Father Thames, when he gets away from London town. I shall not try to describe the animated scene to you. You must mingle the ingredients for yourself. Here are some of them:—Bright sunshine, green trees, flowing river, covered with boats (house and rowing), some of them well-trimmed with flowers, others gay with scarlet cloth and other decorativeness; light dresses and boating suits, plenty of laughter and light talk, and itinerant music everywhere. Now, mix these all up together, make them all (excepting the house-boats and trees) move about "throughother," as our Hibernian friends express it, and you will gather some faint idea of the attractions at Henley Regatta. We had new dresses for the occasion, so our bliss was complete. Apropos: when we went to have them tried on, we saw the new frocks that Redfern is making for the young Princesses of Wales. You will be glad to hear that they are grey, not black. The stuff is a kind of soft, fine beige. The skirts are made in wide box-pleats, alternating with a few narrow ones. The bodices and tunics are all in one, the latter being quite short and prettily draped on the hips. The edge is braided in black at the left side, and at the right this trimming seems to turn under and to be hidden by folds. The front of the bodices are braided to match, up one side, widening from the waist and ending in the form of a revers. They are simple, girlish, and pretty frocks, and are, I believe, to be worn at Cowes.

Thanks to an invitation received from a member of the Isthmian Club, we had a most delightful luncheon, during which the Hungarian Band played the sweetest of music in the sweetest manner on the lawn. I did so enjoy both the luncheon and the band; but I fear I must own especially the former, as we had to have a very early breakfast, and you know one can never eat anything at those "very earlys."

I shall not attempt, my dear, to tell you about the racing, though I did see some of it. I saw the Eton "boys" gallantly win the Ladies' Challenge Cup. I was so glad they were successful, as they looked so nice. They were rather big boys, though, two of them weighing, I found from the card, over twelve stone. If this be their weight as boys after hard training, what will they be when they become men and do not train?

And now for a few of the dresses. As a rule, the majority of them were sensible. I mean by this, well suited to the occasion, instead of being silks and satins. Flannels and serges were to be seen everywhere. Most of them were made with kilted skirts and without drapery—quite the æsthetic style, so far as the skirts were concerned, but there, happily, the comparison ceased. For boating, lawn-tennis, &c., drapery is a superfluity. I am glad, therefore, to see it done away with. Muslins, too, were much patronised. Many of them were made quite plainly, like a servant's dress. Up to luncheon time they looked very well, but directly they began to get tumbled and crushed, all their beauty vanished. One lady evidently appreciated this fact, and made a martyr of herself accordingly, for she remained in one position in the bow of a boat the whole of the first day, and as I saw her in the same *pose* on the second day, I believe she must have slept

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there all night. Had she but known it, the effect was anything but pretty. She reminded me painfully of one of the wax figures at the Healtheries, excepting that the wax looked as though it were beginning to melt.

The prettiest and handsomest dress I saw was worn by a very pretty woman on a house-boat, and consisted of a Honiton lace skirt, over which was a drapery of flowered Indian silk, the flowers being of a rich purple shade. The material itself was most uncommon, but what rendered the dress exceptionally attractive were the excellence and novelty of the make. The body, instead of being made in the ordinary way, was "draped" to form a scarf fixed on the right shoulder, which was then brought down behind, and mingled with the drapery at the back. At the same time, however, it was so arranged as not to detract from, but rather to add to, the grace of the wearer. A Tam o' Shanter in purple velvet appropriately finished off the costume.

But let me now give you a few of the eccentricities. You know the glare of the electric light, you know the effect of staring at the sun. Well, neither the one nor the other is to be compared with the sensation that was caused to one's eyes by the passing to and fro of a yellow costume, with bonnet and parasol to match; not an ordinary yellow, but one of the brightest imaginable hue. Although there were hundreds of boats on the river, it was impossible to fix one's gaze upon any other than the one containing these condensed rays of the sun so long as they were within a quarter of a mile. As I had no smoked glass with me, I cannot tell you how the wearer suited the costume.

A lady in white flannel spoilt an otherwise pretty dress by having life-size swallows in velvet stuck all over it—one or two of which had sought refuge in her hat.

Another, well known in the æsthetic world, had on a biscuit-coloured Liberty serge dress. It was kilted all round from the waist, being, of course, destitute of any drapery. The sleeves were very tight and much bepuffed, and the body, which was trimmed with yellowish velvet, was cut away in front, showing an "Oriental" waistcoat, that was the envy of the nigger "Squash."

One matron was resplendent in red velvet. She did look so hot, but she dared not wipe her poor face, for fear of disturbing the paint and powder. As a consequence, the heat made a little river just over her eyebrows and round by her ears, escaping down her back. She would have been a nice-looking old lady had she allowed nature to compete on equal terms with "art."

She, however, was far preferable to another I saw. Imagine, my dear, a woman about half as stout again as the dear Princess Teck. Put on her a loose bodice, like a dressing-jacket, of the thinnest imaginable material. Fasten it firmly round the neck, and then pull it down tightly to the waist, securing it with a substantial band—the material forming the sole support for the figure. You then have before your eyes a sight that persisted in shocking mine. I wonder some kind friend does not tell these matronly creatures how ridiculous (to use no stronger term) they make themselves. I wish there could be a company formed for the gentle suppression of people who will persist in bringing ridicule and contempt upon our sex. How I should like to be on the committee!

The hats, as a rule, were Brobdingnagian, and were trimmed with fruit and flowers from the same parts. Some cherries I saw were as large as walnuts, and one rose had blossomed to such an extent that it looked like a sunflower gone mad—if those æsthetic favourites ever indulge in such freaks. I should not have been surprised at one bunch of flowers that I saw in a hat doing so, as it had to support the most horrible-looking green lizard.

For about the only time in their lives men do add, at Henley, to the picturesqueness of the scene. I am not going to say that I admire their Joseph-like coats, taken individually; but amongst a crowd they are decidedly effective. Why should not men appear in flannels in the Park?—they are most becoming, and must be, I should think, delightfully cool.

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The Prince and Princess of Wales are to be present at a fête at the Healtheries on the 23rd. We are going, of course. I do so want to hear the Princess speak. I have never heard her voice, and one never can form a real opinion of any one without knowing the sound of their voice.

Lily writes me that she has seen a delightful tea-gown, prepared by Worth for one of our English beauties due in Scotland in August. It is a green brocade, made princess fashion, trimmed with a deep fringe of the same hue, and opened V-shaped on the bodice. The skirt also opens down the front, revealing, as it were, an under-dress consisting of point d'esprit puffed over pale-pink satin. Two deep white-lace flounces finish off the bottom of the dress in front. At the back two tiny basques are attached below the waist, and the skirt is most artistically draped. It is edged with two pink satin flounces and one white lace flounce.

Very high peaked bonnets are being worn in Paris, devoid of strings, and advancing very much over the face. They are decidedly becoming, though odd-looking, and have the advantage of rendering veils unnecessary and sunshades equally superfluous.

Lily tells me that the beautiful Madame Benardaky, who is gone to Vichy, has made up her mind to wear only muslin dresses which will cost but five or six pounds. But each dress has its velvet sash, profusely trimmed with real English point or finest Mechlin lace, costing at least twenty-four pounds. Vive la Sainte Mousseline!

Lilla was delighted with the gymnastic exercises given by Miss Chreiman's pupils at the Albert Hall on Thursday under the auspices of the Ladies' Sanitary Association. She says she had no idea that gymnastics could mean anything so graceful, and is sure that these exercises must aid in the development of the figure, and impart a graceful gait. The "finger and wrist" exercises were very pretty, and the gymnastic dance, "The Spanish Bathers," elicited much applause.

Papa has been reading us something from the *Lancet* about the "assembly headache." Have you ever noticed how invariably one's head aches after a theatre, opera, picture-gallery, or even an afternoon at Lord's? Well, dear, the *Lancet* says that it is "nerve excitation" that produces this malady by straining the sight, the hearing, or other sense-organs. And it seems that there are four varieties. I have copied the names carefully down for you, so you must in future be sure and classify your headaches. It must be either frontal, or bregmatic; either occipital or parietal. I wonder which of those mysterious words means a dreadful sort that comes across the back of the head, just below the ears, and makes you fancy that a sudden turn would induce your unfortunate skull to fracture itself on the spot? And which means the variety that feels as though an iron hand were clutching your brains up at the top, just underneath the "parting?" And which means the kind that appears to draw the eyes out slowly from the head and then jerk them back again? I think this last must be "bregmatic," because it is the worst of any, and those syllables have such a disagreeable sound.

The *Lancet* suggests, as a preventive of the assembly-headache, that there should be intervals of rest in every performance, when the eyes, ears, and muscles generally may leave off work, and repose in a retiring-room, where the light is shaded and silence prevails. Rather difficult to manage, I fancy.

Tell Gwendolen I am afraid to say a word about coffee. Every one has a different way of making it, and a different apparatus to make it in, and every one believes in her own. I fear to commit myself to an opinion, lest some one should turn and rend me.

A delicious dish, in season now, is called côtelettes à la belle jardinière:—

Take French beans, peas, pieces of cauliflower, young carrots, and cook them in stock. When boiled, let them simmer in a little

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butter for ten minutes. Serve them on a dish, in the centre of which place mutton cutlets cooked in the ordinary way.

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The following was a favourite dish with the great writer, Chateaubriand :—

Clean and pare some turnips, and cut them in two, lengthwise. Melt down a good-sized piece of butter, and put it in a saucepan with the turnips, and a spoonful of flour. Cook on a brisk fire, without letting the turnips turn yellow ; moisten with milk or good stock, add a pinch of powdered sugar, and let the whole simmer till the sauce is nearly absorbed ; then dish up.

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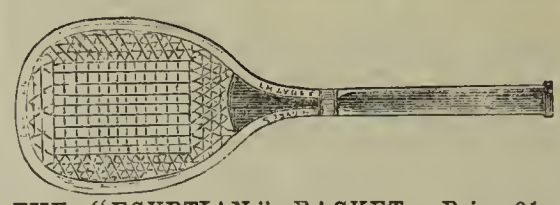

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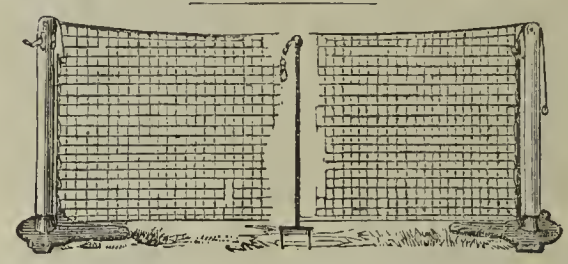

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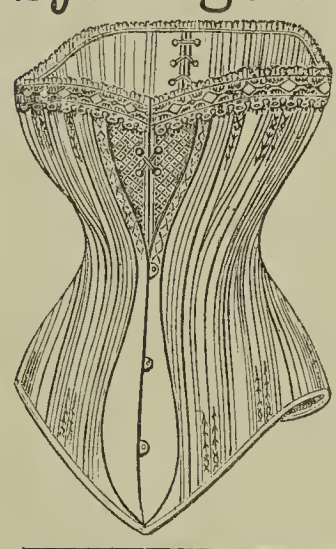

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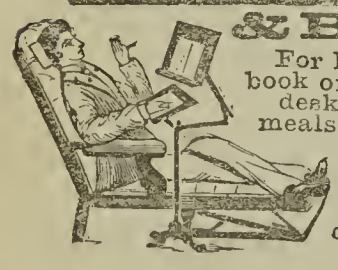

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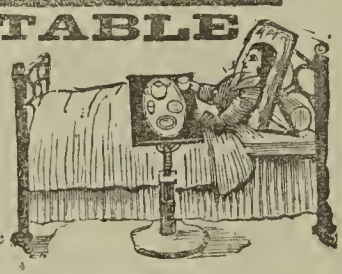

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OUR PUZZLES.

RULES.

1. The sum of £2. 2s. will be given every week for the best EPIGRAM, CONUNDRUM, LIPOGRAM, BOUTS-RIMÉS, or whatever the announced subject of the competition for the week may be.

2. The Puzzle Editor reserves the right, however, of dividing the above sum between two or more competitors, or of withholding the prize, should exceptional circumstances render such a course desirable.

3. The decision and award of the Puzzle Editor must be considered final and irrevocable, and, for obvious reasons, no appeal from his critical judgments can be entertained.

4. In every instance the Prize will be given in money, subject to no condition whatever, except the publication of the winner's real name and address in this journal.

5. Competitors will be allowed eight days for the composition and despatch of their efforts; but all such communications must, at the latest, be received at the TRUTH OFFICE by the first post on Friday morning in the week succeeding the publication of the subject for competition.

6. Not more than one Prize will be given in a Quarter to the same competitor.

7. ALL NEW CONTRIBUTORS ARE REQUIRED TO FORWARD WITH THEIR FIRST ANSWERS THEIR REAL NAMES AND ADDRESSES FOR REGISTRATION; such names and addresses will not be published except in the case of Prize-winners.

8. The *nom-de-plume* chosen by competitors should not exceed 12, and must under no circumstances consist of more than 14 letters.

9. COMPETITORS MUST ON NO ACCOUNT CHANGE THE NOMS-DE-PLUME THEY HAVE ONCE ASSUMED.

10. On the announcement of the Prize-winner's *nom-de-plume*, the successful competitor must write and make formal application for the Prize, stating the address to which the cheque must be sent. Any competitor failing to do so within three months of winning the Prize will forfeit all claim to the same.

11. No communications can be received on post-cards, by telegraph, or by hand. They must all be sent by the time named above, all post letters addressed—

PUZZLE EDITOR OF "TRUTH," CARTERET-STREET, QUEEN ANNE'S-GATE, S.W.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 281.—THE VERIFICATION OF QUOTATIONS.

C. T. B. (C. T. Bleeck, Esq., 14, Pembroke-road, Clifton, Bristol)	0	14	0
MISSING (See Rule 10)	0	14	0
EURYTUS II. (See Rule 10)	0	14	0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 282.

This competition is one that cannot fail to have interested even many of those who have taken no active part in it. The comparison of the various lists, and the very great diversity of opinion as to what constitutes a successful dramatic author and a good play, affords a most instructive insight into the prevailing popular taste, of which the answers received may be considered fairly representative. A tabulation of the lists would indeed probably form a tolerably correct guide to the estimation in which our modern playwrights are held by their contemporaries. Some—in fact, not a few—competitors attributed to one dramatist plays that were avowedly the result of collaboration; "Foul Play," for example, should be credited to Mr. Dion Boucicault as well as Mr. Charles Reade, whilst Mr. Herman Merivale would he the last to refuse Mr. Grove his share in that successful drama "Forget Me Not." Failure to credit a play written by two authors in collaboration to both of the dramatists concerned, has proved a fatal flaw to many of the lists received. Others erred in quoting adaptations as though they had been the adaptor's original works. But I do not propose to award the prize this week. The subject is one, indeed, on which it has been thought well to secure special advice from an expert, and the result will not be announced until next week.

I may add, to prevent mistakes in future competitions, that the Specimens are not, as a rule, printed in the order of their merit, and that it does not follow, as J. S. PIA assumed last week, that to find one's self at the head of the published answers is an intimation that one has gained the prize.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 285.

I read the other day in an American paper, that an enterprising photographer had offered a prize for the best suggestion for a novel pose for photographic sitters. What ingenuity has been displayed in this direction our windows have long borne witness. Our "professional beauties" were photographed, in fact, in well-nigh every possible position and style. But it may prove interesting to find whether new suggestions cannot be given on this subject, and, therefore, it is proposed to follow the enterprising photographer's example, and offer the weekly prize of Two Guineas for the

BEST ORIGINAL SUGGESTIONS FOR THE NOVEL POSING OF A PHOTOGRAPHIC "SITTER."

Let it be remembered that the suggestion must be new. We have already had "subjects" photographed in swings, and in snow-storms, in boats, and in balconies, and in hampers. We have seen them holding lilies, and playing with kittens; and draped like statues, and having five o'clock tea. In short, photographers have been seemingly driven at length, for lack of any more novel designs, to increase the size of the likenesses they take, and the last studies of a well-known actress we notice are advertised as "heroic." The "colossal" photograph will he the next novelty possibly, unless our competition results in the development of some new poses.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The real name and address of "Vandadelzen," winner of one-sixth of Prize No. 280, are J. Mellor, Esq., 14, Cornhill, E.C.

*** The real name and address of "Rector," winner of one-sixth of Prize No. 280, are the Rev. S. C. Voules, Ashley Rectory, Market Drayton.

*** Magger has still to write.

W. S. COLLINGS.—Your list of a representative Eleven is excellently selected, but it reached me, unfortunately, too late for publication.

MAWBEE.—I have complied with your request.

C. T. B.—Thanks for your letter and your kind suggestion, which I will not forget on some future occasion.

J. S. PIA.—Your assumption is not correct, I am sorry to tell you, the position of the specimens being not in order of merit, as a rule. Thanks, however, for your letter. I had noticed the slips you allude to.

W. VAL ENGLISH.—I have now added your name to the anonymous list.

B. GRINDROD AND F. READY.—I have read your letters with interest, but cannot fully agree with their contents.

SHAN POORIE.—I wish I could see my way to oblige you.

TÊTE NOIRE, DRUMMER, AND HILSON.—Your answers to Puzzle, No. 282, were "Too Late," I am sorry to say.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Thanks; I will try and find space some day.

AIAS.—Many thanks for your kind suggestions.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 283. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

PARAGRAPH IN WHICH ARE "BURIED" THE NAMES OF THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS.

*** Several contributors failed to underline the "buried" names, and their answers could not, therefore, be published. They will still be eligible, however for the prize, and will take their chance with the rest. Space, in fact, only allows the publication of a small proportion of the answers received.

After ascertaining *if fences* prevented, races were proposed as a kind of "non scripta *lex*," *and ere* long arranged—the ladies *co-operating*. "Très *bon*—*no* refusal," said the middy. The page-*boy led*, but we saw the *mid win*, *terribly* fatigued. We made him *don Nell*'s scarf in remembrance. At Jack's *cottage* commenced grub. "*Lack ham*, these sandwiches do." "Capital Saumur." "*Do chase* this *wasp off*, *or the* brute will sting." Such interruptious afforded our principal merriment.—ALTIORA PETO.

A smile beam'd *on Nellie*'s face as she replied, "My *boy*, *let* not this trouble you. I can never forget what you, my poor Bob, *lack*. *Ha!* my dear, it's useless to murmur. *Do check* that sob. *On no* reproachable ground have we become poor. We are as happy in this *cottage amid winter*'s snows, even in the clasp *of forth*coming trouble, while *co-operating* in self-sacrifice, as those whose principal merit consists in selfishness.—ADDINGTON.

"Under the temperance *banner*," *many* (thinking the blue ri*bbon no* restraint) sarcastically mur*mur*, "*Do cha*rlatans *co-operate* to denounce *pale X and* erect coffee taverns?" The movement's princi*pal merit*, however, is that its orators never letting the mo*b lack ham*mering at, the ti*mid win ter*riblo battles with intemperance. Temptation vanishing *if fenced* with. Let every *boy learn*, in each peasant's *cottage*, to shun alcohol as he would brush a wa*sp off* or *thrust* a reptile aside.—BANDBOX.

Boy, *leave* it; make no de*mur*—*do change*; forsake the *banner many* carry to sorrow! For we live in days of stucco *operations*, whose progress yet crawls as a cra*b on northern* shores, and sees nought but satyrs and *black ham*adryads in futurity. If fighting—*if fencing* were my forte, William, *I'd win terrestrial* fame; and yet the peace of the holy *palmer's cottage*, which when a boy I'd lisp *of*. *Forth*with pray.—BORDERER.

We discover as years clo*b on no* reason for mur*mur*, *do chivalrous* pastimes continue decreasing *if fencing* for instance is neglected. In the gra*sp of forth*coming youth we place the bat; in hu*mid winter* time every *boy learns* football. These need no village ara*b lack*—*ham*lets, *cottages*, and cities are alike provided. England adopts her games by common consent (not "scripta *lex*"), *and* erects therehy heneath her *banner manly co-operation*—the princi*pal merit* of civil constitution.—MCGOOSEY.

A sporting *M.D.*, *on Nellie*'s account, plunged a *Ascot* that he might, though ti*mid*, *win ter*rific sums that would appal *me*. Recklessly drinking Bass's double p*ale X and* erecting a *banner manu*factured by the Morocco *opera* troupe, he was heard to mur*mur*, "*Do*, Charlie *boy*, *let* go that curb, which you have tight gra*sp of*, *for* though the *cob lack hams* for jumping, *if fencing* were required, he will succumb *on no* racing-course.—OLD LOO.

My bachelor's *cottage* wants for nothing! *If fencing* be attempted, we never ra*sp off or thin* the foils, for, cleaned with car*bon no* rust appears. A *boy learns* easily the weapons' princi*pal merits*, and under my *banner many*, naturally ti*mid*, *win terrific* bouts. Losers, although they mur*mur*, *do chafe* needlessly, quaffing *Ale X. and* erroneously imagining that we, so near a *co-operative* "Pu*b*," *lack ham* sandwiches, because the barmaids; "secundum arte*m*" *don Nell* Gwynne hats.—SHEEP SHEAR.

We at Swiss *Cottage* have one pleasure residents in a southern suhur*b lack*-*Hamp*stead with its summer gar*b on*. *No* recreation ground is worth having *if fenced* with restrictions. Here everything *co-operates* for enjoyment. See the princi*pal merry*makers by yonder *banner*. *Man* and *boy lead* the frolic, and without de*mur do cha*rming maidens follow; though some more ti*mid win ter*se comments at not throwing their lover's cla*sp off or the*mselves joining in.—C. CROSSTITCH.

Our "calico" *opera* was super*b*. *On no* reasonable grounds could Mamma de*mur*. "*Do choose*," she said, "a picturesque gar*b Ann*." *Ermance* made our plough*boy lend* his *cotton* blouse, taking the clas*p off* or they would have suspected. We made "Miss Ti*mid*" *win Ter*ence over by asking *if Fe*nella would act. He was char*m'd on Nella*'s account. One priu*cipal mer*it, prudence, does that coxcom*b lack*. *Ham*pers of pa*le X and er*ratic musicians are better kept apart.—TOM NISSED.

Tobacco *oper*ating soothingly is its princ*ipal mer*it, asserted Mr. *M'D. on Nell*'s behest saving *Alex and Er*nie, discovered with hands *black ham*mering plugs in their pipes, a scolding. Parents may mur*mur*: "*do, ch*ildren, abandon smoking," but a *boy le*arns soon to erect his *banner man*fully, or appearing ti*mid win ter*ms by temporising, *if fen*cing with elders. These, when wise, obtain gra*sp of forth*coming associations, otherwise youngsters *cotton*ing together, ru*b on, no* remonstrance heeded.—CHICA.

Never mur*mur*. *Do cheerily* your task. Neither *bond nor* free escape it. Adam placed all under the *ban, nerve* yourself for a *man*'s work. You can't go wrong *if fenced* with self-denial. *Much* depends *on never* being *lulled* by inertia. A day at A*scot to* breathe fresh air won't hurt. A*mid*st difficulties you must *win* if de*ter*mined. My *boy, le*arn perseverance. The *palm* rewards the striver; take not your gra*sp off* or the prize vanishes.—BONUS.

*Alex and Er*nest say ruralising is glorious. *Cott*age *boy le*ads pleasant life, even *amid winter*'s discontent, nor does his cri*b lack ham*let comfort. Tobacco *oper*ates soothingly, the river's mur*mur do ch*ildren love. Grumbling *if fen*ced round by fashion, the countryman, under freedom's *banner man*ifestly thrives, at the clu*b on nor*thern ground he carries the *palm, er*ring rarely in precision. Even the *M.D. on Nellie*'s runaway oob with gra*sp of forth*going power also appreciates country.—MRS. POYSER.

Dearest *M.D.*,—*On Nell*'s return let *Alex and Er*nest mend baby's *cot*, taking the ha*sp off*, or *the boy le*ans out. Don't let the cri*b lack ham*mering *if fen*der bolts are used; if they de*mur, do ch*eck their impudence. You should hear baby "*coo*"; *per*haps, if anything, he is less ti*mid. Win Ter*ence's confidence, if possible; his princ*ipal mer*it is truthfulness. We ru*b on no*; *r*eal news.—Ever yours, dear hu*b*,—*Ann Ermangarde*.—CANTAB.

This *cott*ager's fête originated with our cali*co opera*tives. *Alex and Er*nest carried the *banner, many* a haut*boy le*ading. *If fen*estral darkness, all e*bon, no* radiance emitted, we shouted, "Illumiuate without de*mur! do ch*url! as ordered." "Hamlet" ended the fête. Mac looked glu*m*: *I'd win ter*rific applause, but hoarseness makes me almost dumb." "*Lack Ham*let from the play," I ga*sp! Off!* or *the* fête will lose its princ*ipal mer*it. Quick, *Mac! don Nellie*'s muffler, and start.—H. O. LEY.

Mary Cor*mac! don Nelly*'s bonnet; *co-oper*ate with *Alex and Er*nie. Buy the wine at A*scot* that came from *Bonn or* Sau*mur*. *Do ch*oose well. If Bo*b lack ham*pers let the *boy le*ave one. Don't take each wi*sp off*, or *the*re may be a crash in packing. Also, wine chills a*mid wintery* sleet, and becomes milky as common o*pal mer*ely. Buy a stone spirit ju*g if fen*ced with wicker-work. Teetotalism's *banner many* teetotallers ignore.—ECLIPSE.

EXTRACT FROM AN IRISH GENTLEMAN'S LETTER.

Yon app*al me*, really, by *co-oper*ating with *Alex and Er*mengarde, like some *boy le*d easily astray. Without de*mur do ch*oose au *M.D. on Nelly*'s acconnt. Tell Barney to sound his gon*g if Fen*ians try his *cott*age door, and break the ha*sp off or the* bolts for following the Orange *banner. Many* thanks for inquiries. Otherwise than I a*m I'd winter* at *Bonn or* Coblentz, where, if other gru*b lack, ham* is always plentiful.—AIAS.

Let us go to Na*mur*. *Do Ch*arlie! This *cott*age life wearies me. The air is hu*mid; winter* seems perpetual; these clouds li*sp of forth*coming storms. All is *black, ham*pered with eternal moisture. Or go to *Bonn* (*er*ratic *boy!*). *Let* us give up this *coop ere* our senses leave us. Call for some *ale* (*x*) *and* erase thought. Give me your *palm* (*erst* having, *if fen*cing suit, a round). Then, wrapping our *banner man*fully round, depart.—TORPUDA.

Perhaps your conscience may mur*mur; do ch*aritably give a child's *cot* to girl or *boy*. *Let* your money be given to help keep up *almer*ies. *Co-oper*ate with others. Ra*sp off or thi*n down all prejudices. Be not ti*mid; win ter*ms of peace from above by not wearying in well-doing! There is *a lex and er*nest command to do well. Do anything *if fen*ced in by right. No rib*bon nor* rank, but work.—GIP.

*Alex. Ander*son, Esq., *M.D. on Nelly*. Mc*Murdo ch*oking, required some additional instruments; accordingly his *boy lef*t Nelly's *cott*age to fetch them; but, lo! a *pal mer*ry-hearted as himself meets him. Opportunity *co-oper*ates with inclination. Behold the Forth! its ice! how cri*sp! of Forth*side skating! how charming the spectacle! spectacle unbeheld these many warmly hu*mid winter*s. There lies the ice, with its moving burden of *black ham*pers of comestibles adorning its marge. Alas! poor Nelly!—DONHEAD.

Drat that *boy! le*ave alone Fenella's le*mur, do ch*ild, and don't give it granny's *cott*on umbrella nor Amy's rib*bon nor* yet Charley's "Band of Hope" *banner, man*gy *black ham*strung thing! *If Fen*ella only knew the plague it is! Yesterday it got fighting with Ted's dog Wasp, and I had to pull Wa*sp off, or the* brute would have been killed, and the only place I had to put it in was the hen*coop Er*nest built. —DUNHEVED.

The princ*ipal mer*chant here sells *cott*on and other goods at *co-oper*ative store prices. The shop adjoins the clu*b on nor*th side of railway station, and bears the sign a *black ham*mer and a pale X *and er*as A.D. 50. Ribbons and laces are mixed *amid winter* stuffs, also *boy le*ggings, but finding my purse with clas*p off forth*with decided not buying either, the laces or a *banner man*ifest among the drapery.—NIL.

Under Cupid's school *banner man*fully a*mid winter*ly looks I worked like any shoe*black; ha! my boy, le*ctures are over, see my card with *M.D. on; Nelly*'s people no longer app*al me r*easonably, now they let us bill and *coo per*petually without de*mur*. *Do ch*eese, ale (p*ale X*), *and er*ratic life suit you? Try this *cott*age, though door no kno*b on, no* room bi*g, if fen*ces rickety, gate ha*sp off, or th*ings rustic, what matter? —SKRIKER.

Tom, old *boy, let* me tell you I'm in Cupid's gra*sp, of forth*coming events you may have seen the shadows. My darling's eyes are *black*. *Ham*mersmith worships her (her father being the princ*ipal mer*chant there). I mustn't wear the Blue Rib*bon nor* uphold their *banner man*y times in his *cott*age. If I did, Tom, *I'd win ter*rible opprobrium. Being an *M.D.*, *on Nellie*'s wedding day, we desire your *co-oper*ation as best man. —ALEX ANDERSON.

A*mid winter*ly weather, under a *banner man*ipulated by Nell, our tom*boy le*ader, as a portico, *oper*ations were considered to test the princ*ipal mer*its within the gra*sp of forth*coming questions of law (in "Latin Principia" "*lex*") *and* erase clauses which we could without de*mur do, ch*oosing, *if fen*ced by majorities, to conduct our clu*b on nor*mal rules, such as at present members of this *cott*ager's clu*b lack*. *Ham*pered though we were, all see*m'd on Nell*'s side.—G. A. H.

To possess prophetic gra*sp of forth*coming events at A*scot* tasks me severely at lunch. "Don't de*mur. Do ch*oose! Chicken or salmon," says Laura. Let the "*boy*" le*n*d its *co-oper*ation to the gipsy's charms, who read your *palm, er*ring though her prophecy be." See! The Prince runs like a slug; *if fen*ces faced him, he couldn't go slower. *Black* "*Hama*ko" wins, chilling me like *mid-winter* frosts. Layers gra*b on. No* respite comes for us luckless backers.—COY.

Our pony got la*m'd on Nellie*'s birthday, when we picnicked at the miller's *cott*age in the woods. A *boy le*d the way, carrying the *black ham*per; but it had the cla*sp off*, or *the* spoons would not have been lost. *Alex and Er*nest bore up the *banner man*fully, though I heard Ernest mur*mur*, "*Do ch*ange hands, my *pal. Merry*-making, *if Fen*ton is to shirk all the work, becomes poor fun. *Co-oper*ation is my motto." —DORA.

THE WORKMAN'S PROGRESS.

The *boy le*aves school; serves his apprenticeship; joins a club on whose *banner* "*Man*hood suffrage" is inscribed; learns to li*sp of forth*coming legislation; declares a shoe*black* (*ha! my* masters! ponder it) may become another Peel or *Palmer*ston; studies history, ignoring not Gib*bon nor* Hume; marries; joins a *co-oper*ative society; finds workmen's *cott*ages better than lodgings, thinking, *if fen*ced in from hu*mid winter*'s cold, to be more comfortable; roars children; fondles grandchildren, and—dies.—DAVID.

Welcome, athletes from across the seas, whose names reveal *Scott*ish blood! A bo*b on Nor*thern (and Antipodean) pluck. Do not mur*mur*. *Do ch*eer. May never the youngest da*b lack ham*pers of good things. *Boy! let Cooper* and *ale X, and er*e long flagons of wine be quaffed. Offer a hearty *palm. Er*ect a *banner, man*, to the winners. Let silvery voices li*sp of forth*coming (*if fen*ded) days, when, a*mid winter*'s snows, we recall this gallant struggle.— PEARL.

Loq. *Alex.*: "*And, Er*nest, you know, pa*pa'l mer*ely say yes, you'r goin*g if fine*." The *boy le*ant forward and exclaimed: "The sky is already *black—ha*, mischief, he mur*mur'd*." "*Oh! Ch*ance, it's raining," said the other, "and, *co-oper*ate with me, we'll climb down the rigging of the *banner, man*age to land on Mack's *cott*age's thatch, make a hole through by tearing a whi*sp off*, or *th*reaten to smash through if he interferes."—CHARON.

She said, in a mur*mur, do ch*ange your mind, *boy, let* me give you some *ale X, and, ere* you play, remember the princ*ipal mer*it in cricket is slogging, *if fen*cing does not answer. Don't be ti*mid, win ter*restrial glory by *co-oper*ating with your team. Don't li*sp of forth*coming matches; listeu to Mr. Grace, *M.D., on Nell*ie's cricket—in energy, she has no need of the ver*b lack. Ha! M*ake more hits like that.— VIRAGO.

Don't de*mur; do ch*ide him. That *boy le*ads him continually in the wron*g. If fen*cing was the only sport, I wouldn't ra*sp off or th*reaten to cri*b on Nor*man. His *pal Mer*ton *co-oper*ates with his sister. *Alex and Der*mot can't bear him. His *cott*on gloves disgust everybody. He loves racing; I heard him exclaim: "Will Pyra*mid win?*" *Ter*rible! will that sno*b lack ham*pers? I'm so hungry! Willia*m, don Nellie*'s cloak, and bear the *banner man*fully!—ESA.

WAR.

Manrico then did ga*sp*, "*Off*, *or th*ou diest;
If he, like the shadowy le*mur, do ch*eat mine eyes,
Still, by scorning him, *I'd win ter*ror from this *boy*.
*Le*ave in its shelter no rib*bon nor banner*.
*Manrico oper*ates not, but triumphs o'er children;
And, when pausin*g, if fen*cing even turn
His face to o*pal, mer*cy shall be his."
So, like *black Ham*let with halting tread,
He gained his *cot*, then drooped his weary head.
OUIP.

John Knox, *M.D.*, *on Nelly's cott*age gate, her *boy Le*ander's *palm ere* pressing said:—"In summer hu*mid, winter* chill alike, *pale X and Eri*u's drink, to touch de*mur*. *Do ch*oose the safer path. The temperance *banner man*fully to upraise, *co-oper*ate with me. Dou the blue rib*bon, nor* blush therefor. Strong drink! Curse *black! Ham*pering like serpent's coils! Lethal as Cleopatra's worm! Shake the a*sp off, or the* reptile's fan*g, if fen*ded not, is death.—WAMBA.

Self and *pal Mer*ton, *M.D., on Nelly*'s account being late, just catch A*scot t*rain, door has ha*sp off, or the* lock broken by *co-oper*ating roughs. In the ring, *if fen*ced enclosure be so called, without mur*mur do ch*eery backers, bookmakers a*mid, win ter*ribly seldom. We, for gru*b, lack ham*pers of "*Boy*," *let* that be for swells, but (no blue *banner*) *many* glasses of *pale X, and er*e leaving lose ten bo*b on Nor*thern Duke.—IL SIEN.

Fascinatin*g, if fen*ced with dangers, cricket's princ*ipal mer*it is manliness; an English *boy le*arns it ere he can li*sp of forth*coming prowess, or doffs his *cott*on pinafore. At the wicket we hold the blue rib*bon, nor* have the Australians permanently lowered our supreme *banner; many, a mid winter* amusements, grudge them their perennial al-fresco *oper*ations, advantages the members of our home clu*b lack; ham*pered climatically, however, we must, without mur*mur, do ch*eerful justice to their skill.—REPEALER.

Answers have been received from Queen Bess, Novice, E. Y. N., Crystal Palace, Wamba, Reverescal, J. W. P., Harold, Albert's Own, Bobus, Shan Poorie, Charon, Spesum, Good Luck, Altiora peto, Addington, Office Boy, Dried Grass, Aurelius, Beedos, Old Log, Bandbox, Labourer, Sheep Shear, Georgina, Squelette, David, Skedaddle, H. Marsh Green, J. C. Sien, Moor Lad, Repealer, Ellart, Antipodeau, Daphnis, Boy, Sclaidge, Woolcot, Nigel, Chica, Tom Nissed, C. Crosstitch, Claremont, F. M. H., Faddy Old Maid, G. A. H., Skyblue, Rayonette, Garryowen Jack, Guelder Rose, Borderer, Ouip, Guiuea Pig, Esa, Jackdaw, Jack, F. K., Bobel Loth, Tale Quale, Etonensis, M. A. Y., Nottiugham, K. Andersen, McGoosely (2), Asthma, Tintack, Don Quixote, A. W., Initium, Virago, Wee Rumpty, Dora, Svouok, E. Churcher, Anser, Pericardium, J. Y. Z., Kerry Pippin, Ajax, Gorgon, Cantab, Eisus, H. O. Sey, Carlos, Eclipse, Athalie, Aias, Gip, Mem-Sahib, Torfrida, Bacchus, Roggie Shurt, Secator, Donhead, Chaplain, White Rose, Brown Guinea Pig, Phiz, Nil, Skriker, Pepper, Rugby, Rose Island, Duine, Geraldine, Sarnia, Coy, Drummer, Tête Noire, Humdrum, Hibou, Samoth, Manitoba, Sexton, Pearl, J. M. H., Tasmania, Mrs. Poyser, Sphinx, Hough Green, Florian, Niobe, Safety, Dickey Sam, Erst, Hibm, Barton Grimdrod.

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· TRUTH ·

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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ENTRE NOUS.

THE papers last week announced on the authority of one of the news agencies, that the Court would remove from the Isle of Wight to Balmoral on August 21, and would then stay in Scotland till October. The date of the Queen's departure from Osborne depends, as I have already stated, on the health of the Duchess of Albany, but her Majesty is expected to arrive at Balmoral either on August 23 or 30, and not only will the Court remain in Scotland "till October," but, according to present arrangements, the Queen will not return to Windsor Castle till the third week in November. There is a good deal of decorative work to be done at the Castle this year, and several rooms in the private apartments are to be refurnished.

The Royal Yacht *Osborne* is under orders to leave Portsmouth at the end of this week for Flushing to embark the Crown Princess of Germany, who is coming over on a visit to the Queen at Osborne, with some of the younger members of her family, while the Crown Prince goes to Kissingen. The expeditions to England of the Crown Princess have not been frequent of late years. When H.R.H. was here in 1878 she resented the ascendency of the late John Brown, and freely expressed her sentiments on the subject of "the Highlander" to the Queen, who was exceedingly angry. A few months later the German Empress came to England on a visit to the Queen, which excited much gossip at the time, the real object of the visit being an attempt to bring about a reconciliation between her Majesty and her eldest daughter.

On Monday afternoon the Prince and Princess of Wales gave a children's party at Marlborough House, to celebrate the sixteenth birthday of Princess Victoria. The company included the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Alfred, Maria Lady Ailesbury, Lady Rosebery, Lady Folkestone, and Mr. Christopher Sykes. Mr. Capper, of Southampton, made several thought-reading experiments, the "subjects" being the Prince of Wales, Lady Ailesbury, and Mr. Sykes.

The Prince of Wales is expected to visit Lord Aveland next month, at the shooting-lodge in Glenartney Forest, near Crieff. Lord and Lady Aveland go down to Drummond Castle for the autumn the week after next. Lady Willoughby d'Eresby is not likely to go to Scotland this year.

I hear that Prince George of Wales is to be entered at the Royal Naval College at Greenwich shortly after he returns from his West Indian cruise. The *Canada* is expected to reach Portsmouth in about a fortnight.

Last week the annual inspection of the Yeomen of the Guard was held in the garden of St. James's Palace by the Duke of Edinburgh. They are a fine body of men, all old non-commissioned officers who have seen service, and they are therefore well decorated. They get £50 a year each. What spoilt the thing as a spectacle was the ridiculous garb of the officers, who wear the hideous swallow-tailed coat and epaulettes of forty years ago, while the men wear the picturesque old uniform of the time of Henry VIII. The officers in the old days wore the same uniform as the men, except that it was made of velvet, and it was the expense that caused the change to the present hideous dress. The corps were photographed for the Queen.

Her Majesty has appointed the Marquis of Lothian to be Gold Stick of Scotland in the room of the late Duke of Buccleuch.

Prince and Princess Louise of Battenberg are to leave Sennicotts to-morrow for East Cowes, where they will stay till the end of next month at one of the Queen's cottages, which has been lent to them.

The Duke and Duchess of Teck, travelling as Graf and Gräfin Hohenstein, are staying at the Hôtel Sonnenberg, Seelisberg, which is one of the pleasantest resorts on the shores of the Lake of Lucerne. Princess Mary is reported as being in the best of health, and the Duke as having regained entirely his former robust appearance.

I hear that it is in contemplation to make the Prince of Waldeck and Pyrmont a Knight of the Garter, as a mark of respect to the memory of his son-in-law, the late Duke of Albany, who was very anxious that his wife's father should receive this distinction. The Grand Duke was made a G.C.B. in 1882.

The divorce of the Grand Duke of Hesse has been rushed through the Court of Darmstadt by a sort of *coup d'état.* One day it was not even decided which judge was to hear the case; the next, all difficulties were overcome, and the marriage was annulled after a technical discussion of half-an-hour. The fact was that the Grand Duke vowed that he would not return to Darmstadt from Silesia until the matter was finally disposed of, and the proceedings were also hastened because some contumacious members of the Landtag were preparing to interrogate the Minister on the subject, which would have led to a most undesirable discussion. The Countess von Romrod is staying at Dresden. In addition to the pecuniary advantages which she has gained by her marriage

with the Grand Duke of Hesse, she has become the possessor of some splendid and very valuable jewels, which were presented to her by H.R.H.

Prince William of Hesse, who has been staying with Lord and Lady Henry Lennox since his arrival from Germany, has gone to Shanklin for a few weeks.

The German Emperor is to stay at Gastein till Augnst 6, when he goes to Ischl to meet the Emperor of Austria. He is to return to Babelsberg, near Potsdam, on August 9, and will then stay there till the autumn manœuvres begin.

Princess Dolgorouki, the widow of the late Czar, has left Paris, with her children and a large suite, for Switzerland, and intends to pass the autumn between the Lake of Lucerne and the Italian lakes.

In Brunswick, the Supreme Court of the Duchy is at present engaged with a case which commenced in 1604, before the then Imperial Court of Wetzlar. It was carried on for half a century, and was then left in abeyance till a comparatively recent period. It involves a claim set up by the Counts of Stolberg against the administrators of the Ducal Private Domain, for the restitution of the whole of the estates, forests, and mines in the county of Blankenberg (Hartz Mountains), which are valued at nearly a million sterling. The Duke of Brunswick is the real defendant.

The soirée at the Bethnal Green Museum on Friday evening was chiefly interesting as showing that it is just as easy to get together crowds of East-enders "to meet the Prince and Princess of Wales" as a well-dressed mob in the West-end. The invitations, 2,500 in number, were issued through the local friendly societies, and the visitors were entirely *bonâ-fide* working men and their "ladies." The doors were opened at eight, and the Prince and Princess did not come till half-past nine; but every one seemed perfectly content with the pleasures of anticipation. The object in connection with which the soirée was held is a most excellent one, namely, to build an East-end Palace of Delight, such as Mr. Walter Besant has described; but I do not exactly see what the soirée will do to help things on. Perhaps, however, now that the Prince has got the College of Music and the Technical Institute fairly afloat, he will begin to launch the East-end Palace of Delight.

In every way, the Eighty Club's dinner to Mr. Gladstone on Friday was a great success. There were about 200 people present; the dinner was well-served and not too long, and the toast-list was cut judiciously short—the only speakers, besides Mr. Gladstone, being Lord Northbrook, Lord Richard Grosvenor, and Mr. Leadam. This last gentleman, who spoke on behalf of the club, did not seem, by the way, to give much satisfaction to his fellow-members, who politely, but firmly, declined to follow him in his academical researches farther back than Seneca. Mr. Gladstone himself, who must have come almost straight from the long wrangle in the House of Commons about the rope round Lord Salisbury's neck, was in capital form, and was most warmly received. His remarks about the necessity of reforming the House of Commons did not, however, seem to excite so much enthusiasm as those about the certainty of carrying the Franchise Bill in spite of the House of Lords. The former subject is extremely important; but, as Mr. Gladstone said, what we have to remember first is the duty of the day, and the prime duty just now is to draw the claws of the House of Lords.

Of course, one must not take what is said at complimentary banquets too seriously, but I confess that some of the compliments paid to the Marquis of Normanby the other night seemed to me to be rather overdone. Lord Normanby is a nobleman of somewhat reduced circumstances, I understand, who has held several high colonial appointments, in which he has not won any particular distinction or success, and the duties of which hundreds of other men would have discharged at least equally well. Under these circumstances I do not quite see why the British public should be called upon to show its gratitude to the noble Marquis for condescending to hold a succession of these highly-paid posts for a great many years. I should have thought the obligation was rather on the other side—especially as the country has done a good deal for his lordship's family before, the total amount of money received by it at one time or another from the State being £487,200.

Lady Londonderry's ball was the principal social event of last week, and it was a very successful entertainment, although the clashing with the House of Lords' division kept away a good many smart people. The Long Gallery (where so many brilliant *fêtes* were given regularly every season for nearly thirty years) was arranged for dancing, and the lighting and floral decorations, and above all the supper, were unexceptionable. Why on earth has the historic name of Holdernesse House been abolished by the present Lord Londonderry? The senseless and vulgar alteration is enough to make his mother turn in her grave.

Two very large garden-parties were given on Wednesday, one by the Duchess of Argyll, at Campden Hill, and the other by Lady Jersey, at Osterley Park, which is now occupied by its owners, after having been rented for many years by the late Duchess of Cleveland.

Lady Salisbury had a very crowded party on Wednesday night, following a big dinner. A remarkable number of black dresses were worn. The Marchioness Tseng excited a good deal of attention in a Chinese dress of black satin, embroidered in colours, with a blue jacket. Lady Hope's dress was very pretty, being a brocade of honeysuckle colour, trimmed with cream lace. The heat was awful, and the talk was almost entirely political.

In consequence of the death of Lady Lilford, Lady Holland's garden party, at Holland House, which was fixed for this afternoon, will not be given. The Prince and

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Princess of Wales and their daughters were to have attended this entertainment.

I hear that the slackness of the London season has even affected the price of grapes, which, so far as the finest kinds are concerned, have been several shillings per pound cheaper than usual. Mr. Thomson, of Galashiels, who is the largest grower of choice grapes in Great Britain, has lost about £1,000 by the fall. His glass-houses extend for more than half a mile, and his average yearly crop is eight tons, all of the finest qualities. Some of his grapes sell in London at 10s. per pound.

Lord Alington was down at Crichel last week for the Dog Show at Doncaster, which was a great success. The Prince of Wales exhibited two very handsome Basset hounds, which were purchased by Lord Alington for £50. H.R.H. also sent his Chinese dog, "Chang," and the Princess exhibited a beautiful Skye terrier, which took a prize at York last year. The Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Alfred visited the show on Wednesday. Lord Alington presided at the dinner on Thursday, and remarked that when he went into the show and heard the snarling, and growling, and fighting, he really thought that he was back again in the House of Commons; for there was nothing like it in the sedate, sleepy, old House of Lords.

The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch are expected to arrive at Langholme Lodge, Dumfriesshire, for the shooting season about August 6.

Lord and Lady Lonsdale have left Lowther Castle for Germany, and will remain abroad till the end of next month.

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster, who have been passing the summer at Clieveden, are going down the second week in August to Sutherlandshire, to Stack Lodge, the Duke's principal shooting-box in Reay Forest, where they will stay for some time with a family party, including Lord and Lady Chesham.

Lord and Lady Glasgow have left Crawford Priory, Fifeshire, for their place in the island of Cumbrae, where they intend to pass the autumn.

The Duchess of Bedford and the Ladies Russell leave town next week for Endsleigh, their beautiful place on the Tamar, near Tavistock, where they will stay for two months. The Duke is going on a cruise in his yacht, the *Northumbria*, after which he will join the family party at Endsleigh. I hardly think that in these cholera times his Grace will take up his residence on his Covent Garden property.

Lord and Lady Francis Cecil have taken up their residence at Stockton Hall, a very pleasant place in Rutlandshire, near Stamford.

The Duke of Devonshire is expected at Bolton Abbey at the end of next week, and will stay there till the beginning of September with a family party.

To all who Shoot or Travel.—Visit Ulster House, Conduit-street, and see B. Benjamin & Son's Specialties. Pamphlet on application.

Next week Lord Wharncliffe will entertain a political party at Wortley Hall for the Tory Conference at Sheffield. I hear that the proceedings at this gathering are to be opened with the singing of the hymn, "Let dogs delight to bark and bite."

Lord and Lady Ducie are cruising off the coast of Norway in their yacht. Mr. Froude is with them.

Mr. Buchanan, M.P., has rented Rossdhu, the well-known and beautiful seat of Sir James Colquhoun, of Luss, with the extensive shootings on the estate. Rossdhu is one of the most delightful places in Scotland, the romantic grounds extending for some distance along the west shore of Loch Lomond.

Lady Rolle has been dangerously ill at her house in Upper Grosvenor-street, but is now better, and it is hoped that she will be able to return to Bicton next week. Her ladyship has become extremely feeble, but she is in full possession of all her faculties. Sir William Jenner and Sir William Gull saw her, in consultation with her usual medical adviser, who came up from Devonshire on purpose to attend her.

Mr. Fenwick-Bisset had been hopelessly ill for a long time past, for although he rallied wonderfully several times, yet there never was any prospect of a permanent recovery. He had been suffering for nearly two years from combined dropsy and heart-disease, undoubtedly brought on by the change in his habits and mode of life, which were necessitated by his election to Parliament. Mr. Bisset was a martyr to his party, for at first he stoutly refused to come forward for West Somerset, and when at last he was literally worried into yielding, he predicted that a seat in the House of Commons would be his death. He had always been accustomed to a country life, and to daily walks and rides in one of the most invigorating districts in England. He was a popular and considerate landlord, and an excellent magistrate—in fact, he was a model country gentleman. Mr. Bisset owned a large estate in Aberdeenshire, and he also possessed property in Berkshire and in Ireland, but for more than thirty years he had lived in West Somerset, where he had acquired the picturesque domain of Bagborough, and a large estate by his marriage with his cousin, Miss Popham, who is descended from the Pophams of Hantsworth, one of the oldest families in the West of England.

Mr. Bisset will be long remembered in sporting and county society as having been Master of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds for twenty-six years. When he came into the country, the hunt was literally *in extremis*; but he gradually brought it to a popularity and prosperity which have steadily increased; and his good management and boundless liberality have made it entirely acceptable to the landowners and farmers in the country.

He was a grand rider, and always had splendid horses; indeed, he needed good ones for the work, as he rode upwards of 20 stone. He was a strong Master in the field, and nobody ever ventured to dispute his decisions. "Good sport or none" was his motto.

A lady of my acquaintance recently came from America with the intention of passing a few weeks here. Having heard of the cholera, she determined to take medical advice, and paid a visit to one of our best-known physicians. An investment of two guineas elicited the following observations:—That the cholera might be expected in England in the month of August, as those running away from it on the Continent would take refuge here, bringing it with them; that the Atlantic boats would then be stopped, and that, consequently, her best plan would be to go back at once to New York. On this, she took her passage and returned from whence she came. As a consolation, the physician informed her that the cholera would reach America in about a year.

This strikes me as somewhat of an alarmist view. At the same time, I would suggest that Government should take all reasonable precautions to prevent this pest from reaching our shores. It seems pretty well admitted that the Asiatic cholera is now raging in the South of France, and that it is caused by a little insect that finds its way into the intestines. This insect is in water, and in everything that is moist. Heat kills it. All continental States are taking precautions to prevent cholera passing their frontiers. It may be that these precautions will fail. We, being an island, are in a better position than they are to keep it out; but this can only be done by the most active precautionary measures being adopted. Very possibly they would interfere with passenger traffic and commerce, but this minor evil is assuredly better than the greater evil of the country being decimated by the cholera.

Cures for cholera are many and various, but the palm for simplicity and originality must be awarded to that ascribed by M. Delpit to the inventive genius of the playwright, Theodore Barrière. This gentleman, it appears, was seized with symptoms of cholera in 1854, and at once put his system into practice. He drank neat brandy all day, rode hard between times, returned home exceedingly drunk, slept for thirty hours, and woke up perfectly well. This remedy is charmingly simple, and, although it is not likely to be looked upon with favour by Blue Ribbonists, it will not be without its attractions to a considerable section of the population. I should like to know something more about Paul Bert's copper specific, which seems to me to have the advantage, if it be trustworthy, of rendering it impossible for those who use it to catch the cholera. What do English doctors say to it?

As the Continent is, to a certain extent, closed to tourists this autumn, owing to the cholera, I would remind them that there is beautiful scenery and very fair accommodation in the south and west of Ireland.

Here is the last remedy for sea-sickness; I take it from one of the French papers:—"Take no food during at least four hours previous to embarking. An hour before stepping on board, drink one or two cups of very strong coffee (without chicory)." The weak point in this specific for passengers this side of the Channel is the difficulty of getting coffee without chicory. Personally, I do not believe there is any better remedy than one which is prescribed, I believe, by Sir William Gull, namely pills of cayenne pepper and opium.

Mr. Heath, a chemist of Ebury-street, has for long sold a remedy which, I have been assured by many who have tried it, is infallible; but I never saw it tested.

I mentioned a few months ago that Lord Vernon had established a large dairy factory at Sudbury. Lord Scarsdale is starting a similar institution at Kedlesdon, in the same county, and Lord Vernon has arranged to open a dairy-school next month in connection with his factory, and another is to be opened at Berkeley by Lord Fitzhardinge. The home farm and dairy at Sudbury are not only admirably arranged, and conducted on the latest principles, but everything is on a very large scale, and over 2,500 gallons of milk pass through the dairy every day. The pupils are to be instructed in milking, in all the mysteries of butter-making, and in the manufacture of cheese. It is an excellent movement, and will supply a distinct want.

A valuable consignment of carefully-selected Angus cattle left Glasgow last week for Canada. One of the bulls cost £500.

The Duchess of Montrose, who is going to Carlsbad for a month, accompanied, I hear, by Lady Emily Peel, intends shortly to have a large "weeding" sale, both of race-horses and brood mares. In future her stud is to be small and choice, and her colours will only be seen at the more important meetings. Small handicaps and selling races will be disdained.

Lord Falmouth went down to Newmarket on Thursday, and stayed there till Saturday. It was stated several months ago in Truth that although Lord Falmouth proposed to sell his stud, yet he did not intend finally and entirely to abandon the turf. This announcement was treated with scorn in some captious and contradictory quarters; but, of course, it turns out that my information on the subject was perfectly correct. Lord Falmouth has engaged Belimperia in the July, Chesterfield, and Richmond Stakes next year; and in the Derby, Oaks, and Coronation Stakes for 1886. This is the filly by Kisber—Ambassadress which was Lot One at the recent sale, when she was knocked down to Reeves, the trainer, for the absurdly small sum of 50 gs. Belimperia was one of Lord Falmouth's particular favourites, and he has repurchased her for £250.

A coach has been started to run daily between Scarborough and Bridlington. It is owned and driven by Mr. George Lowther, brother of Mr. James Lowther, M.P.

Considerable surprise seems to have been caused by Sir John Astley's revelations respecting the connection between the aristocracy and cabs. By far the best cabs plying for hire are those belonging to Lord Shrewsbury. They have wheels with noiseless tires, and may be recognised by having an S and a T painted on them.

The Belgrave Laundry, 194 & 196, Ebury-street, Belgravia
A laundry for high-class families.

Vanity Fair says:—"Mr. Benjamin is still the Prince of Ulster and Stalking-Coat Makers." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

The Danish Minister and Madame de Falbe will leave Luton Hoo next week for Cowes, to join their yacht the *Chazalie*, which has undergone an extensive refit at Gosport during the last three months. After the R.Y.S. week the *Chazalie* will leave the Solent for a six weeks' cruise round the coast.

There was a large muster of members of the R.Y.S. at Cowes last week, including the Duke of Rutland, Lords Londonderry, Drogheda, Henry Lennox, and R. Grosvenor, Sirs A. Young, R. Williams-Bulkeley, G. King, and E. Sullivan, Colonel Sterling, and Messrs. E. Guinness, A. Hope, N. Wood, C. Lancaster, P. Perceval, and J. Turnour.

The remarks I made concerning the Channel matches that were about to be sailed, angrily as they were denied at the time, have been fully borne out by the result. I also notice that there was more point in my observations concerning the granting of the Admiralty warrant than was generally admitted. A change has now been made, and the once coveted privilege is granted by the Admiralty in almost a contemptuous manner. Instead of a separate warrant being issued for each yacht, as was formerly the case, in future one general warrant will cover the lot in each club, and a sort of sub-warrant will be issued to the respective owners by the secretary. The blue ensign at the peak of a small yacht will, therefore, now, more than ever, look like the Royal Arms over a butcher's shop in a country village.

For the third year in succession the elements have proved so unfavourable that the Eton and Harrow match has resulted in a drawn game, a result as disappointing to the partisans of the latter school, as it was little anticipated by any one during the recent long spell of magnificent cricket weather. So much more publicity is always given to the doings of the Eton eleven than to those of their rivals, that people are generally more or less in the dark as to the capacity of the Dark Blues, and whether Eton is favourite for the match or not usually depends solely upon the manner in which her boys acquit themselves in their trial matches, without reference to the similar contests at Harrow. This year, partly owing to a pluckily won victory over Winchester, Eton was much fancied; but the game, as far as it went, was all in favour of the Dark Blues, who had a balance of 196 runs with four wickets still to fall. No particular form was shown on either side; nothing comparable, for instance, with that of Marchant and Greatorex last year, while no single score of over 40 runs was made, though several exceeded 30. Ramsay and Buxton bowled creditably for Harrow, aided by some feeble batting on the part of their opponents; but, considering the quality of the defence opposed to him, Bromley Martin, the Etonian, certainly deserves the palm among the bowlers.

Besides the Schools' match at Lord's, a fixture of greater cricket importance, England *v.* Australia, at Manchester, was left drawn, owing to the bad weather, but here, curiously enough, it was on the first day of the match play was rendered impossible, Saturday being fine throughout. The Australians bowled and fielded in their finest form, and had all the best of the unfinished game. The English team, however, was anything but representative, Lancashire supplying far too many of the players. As a matter of fact, the only Lancastrian of the present day whose claims to be in an England eleven would be undisputed is Mr. A. G. Steel.

That Charity covers a multitude of sins seems to be better understood in France than in this country. Perhaps the most silly deeds we "cloke" under the sacred name of Charity are the eating of detestable dinners, the drinking of horrible wine, and the making motley fools of ourselves at bazaars and the like. But the Parisians stretch the said mantle until it nearly comes apart, like St. Martin's. This week, under the guise of making a profit to build a hospital at Tunis, is drawn the "Lotérie Tunisienne," with advertised money prizes amounting to a million of francs. At the end of this month will be drawn the "Lotérie des Arts Décoratifs," with the avowed object of building a kind of South Kensington Museum, and with advertised money prizes of the value of £80,000. It amuses me to observe that these deeds are done in the country which is just now eager to denounce and extirpate Monte Carlo. Suppose we English had a Derby Sweep for the benefit of an "Asylum for Idiots," with a prize for the winning horse of £20,000: what would the anti-baccarites and general repressionists say?

The July number of *To-day* contains an article by Mr. W. Morris, in which he explains that there are very few pictures in the Royal Academy Exhibition to which the word art is applicable. He points to those exhibited by Mr. Millais "as the record of a ruined reputation, of a wasted life, of a genius bought and sold and thrown away." The conditions of great art, he informs his readers, must remain impossible "until the longings of simple people take up the chain where it fell from the hands of the craft guilds of the fifteenth century," which wondrous phrase means, I suppose, until simple people cover the walls of their rooms with Mr. Morris's papers.

Many persons were invited by the Directors of the Royal Italian Opera Company to witness the final rehearsal of the new opera "Sigurd," which took place on Saturday. Among those present were Lady Hamilton, Lord and Lady Carmarthen, Lady Cowper, Lord Lathom and Ladies Wilbraham, Lord and Lady Hood, Lady Jersey, Count E. Gleichen, and Lady Goldsmid. The opinion in regard to the music was very favourable, as the score happily combines good orchestration with several beautiful melodies.

The scenic arrangements are on a scale of magnificence rarely surpassed in this country. The burning of Brunhilde's castle in the second act is a special feature, and the effect is much enhanced by a skilful use of steam and the electric light, which, though very realistic,

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"Royal Charter" Champagne.—Wachter & Co., shippers to H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales by special appointment

offer no danger from fire. There are also some effective ballets.

Patti will take her benefit on Tuesday, the 22nd, and Albani on Thursday, the 24th. The season will close on Saturday, the 26th, when Patti will, as usual, sing the National Anthem at the end of the performance.

"Confusion," which is to be played at the Vaudeville for the benefit of Mr. Sidney Alport, on Saturday next, has had, next to "Our Boys," the longest consecutive run of any play that has ever been produced at this theatre.

Miss Kate Vaughan will produce at a Gaiety *matinée*, on Thursday next, a comedy in three acts, by Mr. Hermann Vezin, entitled "The Little Viscount." This piece is a translation of "Le Vicomte de Létorières," written by Bayard for Madame Déjazet.

Madame Judic has signed an engagement for a seven months' tour in the United States, Mexico, and Havana, for which she is to receive £42,000, with all expenses paid. She will give 220 performances during the tour.

A week or two ago the following advertisement appeared in the *Daily News*:—

Priory Congregational Church, Carmarthen.—Drawing of Prizes.—Winning Numbers.—19,416, 31,552, 1,900, 10,211, 20,996, 37,955, 22,205, 36,833, 55,516, 3,231, 25,403, 2,598, 37,558, 44,423, 16,965, 25,833, 15,559, 45,072, 15,265, 10,267, 43,145, 54,912, 40,898, 58,426.

The unblushing resort to a public lottery as a means of raising funds for a church has naturally surprised and grieved many Congregationalists. But, after all, they have themselves chiefly to blame, for it is only a development of the raffling which is the rule at nearly every bazaar in the country, and which is openly practised by ministers and and church officials of all denominations. People who preach so glibly about the pernicious influence of the turf and the iniquities of Monte Carlo should at least have clean hands themselves. We have quite enough of gambling without churches catching the fever.

Whatever may be said of Moody, there can be no doubt that he has a prodigious amount of shrewdness and common sense, and the possession of these qualities has a great deal to do with his success. The entire Bench of Bishops, the Wesleyan Conference, and the Baptist and Congregational Unions, all put together, do not seem to have as much practical wisdom as this unlettered American. This characteristic came out very clearly in his interview with the representative of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The shrewd Evangelist knew to whom he was talking, and this may account in some measure for the flattering way in which he spoke of the English people. "London is the most religious city in the world," our wealthy people are prodigies of self-sacrifice, Christian union is growing among our churches, the caste spirit is being broken down in our social circles, the temperance movement is advancing, &c., &c. All this will doubtless be gratifying to our national pride. But we must remember that it is a Yankee who speaks, a man who has seen the sunny side of things, and who has substantial reason to be grateful to us. One would like to know how the heir to a great fortune, who held the cabman's horse while cabby went in to hear Moody, and the titled ladies, who nursed the babies of poor women, treat their own servants at home.

After many years of litigation, the Rev. J. Baghot-De la Bere, the Ritualistic vicar of Prestbury, was deprived of his benefice for illegal practices. What have the promoters of this suit gained by their pertinacity? Mr. Gurney, who has succeeded the deprived vicar, uses precisely the same ritual and wears the same vestments. If a congregation favours this sort of service, I cannot see why the clergyman should be interfered with by fanatical and mischievous outsiders.

Trinity Church, Eastbourne, was, the other day, the scene of a very unusual ceremony. The Rev. W. A. Bathurst, the rector, appears to have converted (or perverted) a Roman Catholic lady visiting the place. In celebration of his success, Mr. Bathurst prepared a solemn form of renunciation of Romanism, which the lady in question recited in the church in the face of the congregation. I am not aware what precedent there may be for such a proceeding, but—precedent or no precedent—the taste of it is decidedly questionable.

The approaching resignation by Dr. Moberley of the See of Salisbury (which was announced in Truth a fortnight ago) will enable Mr. Gladstone to appoint his third Bishop to this important diocese. When the lamented Bishop Denison died in 1854, it was entirely through Mr. Gladstone's representations, warmly supported by Bishop Wilberforce, that Dr. Hamilton was nominated by Lord Aberdeen to succeed him; and when he died prematurely in 1869 it fell to Mr. Gladstone to appoint Dr. Moberley, who would have been elevated to the Bench years before, if he had not got into disgrace at Court owing to his having signed an address promoted by his friend and neighbour Keble, which protested against the selection of a Roman Catholic as godfather to one of the Royal children. This affair kept Dr. Moberley in the background for fifteen years, just as Hook, who of all men ought to have been a Bishop, was relegated to the poor Deanery of Chichester because in 1839 he preached a sermon which offended the Queen's Whig friends.

It was a disgrace to Lord Palmerston that he did not insist on appointing the great Vicar of Leeds to a bishopric. When Mr. Gladstone came into power in 1868, Hook was too old, but it is not generally known that he was offered the deanery of St. Paul's in 1871, and Canterbury a year later. Salisbury used to be worth £12,000 a year, but it has been cut down to £5,000, and one-third of the income will go to Dr. Moberley during his life. The Bishop's patronage is very good indeed. Canon Liddon (formerly Prebendary of Salisbury, and Chaplain to Bishop Hamilton) and Canon King are the favourites for this see.

By an odd coincidence, Canon Lewis, the successor of Dr. Edwards in the Deanery of Bangor, was the predecessor of the late Dean in the rectory of Aberdare. The new Dean, who is a Jesus (Oxford) man, is a moderate

High Churchman, and, what is of more practical value, a thorough master of the Welsh language. His canonry has fallen to the Rev. John Price, rector of Trefdraeth, in Anglesea, and author of a well-known work on "The Ancient British Church," which originally saw the light, as a prize essay, at the Wrexham Eisteddfod of 1876.

Canon Venables intends to resign the living of Great Yarmouth before the close of the year.

The Archbishop of Canterbury distributed the prizes to the students of the Medical College at St. Thomas's Hospital the other day, and in the course of his address gave a list of the qualities which go to make up the character of a model doctor. It is to be feared that the Archbishop's standard is somewhat of a high one: "A good physician or surgeon should possess courage and presence of mind, deep sympathy, perfect candour, simple manners, clear faculties, and pure moral feelings, and if over all these was shed the light of God, they would leave in the man who possessed them one who was qualified alike to work and to teach." Quite so; but if a friend of mine were seriously ill I should not advise him to wait until a paragon of this description could be met with; he would in all probability die in the interval.

I see that Lord Cranborne, Lord Salisbury's eldest son, has just taken a second class in the Honour School of Modern History at Oxford. This school used to be considered one of the shortest cuts to a degree in the University, but it has been rising a good deal in estimation lately, and a second class in it is now a very creditable performance. What a pity that Lord Salisbury has not been sharing his son's studies in modern history, instead of deluding himself into the belief that we are still in the pre-democratic age!

It certainly looks as if the governing body of Eton meant to perpetrate a job. They are to meet, it is said, in a few days' time, to consider the election of a head-master, but as far as is known, they have taken no steps to obtain any candidates. This seems an odd proceeding, for how can they be sure that all the suitable men will spontaneously occur to them? Even if, as is commonly reported, they have practically arranged to appoint Mr. Warre, it would be far better to go through the form, at any rate, of electing him in preference to other candidates. This would not only be more satisfactory to the public, but would be fairer to Mr. Warre himself, for a head-master about whose appointment there was a suspicion of jobbery would begin under a decided disadvantage.

There is some talk, in service circles, of the appointment of a Standing Committee of Officers to act as the responsible advisers of the Secretary of State for War in military affairs. The idea, I believe, has already been adopted in the majority of continental armies. It may be hoped, however, that, if the notion be carried out, the Committee will be quite independent of the Cabinet of the day, and that its functions will be clearly defined by Act of Parliament.

I am glad to hear that there is some probability of the vexatious restrictions upon the general leave of officers in India being abolished. The regulation, as it at present stands, allows an officer to take six months' general leave to half the remote corners of the globe, but reduces his pay should he wish to come to England. This is not only very hard, but very absurd.

From India a correspondent writes:—

> Will you move some of your friends to ask the Secretary of State for India to explain the constitution and charges of the body-guard of the Governor of Madras? The Governor resides at Ootacamund all the year round, and to perform the duties of body-guard a corps of 128 men is kept at Madras. I don't mind his having a body-guard, or his keeping it at the Antipodes, if he wishes, but I can hardly believe it is true that these men are drawn from the regiments of Madras cavalry and do not appear in the Budget as a distinct corps, as is the case for body-guards of other Governors of India.

The extraordinary efforts of the Admiralty authorities to stifle the open discussion of burning questions is certainly calculated to cause a good deal of alarm, and thereby to produce a very different effect from that presumably intended by my Lords. I noticed the other day that direct influence from head-quarters had prevented the discussion at the United Service Institution of Captain Johnstone's naval prize essay; and now another instance of the same narrow-minded policy has been brought to light. Lieut.-Colonel Moody, R.M.L.I., the recruiting officer in the London district, announced that he would lecture on recruiting at the United Service Institution, but, owing to pressure from the Admiralty, the lecture has been abandoned. Surely, this is the very way, of all others, to produce something like a panic, for the authorities ought to court, rather than avoid, criticism, unless they wish it to be assumed that they dread the exposure of the rottenness of their system.

"My Lords" have lately effected a sweeping economy in one branch of the Naval Service. They have discovered that in some cases flue-brushes have been purchased for coastguard stations, and they have directed that in future these important and expensive articles are not to be provided at the expense of the Crown, but must be paid for by the crews of the Reserve ships. Here, then, at last is hope for a reduction in the income-tax.

A naval officer writes:—

> You do not scruple to show up in your admirable "Entre Nous" the jobs that have been perpetrated at the Admiralty. Here is one:—Mr. Hardy and Mr. Kennedy were the only midshipmen mentioned in despatches for gallant conduct at the bombardment of Alexandria. When medals and other decorations were flung around to all who happened to be connected with the peerage, &c., these officers were virtually neglected. The Medjidie and Osmanli may be of small value, but it is a hard case that when they are granted one should be given to an "honourable" and one to the son of an admiral (neither of whom was mentioned), rather than to the officers whose names were so favourably mentioned in despatches.

I understand that Admiral the Hon. A. Cochrane will be selected to succeed Sir W. Houston-Stewart as Commander-in-Chief at Devonport.

I also hear that Rear-Admiral J. K. Baird is to succeed Rear-Admiral A. Lyons as Commander-in-Chief in the Pacific. Captain Rose, late of the Royal yacht *Osborne*, will go out with him as flag captain.

The Duke of Edinburgh goes down to Devonshire next Wednesday, as he has promised to distribute the prizes to the cadets on board the *Britannia*, at Dartmouth, on Thursday.

I hear that the Lords of the Admiralty are to start on their annual tour of inspection round the Royal dockyards about the second week in August. Their yacht, the *Enchantress*, is being prepared at Portsmouth for the cruise.

The writer of this letter sends me his name, but does not wish it to be published :—

Sir,—In the *Manchester Evening Mail*, third edition, of the 10th inst., is an extract taken from your paper, giving a few details respecting the late cholera outbreak on board H.M.S. *Crocodile* with troops from Bombay. I was a passenger on board that vessel, and vouch for the truth of what is stated in the paragraph. It requires, however, the following to be added to it :—It was well known to the Bombay authorities that there had been three attacks of Asiatic cholera on board before we left Bombay harbour, and I think that the Secretary of State for India should appoint a committee to investigate into the whole affair, especially into the conduct of the Bombay officials for allowing a troopship to leave the harbour (well knowing that there was cholera on board) and proceed on a voyage 8,000 miles with nearly 1,600 souls on board, out of which there were about 100 women and 200 children. We have to thank Providence that there were not more deaths than there were. Also it was very fortunate it confined itself to the fore part of the vessel. If it had taken an epidemic form, amongst such a number of souls confined in such a small compass, who can say what would have been the death-rate? Especially if it had once made its appearance amongst the women and children it would have been something alarming. I have to add that the accommodation in the nursery is (I believe) twenty berths for children under sixteen years of age and nurses. Twenty-six were allowed to sleep in the nursery during the whole voyage. The doctor's (in charge of the troops) child died from diphtheria or croup. During its illness it had to be isolated from the rest of the children, to prevent others from taking it. There were two or three other deaths on board during the voyage from natural causes.—Yours obediently, ——.

I would suggest to the Commissioners of Lunacy that an inquiry should be made into the mental condition of the forty-four persons who have been put in the asylum of Dr. Forbes Winslow, on Dr. Semple's certificate; for it is fully clear that this practitioner entertains views respecting insanity which would lead to the confinement of a good many of us.

No person ought to be declared a lunatic, and sent to an asylum, except by the certificate of two doctors, who themselves have a certificate of their fitness to pronounce on so important a question. At present, as a rule, first-class physicians decline to certify unless in the case of their own patients. The consequence is that this business falls into the hands of men who are, more or less, connected with the proprietor of some lunatic asylum.

I would, indeed, go a step further. I would not permit any private lunatic asylum to exist. As long as human nature is what it is, there must be a bias in their owners' minds to retain a patient rather than to cure him. What is the percentage of cures at Bethlehem Hospital, and what at some first-class private asylum?

This Bethlehem Hospital has a curious rule. No patient is admitted whose friends are either paupers or who have more than £100 per annum. One never knows what may happen. With an eye to future contingences, I should be glad to see this rule modified, for the system at this hospital is perfect, and if ever I were shut up there, I should have the consolation that not only should I be well treated, but that every effort would be made to restore me to a condition in which I should be regarded as safe to associate with my fellow-men.

With regard to the following letter, I am sorry that there should have been any misunderstanding. My words were : "This ferocious sentence, to quote Lord Bramwell's expression." I thought the expression apposite to the sentences lately passed in Devonshire at the Quarter Sessions, but in no way intended to imply that Lord Bramwell had called these particular sentences ferocious, although I make no doubt that, were he to express an opinion respecting them, it would be framed in some such language :—

34, Cadogan Place, July 11, 1884.

Sir,—When I read in Truth of the 10th the paragraph on some recent sentences in Devonshire, I thought that it meant that I had called them "ferocious." But a friend reminded me that you had done me the honour of remembering and quoting something I said about three years ago, and which I had forgotten. Others may make the same mistake I did. If you think it likely, please prevent it. I know nothing of the sentences you denounce.—Your obedient servant, Bramwell.

A county magistrate writes :—

You have done well to call attention to what may very properly be termed "the ferocious sentences" which were passed at the Devon Quarter Sessions a fortnight ago, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the Home Secretary will at once interfere in the interests of the wretched prisoners, as it is no exaggeration to state that great and general indignation has been excited among all classes in the West of England by the outrageous severity of the Chairman, a Mr. Halliday, who does not possess a single qualification for the important office which he fills. In one case, at Exeter, this Chairman, on the first day, passed a sentence of fifteen years' penal servitude, which he reduced next morning to ten years. In another he refused to allow the prosecuting counsel to withdraw a case, so the best part of a day was wasted in trying a foregone conclusion.

Here are the particulars of one of the cases to which you alluded last week. The prisoner (one John Dymond) had been left a widower with nine children, the youngest only a week old. His housekeeper robbed him of his small stock of money, sold his goods, and put the children in the workhouse. He was ordered to take them out, and they were all turned out on the street without either food or money. They had to tramp nearly one hundred miles, and, after four nights out of doors, they were all starving; so the miserable man took four ducks from a farmyard. He had been refused admission to three unions, therefore it was literally a case of either helping himself or of seeing his children die. He was sentenced to five years' penal servitude! I have frequently noticed at Quarter Sessions that Chairmen are too often most unduly eager to procure a conviction, quite irrespective of the defence; and all magistrates know very well that Session sentences are, as a rule, far more severe than those at Assizes. I should be glad to know, moreover, on what principle magistrates sitting in Quarter Sessions are allowed to pass a sentence of fifteen years' penal servitude, while the same men sitting in Petty Sessions can only give six months. This is one of the glaring anomalies of English procedure. It is horrible that an addle-headed Squire of Western should be allowed to pass such monstrous sentences for comparatively trifling offences.

The Metropolitan Board's engineers have reported that the present polluted state of the Thames is chiefly due to the abnormal scarcity of the land water, and to the aversion which salt water has to mixing with sewage water. This scarcity is not abnormal; it is owing to the Water Companies abstracting the water above Teddington Lock, and to their each year abstracting more. We have had dry spells before now, but each year the level of the water is lower than the last year. This year it is above a foot lower than in 1883. I happen to have a boat-house at Twickenham. Here are positive facts: When I had the ground excavated to make it, I went a foot lower than was deemed necessary to ensure the house having water to float boats in the driest summer. Since then I have had to lower it three times. Last year I lowered it considerably, and yet this year it has been as dry as the desert of Sahara. "Yes," it will be said, "your boat-house gets filled with mud." It does, to the extent of about a foot, and this mud is so full of sewage matter that it forms excellent garden manure; but the bottom of the boat-house

is asphalted, so that the mud does not affect any calculation as to the lowering of the level of the water.

Last Friday evening, a facetious legislator placed in the reading-room of the House of Commons a sample of Thames water taken from within the district of the Metropolitan Board of Works, and somewhat resembling pea-soup. Another, by way of paying a delicate compliment to the Chairman of the said Board, placed a label on the bottle, bearing the words "Hogg-wash."

I see that one of the dead bodies found in the river last week was that of a man with a black beard and a light, fair moustache. Surely a man with such a peculiar appearance ought to be identified easily. This corpse had on striped tweed trousers, and a boot on the left foot. Another corpse found was that of a man with grey whiskers and bald head, and wearing a dark rep coat. Another that of a boy dressed in a blue serge knickerbocker suit and Oxford striped shirt. It can hardly be supposed that suicide took place in all these cases.

More revelations of Vestrydom! Sir Charles Dilke has told us of the Clerkenwell Vestry, where the Sanitary Laws are not enforced because a majority of the Vestrymen are farmers of slums; and now we hear—thanks to an application in the Southwark Police Court—of another Vestry, that of St. Mary, Newington, where the Adulteration Act is a dead letter, because the Vestrymen, being shopkeepers, refuse to appoint an inspector. When Vestrymen talk of a central authority destroying "local self-government," what they really mean is local jobbery and robbery.

Apropos to the Clerkenwell Vestry, a certain Mr. Robson, in moving a resolution to the effect that Sir Charles Dilke's accusations against its members were absolutely without foundation, declared that he spoke "without fear of contradiction." The contradiction came, however, from Mr. J. F. Kelly, who said that Sir Charles's statements were literally true. He remarked, amongst other things, that

> The gormandising that had gone on in the vestry had been simply disgraceful. One night the Sanitary Committee sat and finished their work at nine o'clock, but the champagne was then introduced and they sat drinking till midnight. Notwithstanding the exposure which he had given of this vulgar gormandising, the Clerkenwell Vestry still continued it, and for the past year not less than £130 had been allowed in the accounts for refreshments. But that was not all, for he noticed in the accounts items such as ironmongery 3s. 7d., and the very next item was £67 for petty expenses. He complained of this style of keeping accounts, for it was well-known that these petty expenses often meant feeding.

Although nobody apparently attempted to gainsay Mr. Kelly's remarks, it will hardly surprise those acquainted with the ways of vestries to hear that the original resolution was carried by an overwhelming majority.

A curious correspondence between the Gas Light and Coke Company and one of their customers residing in the South-Western district has been forwarded to me. The customer complained that his bill for the last July quarter amounted to nearly twice as much as it did for the corresponding quarter of the previous year. On this, the Company recommended that his meters should be inspected. They were, at his own cost, and found to mark correctly. The Inspector, however, of the Company informed the customer that the reason why the bill was double was that the pressure put on by the Company had been greater, and that this might have been obviated by regulating the valve behind the meter. The customer wrote to protest against not having been informed of this, as he contended that, had he been, his bill would have been half the amount, and he would not have had to pay for an inspection. The reply of the Company was that they had been acting as empowered by Act of Parliament. The only comment is to ask how long we are to remain the slaves of Gas Companies by Act of Parliament?

I am sorry to see that the Town Council of Swansea, after having a few weeks ago given permission for bands to play in the parks on Sunday, have now been induced to reverse their decision. This step backwards has been taken in deference to a demonstration on the part of the united clerical element—Church and Nonconformist—and in defiance of a police report testifying to the improved conduct of the lower classes since the bands have been playing. One of the strangest arguments yet heard on the Sabbatarian side appears to have been used by the Rev. Dr. Morgan, who said that the Salvation Army meetings had been "tremendously injured" by the bands. Most people will be glad to learn that the nuisance of the Salvation Army "bands" can be abated by supplying the people with decent music.

Another aspect of the Sunday question was illustrated last week at Wrexham, where the magistrates had an instructive conversation with the police authorities on the increase of drunkenness since the Sunday Closing Act had been in operation. According to the Mayor, drunkenness on Sunday has trebled since the Act came into force. A police inspector stated that on the previous Sunday "nearly half the people he saw were drunk, and it was admitted, in the course of the discussion, that the police were powerless to cope with the organised means employed for evading the Act. With every respect for my excellent friends who believe in the possibility of making the nation sober by Act of Parliament, I am afraid this method has already proved a failure.

In reply to many fat correspondents, I got my ideas respecting the German system of Banting from a sixpenny book entitled "Fining Down," published by Field & Tuer, of the Leadenhall Press. From it I gather that Liebig is now admitted to have been wrong in supposing that the process of nutrition was one of assimilation. Fat, I learn, is produced by the partial disintegration of albumen; it becomes fat when farinaceous or saccharine matter is taken. If these matters be not taken, food, and even fat itself, are entirely decomposed, without being stored up in the intermediate stage of fat. Fat people may, therefore, eat fat meat and butter with impunity, provided that they deny themselves sugar and starch.

"Liberty" Art Fabrics.—Original designs for Curtains, Chintz, Upholstery, and Furniture Stuffs. Patterns post-free Regent-st., W.

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Goode's Depôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

The Colonel of a Regiment writes, enclosing one of Sanguinetti's circulars :—

A whole sheaf of such letters is received at these barracks several times a year from various money-lenders, generally addressed to the Subalterns and Captains—but rarely to the Field Officers,—and to boys who are inclined to dissipate and outrun the allowances granted by parents and guardians. The offer is tempting and seductive, but certain to result in disaster, if not ruin, to the victim who gets entangled.

As the Commanding Officer of the Regiment, I should like to put such letters in the fire when received, but, of course, I cannot do so to letters addressed to other people, and I have actually to forward such to the private addresses of the officers.

I don't know whether such a matter can be brought within reach of legislation, but when a prostitute importunes a passer-by on the strects here she is run in by the police, convicted, and punished—simply for "importuning." This is done under the local "provisional order." The letters enclosed are simply importuning in another form; equally dangerous to the unwary.

Could such debts, when contracted in that way, not be made illegal and unable to be recovered in a Court of Law?

This circularising business is a nuisance, and worse than a nuisance. If any legislative means could be adopted to punish the rascals who live by it all would rejoice. Only a few days ago a friend of mine showed me a circular from one of these pests which had been received by his son at school. I wonder what the law would have done if the father had proceeded to the spider's lair and dealt severely with him? Sanguinetti's real name is Emanuel Moss. He was originally a glass merchant in St. Mary's Axe. He used to do money-lending business under the style of H. Lester & Co. Those who confide their bills to him are the reverse of wise.

An officer of a Hussar Regiment also sends me a circular from Alfred Warner. Warner is a penniless tout of the name of Jordan, but not a stampless one, as he encloses a stamped envelope in his circular.

"Lord Abercrombie" has been discovered, according to the American newspapers, to be a Mr. Mayhew. He had passed in the United States under that name, but in January last he announced that he was Lord Abercrombie, and that he had concealed his identity in order to escape vulgar notoriety. He is described as a good-looking young man, with blond hair and moustache, florid complexion, light blue eyes, lips inclined to droop, an eye-glass, a slight English accent, and with entertaining manners, and "he soon became a favourite." I trust that the exposé will lead Americans not to be so ready to make lions of Englishmen visiting America, because they have the prefix of Lord before their names.

Governor Cleveland, the nominee for President of the American Democrats, is in all respects a typical "Democrat." He was one of the nine children of a poor country clergyman, who were all, with only the training of common schools, put upon their own resources in their teens. Mr. Cleveland taught in a school for the blind; and, afterwards, while assisting in the care of a herd farm, studied law somewhat after the fashion of Abraham Lincoln, "the rail-splitter." He received news of his nomination while working in his shirt-sleeves at his gubernatorial desk.

Iron Wine Bins.—The original makers. Medal and Five Awards Sydney Exhibition, 1880. Farrow & Jackson, 16, Great Tower-street; 8, Haymardet, London. Illustrated Price Lists post free.

The Indian newspapers are loud in protest against English officials prolonging their stay in the Hills still more each year.

If (says the *Indian Daily News*), eight or nine months are to be spent in the Hills, then surely the pay should be reduced to an equality with the climate, or allowance should be made for the time passed in an English climate, and further residence in the Hills should be held to disqualify those who take the indulgence from the benefit of leave to England.

There is something pathetic in the blind confidence of weaker races in the integrity and humanity of the stronger ones. Here is the poor Maori King come all the way from New Zealand to point out to the Queen of England and her Government that he and his people are being robbed, outwitted, and trampled upon by her Majesty's most Christian representatives in the Colonies, without redress. I was dining with his swarthy Majesty and his suite the other night, and the Maori Monarch informed me that the Government out in New Zealand, to whom he had appealed, plainly admitted that they considered no agreement binding with barbarians, and that the sooner the treaty made by our last Lord Derby in the name of the British Government were understood to be mere waste paper, the better. This guileless Monarch actually imagines that we Christians believe in the religion we try to teach his people, and are likely to practise such things as justice and mercy! Major Te Wheoro, who was also at dinner, is a very cultivated and able Maori. He told me a sad tale of Colonial aggression. According to him, it is nothing but one long list of broken promises to the natives, till at last they find themselves driven into a corner of their own country, and flatly told that the sooner they can skeddadle out of that the better—to make room for the Christians. "My dear Major," I felt inclined to say, but refrained for very shame, "do you not know that is precisely what we are doing in Scotland, because we want the land for moors and deer-farms? Do you suppose that Christians who won't allow the Scotch crofters to stand in the way of pleasure are likely to allow the Maori peasant to interfere with their profit?"

Before the Maori King leaves England he will get so shrewd an idea of the worth of our missionary enterprise and our Christian morality, that he will probably learn to call one *bigotry* and the other *pocket*. I remember a colonial Baronet telling me of a certain old Maori servant of his who had ridden behind him for twenty years, and professed all that time to be a devout Christian. One day his master engaged him in confidential talk, and begged him to say what he recommended as the best means of converting the Maoris to Christianity. The worthy Baronet was rather taken aback at the rejoinder of the old Maori, whom he trusted implicitly, and whose fidelity had hitherto borne every test. "Master," said he, with an odd twinkle, "you ask me, you no ask me. Me tell what believe; me believe your Christian religion—all dam nonsense!" I fear the Maori King will be of the same opinion at no very distant date. Christians who preach one thing and practise another must expect these little snubs from, well—"the noble savage."

Sanitary Inspection.—Fee, 2 Guineas. Improvement works undertaken. The Sanitary Engineering Co., 115, Victoria-st., Westminster.

To your tents, O Israel! The Franchise Bill has been scotched by thirty Peers having voted one way instead of another, and they and their confederates did this like silly lambs, in obedience to a mandate promulgated by Lord Salisbury in the dining-room of his town mansion.

The agitation against the House of Lords should be kept simmering during August and September. The pot should boil lustily from the commencement of October until the end of the year. It is as vain to argue with Lord Salisbury's lambs, as with the mindless beasts that browse on the ancestral fields of these gentlemen.

John Bright, the veteran, whose life has been a long and triumphant struggle against abuses, has declared his intention to put on his armour. As he justly observed at the meeting of the Liberal party, we must take this opportunity to regulate the political relations of the Peers with the nation; either their teeth must be drawn, or the House that sees them now must see them no more.

I prefer the latter alternative. Hereditary legislators are an anachronism anywhere; in a country such as this, where party government exists, they are not only an anachronism, but they render Liberal Ministers unable to propose and to carry into effect such legislation as they think desirable. Seldom do the Peers actually reject a Liberal measure that is sent up to them. They mutilate it, and add clauses to it. Then it comes back to the Commons, and a bargain is struck. Some of the alterations are assented to, in order to secure the passing of the measure.

This can no longer be allowed. The agitation must not alone be in favour of the Franchise Bill; it must bring the Upas tree to the ground. When Conservative Ministers are in power by the will of the nation, they should be allowed to legislate according to their lights. But I claim that when Liberal Ministers are in power they should be able to do the same. This will never be so long as the leader of the Conservative Opposition has a constitutional right to alter, mutilate, or reject Liberal measures.

I observe that in the debates in the House of Lords and in the newspapers which support them in their struggle with the nation, those who take the liberty to question the political advantage of an Upper House are termed "vulgar." What is meant by the word I do not know. Surely it is conceivable that the most refined of the human race should be of opinion that an Hereditary Legislative Chamber is not conducive to the public weal. The question seems to me essentially a political one, and to whatever extremities the nation may have to go in order to secure its Representatives against interference in their duties, it ought to be discussed as a political one.

Peers are much like other men. They are neither angels nor devils. The vast majority of them are socially very fair specimens of English gentlemen; they are more manly, less pretentious, and more honest than the aristocracies of Continental countries. Amongst them there are a singular number of men of superior attainments; indeed, I am ready to admit that their debating powers are more than respectable. But it does not follow that five hundred of the best of English gentlemen should have a veto on the decisions of the elected representatives of the nation. They are, too, essentially party men. How, I ask, is it possible that a Liberal should regard himself as such an impulsive, wrong-headed fool, that he ought for ever to be under the tutelary guardianship of a number of Conservative landlords, who represent no one but themselves, and who act as the janissaries of the Conservative leader? Reverse the position, and what would the Conservatives say if, when they attain power by the will of the nation, all their legislative efforts were ineffectual, if they did not meet with the approval of a House of hereditary Radical artisans?

I cannot help thinking that the present crisis might be met by Mr. Gladstone notifying Lord Salisbury that unless he promises that the Franchise Bill will be passed by the Lords in November, there will be a creation of Peers pledged to vote for it. This was the plan adopted with respect to the Reform Bill of 1832, and the Conservatives, who are always clamouring for precedent, cannot complain if the precedent were followed. Accepting the fact that there is a House of Lords, what does the country care whether its numbers be increased by fifty or not?

London and society are not aware what a strong feeling exists against the Upper House in the constituencies. If the Liberal electors were polled, there would be a very considerable majority in favour of its abolition; yet, curiously enough, this opinion is but faintly represented even amongst the Radicals in the House of Commons. In a vague sort of way they suggest that something ought to be done. When, however, it comes to voting, they hesitate on one pretext or another. I suppose that this is because the atmosphere of Parliament is detrimental to true democracy. The social influences exercise a pernicious effect.

Under these circumstances, constituencies should not be satisfied with vague generalities. They should only elect candidates who are specially pledged to vote in season and out of season against the hereditary element in our legislative machine.

The moral of the dispute of the Conservative leaders in the House of Lords with Lord Granville and Mr. Gladstone is that Liberal Ministers would do well not to make quasi-private concessions to the Lords which are to be binding on the House of Commons. Had the contemplated arrangement been accepted by Lord Salisbury, it is by no means clear that Mr. Gladstone could have carried it into effect. We want, say the Conservatives, to know the details of your Redistribution Bill before we pass your Franchise Bill. What does this mean? If we do not approve of your Redistribution Bill, we will not pass your

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The Bazaar of Oct. 28, says that Mr. & Mrs. B. Phillips, Manchester House, 36, Thayer-st., Manchester-sq., W., are the most Liberal Buyers of all kinds of Clothes, Uniforms, Jewellery, Gold, Silver, &c. Money orders sent for parcels. Appointments kept. Cash only.

International Health Exhibition.—In referring to Messrs. Fry's Exhibit of Cocoa and Chocolate, *The Grocer* says:—"Their goods are displayed in an exceedingly attractive style—the Chocolate Creams and similar articles of Confectionery are offered to consumers in the most dainty form, and the boxes in which they are placed are quite works of art. They turn out nothing but the best.'

Franchise Bill; or in other words, Unless you consent to neutralise the effect of an extended Franchise by manipulating Redistribution, we will resist your scheme. Now, were the Liberal leaders to assent to any such terms, their own followers in the House of Commons would take very good care to do their utmost to hinder such a surrender being carried into effect.

But what state of things amongst the Conservative leaders themselves do the facts disclose! Lord Granville makes a proposal to Lord Cairns. At once Lord Cairns asks, as the most natural thing, whether it is to be concealed from Lord Salisbury. A day or two later Lord Randolph Churchill, who has never lost an opportunity to express his distrust of Lord Salisbury, takes up the cudgels in his behalf, and is faintly aided by Sir Stafford Northcote. And these gentlemen, when they are not occupied in quarrelling and showing their distrust of each other, positively expect the country to trust its destinies to them!

The resolution which Lord Wemyss is to submit to his brother Peers on Thursday, in effect rescinds that passed by the Lords last week; for whether the Redistribution Bill be brought in next November or next February, the Government will still maintain their decision not to bring it in until the Lords have passed the Franchise Bill. My respect for the House of Lords would, I confess, not be increased—indeed, my feelings towards them would take the form of contempt—were they, after their grandiloquent protestations and votes of last week, humbly and submissively to eat their own words this week. The debate on Thursday will be a curious one; the result will hinge upon the rank and file standing to their leaders. Some of them, it is said, are already so terrified at the mutterings of the coming storm that they are hesitating between their fears and their allegiance.

The Lords, with tearful elocution,
Seem anxious for Redistribution.
What if the people dry these tears
By redistributing the Peers?

Meanwhile, the attitude of the Bishops on the Bill is suggestive. I myself hardly think that Spiritual Lords should vote either one way or another upon an issue so purely temporal, and had I been a Bishop I should not have voted at all. These gentlemen, however, evidently consider that the Lords are doomed, and are anxious to make friends with triumphant democracy. Far be it from me to compare the Right Reverend Fathers to rats, but I am glad to see that they are not without the practical intelligence which characterises these little rodents.

Tory landlords profess much care for the Established Church. When, however, these interests conflict with their own, the care disappears. In 1857 the Bardney Drainage Act was passed. By it Parliament entrusted the interests of the landowners and occupiers who were presumed to be benefited by it to Mr. Clare Vyner, Mr. Turner, and Lord Harrowby as the lords of the respective manors of Stixwold, Tupholme, and Bardney. These lords seem to have introduced into the drainage area land not included in it for rating purposes, and to have drained these and other highlands belonging to them in such a manner that the lowlands, that do not belong to them and that are in the rating area, are ruined by floods.

One of the principal sufferers is the Rev. F. H. Deane. He cannot let his glebe land. In vain has he applied to the lords; they sneer at him and tell him to go to law. The Bishop of Lincoln and the Bishop Suffragan of Nottingham have interfered for this wronged clergyman, but unsuccessfully. Writing to Mr. Vyner, they say:—"We solicit your consideration for a clergyman who has laboured in the ministry in this diocese for twenty-two years, and who will be obliged to leave his home unless he is able to obtain relief under his heavy losses;" and they suggest that "the points in dispute be fully examined and arbitrated upon by gentlemen of position in the country, who, having no personal interest in the matter, may be relied upon to give a fair and just decision." This proposal was declined, and, therefore, Mr. Deane has no choice but to go to law. I trust that the newspapers will keep their eyes on the trial, for it seems to me that the details will prove interesting as showing how these lords have pillaged their neighbours and their clergy, and abused their position of trustees.

Sir Gerald Codrington, of Doddington Park, has positively refused to contest West Gloucestershire for the Tories. He was asked to come forward in conjunction with Mr. St. John Akers, of Prinknash, the well-known breeder of shorthorns.

On Thursday, as the popular Serjeant-at-Arms was dispelling political electricity by a glass of sherry at the stall in the Lobby, a voice whispered to him, "You are the man who gets people into the gallery," and simultaneously the astounded gentleman felt a shilling surreptitiously pressed upon him. This would-be corrupter of innocence was at once ejected from the Lobby.

NOTICES.

As, in view of the large increase in the advertisements in Truth, *it has been found necessary—so as to give the same proportion of reading matter—to add to the number of pages, several of the recent issues have been over weight for the foreign post. It has been therefore decided to print, for the future, a* ***Special Edition on Thin Paper,*** *for circulation abroad. Copies of this edition can be had on application to the Publisher,* 10, Bolt-court, Fleet-street, E.C. *The question of weight does not affect the ordinary postal distribution of the paper throughout the United Kingdom for one halfpenny.*

Index.—*The Fifteenth Half-Yearly Volume of* Truth *was completed with the number published on June 26th,* 1884. *The* Publisher *of* Truth *will be happy to forward an Index to Vol. XV., free of charge, to any address, on application being made to him at* 10, Bolt-court, Fleet-street, E.C. *Cases for binding* Truth *in half-yearly volumes are issued at 2s. 6d. each.*

Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street Grosvenor-square.

SCRUTATOR.

AT THE LYCEUM.

"TWELFTH NIGHT" is by no means one of the best of the plays of that most uncertain of writers, Shakespeare. It contains a few good passages and one or two good scenes, but the plot is involved, improbable, and wearisome. The critics, I believe, call it a "fantasy," whatever that may mean. It is seldom produced, except when some young actress wishes to give proof of her talents by playing the part of Viola. It is, of course, put on the stage at the Lyceum with all that lavish display which characterises the management of that theatre. I do not think that Irving ever pleased me better than in the part of Malvolio. He is the solemn, conceited steward to the life—too much, indeed, to the life, for many of the ladies in the stalls nearly wept on the first night at the pathos which he infused into the scenes where he is jeered at and ill-treated—an effect which probably was not contemplated by Shakespeare. Ellen Terry, however, carried off the honours of the evening. I have been amused in observing that the critics say that such a Viola has not been seen on the stage since her sister Kate played the part. Kate Terry was by no means a genius; she was a pleasing, useful little actress, about on a par with her sister Marion. Ellen is the only one of this clever family whose talent has a touch of genius. As Viola, Ellen is refined throughout, and there is not a shade of that vulgar exaggeration which is the besetting sin of actresses in this part. America has improved her; she looks prettier and more graceful than ever; indeed, as regards this remarkable young woman, the longer she lives the younger she looks. Miss Rose Leclercq is not particularly suited to the part of Olivia; she is too matronly, and there is a touch of absurdity in a lad falling in love with her at sight. Moreover, she has the bad habit of dropping her voice, and, consequently, much that she says is inaudible. Mr. Wyatt is too much of the eccentric actor as Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Mr. Fisher, too, seems to be often fishing after his words, and the clown is a very depressing gentleman. Perhaps, however, all this savours of hyper-criticism, for, as a whole, "Twelfth Night" has never been better acted, or so magnificently put upon the stage. When the curtain went down a few hisses and groans from the pit and gallery were audible amid the applause. It was funny to see the horror depicted on the faces of the Lyceum *habitués*. Sacrilege, they evidently thought, could not go further. Now, I hold that if people have a right to applaud in a theatre, they have also a right to hiss, and if managers take offence at the latter, they should deprecate the former. Mr. Irving, on coming before the curtain, wisely treated this outburst jocosely and in excellent taste, in the few words which he addressed to the audience. Whilst acknowledging the right to hiss, why any one did hiss I do not understand. As I have said, the play was never better put on the stage; it must, therefore, have been a protest either against its author or against the heat, which, notwithstanding all endeavours to ventilate the house, was excessive. Many letters have appeared in the press respecting this hissing. The pit indignantly denies that it came from the pit, and suggests the gallery. The gallery throws back the charge on the pit. One donkey writes to say that no "gentlemen" hissed, but only ill-conditioned persons.

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MACCABE.

I don't care much about monologue performances. I prefer to see half-a-dozen people, to watching one man pretend to be half-a-dozen people. But I went the other day to Mr. F. Maccabe's entertainment, mainly because I had so frequently had my eye attracted to his name on the hoardings and in the newspapers. It is said that this frequent appearance of a name, whether it be that of a soap, or of a pill, or of an artist, exercises a sort of fascination, and that in the end one washes with the soap, bolts the pill, and goes to see the artist. Be this as it may, I succumbed; and really I was not sorry that I did. Maccabe is author, song-writer, composer, accompanist, actor, ventriloquist, and humorous lecturer all in one. I liked his Street-Minstrel the best; its intensity and grim humour reminded me of Robson. I could not help wondering whether he ever amuses himself with ventriloquising when away from his entertainment. If I possessed this talent, I should never let it be known; but church congregations, public meetings, courts of law, and other gatherings would be greatly disturbed by hearing voices proceeding apparently from their most respected members, whilst I should demurely moan over the impertinent interruptions. I wonder whether it takes long to become a ventriloquist.

VISIBLE APPARITIONS.

Every one has a stock of the sort of ghost stories that pass current in society. Somebody knows somebody who fancied that he saw something uncanny that might have been a ghost. Messrs. Gurney and Myers—as I make it out—have opened a letter-box for the reception of these silly tales, and they occasionally publish them (together with theories to account for them) in the *Nineteenth Century*. In the current number, they account for them by what they call "Thought Transference." This is thus lucidly explained: "The image seen represents a telegraphic impression, which has been externalised, but not yet objectified; which presents itself as something at which the percipient gazes, but which is not yet taken for real, or localised in these dimensions."

Then follow the usual stories. Here is one:—

Mr. George Machant, formerly a farmer and miller, and now an admirable specimen of shrewd and vigorous old age, writes to say that at two o'clock on the morning of Oct. 21, 1881, a person came into his room. It occurred to him that it represented Robinson Kelsey by his dress, and by his wearing his hair long. On the following Wednesday Mr. Machant was informed that Robinson Kelsey was dead, and by subsequent inquiry he found that Robinson had died on October 21, at 2 a.m. He had not seen him for twenty years. Ann Langeridge, Matilda Fuller, and William Miles testify that one day Mr. Machant told them that he saw the apparition of Robinson Kelsey during the previous night.

On this evidence we are called upon to believe that farmers are in the habit of seeing apparitions of men at the precise moment when they die. Why they should

appear is not explained, nor is it clear by what species of thought transference the dying or dead Kelsey transferred himself into the room of the living Machant.

Now, what probably are the real facts? The shrewd and vigorous Machant was dozing one morning in bed. He dreamt that he saw some one with long hair. Kelsey had long hair. Therefore, when Machant subsequently heard of his death at the moment of the dream, he jumped to the conclusion that he had seen Kelsey's ghost. He told the story to his neighbours, and they fancied that he had told it to them on the day following the dream, when, in reality, it was related later on.

No fact which involves an extension of the known laws of nature should be credited unless it can be shown that it occurred under the scientific conditions which render fraud or illusion or error impossible. Under such conditions no one ever saw an apparition, or ever will.

You may expose this sort of nonsense as you will, but asses will ever be found to be gulled by it. There is no such thing as "thought transference." One man may enter another man's room; the semblance of a man never does. You cannot—living or dead—have your body in one place and your semblance in another. All this silly twaddle, decked out in pseudo-scientific language, and published by Messrs. Gurney and Myers, only leads people to fall victims to the wiles of the designing scamps who, under the name of clairvoyants, electro-biologists, &c., prey upon the credulity of mankind.

Why, a correspondent asks, do you believe in Mr. Cumberland and yet insist that Irving Bishop is a humbug? I thought that I had already explained this: Irving Bishop pretended that he could, in some mystic state, see a picture of what was passing in another person's mind. Mr. Cumberland showed that by the mere cultivation of physical perceptions, and by watching the involuntary signs given to him by his subject, he could do precisely what Bishop pretended to do. Mr. Cumberland has, in fact, done even more than I have done to expose Bishop.

MUSIC.

Concerts are on the wane. People are already flocking out of town. The weather has done its deadly work on both the German and Italian opera. The German Opera has certainly not paid. The one bright feature of the closing performances has been the appearance of Frau Lehmann. Altogether, "Tristan und Isolde," which was repeated on Thursday afternoon last week, was thoroughly creditable to every one concerned. The chorus music in it is almost nil, and Lehmann, Luger and Gudehus, who had it pretty well all to themselves, were quite up to their very difficult work. Patti has nothing to complain of this year. Her reception has been excellent; but she yields a great deal too frequently to encores. "Indisposition" has been rather a marplot of late, but the weather is probably to blame, and the public must be indulgent with its favourites. If people are sometimes too ill to go the opera they must not be surprised if the singers are occasionally too ill to sing.

Apropos of "Savonarola." By all accounts—for I did not go, and am glad of it—the public have not yet properly heard Mr. Stanford's work. I should think the libretto requires a little remodelling, from what I have seen of it; and the general impression is certainly that the music is not quite up to the high level of the "Canterbury Pilgrims;" but every one seems inclined to wait. Let us get the work respectably done, and then we may be able to judge. At the fag-end of the season every one is used up, and there is not the energy or the time for studying and producing such a work as "Savonorola." It is a pity that Richter and Stanford did not think of all this sooner. Then, every one seems to have been at loggerheads; disputes with Boosey about the libretto; disputes with the singers; and last, but not least, difficulties with the public, who positively declined to attend, and went off to the "Healtheries," where the Duke of Buckingham held a little levée of 27,000 people. Adieu, therefore, to "Savanorola" till next year! Watts's second concert with Sarah was probably more lucrative than his first without Sims. But the "Healtheries" seem ruinous to everything musical, operatic, and theatrical. Toole said he thought seriously of taking off the roof of his theatre and inviting his artists to keep stalls for cooling drinks; anything to get the public to "intrude," like Paul Pry, into his theatre in rather larger numbers.

Signor Mario Costa (what's in a name or two?) gave a *matinée* of the usual type at 11, Kensington Palace-gardens, assisted by that fascinating vocalist, Isidore de Lara, who makes the ladies cry, Signorina Secchi, Baldi, and others. The Marquis and Marchioness of Santurce gave their personal patronage, and lent their house.

Madame Friggeri and Madame Emily Dashwood both gave little concerts last week, the one at the Marlborough Rooms, and the other at Metzler's, but I have nothing much to say about them beyond chronicling the fact. I have, however, a word to say about the Chinese band at the Healtheries. I will not call it exactly a fraud. The Celestials, probably, believe in it themselves—though I'm not quite sure about that. But to trot out such racking noise, and call it in any sense music, is simply absurd. The twanging of that greasy stringed apology for a fiddle, the racket on the drums, and the clashing of the cymbals is suggestive of nothing but the rudest pandemonium of savages—Celestial savages or any others, 'tis no matter to me. The yapping and yelling which does duty for a vocal duet—whatever it means—is, as to sound, the mere manufacture of harsh and disagreeable noise. Dr. Johnson used to say that music was, perhaps, of all noises the *least* disagreeable; had he heard the Chinese band he would have substituted the word *most*. If this be the music of the spheres, I say give me the other. It couldn't be worse, and might easily be better.

A PUBLISHER'S PIGEONS.

Of all the pigeons who come up to London to be plucked, none have more of my pity than those who fall in the way of literary rooks. The victims in these cases are generally young gentlemen of blameless character, but boundless gullibility, whose praiseworthy desire to get on in the world makes it particularly easy for the world to get a good deal out of them. A week or two ago I published a curious letter from a certain W. J. Morgan with reference to the post of assistant-

Spectacles scientifically adapted to assist & strengthen the weakest sights by Mr. Laurance, F.S.S., Oculist Optician, 1a, Old Bond-st.

secretary to the "City of London Publishing Company." "Our present secretary, Mr. Sidney Tomkins," it appeared, was so busy with his work as Common-Councilman, that he had requested his good friend, Mr. Morgan, to find a colleague for him, who would do half his work, take half his salary, and, as a preliminary, pay down £250. This opening into the literary world does not seem to have attracted the correspondent who sent me the letter; but from other communications I have since received, I am afraid that all aspirants to a literary career are not equally sensible, and I fancy it may be useful to give a little more information about Messrs. Sidney Tomkins and W. J. Morgan and their Publishing Company.

The man Morgan was quite correct in saying that the Company is "not a new one," for he and his friend Tomkins, C.C., have been playing this same game for a considerable number of years. Like all gentlemen of this kind, they have had a good many different names, such as the Charing Cross Publishing Company, the London and Provincial Literary Association, the City of London Printing Company, and the City of London Publishing Company ("City of London" out of compliment, no doubt, to Tomkins, C.C.); but the *modus operandi* of the different concerns is, as it will be seen, very much the same. It will be worth while to give the details of a few cases in order to put different kinds of unwary young pigeons on their guard.

One of the original promoters of the concern was a certain H. L. Nicholson, described as "a tutor." This man was editor of the *St. James's Magazine*, which belonged to the Company. As a tutor, he naturally turned his attention to undergraduates, and one, at least, of his operations (as described a few years ago in the law reports of the Queen's Bench Division) was very successful. The victim was to be instructed in the "art, profession, or business of editing a literary magazine," for which he was to pay the modest premium of £200. The rook and the pigeon dined together at the Holborn Restaurant, the agreement was produced, and, finally, a fond mother gave her note of hand at four months for the premium. Before the note became due, however, the lady awoke to the desirability of making inquiries, the result of which was that she begged Nicholson to release her from the agreement. Nicholson affected to consent; but as he had already endorsed the bill in payment to his printer, it is needless to say that the lady had to pay in full.

Nicholson now makes way for Morgan, who seems to have shown considerable ingenuity in varying his bait. Sometimes it was a "readership," as the following letter will explain :—

> A few years ago a friend of mine saw an advertisement in a daily paper for a publisher's reader, and in answer to his application received a letter from Morgan. This document, which I still have in my possession, beats, for unblushing impudence, anything of the kind I have ever yet laid hands on. After detailing the duties of the appointment, and holding out as an additional inducement that "the firm consists of Mr. Sidney Tomkins (Common Councillor of the City of London, and colleague of Sir Charles Reed and Alderman Sir Benjamin Phillips) and myself," the applicant is informed that for the honour and glory of becoming "reader to the Charing-cross Publishing Company," and receiving a salary commencing at £120 per annum, he *must pay the modest premium of* £300.

Impudent, certainly; but I am inclined to think that the next case, which I give as communicated to me by another correspondent, beats it :—

> When I had to do with Morgan, five years ago, he was the Charing Cross Publishing Company, and he was wanting an editor for "a high-class magazine." This is what he said when I applied for the post :—
>
> > "The duties attaching to the post are light, agreeable, and easily acquired by any gentleman of education, and they moreover bring the editor into contact with the leading men and women of the day, and afford the *entrée* to the best society. The salary commences at £150 per annum, rising by annual increments of £20, to £300 per annum, and the premium required for the appointment and its emoluments is £300. As stated in the advertisement, assistance for the first few months, until thoroughly competent, will be given by us. I may further add that in your capacity of editor of such a magazine as the *St. James's*, there would be abundant leisure and opportunity of contributing to other magazines and periodicals, and thus largely supplementing your income. Should the terms offered suit, application for the appointment must be made early, there being over 150 letters in reply, and arrangements will be made with the first suitable candidate. The duties would entail an occasional journey to London."
>
> Five years ago I was a guileless undergraduate, and do not doubt that I should have jumped at this easy road to fame and fortune if I had not happened to see a case in the law reports, in which another undergraduate had answered a similar advertisement in connection with the *St. James's Magazine*, with no other result apparently than that he was made to execute a deed for £200. I deemed it prudent, therefore, to make some inquiries. Morgan declined to show me the Company's accounts; and when I asked for some guarantee that the salary would ever be paid, his views of my eligibility for the appointment somehow or other changed. Whether he ever succeeded in finding an "eligible" editor out of his 150 applications, I do not know; but as the *St. James's Magazine* shortly afterwards came to an end, I fear the £300 premium would hardly have been repaid by the "emoluments" of the office.

My correspondent's misgivings are entirely well founded, for less than a year afterwards the Charing-cross Publishing Company was wound up—voluntarily, so far as its directors were concerned, but not entirely to the satisfaction of their clients, as the following statement will show :—

> Sir,—Having read the letter in your columns with reference to W. J. Morgan and Sidney Tomkins, I think it a duty to the literary public to relate the following facts. They undertook to produce my novel of "Gentle Edith" on my paying the sum of £75, and I was to have 500 copies of the volume free. The volume was produced and favourably reviewed. I paid them £25, and I think the number of copies I received was 160. For the remaining £50 I gave them two bills, which they discounted. They then went into liquidation, and did not supply me with the remaining 340 copies. . . . . I had no money to enable me to prosecute them, and when I wrote to the then Lord Mayor as to the treatment I had received from Sidney Tomkins, I was informed that his lordship had no power over Common Councilmen.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.,
>
> T. Lloyd Fowle, Mus. Doc., Ph.D., M.A.

I see that Morgan parades the "City of London Publishing Company" as "successors to the Charing-cross Publishing Company," and I trust, therefore, he will be duly grateful to me for investing the new concern with all the credit it derives from the old. The public does not, somehow, seem to have taken to Morgan's last Company much, but he is most welcome to any new shareholders, pupils, readers, or assistant-secretaries my gratuitous advertisement may bring him. I may add, for the benefit of all whom it may concern, that the address of the "City of London Publishing Company" is 5, Friar-street, Broadway, E.C., where also the "City of London Printing Company" and the "London and Provincial Literary Association" may be found. And as for Sidney Tomkins, C.C., I have no doubt that the electors of Farringdon Within, North Side, will feel all the prouder for knowing that their representative has been the "colleague" not only "of Sir Charles Reed and Sir Benjamin Phillips," but of so versatile a man of business as "managing director" Morgan.

Almond's Hotel, situated in the best position of the West-End and close to the theatres, parks, &c., is now re-opened. A spacious Salle à Manger and Ladies' Drawing-room have also been added, hot and cold baths and many single bedrooms. Special attention directed to sanitary arrangements. Clifford-street, Bond-street, W. —J. R. Roy, Proprietor.

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—A Prayer to the Prince.

"O PRINCE! who art potent in fashion,
List now to our suppliant plea!
Which, in words undictated by passion,
We earnestly make unto thee.
Yes, listen to us as we languish
In garments our better sense loathes;
And, Prince, put an end to our anguish—
'The anguish that's caused by our clothes.'

"By that hat which fits tight to our forehead,
We pray thee to list to our prayer;
That hat which, persistently horrid,
We're doomed through the season to wear;
And which, though the shapes somewhat differ,
That merciless hatters supply,
Each season seems hotter and stiffer,
More heavy, more irksome, more high!

"By that coat, too, of hue so funereal,
Which so closely we button about,
With its thick and unyielding material,
So needlessly weighty and stout.
By that garment, of all most oppressive,
And the hot, useless vest it conceals,
O Prince! in our suff'ring excessive,
We'd beg thee to hear our appeals!

"And, then, by the boots that compel us
In torture to totter all day;
By those boots which anatomists tell us
Our feet are deforming alway!
By these and the collars that nip us,
With circlets as cutting as steel.
By the buckles and braces that grip us,
Oh, hear, Prince, our earnest appeal!

"For surely there can be no reason
Why Fashion, though great in its might,
Throughout the most tropical season,
Should thus in our penance delight;
Insisting, with cruel persistence,
On general stiffness and starch,
Which had wearied and soured our existence,
If, 'stead of July, 'twere still March.

"Then, Prince, we would pray thee to aid us
To end what we all so deplore,
That Fashion, which long hath betray'd us,
May make us her victims no more!
Thy lead 'tis alone that we wait for:
If thou but the movement inspire,
Then we all with a zest will go straight for
The goal of our heartfelt desire!

"Come, Prince, then, consider the weather,
And dress in accordance with that!
Break Fashion's tyrannical tether,
And down with the chimney-pot hat!
Get rid of the fads that oppress us,
Stiff collars remove from our throat;
And pluck off that fell shirt of Nessus,
The buttoned-up, stuffy frock-coat!

"Aye, Prince, earn historical glory,
And make in our records thy mark,
By being the first in our story
Thy 'flannels' to sport in the Park.
And precedent boldly forswearing
(As future Macaulays may tell),
Be the first of thy line who, much daring,
A 'wideawake' wore in Pall-mall!

"In short, be the first in our annals
Who 's dared in attire to commence
An era of felt hats and flannels,—
In fact, of sartorial sense;
And the very first Prince who in dressing
Has Fashion availed to o'erthrow,
And, tailors' exactions repressing,
Has cared more for comfort than show.

"No time could be better for making
Thy princely expression of might
Than this, when we 're all of us baking
In heat that is tropical quite.
So, Prince, we repeat, bear no longer
Those evils which culminate now,
But prove, once for all, which is stronger,
The Fetish of Fashion, or thou!"

Notice.—Sale at great reduction for two months, previous to rebuilding premises, of Old French, Italian, and Spanish Furniture. Oak Panelling for Rooms, Old Tapestries, Bric-a-Brac, &c. Duveen, 181, Oxford-street.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

CHOLERA, AND BRITISH M.D.'s IN PARIS.

I SHOULD say to holiday-makers wanting this year to come to France, Don't. I never remember a season in which Paris families were so anxious to secure sea-side and country quarters. The schools have practically broken up a month earlier than the usual time. People have been driven out of town by four weeks of very hot weather, and still more by the cholera-scare. The chances are few of any reasonably prudent and fairly healthy person being stricken down. Nevertheless there is a *sauve qui peut* which may tempt cholera to invade sea-side places, that malady having an affinity for crowds. Old ladies seem to tremble for their relatives, and young and youngish ladies for themselves. I know one who sleeps with a spirit lamp-kettle by her bedside, so as to dose herself with warm water and tartar emetic, should she wake with a cramp in the stomach. She starts up many times each night, and, were it the practice of French doctors to answer nocturnal calls, she would in her fright have her physician summoned. Cholera certainly does not let those on whom it lays hold down easy into the grave. The terrors of death do not exist for those who live to a ripe old age, or who die of some wasting disease; but in cholera there are what the French term *les affres de la mort*, so long as vital energy exists; and when that becomes extinct, the patient has but one wish—to be done with life as soon as possible. The feeling that arises at this stage is like the one produced by severe and long-continued sea-sickness. One is weak, stupid, giddy, convulsed, and every minute seems an eternity. The blood being of the consistency of currant jelly, the patient is everywhere sensible of the cold hand of death. It is no use trying to breathe. Each inhalation enables the microbes (which, if they are not a cause, are a consequence of the disease) to pullulate in veins and arteries. They are greedy of oxygen, although were it to play freely on them it would consume them like a burning fire. Nostrums and panaceas have not so good a chance here as in England and the United States, unless recommended by a prince of science. Paul Bert favours the protective system of Dr. Burq. This is the philosophy of his treatment: Salts of copper poison the microbes which swarm in a human being attacked with cholera or a zymotic disease. These salts remain for some time in the system, and particularly

in the liver, and are innocuous unless taken in large doses. The person whose liver is saturated with copper may defy cholera. Burq protected a whole ward full of patients in a hospital in which the wards directed by other physicians were being decimated by the Asiatic scourge. In 1865 he slyly exposed a number of artificers in brass, employed in watch factories near Montbéliard, to cholera. Not one of them took it. Claude Bernard was converted to his system after these tests.

French doctors do not, as I have said, generally answer nocturnal calls, and those who are attached to the police-station are young and inexperienced. English and Americans should, therefore, apply, if seized with cramps at night, to English or American practitioners. Philadelphia can now boast of one of the finest medical schools in the world; and the American doctor is observant, not fussy, has a good judgment, and a cool head. When he finds he must humbug, he humbugs with dry humour. Doctor Pratt (son-in-law of the famous Dr. Marion Sims), who bought the practice of Dr. Chepmell, and Doctor Johnson are highly esteemed as men and physicians by their transatlantic compatriots and by their French patients. Doctor John Chapman, the old friend of George Eliot, is a link between England and America. Though he pursues new ideas, and has a philosophical intellect and intuition, he is a safe man, and advances prudently. Americans like innovation, and are rapid to perceive ability. It is not, therefore, surprising that they flock to his "office." Dr. Chapman has an original way of treating cholera, as well as nervous diseases and sea-sickness—by the application of ice to the spine. I believe in being so treated, when the fever of life in Paris has overtaxed vital energy. Let any one who feels limp and out of sorts go to some hilly place where there are woods to fill the air with oxygen, and there sit in a sunny spot with a narrow bag of ice on the spine. The chest will expand, and the lungs put forth all their power to inhale. If there be a microbe in the system (so copiously is oxygen let in), it must almost directly be burned up. The sense of vitality is so great that one is under the illusion of being youthful again. A gentle warmth pervades all the body; the sky looks bluer, the trees greener: one is more alive to the exuberant joy of the song-bird, to the brightness of the flowers, to the fragrance of the country; and if the coarsest fare were served at the next meal, so sweet would it taste, that one would feel inclined to say grace after meat in a hearty spirit. My advice to fashionable women is to drop morphine, and betake themselves in rural solitude to this ice-treatment. *Le premier pas coûtera;* but when once taken, all will be enjoyment after.

The American doctor does not always understand what suits a British stomach in the convalescent stage, for which reason it might be better for an English person seized with cramps to send for an English M.D. The one best qualified by practice to treat Asiatic cholera is Doctor Boggs. He served on the Indian Medical Staff for the best part of his life, and was there face to face with the plague in its double character of endemic and epidemic. He also studied it in the Crimea under new climatic and other conditions. Boggs is grave, silent, and entirely free from humbug. He will neither alarm nor create false hopes, and he attends to patients with military regularity. I know no doctor who has a more open or inquiring mind, or who is more cautious in adopting a novelty. Mrs. Boggs is a daughter of Baron d'Ivoley, the friend of the Comte de Chambord, which explains why her husband was chosen sixteen years ago to accompany the Duchess of Madrid to Pau and (in a professional sense) bring Don Jaime, her eldest son, into the world. This Prince, having been born in France, is, I may add, regarded now by the Legitimists as the rightful heir to the Comte de Chambord.

The Hon. Doctor Alan Herbert belongs, by his medical competency, to the uppermost stratum of English and French physicians. His professional education was made here. He is the intermediate brother between Lord Carnarvon and the Hon. Auberon Herbert, but more strongly resembles the late Countess of Carnarvon, their mother, than any of her other children. She brought him up in the ideas of Miss Edgeworth on the subjects of patronage and aristocratic privileges. The seed fell on good ground. When Dr. Alan came to Paris to walk the hospitals, his relatives thought he would soon get tired of doing so, and return to England to ask them to procure for him a snug berth in a Government Department. He not only has stuck to the career which he chose, but has not in any degree made use of his name to rise above other Englishmen of his profession. Doctor Alan Herbert has at once the softest and the sharpest hazel eye that I have ever seen in a man's head. It is very keen and very kindly. His leading qualities are observation, good sense, professional probity, and modesty. His teeth are as even as peas in a well-grown pod, and white and transparent. Doctor Alan Herbert has been for some time connected with the Hertford Hospital. At birthday banquets at the British Embassy he is generally very near Lord Lyons. He has a very fine perception of the ridiculous, and enjoys the company of social persons who have a strong flow of spirits. But although he can tell an amusing anecdote with neat point, and contribute to a lively conversation, he is not forward to do so unless among intimate friends. In politics, I should say, he is a free-thinker; and I imagine that he is without theological prejudices. It is a treat to hear him give a serious opinion on any subject; he does so with so much clearness and simple brevity. There is a very able young English doctor also attached to the Hertford Hospital, whose name has escaped my recollection. He is sure to be in Paris through the summer. Dr. Beylard, has retired from practice after making a fortune. Sir John Cormack and Dr. Bishop died in the course of this year. The former was knighted at the end of the siege. Bishop had one of the sweetest voices I ever heard in speaking. He was a brother-in-law of Sir Stafford Northcote, whose good stories he was wont to repeat. Whenever he did so he gave the fullest credit to the author. Miss Bishop, a nice-looking young girl, was his idol. It was

"Liberty" Arabian Furniture and Decoration. A new Sketch-book post-free. Liberty & Co., Chesham House. Regent-street, W.

Minton's (Limited). — Minton's China. A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century and a half.

well I was alive to her girlish prettishness the first time I had the advantage of meeting her and her father, which was at a large dinner. The silver-voiced Doctor pointed her out to me, pretended not to know who she was, and even affected to criticise her laughter and toilette. After we had talked of her for some moments he said, abruptly, "I'm her father, but I would not have told you so if your impressions of her were not agreeable."

The *doyen* of the English doctors here used to be Gunning, who came to Paris with the army that fought at Waterloo. He was an old bachelor, with money, and two nieces who were fond of giving dancing-parties. Higgins, who settled here in 1831, was next in seniority. There was no one of consequence that he did not know or know of; and he had good stories to tell of nearly everybody. Funny traits and characteristics used to stick to his memory as sheep's wool sticks to bushes. He was first-rate at a bull which, if examined, never proved a blunder. When medical art failed to set a patient on his feet, he fell back upon his humouristic genius to stimulate, and, if possible, convulse the sick man with laughter. There was no better cure, poor Higgins believed, than a good laugh, so long as recuperative force remained. Of course, if a man were past praying for, there was nothing to be done but to hand him over to the *croque-morts*. Higgins was decorated for having thrown Madame de Lamartine, when her husband was all-powerful in France, into a fit of laughter, and thus cured her of a persistent attack of the blues. He neither gave nor accepted hospitality, but visited all the day long. He had a dismal, skull-like face—just the kind of one that an Irish landlord might tremble to see rising from behind a hedge. But when he lighted up, his death's head had the most extraordinary capacity for enhancing droll tales and humouristic flashes. He was, if possible, uglier than Charlotte Cushman, and of the same style of ugliness. She beat him in a serio-comic song, but he had the advantage in anecdotes and farcical recitations, whether in French or Anglo-Irish. As Sir Lucius O'Trigger he was inimitable.

The present *doyen* of the English doctors is, I should say, MacCarthy, whose father was professor of English to Louis Philippe's children, and who was the means of drawing from Cork, and from the obscurity of a school where they taught, the late Sir Joseph Oliffe, O'Meagher of the *Times*, and Mackenzie, who used to do those glowing pictures for *Galignani* of official balls and functions. Mackenzie wallowed in the "fountains of living waters" and "fairy-like scenes" which palatial ball-rooms presented. He had a genius for hitting upon inappropriate epithets, and though not given to blacking boots, he worshipped all those round whom the pomps and vanities of this wicked world cluster. The British colony liking his veneration for rank and fashion, and his gaudy style of writing, he became a pillar of *Galignani's*, which was then—there being no rivals in the field—conducted in an old-fashioned style, and, in all that did not concern Mackenzie, depended on a judicious pair of scissors. Sir Joseph Oliffe, who married a daughter of Alderman Cubitt, and created Deauville, with the Duc de Morny, kept his head level in success, and was a good friend to the last to his old chums in misfortune. Nobody, I believe not even, perhaps, Sir Henry Holland, buried a greater number of men and women of high position than Sir Joseph. He was a thoroughly amiable and honest man; but he was by no means a prince of science. However, his title and wealth, business shrewdness, and pleasant manners kept him on the top of the wheel. Daudet could not have known of him or the big-hearted Dr. Campbell, unless by name, else he would not have tried to have amalgamated them in the quack Jenkens, who, in "Le Nabab," dosed the *viveur* De Mora (read Morny) with "vitalising pearls." As a matter of fact, De Morny believed in blue pill, and as he often used it as a dinner pill, and took salad on the top of it, his digestive organs, like those of Queen Louise of the Belgians, became all perforated. Sir Joseph could not prevent his taking the drug, or leading to the end a life of intense business excitement and dissipation.

I do not set up to be a "Complete Medical Guide," and fear I have left out names which deserve to be mentioned. The corps of English M.D.'s in Paris is a highly honourable one, and most of its individual members occupy capital social positions. There are but few, I shall not say black—but indelicately self-assertive—sheep among them. One of the rare exceptions at a banquet the other day canvassed plump a *convive*, whom he had never seen before, for employment at an approaching "hauspicious event," and offered to recommend a Mrs. Lily.

Paris is not nearly such a good place for English doctors as it used to be when rich and feeble Britons halted here on their way from the Riviera. They now go there direct in sleeping-cars, unless they have particular reasons for stopping a short time in the gay city. October, November, and April used to bring a rich harvest to the English M.D.'s attached to the Louvre, Meurice's, and other hotels.

Pfungst's Extra Quality Champagnes, old landed, can be obtained at the House of Commons Rest., Hotel Bristol, Claridge's Hotel, Café Verrey, Grand Hotel, Woods' Hotel, First Avenue Hotel, Holborn Rest., Palmerston Rest., Stock Exchange (Mabey's), Ship and Trafalgar, Greenwich, and Star and Garter, Richmond, &c.—Agents, J. L. Pfungst & Co., 23, Crutched Friars.

SPORTING NOTES.

THE series of summer yearling sales has now terminated, and the results are far more satisfactory than could reasonably have been anticipated, considering the large amount of money that was taken out of the ordinary market by Lord Falmouth's sales. Mr. Chaplin again heads the list. In 1882 his average for fourteen was 1,014 gs., the highest price being 3,600 gs., which was paid by Sir John Willoughby for the filly now known as Queen Adelaide. Last year the average fell to 820 gs. for eleven (fifteen were sent up, but the reserves of four were not reached), and the highest price was 2,000 gs., paid by the Duke of Portland and Lord Charles Beresford for Rosy Morn, who, although the sensational lot of the sale, had not been bred at Blankney. He was bought as a foal from Mr. C. Gibson for 430 gs. This year Mr. Chaplin's average was 998 gs. for fourteen, which included two outside lots which did not prove such profitable speculations as Rosy Morn. The average for the twelve Blankney-bred yearlings was 1,082 gs., and the highest price was 2,100 gs., paid by Mr. D. Baird for a brother to Kermesse. The Marden Park yearlings, twenty-two in number, averaged 208 gs.,

the highest price being 600 gs., against 252 gs. for twenty last year, when the highest price was 650 gs. The Beenham House team, thirty-five in number, averaged 261 gs., with a top price of 1,600 gs., against an average last year of 260 gs. for twenty-six, when 1,850 gs. was the highest price. There were thirty yearlings at Hampton Court, and the average was 197 gs., with 620 gs. for top price. Last year there was an average of 231 gs. for thirty, and the top price was 1,150 gs., which was paid by the Duke of Portland for the colt now known as Langwell. At Newmarket there were ten yearlings, bred at Bonehill by Lady Emily Peel, for which the average was 173 gs., with a top price of 300 gs.; against an average last year of 202 gs. for sixteen, when the top price was 1,050 gs. Mr. Coombe sold five out of nine, the average being 114 gs., and the top price 300 gs.; against 267 gs., last year, for eight, with a top price of 780 gs. The fifteen yearlings from Lord Wolverton's stud at Iwerne Minster averaged 390 gs., with 1,050 for top price; against 146 gs. last year for eight, when 500 gs. was the highest price. The Park Paddocks yearlings (Lady Stamford's) five in number, averaged 364 gs., with 750 gs. for top price, against 166 gs. last year for seven, when 500 gs. was the highest price. Of the Mentmore yearlings (Lord Rosebery's), only seven were sold out of seventeen, and the average was 297 gs., and 800 gs. the highest price. Last year nineteen were sent up and fifteen sold, the average being 408 gs, and the highest price 1,200 gs., which was paid by Sir John Willoughby for the filly who is now called Caneton. Of eleven yearlings from the Whimple stud only four were sold, the average being 156 gs., and 400 gs. the highest price. This, however, was an improvement on last year, when only one in this team was disposed of.

It would be well if Messrs. Tattersall could prevail upon breeders to follow the convenient and rational plan of Mr. Chaplin, and have their reserves announced as the lots enter the ring; and, moreover, the said reserves should be of reasonable amount. Mr. Chaplin's reserves were very moderate, and that his is the most profitable system is proved by the irresistible logic of facts. The false notions and the extravagant fancies of inexperienced and ignorant breeders (especially "little men"), lead them to estimate their stock, not according to what it is, but according to what it ought to be, judged from their own fantastical expectations. Mr. Smith, of Wimple, puts prohibitive reserves on his yearlings regularly every season, although I cannot recollect anything from his stud (except Rookery, who was no "flyer") that distinguished itself on the turf, even in a moderate way. The best judges in England were round the ring when his yearlings came up, and the highest bid for the best-looking of the lot was 650 gs., but the reserve was 1,000 gs. Mr. Coombe's reserves (1,000 gs. each for two, and 600 gs. each for another pair) were also too high; and so exorbitant were the estimates of the owner of the Hennington lot that not one of his half-dozen changed hands, but he afterwards sold one at 400 gs. less than the reserve. Lord Rosebery again asked 1,800 gs. for one of his yearlings, a preposterous sum *to begin with.*

The sales at the July Meeting have increased to a prodigious extent of late years, and it is a flagrant fact that they now do more to attract people down to Newmarket than the races, which have degenerated in interest almost as much as the sales have increased. It is not so many years since the July sales meant simply Lord Stamford's (afterwards Mr. Gee's), on Wednesday morning, and a few odd lots on Thursday; but now quite as many lots are put up here as at Doncaster.

After the doleful experiences of the last week, it must surely have become manifest to the reluctant apprehensions of the Stewards that some adequate steps must be taken without further delay if the decay of this, and, indeed, of all the Newmarket Meetings, is to be arrested. Nobody, however, can wonder that fields were small at Newmarket, seeing that nothing was added to the principal two-year-old stakes, and only such paltry sums as £100 and £150 were given to the handicaps. At Liverpool the Cup was worth £800, the principal handicap at Manchester was £1,000, the Kempton Park Handicap is £1,000, the Leicester Cup £2,000, and another stake at Leicester has £500 added; while for two-year-olds plates of £400 and £500 are as plentiful as strawberries, and at one or two of these meetings £1,000 is given to such events. The miserable parsimony which disgraces Newmarket is the more indefensible inasmuch as the meeting is a gate-money gathering in everything except the name, and all the manifold devices for fleecing owners which have rendered so many gate-money meetings notorious have been adopted with enthusiasm here, while the compensating advantages have not been introduced.

Considering the plethora of racing, which the revision of the List of Fixtures, about which there was so much elaborate noise, has in no way diminished, large fields could not be expected anywhere last week; and the fearfully hard state of the ground has prevented the majority of owners from running good horses. The continued extension of the Liverpool Meeting over three days is a scandal, and this is one of the fixtures which ought, before another season, to disappear from the Calendar. Why Florence should have been pronounced a certainty for the Cup I cannot understand. She is a good mare, and I plumped for her for the Manchester Cup, but then she carried a reasonable weight, while here she had 9 st., and was expected to give 35 lb. and her sex to John Jones, who has at various times shown respectable form. It has been said that Archer did not "come" soon enough, but this I believe to be splenetic humbug, for it seems to be the opinion of those who saw the race that the favourite was in trouble some distance from home, and that Archer nursed her for the final effort with great judgment. The defeat of Florence in the City and Suburban, when she carried 6 st. 12 lb., remains an inscrutable mystery. One wiseacre explains that she could not stay home at Epsom, which is mere drivelling idiotcy, for anything which can stay the Cup course at Manchester can most assuredly stay the City and Suburban course, with something to spare. In the St. George's Stakes, Kinsky just beat the Irish candidate, Conaglen; while behind was Whitelock, who will win a

I certainly recommend Mr. & Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most just and liberal purchasers of Cast-off Clothes, Jewellery, and every description of property. They punctually keep appointments, and remit P.O.O. for articles per return.

J. B. Brown & Co's New Price List of Iron Hurdles, Bar and Wire Fencing, Fencing Wire, and Galvanised Wire Netting. Champion Prize, Three Gold Medals.—J. B. Brown & Co., 90, Cannon-st., E.C.

good T.Y.C. handicap before the season is over. Necromancer won both the Irwell and July Plates at Manchester in a canter, but the opposition was not very brilliant, and his pretensions will be more accurately tested at Kempton Park on Friday, in the International Plate of £1,000, when he may meet Vacillation, Rosy Morn, Cora, White Nun, and other winners. As Mr. East's colt has 16 lb. the worst of the weights with Langwell, Heath House may, perhaps, rely upon the latter disappointing colt, who will be well suited by this course. Kingswood, who won the Berkshire Plate at Windsor, is a very nice colt, but Sir George Chetwynd was singularly ill-advised in running him here on such desperately hard ground, and especially as he is very backward. Kingswood cost 620 gs. at the sale of Lord Scarbrough's yearlings, and is likely to prove a better bargain to his owner than Strathend, for which 800 gs. was paid. There was nothing remarkably good in Kingswood's Windsor form, for it took him all his time to beat Present Times, who had 6 lb. the worst of the weights, and has been running almost every week since Lincoln. Lord Alington must have felt sadly depressed when he heard that Friar Rush had won the principal handicap at Manchester for R. Peck. This colt is brother to St. Blaise, and was bred at Crichel in 1876. He met with an accident when a two-year-old, and was weeded out of Lord Alington's stud, but he has won a considerable number of races during the last few seasons. Modred was favourite at Manchester, but Lord Rosebery seems to be quite out of luck this year.

The Leicester Cup, on Friday week, will be the most valuable handicap of the year, excepting only the Manchester Cup; but the managers of this meeting will lose about £1,200 by the race, which has obtained only twenty-nine acceptances. Nothing can be more fatuous than to fix a race of this sort for the week before Goodwood, when T.Y.C. horses are waiting for the Stewards' Cup, and stayers for the Stakes—to say nothing of the legion which are in reserve for the autumn handicaps. The Leicester people should arrange a "back end" meeting, as, after the Cambridgeshire, owners of handicap horses have no object in keeping their steeds. The handicap looks a good thing for Keir, and I observe that Blue Grass has accepted. This colt was as good as Ossian a fortnight before the Leger, but I fancy that he would show to better advantage over a longer distance. Reprieve (now owned by Lords Alington and Hartington) has plenty of weight, and will, I should think, give way to Whipper In, who has proved a very profitable possession to the Duke of Westminster this season.

There has been some vagrant betting on the Goodwood Stakes, usually a dangerous event for the eager, greedy simpletons, who always rush on directly the weights appear. Florence has been backed, but in my opinion she is quite out of it. Regain's running at Ascot was too bad to be true, and he has here a capital chance of retrieving his reputation. "Mr. Manton" seems to hold the key of this handicap, which was a favourite race with Mr. Stirling Crawfurd, and one in which his colours were several times successful.

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MAMMON.

TWO PROSPECTUSES.

MONEY is, as the phrase goes, a drug in the market, and investors are puzzled how to place their capital so as to obtain a fair return. It is, therefore, no wonder that the Company-mongering gentry are laying their nets in order to catch their fish, big and small. A whole crop of new undertakings is being introduced to a confiding public, and in many cases the signal stands at danger. Some of them will doubtless never see the light of day. Others, however, are launched on their disastrous career. In the latter category I notice a project bearing the high-sounding title of "The Trading Company of England." The object of this concern is stated to be "to buy and sell wheat and other products through the medium of the exchanges of Chicago and New York." The prospectus is a most extravagant piece of puffing, of which the following is a sample:—"Wheat is as substantial as gold, and is sure to yield a profit largely in excess of the rate of interest usually obtained from other investments." The absurdity of the whole project is evident. It simply means wheat speculation, and a mere tiro in business must be aware that such a concern must sooner or later be worsted in an encounter with the grain rings in the United States. The names of the directors are unknown to fame, and although the board is graced by a baronet—Sir William Smith, of Westbourne-terrace—it is hardly to be supposed that he can be initiated in the mysteries of grain speculation. Those investing in such a concern would abandon their money to the worst form of gambling under the most unfavourable circumstances.

Another prospectus lately issued is that of the Accident, Disease, and General Insurance Corporation, which, besides the insurance of employers and employed against accidents, proposes to introduce a new feature by the insurance against death and disablement from "certain zymotic diseases, which are mainly accidental in their origin, including diphtheria, small-pox, scarlatina, scarlet fever, typhoid fever, typhus fever." This feature is evidently intended to float the concern. It connects it in some measure with the Health Exhibition, and it is, doubtless, hoped that the popularity of the latter will induce the British investor to part with his money for the benefit of this wildest of schemes. The chief and only ornament of the Board is the Duke of Buckingham, who is Chairman of the Executive Council of the Health Exhibition. Insurance business under the Employers' Liability Act is already much overdone, as a number of Insurance Companies have taken it up as a new department, and rates have become totally unremunerative. I understand that the promoters of the new Company—Messrs. Scott & Scott, insurance brokers—have quarrelled with the Employers' Liability Assurance Company, for whom they formerly acted as agents. This new undertaking is therefore, I suppose, an outcome of this quarrel. It is a clever hit on the part of Messrs. Scott to promote new competition to the older Company, while acquiring a large sum for their own insurance

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C.

business. What I like the least about the matter is the cant about the "promotion of good-will between employers and workpeople." I always mistrust enterprises which find it needful to appeal to the investor under the guise of philanthropy.

THE EMPIRE FIRE INSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

A raid is threatened on the investors' pocket by an enterprising promoter, Mr. W. J. Bridgeman, of 20, Victoria-road, Upper Tollington-park. That gentleman appears to have conceived the idea that another Fire Insurance Company is necessary, totally regardless of the fact that competition in fire insurance has recently seriously affected the prosperity of even the old-established Companies, while the younger Companies are mostly only successful in making a loss. The fact is, Mr. Bridgeman wants to do a stroke of business. For his services in connection with the promotion of the Company he is to receive £5,000, in fully-paid shares, and £10,000 in cash. He is also to be appointed secretary for five years at a salary of £100 for the first six months, and £250 per annum afterwards. Whether Mr. Bridgeman's modesty will be rewarded remains to be seen. I suppose the hunt after guinea-pigs for the Board has already commenced, for it is hardly likely that the seven obscure individuals who have subscribed for one share each will come before the public as directors, although they are to act as such until others are appointed. The board will be entitled to the moderate remuneration of £3,000 per annum. Whether the proposed capital of £1,000,000 will be forthcoming seems somewhat doubtful, for there are some things which even the stomach of the British investor cannot stand; and the Empire Fire Insurance Association will, I should think, prove to be one of them.

THE SELF-PROPELLING MOTOR SYNDICATE.

A correspondent sends me the prospectus of this Syndicate, which is being privately circulated. There seems abundant reason why this prospectus should not be made public, throwing, as it does, a strong light on the manner in which the public is made to pay enormous sums for patents. The object of the syndicate is to acquire one half share of the patent rights for the United Kingdom, India, and the Australian Colonies of a new engine worked by hydro-carburetted air, the invention of some French engineers, MM. Etéve, Lallement and De Braams. The capital of the syndicate is fixed at £20,000, of which £12,500 is to be paid for the patents, the balance being intended to defray the expenses of the formation of a new Company. That Company, it is stated in the prospectus, is to be saddled with the whole of these same patents, at the outrageous price of £125,000. The bait held out to subscribers for the syndicate is, therefore, that they will obtain from the new Company a half share of this price, viz., £62,500. Of the value of the invention I have no means of judging, but suppose that the accompanying extract from the *United Service Gazette*, handsomely illustrated with engravings of imaginary launches and machinery, to which it is suggested that the motor might be applied, will carry conviction to the lucky recipients of the prospectus. It is intended to establish the new Company in conjunction with the owner of the remaining half-share of the patents, who will thus obtain the second £62,500, and for whom the syndicate, if successful, will have drawn the chestnuts out of the fire. It is, perhaps, needless to suggest that the owner of that second half will probably turn out to be the promoter. Thus, at an enormous profit for the Company-monger, and with comparatively little return to the inventor, a new undertaking will be weighted with prodigious charges for patents, which, even in case of success, will render it exceedingly difficult for the new Company to earn a fair return for the investment of the *bonâ-fide* shareholders.

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QUEER STORIES.

A WIMBLEDON SURPRISE.

JOSEPH GOODE, junior and managing partner in the well-known firm of solicitors, Messrs. Bravo & Bully, was as good a husband as he was a business man, which is saying a great deal. Never had wife less reason than his to complain of the neglect or misconduct of her spouse. And Bessie, on the whole, did not complain. She was both satisfied with, and proud of, her young, handsome, and attentive husband. After several years spent in the holy bonds of matrimony, they both seemed to find these bonds as easy as they were during their honeymoon.

There were, however, two things which troubled Bessie's little heart. The first one was that though her husband's business was extending in a way quite satisfactory to him, it was growing in a manner very unsatisfactory to her. Every day Joseph was becoming more and more of a lady's lawyer. Many of the divorce, theatrical, and breach-of-promise cases every term found their way into his hands. When Bessie glanced at the paper of a morning and saw a law report headed "Sensational Divorce," or "Theatrical Scandal," or "Amusing Breach of Promise," she expected to find that the solicitors for the lady were Messrs. Bravo & Bully, and she was seldom disappointed. In fact, it at length became so common that the sight of it began to sicken her. It was not that she objected to Joseph's firm being mixed up in such cases; it was rather because she objected to Joseph himself being mixed up with such company. Once or twice ladies in trouble with their husbands, or quarrelling with their managers, had, after Joseph left his office, pursued him to his home; and Bessie had been curious enough to see them. She had succeeded in doing so sometimes, and those she had seen she had not liked. "There was," she told her mother, old Mrs. Grim, "something about their eyes that made her feel uncomfortable. They had a wicked look about them, and she would rather Joseph had nothing to do with the owners of them." At the same time what in her heart troubled her, perhaps quite as much as Joseph's clients' wicked looks was their undoubted beauty. More than once, after seeing some pretty actress, or other fair litigant, leave Joseph's study, she had looked in her glass at her own round, demure little face, and, comparing it with the striking features and

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glowing eyes of the lady visitor, had caught herself half-wondering if Joseph would always be content with such a commonplace little woman as herself. But he never showed any signs of being charmed by his fair clients' looks. He still appeared as fond of his wife as if she had been the most bewitching of women. So, though she fretted over her fears in private, and once or twice confided a portion of them to Mrs. Grim, she never hinted them to Joseph. Two or three times, when she thought his parting with some of his beautiful visitors was rather affectionate, she felt inclined to do so, and her mother made no secret to her of the fact that she regarded him as a rank hypocrite. But, in spite of all this, the warmth and kindliness of his bearing towards her made Bessie feel that whatever her suspicions might be they must be groundless.

The other thing that worried her, and of which she *did* complain to her husband, was his fondness for soldiering. Like some other successful business men, Joseph did not care much for his business. He thought nature intended him to win military glory, and he was continually bewailing the fate that shut him up in an attorney's office. Every time there were any complications abroad he took the deepest interest in them, and again and again declared his intention of volunteering for service should they result in war. At first these bellicose declarations alarmed little Bessie; but, as in every case, when war did result, Joseph discovered that business affairs prevented him from gratifying his longing to participate in the struggle, she began to hear them with considerable equanimity. One consequence, however, of his passion for soldiering she disliked, and disliked bitterly. As he could not be a Regular, he became a Volunteer. He was continually marching and drilling, practising musketry, and camping out with the men of his regiment—the 1001st Middlesex. It was a swaggering corps, the 1001st, and was composed largely of young professional and business men of warlike tendencies, and was popularly known as the "slaughterers," on account of the ferocious appearance of the members, and the terrible execution it was understood they would do if they ever had a chance of going into action. Every year it had its tent at Wimbledon during the rifle competition, and usually, also, its camp at Richmond. And to these Joseph would go, in spite of all the tears and poutings of poor Bessie. Of Wimbledon, in particular, he was very fond, and while the camp remained there he remained there, seldom doing more than running up to his office when some pressing business compelled him, and then, when he had finished it, returning with all speed to the camp. While he was thus diverting himself, Bessie stopped with her mother, taking care, however, to go down to Wimbledon almost every day, ostensibly to see the shooting, but really to keep an eye on Joseph.

One day, while the competition was going on, Bessie thought she would give her husband a little surprise. She had arranged to go that day to Wimbledon, if the weather proved fine. Joseph was to meet her at the station, and, after seeing some of the matches, she was to have dinner in his tent with some fellow-members of his corps, with whom he was sharing it. It occurred, therefore, to Bessie that it would be a delightful surprise if she went down by an earlier train. She knew Joseph was in his tent all the morning, for it was then he attended to his business correspondence; and she also knew where his tent was, as she had been at the camp the day before. It amused her to imagine his astonishment to see her walk in at a moment when he thought her miles away. As she had, however, some idea that her mother would object to the scheme, she did not tell her of her design, but, under the excuse of having something to do in town before starting for the camp, she left home about two hours earlier than was arranged.

She arrived all right at Wimbledon, and easily found her way from the station to the enclosure. Once there, she was soon able to identify Joseph's tent. She was hurrying up towards it when it occurred to her that, as there were other men besides her husband in the tent, the surprise might not be so pleasant as she anticipated if she went in unexpectedly. She had never thought of this before. But she did not like now to turn back, so the best course she could think of was not to go into the tent at first, but to rap on the canvas, and bring some one out. Then, if things were all right inside, she could go in. Advancing with that intention, she heard her husband's voice, and, with a woman's curiosity, paused before rapping to see if she could hear what he was talking about. As she did so, his voice was interrupted by another—a woman's! She started in amazement and horror. In a moment all the suspicions which had so long haunted her, and which she had vainly tried to dismiss, came rushing into her mind. The past was now clear to her. She could understand his passion for volunteering, and his anxiety to spend his time away from her roof. What a simpleton she had been! She missed what the woman had said. When her husband replied, she heard him clearly.

"Oh, Kate, Kate," he laughingly shouted, "you're not a bit improved!"

"I'm not like your moustache, then, Joe," replied the woman, in a gay, chaffing tone. "How long and ferocious it has grown! Why, you're quite warlike-looking."

"Upon my word, you're teasing the life out of me," said Joseph. "I wish you would get out of this."

"That's a nice way of treating me, after I've run away from my husband for you."

"I wish to goodness you'd run back again. If you vex him as much as you have me, I'm sure he must be glad to get rid of you."

"Oh, you're as gallant as ever, Joe! Here, old solemn face, give me that gun. Don't be afraid; I'm not going to shoot you, though you deserve it. I'm only going to show you how you looked when I saw you this morning."

And Bessie heard the woman marching up and down the tent in military style. Then there was the sound as of Joseph rising, and of a short struggle, ending with a kiss. She listened to all in a state of horrified astonishment. She felt inclined for a moment to go in and confront the guilty pair; but her courage deserted her, and while her husband and the woman were still laughing and chatting, she turned and hurried off to the station. When

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she reached it, a train was about to start. She stepped into it, and in a little over half an hour was back again in her mother's house.

When she entered the room where her mother was sitting, she was almost in a fainting condition. Mrs. Grim noticed this at once.

"What on earth is wrong with you, child?" she cried, in alarm. "You look like a ghost."

"Oh, mamma, mamma, I am ruined!" exclaimed the young wife, sobbing bitterly.

"What do you say! What have you done? Where have you been? Tell me at once, you silly!" screamed the old lady, in great excitement.

"At Wimbledon, mamma, and oh, dear, dear! my husband has deceived me."

"Oh, is that all?" answered Mrs. Grim, in a relieved tone. "What has he done, my dear?"

"Mamma, dear, I can har-hardly t-tell you (*sob*). I went ear-early, you know, intending to-to surprise him (*sob*), and wh-when I came to his t-tent, I heard him t-talking to a w-wo-woman (*sob*, *sob*). And she w-was saying she had r-run away from h-her h-husband for him (*sob*). Oh, dear, dear, what an unfortunate girl I am!" (*Sob*, *sob*, *sob*.)

"Eh? What's that?" cried Mrs. Grim. "Didn't I tell you that long ago? I told you his dirty business in that wicked Divorce Court could never end in good—didn't I? Those who lie down with dogs will rise up with fleas—won't they?"

"Yes, mamma," answered poor little Bessie, sobbing sorely.

"And didn't I tell you long ago that you should speak out—didn't I? But you wouldn't do it. Oh, no, you didn't believe me; you had confidence in him. Oh, of course, you were wiser than your mother—every girl is, nowadays."

"Yes, mamma," sobbed Bessie.

"Now it's my turn, and you'll see if I don't talk to him—that I will, I can tell you. You go and lie down on your bed, Bessie; you're knocked up, poor thing, and no wonder. I'll put on my bonnet, and start off to him this very minute. It's a good thing you've found it out at last; he has made a fool of you long enough. I knew he was deceiving you for this year past and more, but there was no use telling you; you wouldn't believe me."

"But, mamma dear," pleaded little Bessie, "don't be too cross with him, please—for my sake, dear mamma."

"What do you mean, Bessie?" demanded Mrs. Grim, indignantly; "I'm ashamed of you! Have you no self-respect? You, my daughter! If your father had ever ventured to treat me so disgracefully, do you think I would have asked my mother not to be cross with him? No, I should have helped her! That's what you should do; but you're unfit. You're a weak, silly creature; still, thank goodness, I'm able to do it myself."

And Mrs. Grim marched off, apparently fairly satisfied with the turn affairs had taken, and determined to talk to Master Joseph in a way he had never been talked to before. Poor Bessie, too weak with crying to make any opposition, heard her mother, a few minutes afterwards, prance down the hall and slam the front door after her.

Mrs. Grim called a cab and drove straight to the station. She just arrived in time to catch the train that Joseph had arranged Bessie should come by. All the way to Wimbledon she occupied herself by turning over in her mind the most disagreeable things she could think of, and getting them into the most disagreeable shape possible, ready for launching at the head of her offending son-in-law. As the train drew up at the station, she saw him standing on the platform in his volunteer uniform, looking as handsome and innocent as usual.

The moment she got out of the carriage he noticed her, and came hurrying forward with rather an anxious expression on his countenance.

"Where's Bessie, Mrs. Grim?" he cried. "Has anything happened to her? Why is she not here?"

"Yes, Mr. Goode," answered Mrs. Grim, looking him full in the face, and refusing his proffered hand. "Yes, Mr. Goode, something has happened to her."

"You don't say so?" he said, alarmed. "Why didn't you telegraph to me? What is it?

"Oh, only this: she has found you out."

"What are you talking about?" asked Joseph, angrily. "Is Bessie ill, or is she not? Answer me that."

"I'll answer you nothing, sir, till you first answer me," replied Mrs. Grim, sternly. "How dare you, you scoundrel, abuse the confidence and innocence of my poor daughter? You viper, to run away from your good and faithful wife to follow wicked actresses and other disreputable women!"

Joseph gazed on his mother-in-law in amazement.

"By Jove," he said to himself, "I always thought she was a bit touched, but I never imagined she would go raving wild so soon." Then he said aloud, "Pray, Mrs. Grim, be calm. I really don't quite understand you."

"Oh, no; of course you don't," she answered, scornfully. "I never imagined you would. Oh, you 're a sly hypocrite, you two-faced villain, you."

"Mrs. Grim, do please keep quiet," said Joseph, pleadingly. "See, all the people are looking at us. Come out of the station, and we will talk it all over quietly."

"No, sir; I'll do nothing of the kind," replied Mrs. Grim, immediately walking straight out of the station. They went a little distance in silence. Joseph was apparently convinced that his mother-in-law had gone crazy, and was wondering how he should get her quietly back to London. While he was thus occupied, she broke in upon his meditations.

"Well, sir," she said, "I suppose you have induced the wretched woman, whom you have ruined, to return to her home? It would scarcely do to have her in your tent when your wife arrived."

"Eh? Woman I had in my tent? Induced to go home?" said Joseph, with a puzzled look on his face. "What is this? Pray, go on. I think I'm beginning to understand you."

"Oh, you are?" said Mrs. Grim. "So, you had a lady in your tent this morning, had you?"

"Yes, of course I had. How did you know?"

"What?" exclaimed Mrs. Grim, in a shocked tone, and with a look of horror. "What? Do you confess your

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perfidy in that barefaced and unblushing manner? Why, this is worse than ever. I thought you would at least have the decency to be ashamed of it."

"Ashamed of what, Mrs. Grim?" inquired Joseph.

"Ashamed of what? Ashamed of your conduct, sir. How dare you confess so boldly your iniquity to your wife's own mother?"

"What the deuce are you talking about? I have confessed no iniquity."

"Oh, indeed! so you consider that it is not iniquitous to deceive a good and trusting wife? I suppose that's the way lawyers look at such matters. It's just what one might expect of men who don't see anything wrong in assisting thieves and murderers for a few dirty guineas. For my part, I'm only an ordinary ——"

"Look here, Mrs. Grim," interrupted Joseph, determinedly, "I have stood this long enough. I see now what you're driving at. Somebody has told you and Bessie some ridiculous nonsense about that lady in my tent this morning."

"Nobody told her any nonsense. She found it all out herself."

"Did she? Well, I hope she will henceforth find a better way of occupying her time. The lady in my tent this morning was my sister. She came to England two days ago with her husband, who is one of the Canadian team. They didn't tell us they were coming, intending to surprise us, but when they called at our address they found the house closed up, and nobody could tell them where to find us. This morning when in the camp, my sister recognised me. She remained with me while her husband went back to town to arrange some business. He is back again, and both are in my tent now, waiting to be introduced to Bessie. I thought I would surprise her, but I seem to have got the surprise myself instead. If you wait till I telegraph to her, I will introduce you to them. Had not our surprises turned out so frightfully badly to-day, I would give them a greater one than any we have had by introducing you to them as my wife."

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—We went to the Eton and Harrow match, but I have little to tell you about it. The dresses were pretty, for the most part, and cool-looking, but there was nothing new, and I should only bore you if I were to describe the rather monotonous changes that were rung upon sprigged muslin and lace, point d'esprit and lace, printed delaine and lace, &c. There is, in fact, so much of this popular trimming used just now, that those who find themselves able to practise total abstinence begin to look quite distinguished. Of course, nothing is prettier or more suitable for the adornment of the feminine form than lace; but, at the same time, it is quite possible to have too much of a good thing. *Toujours perdrix*, you know, soon wearies the palate. Besides, some of the lace is so desperately common. I saw one girl, on Friday, who was all fraying away at the edges. I mean, of course, her lace dress, which was composed of tier upon tier of flounces. It was a relief to discover that her bodice was made of more substantial stuff, so that, in case of total collapse on the part of the lace, at least something might remain.

There was the usual rainbow to be seen. I wonder if it is the same girls who go every year, one in blue, one in pink, and one in mauve? They ought to be stopped. In fact, it should be made illegal to inflict such an assemblage of colours upon the sight. To make matters worse, one of them had a shot parasol, red and blue; another had a fearful and wonderful fan, mostly magenta in hue, and the third freely displayed a pair of ankles of useful size, clad in an angry shade of red.

We went on Wednesday afternoon to a reception given by Mrs. Saintsbury, in whose house the King of the Maories is staying. The invitations were to meet the King. It was very interesting. His Majesty looked very sleepy, but amiably benignant. His expression is somewhat spoiled to European eyes by the effect of the tattooing, which is done in ridges down his face. These furrows run in an oblique direction from the centre of the physiognomy downwards and outwards. He wears something tied to his left ear—I could not quite make out what; and in his head are several little feathers of a greyish colour. They look like a small bonnet at a little distance, and as the King is tall, and of a dignified aspect, they decidedly fail to harmonise with the general effect. His principal follower, Major Te Wheoro, wore one feather, which stood erect, as though the stem had been thrust straight into his head. This childish adornment looked absurdly out of place above his fine countenance, which is full of power and intelligence.

I fear they scarcely appreciated the music, though the programme was excellent, having been arranged by Miss Elizabeth Philp, whose songs you always like so much. The King is a teetotaller, and seemed to enjoy his coffee and cake. Among the refreshments was a large wedding-cake, which had probably some symbolic meaning appropriate to the occasion. This the King cut, and he partook of it with undoubted appreciation.

Some of the ladies present honoured his Majesty with charming toilets. One, with a skirt of biscuit-coloured lace and bodice of lichen-green Liberty silk was delightfully cool-looking. A Watteau dress, of a golden shade, worn with a quaintly crinkled Leghorn hat, was pretty. A lady with lovely white hair had treated it both by similitude and contrast, by wearing a dress and bonnet of silver grey, with a group of bright coral-pink feathers in the latter. She looked as though she had just stepped out of some old picture.

Apropos of pretty dresses, I am told that Lady Kilmorey looked lovelier than ever at Lady Londonderry's ball last week, in white satin and tulle, fringed with pearls. Her small, pointed bodice of white satin was trimmed with a zouave made entirely of pearls. You can imagine how this beautiful dress would suit the Countess, who is very tall and a blonde.

Lady Carmarthen looked charming in a ball-dress of tulle, in a new shade of grey. The skirts were in clouds, drawn slightly in by means of silver spangles and small crystal beads. On one side was a flight of gaily-tinted butterflies. The bodice was made also of grey tulle, with the same dazzling trimming and a group of butterflies on one shoulder. She looked, in her draperies of cloudy grey, rather like a starry night at sea, with ripples of light reflected from the water.

And, at the same ball, the lovely young Marchioness of Kildare wore an enchanting dress of white tulle, very skilfully and gracefully draped with large clusters of purple grapes and vine-leaves. The bodice was made of white moire-antique, softened with tulle and a wreath of grapes and vine-leaves.

On Monday papa and Charlie took us to have tea at Gerald's chambers, in the Temple, and it was great fun. It always is to go to a man's rooms. They have such curious little bachelor contrivances for saving trouble and time, and there is a kind of neat, stowing-away effect that one never sees anywhere else, except on board ship. There was a good deal of dust about, which may be accounted for by the fact that Gerald uses a *clothes-brush* to dust his piano and books with. He says he dislikes the look of a duster; that he borrowed one once from the Gorgonic female who attended to his rooms, and flicked it at things in general, raising a terrific cloud of

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dust. Poor fellow! He declares that the dust all came out of the duster; so that his objection to them is explained.

He gave us the largest, reddest, and ripest strawberries I ever saw. How is it that barristers always have everything of the best? There was another girl there, who was very "blue," and thought it the correct thing to talk science and the 'ologies. Fancy, with strawberries and cream! Poor, mistaken creature! She asked papa if he had read a book that has been lately published, called "The Sagacity and Morality of Plants." Poor papa! He looked *so* alarmed. I caught Charlie's eye at the moment, and just managed to avoid laughing, and no more. One endures a frightful internal convulsion at such escapes, and it does not tend to make one feel amiable with the cause. Charlie and Gerald were extremely polite to Miss Blue-Stocking. I think they were too much afraid of her to venture on any of the softer sort of attentions, such as lowering the voice a tone or two when speaking to her, and—but *you* know the sort of thing. You could see, too, from the eager way she picked up the crumbs that she had not been accustomed to slices of flattery or compliment. She came with her brother, an earnest young man with a lisp and spectacles—very good, no doubt, but perfectly odious. When they left, I felt inclined to say with Jaques: "God be with you! Let's meet as seldom as we can."

On our way, we noticed the dear, patient horses drinking at the long trough in the Strand, just by the first church, and we wished that whoever erected it could stand there for awhile and see how the poor things enjoyed the drink, and seemed refreshed by it. We quite hated the drivers who would not let their horses stop.

We called on the Nemos on the day after their return from Henley, and found poor Edith quite unpresentable, frightfully sunburned, and with a very unbecoming ridge of red down the middle of her nose. Now, let me give you a hint. When you are going to be exposed to the sun, take with you some of that old, old compound, Rowlands' Kalydor, and just apply a little to your face with the corner of your handkerchief when opportunity serves. It is far more refreshing than the "puff," and saves such horrible results as those that poor Edith is now suffering from.

Please tell your friend, W. W. B., that I did indeed commit the enormity, as he calls it, of cutting the lettuces, and that I always do so. I have been told that they should be pulled to pieces, but, as most English people have a prejudice against overmuch handling of their food, I always use a wooden knife and fork. Papa will not even have his table-napkin folded into the eccentric shapes some people think correct. He says he prefers it fresh from the laundress's smoothing-iron. I shall never forget once watching a waiter at a hotel folding the dinner-napkins. He seemed to consider his *chef d'œuvre* a wonderfully intricate arrangement of folds, which brought out a faint resemblance to a peacock. After completing it, he stood a little way off, with his head on one side and the tips of the fingers of one hand pressed against those of the other. He was really a delightful object, so penetrated was he with appreciation of his own performance.

We went to Madame Tussaud's on Saturday evening to see the waxworks in their new home in the Marylebone-road. A kind of informal reception was given on the occasion, before the public opening on the Monday. The new building is of red brick, large and handsome, standing a little back from the road, the vacant space being enclosed with decorative iron railings, within which are flower-beds filled with gaily-tinted blossoms. Within all is bright, fresh, and airy. A large vestibule, the walls painted pale blue, with panels picked out in white, accommodates a double marble staircase, wide and roomy, and supported by massive marble pillars. Gorgeous curtains of ruby velvet and gold contrast with the soft tint of the walls. The waxworks occupy a splendid room, and appear to take kindly to their new quarters. Things were not quite settled, and a notice, craving the indulgence of the guests, was posted up, stating that it had been found impossible to arrange all the ladies and gentlemen in one short week. Queen Elizabeth was without her ruff, and Shakespeare had no cuffs on. Being Saturday night, we concluded that the royal laundress had proved unpunctual, or perhaps was out of starch.

It was long since we had been there before, and there are many fresh faces. We adored our dear Sir Walter Scott for at least twenty minutes. What a face it is! One feels that it must be a good likeness, because it says so much that is in his books. Daniel O'Connell looks more than ever like a pleasant-natured, rather cultivated prize porker. There is a wonderful policeman, whom we at first took to be real. After we found that he was wax, we sat near him and amused ourselves with watching the people speculate on the subject, and the awkward grins their faces wore as they stared to see if he would move. I feel sure that if some one were to sit quite motionless on one of the red velvet-cushioned seats, people would come and poke the experimenter to see if he were real.

The likenesses of the Duchesses of Edinburgh, Connaught, and Albany are excellent. The artist has been less successful with the Princess of Wales. There is a beautiful wax figure of the ex-Empress Eugénie in the Napoleon room. The Duke of Wellington was leaning up against the wall in an undignified, after-dinner sort of attitude; but doubtless he had got over it by Monday.

Going down Bond-street the other day we were attracted by some sweet little fluffy yellow ducks with their parents painted on glass in the window of the Society of Lady Artists, No. 102. We went in and saw lovely things, including brackets, mirrors, over-mantels, and screens. One of the latter, painted with rowan-berries, was quite too delightful. Another, with lilies on one panel and poinsettias on the other, was equally beautiful. A third was so skilfully painted that it looked as though a spray of wild convolvulus had been carelessly thrown upon the glass. A great recommendation of this work lies in the fact that the glass on which the flowers, &c., are painted can be cleaned without injury to the colours. If you want to make your brother a present on his approaching birthday, let me recommend you a pipe-rack, with glass at the back and a dog's head painted on it, as though looking out of the window, with a spray of flowers trailing over the top. A perfectly delicious terrier, full of impudent curiosity, was on one, and a self-important pug, looking as though the world were made for him, adorned another.

I discovered there that such things exist as yellow poppies. A group of these were exquisitely painted from nature upon a mirror framed in ebony. The composition of the groups is, as a rule, excellent, there being nothing stiff or forced about the arrangement of the flowers. I could spend a small fortune there if——you know the rest.

Countess Potocka's dress at a recent ball given in Paris perfectly suited her dark style of beauty, and was a triumph of millinery, almost every shade of gold being employed. The skirt of dead gold faille was enveloped in a network of gold-coloured tulle embroidered with amber silk and embossed with very thin strips of Cordova leather! The bodice and train were of gold-coloured stamped velvet; and an enormous wreath of tea-roses, starting from the left shoulder, descended very low down on the right side of the skirt. The Countess wore two tea-roses in her hair. The rival beauty on this occasion was the Comtesse de Beaufort, *née* Princesse Mélanie de Ligne, who is tall and very fair. She wore a white-watered silk dress, the skirt being entirely veiled with white tulle looped up in all directions with bunches of white hyacinths. Similar bunches hemmed the edge of the round skirt, as well as the bodice, which was draped with tulle. Braces sprang from the tablier, and were tied on the shoulders in a new and indescribable fashion, called "à la Psyché."

On account of their fear of the cholera, most of the French *élégantes* intend this year to patronise, as a summer resort, the hilly parts of France, such as the Jura Mountains, Auvergne, and the Pyrenees. They have invented

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a very pretty sort of costume for these excursions, which, of course, is equally well adapted for Switzerland. The skirt is of otter-coloured vicugna, box-pleated, and falling just below the ankle. The jacket is of the same, well fastened in at the waist by a red silk sash, which is tied with a huge bow at the side. The wearer's crest is embroidered in red on the left side of the chest. Kid or leather boots, buttoned high up over the ankle, Tyrolean gloves, and brigand-shaped brown felt hat, with an eagle's plume, complete the costume.

Here is a lovely dinner dress, seen at Félix's, and destined for the most *spirituelle* of Austrian Princesses. It is composed of emerald-coloured brocade and rose-leaf satin; there is a long emerald train bordered with tiny pink *plissés;* the tablier of pale pink satin is covered with silver embroidery, and the edge of the skirt is trimmed with a pink flounce veiled with Mechlin lace; a rich tunic of green brocade finishes on the right side in a sort of cascade of leaves of the same material, fastened here and there by knots of pink ribbon; on the left side the tunic ends in two points. The train, lined with pink satin, is turned back on the right side fron the waist to the hem, so as to show the lining. The décolleté bodice of green brocade is laced up the back, and finished off behind by two fan-like ornaments in pink satin; a drapery of Mechlin lace follows the line of the shoulders, and is fastened on the top of the left sleeve by a pink satin knot. Pink roses and diamonds are to be worn in the hair with this very elaborate toilette.

A pretty modest-looking dress, for one of those grey days so frequent in the summer, is of grey nun's veiling, so far as the skirt and pouf are concerned, while the bodice is of thin taffeta black silk, with tiny white stripes, opening on a grey waistcoat. A grey blonde fichu passes under the basques of the bodice in front, and is knotted behind, thus forming on the sides tiny lace paniers. The high-crowned grey straw hat is trimmed with black and white birds.

Here is a sweet ball-dress. The short skirt is made entirely of fluffy pleats of white tulle, enclosed in front by an ample tulle veil, embroidered with white and silver thistles. An ivory poult-de-soie second skirt, very short indeed, forms tiny paniers, and is bordered by a wreath of small roses with velvet foliage of a brown tint. The bodice is of ivory poult-de-soie, with drapery of tulle embroidered with miniature silver thistles. Is not that a poetic gown?

You will be sure to like French beans dressed *à la Lyonnaise*:—

After the beans have been carefully pared, so that none of those disagreeable thready fibres remain, they should be thrown into boiling water, and a pinch of salt added. Take them out of the water after five minutes, and put them into cold water, then drain it off. Slice a small onion, fry it in butter, and add it to the beans; then finish cooking the latter. Flavour with pepper, salt, and a small piece of butter, and dish up.

Macaroni combined with tomatoes both looks well and tastes good, as you will discover if you try the following dish:—

First make a tomato sauce with first-rate butter and stock; let it be of the consistence of marmalade. Have your pie-crust ready, lining a tin mould, and your macaroni previously cooked. At the bottom put a layer of macaroni, powder it well with grated cheese, cover it with two good spoonfuls of tomato sauce, then put another layer of macaroni, and so continue till the pie is filled up. At the top, instead of sauce, put some small pieces of butter, cover them well with bread-crumbs, and cook the whole on a brisk fire for a quarter of an hour, when the bread-crumbs should have become a good brown colour. Serve very hot.

Now that tomatoes and green chilies are abundant, you will find the following Spanish recipe, called "Pollo con Arroz," a delicious dish:—

Cut a fowl into pieces. Put into a stewpan a wine-glass of fine olive-oil—heat it well, and add to it two cloves of garlic, taking care it does not burn. Put in the chicken with a little salt, and stir well. When it is well browned, add a plateful of chopped onions, six or seven good-sized tomatoes cut in quarters, some chopped parsley, the *skins* of a couple of green chilies cut in pieces, and three teacupfuls of raw rice. Mix all these ingredients well and quickly, and then add *boiling* stock or water sufficient to cover the contents of the stewpan. Let all this boil up *once*, and then set it to simmer for some time, in fact until the rice and fowl are tender. You must *never* put the lid on the stewpan while this dish is cooking, or the rice will be spoiled.

Here is a delicious way of preparing soles, called "Soles à la Marsy."

When the cook has cleaned the soles and taken away the heads and tails, they must be put into a saucepan, seasoned with minced chives and parsley, salt, pepper, and nutmeg, and moistened with a sufficient quantity of melted butter. Set the saucepan on a brisk fire, turning and re-turning the soles while they are cooking, to prevent their adhering to it. When done, arrange them symmetrically on an oval dish, and cover them with a sauce made of good stock, butter, a little flour, and seasoned with minced parsley and mushrooms, pepper and salt.

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I have the pleasure to inform you that I have made arrangements with HUGH CONWAY, author of *Called Back*, the most successful novel of modern times, to write ARROWSMITH'S CHRISTMAS ANNUAL for 1884, under the title of **"Dark Days."** I venture to hope that he will take as strong a hold on the reading public as in *Called Back*, of which I have issued upwards of 130,000 from about the middle of January to above date.

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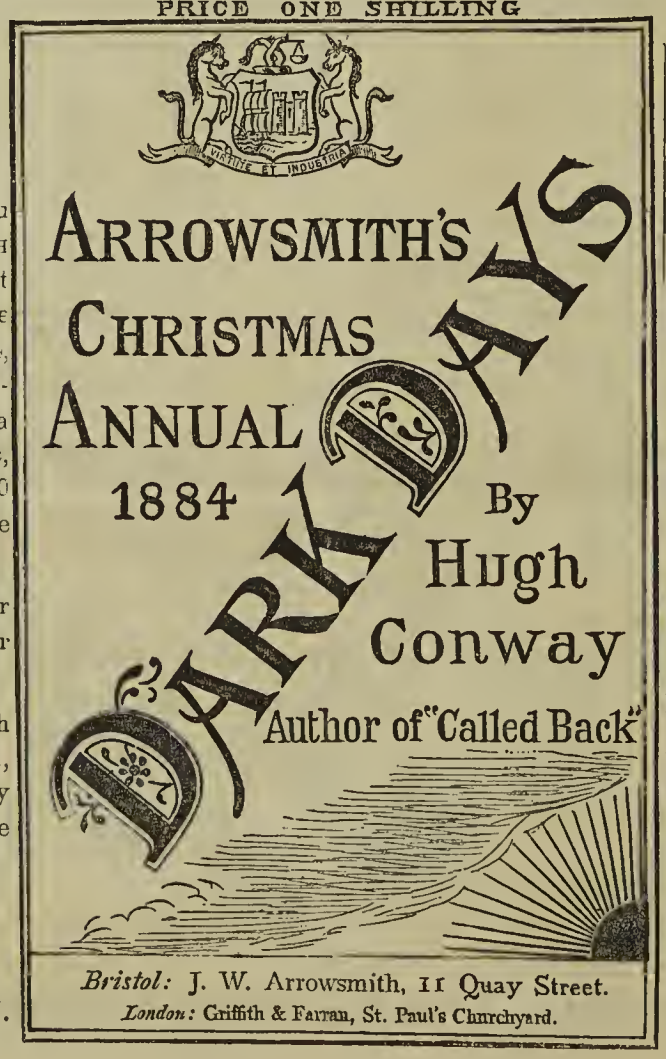

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YESTERDAY, the FIRST PERFORMANCE given in the Provinces of the "DÉPUTÉ DE BOMBIGNAC" took place. Coquelin, senior, and Céline were well received by the whole of Paris, who actually flock to the splendid Casino of Boulogne-sur-Mer. Our correspondent informs us that among persons in high life were to be seen the Comte de Marsilly, the Baronne de Beyens, the Provost de Lannay, De Michaïloff, Lord Sinclair, Lord Hamilton, the Comte de Terreline de Champeaux, the Vicomte Cardier le Brette, the Comtesse de Crowen, the Baron Rischoff, the Comte and Comtesse Danigé, Charles Lecocq, the Comte de Lagrenol, the Vicomte Rizemont, the Vicomtesse de Bonneville, the Duc de Rivoli, the Comte de Comines de Marsilly, the Comte de Bries et de Brard, Generals Bardin, De Freschville, and Matelin, the Comte de Bovet, the Comte Castega, the Comte de Picquot de Margny de Lançon, the Comte de St. Marie, the Comte de Montmorency, Talbot Muller, Magnier, of the Gymnase, Lavigne of the Palais Royal, the Baron de Veyre, the Marquis de Jancourt, the Comte de Chabaleyret, the Baron de Mortay, the Baron de Fontmichell, the Comte de Aladro, the Comte de Liancourt, the Duc de Fézensac, and Mallet, Duc de Livremout. But our space is too limited to allow of our enumerating all the distinguished personages who, at the present moment, to avoid our almost tropical heat, seek the magnificent sea-shore of Boulonge-snr-Mer.——The number of bathers up to this time may be estimated at about 10,000. ——We must not omit to mention La Belle Océana, who gave a performance at the Casino, and whose grace and attractions were captivating. Though apparently slight in figure, she displayed great muscular power, and handled the weights with great ease and elegance. Her success at London and at Paris has not forsaken her at Boulogne-sur-Mer.

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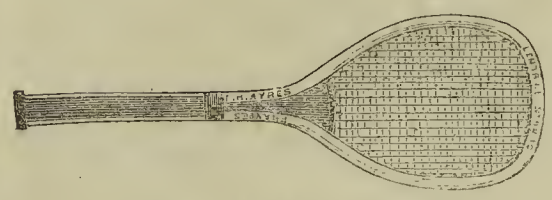

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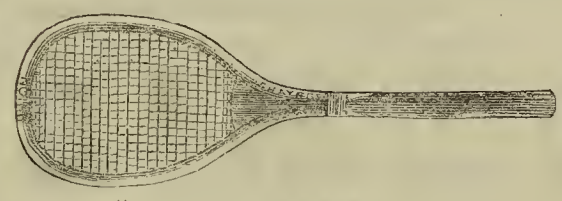

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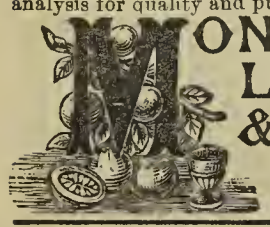

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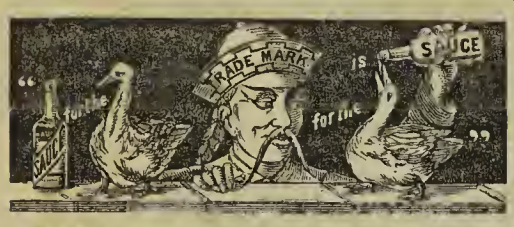

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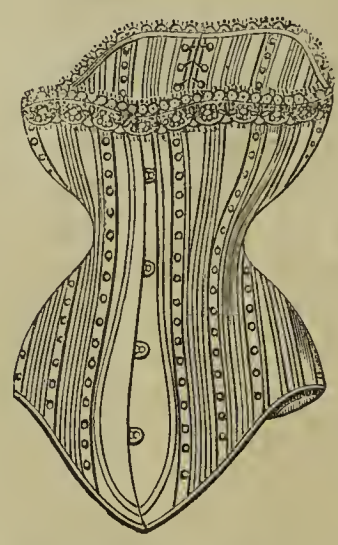

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The Makers undertake to replace, gratis, every pair giving way at the seams.

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CAUTION. EACH BOTTLE OF THIS CELEBRATED SAUCE PREPARED FROM THE ORIGINAL RECIPE BEARS THE WELL-KNOWN LABEL SIGNED

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The Favourite Summer Beverage; wholesome and refreshing. A Delicious Cooling Drink—effectually quenching thirst.

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Prepared from the Lime Fruit. Is entirely free of Alcohol. A Wholesome Family Beverage for Dinner or Supper Table.

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A Delicious Drink in Water—Effervescing in all Aërated Waters. An Excellent Stimulant blended with Spirits.

ROSE'S LIME JUICE CORDIAL.
The Perfection of Fruit Beverages. Delicious, cooling, and refreshing In Water—effervescing In all the Mineral Waters.

ROSE'S LIME JUICE CORDIAL.
The Favourite Beverage for Lunch, Dinner, or Supper Parties. Eminently wholesome. No Table Should be without it.

ROSE'S LIME JUICE CORDIAL.
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ROSE'S LIME JUICE CORDIAL.
The favourite Temperance beverage; delicious, cooling, and refreshing; entirely free of alcohol. Eminently wholesome.

ROSE'S LIME JUICE CORDIAL.
An excellent substitute for the Lemon as a flavouring in Summer Drinks, Claret Cups, &c. Cooling and refreshing.

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Is highly medicinal, cooling and purifying the blood. An excellent Stomachic, assisting digestion.

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It has been decided in various Chancery suits that Rose & Co., London, are the original introducers of Lime Juice Cordial.

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Exported to all parts of the World.
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Funds **£2,740,000**
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The last Annual and Valuation Reports can be obtained upon application to the Secretary.

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This route is not only the SHORTEST and MOST DIRECT, but also the CHEAPEST and MOST COMFORTABLE—BE SURE AND BOOK BY IT.

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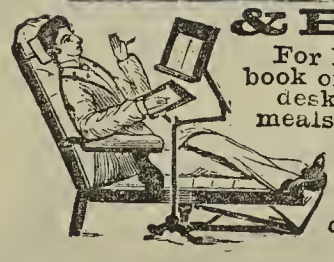

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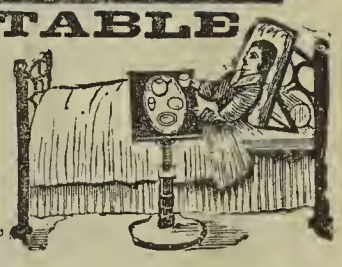

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THE SHARE LISTS were OPENED on MONDAY, the 14th, and CLOSE on TUESDAY, the 22nd JULY, 1884, for TOWN and COUNTRY.

*Official statistics prove that upwards of 500 Millions Sterling have been taken in past years from these mines, and Experts report that the quantities removed, enormous as they may seem, will be exceeded by those to be brought to light by a scientific exploration of the numbers of veins known to exist almost untouched, under conditions which now render them easily accessible.

* See Report by Messrs. Bainbridge, Seymour, & Rathbone, Mining Engineers, pages 12 and 13.

THE ROYAL SILVER MINES OF POTOSI, BOLIVIA (Limited).

The Capital consists of 30,000 Preference Shares of £10 each, and 5,000 Deferred Shares of £50 each; the latter to be allotted to the Vendors fully paid. The former are entitled, out of the profits of each year, to a Preferential Dividend of 10 per cent. per annum on such amounts as may have been paid up thereon, and any surplus existing after the Preferential Dividend has been fully satisfied will be divided equally between the Preference and Deferred Shares. In the event of a distribution of the Assets of the Company, the Preference Shares are entitled to a priority as to return of Capital.

The Preference Capital is thus distributed:

13,400 now offered for public subscription, of which the Directors have been advised by cable that 7,000 have been already applied for in Bolivia.
6,600 allotted as Fully-paid in part payment for the Mines.
10,000 retained in reserve, to be issued only by consent of a General Meeting of Preference Shareholders specially convened for the purpose.
30,000

DIRECTORS.

M. H. N. STORY MASKELYNE, Esq., M.P., Salthrop, Wroughton, Wilts (Chairman of the Montana Company, Limited), Chairman.
Sir Samuel Canning, 3, Great Winchester-street, E.C.
Jos. Hucks Gibbs, Esq., 24, Lexham-gardens, W. (Director of the Mexican Railway Company, Limited).
*Charles J. Hegan, Esq., 69, Palmerston-buildings, E.C. (Director of the Arica and Tacna Railway Company, Limited).
Arthur G. Kendall, Esq. (Messrs. Henry Kendall and Sons), Old Broad-street, E.C.

* Will join the Board after Allotment.

BANKERS.—The Consolidated Bank, 52, Threadneedle-street, E.C., and its Branches, in Manchester, &c.
CONSULTING ENGINEERS.—Messrs. Bainbridge, Seymour, & Rathbone, 2, Great George-street, Westminster.
SOLICITORS.—Messrs. Ashurst, Morris, Crisp, & Co., 6, Old Jewry, E.C.
AUDITORS.—Messrs. Tribe, Clarke, Painter, & Co., 2, Moorgate-street-buildings, E.C.
BROKERS.—Messrs. Sperling & Elin, 14, Cornhill, E.C.
MERCANTILE AGENTS.—Messrs. John Hegan & Co.
SECRETARY (pro. tem.).—Charles Beringer, Esq.
Offices—57, Moorgate-street, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company is formed to acquire and work well-known and thoroughly-proved Silver Mines in the famous "Cerro Rico" or Rich Silver Hill of Potosi, in Bolivia.

The almost fabulous yield of Silver from this mountain is so well known that the name of "Potosi" has become a household world, and has been borrowed in more than one instance by other mining districts, both in North and South America, which, without themselves possessing any right to the title, have sought to profit by the magic of the name.

The property of the Compania Minera del Real Socavon, the whole of whose mining concessions and rights this Company will take over, embraces the lower and larger portion of the mountain, for which a title is held in perpetuity from the Bolivian Government. In this property thirty-two silver-producing fissure veins exist, besides a large number of collateral but smaller veins, the whole forming what is believed to be a vast deposit of mineral wealth.

In addition to the Socavon Real, the Company will also enter into possession of the adit levels known as the Pampa Oruro, the Forzados, and the Jerusalem, and within a very short period mining can be actively pushed forward on some of the principal veins, such as the Estano, the Mendieta, the Tajo Polo, the Muniza, the Veta Rica, the Alco Barreno, the Quinto Corte, and the La Paccha.

An important improvement will be the erection of a wire rope tramway to connect the tunnels with the reduction works, and by these appliances the earthy chloride silver ores, locally known as "Pacos," which still exist in large quantities, will be worked on an extensive and economical scale, such as has not been possible up to the present time owing to the tedious and costly method of transport hitherto employed. The working of these "Pacos" forms at the present moment the chief source of revenue at Potosi, and, owing to the facility and cheapness with which they can be quarried on the surface, it is estimated that an annual income of upwards of £40,000 may be realised as soon as the necessary machinery is erected by working these ores and the numerous old "dumps" or waste heaps with which the surface of the mountain is covered. These dump-heaps contain large quantities of rich sulphide silver ores, thrown away by the ancient miners, who did not understand their profitable treatment. The necessary power for working the machinery will be economically furnished by Turbines, for which there is a more than sufficient supply of water to be derived from the extensive reservoirs constructed by the Spaniards in former days.

The Engineers consider themselves justified in assuming that as soon as sufficient time has elapsed to enable the whole of the works to be completed (for which purpose they allow a maximum period of two years), the annual income will be increased to £90,000 per annum, to be derived from the following principal sources of revenue:—

Working "pacos," or surface ores	£37,000
Working over old dump heaps	7,000
Working the Mines proper	46,000
	£90,000

Deducting 10 per cent. from these figures, they would still represent, if the above calculations are correct, a dividend of 25 per cent. on the present issue of Preference Shares.

The price to be paid for the Mines has been fixed at £85,000, payable as to £66,000 in Preference Shares (being the utmost which, according to the rules of the Stock Exchange, may be assigned to the vendors), and as to £19,000 in cash, together with the whole of the Deferred Shares, as hereinbefore provided, such Shares only participating in one-half of the profits remaining after the 10 per cent. shall have been paid on the Preference capital.

The Shares are payable as follows:—10s. on application; £2 on allotment; £2. 10s. on September 1, 1884; £2. 10s. on December 1, 1884; £2. 10s. on February 1, 1885; total, £10.

Prospectuses may be had of the Bankers, of the Brokers, and of the Secretary, at the Offices of the Company.

CONSOLIDATED CREDIT AND MORTGAGE CORPORATION, Limited, 40, Great Tower-street, E.C. Advances £10 to £1,000. No delay. No fees. Personal application to the Secretary.

MONEY.—UNION DEPOSIT BANK, No. 17, King William-street, Charing-cross, London, W.C.
Established 1867.—Capital, £225,000; reserve, £120,000.
ADVANCES made without deductions, for short or long periods, in sums of £20 to £2,000, on personal security, furniture, stock-in-trade (without removal); also deeds, life policies, at 5 per cent., without mortgage expenses, from one to 10 years. Prospectus gratis, or post-free on application (personal visit preferred).
ROBERT P. HART, Manager.
N.B.—No fees. No sureties. First letter of applicant immediately attended to. Special terms for country loans. Distance no object. Easy repayments, and no genuine application refused. A gentleman sent from the bank to carry out all arrangements. Deposits received at three-and-a-half per cent.

THE LONDON & SOUTHERN COUNTIES' DAIRY COMPANY, LIMITED.

CAPITAL £50,000, in Shares of £2 each.

10s. per Share to be paid on Application, and 20s. on Allotment. [The Balance when required, in Calls of not more than 5s. per Share, and at not less than two months' notice.]

DIRECTORS.

*The Most Honourable the Marquis of Bristol, 6, St. James's-square, London, S.W.; the Right Hon. the Earl de la Warr, Buckhurst-park, Sussex; Thomas Thornhill, Esq., M.P., Packenham Lodge, Bury St. Edmunds; Arthur Horrex, Esq., Hova Villas, Brighton, Sussex; * E. W. Streeter, Esq., F.R.G.S., New Bond-street, London.

Those marked thus * will join the Board after Allotment.

BANKERS—Loudon & County Banking Company, Limited, Hanover-square, London, and Branches.
SOLICITORS—Messrs. Nye & Greenwood, 12, Serjeant's-inn, Temple, London, E.C.
ANALYST—Professor Redwood, Ph.D., F.C.S., 17, Bloomsbury-square, London, W.C.
ARCHITECT—Mr. T. W. Cutler, F.R.I.B.A., M.S.I., &c., 5, Queen's-square, Bloomsbury, W.C.
VETERINARY SURGEON—Mr. F. S. Dier, M.R.C.V.S., Crowborough, Sussex.
AUDITORS—Messrs. Harper Bros., Chartered Accountants, Billiter House, Billiter-street, E.C.
SECRETARY—(*pro tem.*) Mr. N. Clayden.
TEMPORARY OFFICES—12, CLIFFORD STREET, BOND STREET, W.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company is formed for the purpose of supplying Pure Milk, Cream, Butter and Dairy Produce direct from their Farms and Dairies, and also Poultry, New-Laid Eggs, and Dairy-Fed Pork.

Contracts have been entered into with Mr. E.W. Streeter for the purchase of the Freehold (about 134 acres) and Leasehold (about 305 acres) situated in the parish of Buxted, Sussex, and known as the Rocks Farm and Sackville Place Farm, for the sum of £12,000, and with the most Hon. the Marquis of Bristol for the purchase of the Freehold Premises known as "Willmer's Dairy," Brighton, for the sum of £2,650.

The Vendors have agreed to take respectively £6,000 and £600 worth of Shares in the Company.

The present Stock on the Farms consists of a herd of Short-horn and other cows of the best quality. The existing structures have been remoddled for the housing of about 60 cows. The Sanitary System has received the most careful attention.

The especial fitness of the estate for successfully carrying on Dairy Farming has been practically illustrated by the present proprietor, who, having farmed under the advice of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, has brought the Farms and Lands into a prosperous state.

There is good Shooting and Fishing on the Estate, which can be let.

A professional valuation of the property has been made by Messrs. Joshua Baker & Wilkinson, of St. Stephen's Chambers, Telegraph-street, E.C., a copy of whose report can be seen on application at the Company's office, or at the Solicitors'.

Full and detailed copies of the prospectus, and Forms of Application for Shares, may be had at the Company's office, and of the Bankers, Solicitors, or Auditors.

THE NEW UNITED STATES CATTLE RANCHE COMPANY (Limited).—Capital £250,000, in shares of £5 each.—Further ISSUE of 25,000 SHARES, payable—10s. per share on application, 20s. per share on allotment, £1. 10s. one month after allotment, and the balance as required.

DIRECTORS.

Alderman H. J. Waterlow (Messrs. Waterlow Bros. & Layton), Birchin-lane, E.C.
Honourable T. H. Morse, Richmond, Surrey, late United States Consul-General for the United Kingdom and Member of Congress.
Colonel J. T. Griffin (Walter A. Wood's Mowers and Reapers), 36, Worship-street, E.C., President of the Agricultural Engineers' Association, &c.
Arthur Robert Marten, Esq., 63, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.
Bankers—Messrs. Smith, Payne, & Smiths, 1, Lombard-street, London, E.C.; The British Linen Company Bank, Edinburgh, 41, Lombard-street, E.C., and branches.
Offices—Pinner's Hall, 54½, Old Broad-street, London, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This company, which was formed for the purpose of engaging in the profitable business of breeding and raising cattle on the Western Prairies of North America, has now acquired the extensive ranching property known as the Circle Ranche, situated in the States of Colorado, Kansas, and Nebraska, together with a high-class herd of nearly 10,000 cattle, at the price of $410,000 ($292,600 in cash and $117,400 in shares). The first instalment has already been paid, and the company is now in possession of the ranche and herd. The balance of the purchase money is payable, at the company's option, over a period of two years, on unusually favourable terms, there being no obligation to make any further payment to the vendor out of capital until the end of the first twelve months.

The cattle are now being counted and re-branded as delivered to the company, and any deficiency in the number guaranteed to be delivered under the contract is to be allowed for out of the cash payable to the vendor.

Mr. Charles Dickie, the company's examiner, and Mr. J. M. Robinson, Chicago Stock Yards, report that—

The ranche has been successfully and profitably carried on for several years past by the vendor, who has accumulated a considerable fortune in the cattle business. The free range on Government lands comprises the enormous area of over 5,000 square miles, or more than 3,000,000 acres, of which about 160 square miles of fine grazing lands are fenced in. There is an abundant and well-distributed supply of water, and freehold river frontages have already been secured to the extent of 3,000 acres. The shelter is ample and excellent, the equipment of the ranche is very good, and the Burlington and Missouri Railroad runs through the property.

The ranche also possesses the great advantage of being situated in that medium latitude which, while securing a high breeding rate, will at the same time develop a weighty animal, reaching 1,300 lb. or so (as compared with a Texan steer of 800 or 900 lb.), without any winter feed or protection.

Mr. Dickie adds:—"I feel justified in saying that if I had been commissioned to find a property for the Company of similar proportions, I could not have found a superior to the Circle Ranche, and I doubt, all things considered, if I could have found one nearly so good. I do not know of one bad feature connected with it."

Mr. Robinson also says:—"This ranche combines more good qualities than any ranche known to me throughout the entire cattle-raising regions of the United States. No one in a report can give an adequate idea of its great value, or its adaptability to the business intended. It is a principality in itself."

The Directors are therefore desirous of increasing the herd as quickly as possible, so that the extensive range rights of the Company may be turned to full account in the interest of the Shareholders.

The ranche is under energetic and reliable English control, supported by the well-trained staff and experienced advice of the late proprietor.

The Directors expect to pay the first dividend at the close of the present or early in the ensuing year. Subsequent dividends will be paid half-yearly.

Prospectuses and reports can be obtained at the Offices of the Company.

Written applications, accompanied by a deposit of 10s. per Share, will be received by the Secretary.

FRAUD. Important Notice.

VIN MARIANI—COCA WINE.

VIN MARIANI should be particularly demanded, as there are several fraudulent and worthless imitations of this valuable preparation.

By its use health is restored and strength obtained.

This Peruvian plant yields from its leaves the most powerful tonic yet discovered; its effects are more speedy, more apparent, and more durable than any other known, it is a nervous excitant, giving great muscular vigour and sustaining the human frame under unusual physical exertion and fatigue.

Delicate persons and people of nervous and excitable temperament will find this Wine a real boon, as it supplies just the stamina required. Invalids and convalescents will find in it the gentle stimulant and sustaining power so eagerly sought after. It is exceedingly pleasant to take, and is used by very abstemious persons as a Dessert Wine. It is of a low alcoholic strength, containing only the percentage of an ordiuary Burgundy. It may be taken continuously as it does not derange the uervous system, as is too ofteu the case where Bark or Quinine are given.

This wine is in great repute on the Continent and is prescribed very largely by all the principal physicians.

A Pamphlet, giving a detailed account of it, will be forwarded on application to the Agents,

ROBERTS & CO.

London: 76, New Bond Street. Paris: 5, Rue de la Paix.

Ladies

Do you want a pure, blooming Complexion? If so, a few applications of Hagan's MAGNOLIA BALM will gratify you to your heart's content. It does away with Sallowness, Redness, Pimples, Blotches, and all diseases and imperfections of the skin. It overcomes the flushed appearance of heat, fatigue and excitement. It makes a lady of THIRTY appear but TWENTY; and so natural, gradual, and perfect are its effects, that it is impossible to detect its application.

PEPPER'S QUININE AND IRON TONIC.—Bottles, 32 doses, 4s. 6d. Sold by Chemists everywhere. There is no Tonic so certain in effect as Pepper's Quinine and Iron. Insist upon having it.

TARAXACUM AND PODOPHYLLIN.—This fluid combination is used instead of blue pill and calomel for the cure of dyspepsia, biliousness, and all symptoms of congestion of the liver, generally pain beneath the shoulders, headache, drowsiness, no appetite, furred tongne, disagreeable taste in the morning, giddiness, disturbance of the stemach, and geueral depression. It sets the sluggish liver in motion, very slightly acts on the howels, giving a sense of health and comfort within 24 hours. It is the safest medicine. Taraxacum and Podophyllin is made only by J. PEPPER, Bedford Laboratory, London, whose name is on every label. Bottles, 2s. 9d. Sold by all Chemists.

"SULPHOLINE LOTION."—An External Means of CURING SKIN DISEASES. There is scarcely any eruption bnt will yield to "Sulpholine" in a few days, and commence to fade away. Ordinary pimples, redness, blotches, scurf, roughness, vanish as if by magio; whilst old, enduring skin disorders, that have plagued the sufferers for years, however deeply rooted, "Sulpholine" will successfully attack them. It destroys the animalculæ which cause these unsightly, irritable affections, aud always produces a clear, healthy skin. "Sulpholine" Lotion is sold by most Chemists. Bottles, 2s. 9d.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS, FOR LIVER.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS, FOR BILE.

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OUR PUZZLES.

RULES.

1. The sum of £2. 2s. will be given every week for the best Epigram, Conundrum, Lipogram, Bouts-Rimés, or whatever the announced subject of the competition for the week may be.

2. The Puzzle Editor reserves the right, however, of dividing the above sum between two or more competitors, or of withholding the prize, should exceptional circumstances render such a course desirable.

3. The decision and award of the Puzzle Editor must be considered final and irrevocable, and, for obvious reasons, no appeal from his critical judgments can be entertained.

4. In every instance the Prize will be given in money, subject to no condition whatever, except the publication of the winner's real name and address in this journal.

5. Competitors will be allowed eight days for the composition and despatch of their efforts; but all such communications must, at the latest, be received at the Truth Office by the first post on Friday morning in the week succeeding the publication of the subject for competition.

6. Not more than one Prize will be given in a Quarter to the same competitor.

7. All New Contributors are Required to Forward with their First Answers their Real Names and Addresses for Registration; such names and addresses will not be published except in the case of Prize-winners.

8. The *nom-de-plume* chosen by competitors should not exceed 12, and must under no circumstances consist of more than 14 letters.

9. Competitors must on no account change the noms-de-plume they have once assumed.

10. On the announcement of the Prize-winner's *nom-de-plume*, the successful competitor must write and make formal application for the Prize, stating the address to which the cheque must be sent. Any competitor failing to do so within three months of winning the Prize will forfeit all claim to the same.

11. No communications can be received on post-cards, by telegraph, or by hand. They must all be sent by the time named above, all post letters addressed—

PUZZLE EDITOR OF "TRUTH," Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, S.W.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 283.

In this puzzle many, if not, indeed, the majority, of the competitors have fallen into the mistake of sacrificing the sense and English of their paragraphs in their determination to "bury" the whole of the names of the Australian cricketers. This latter operation has been too often accomplished at too great a cost, for the resulting sentences, even if they have an involved meaning, are so far from resembling anything like ordinary English composition, that it has been necessary to disqualify answer after answer, in spite of the fact that one condition of the competition has been carried out. I have, of course, been anxious to award the prize, if possible, to a competitor who had succeeded in "burying" the thirteen given names, and have readily overlooked any trifling faults, seeing how difficult was the task which had to be performed. One fault, I may explain, however, I could not thus excuse, and that was the deliberate manufacture of hitherto unheard of surnames out of the cricketers' names—a restriction that accounts for the elimination of many otherwise well-written answers. But, without further comment, I may state that the ultimate result of my scrutiny has been the awarding of the prize to Tom Nissed, who will please make the usual application for it, in accordance with Rule 10.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 286.

The subject for this week's competition will be poetical parody. The Prize will be given to the competitor who sends in before the morning of the 25th inst.

The Best Parody on the well-known Verses descriptive of the Burial of Sir John Moore, commencing, "Not a Drum was heard, not a Funeral Note," &c.

The poem is so well known, and is to be so easily found, that it will be unnecessary for me to give the verses in full. The Parody may relate to any subject, but the number of lines in the original must not, on any account, be exceeded. If competitors can manage to give their verses an apropos significance of some kind, so much the better. Each line of the Parody must rhyme with some other line.

Answers to Correspondents.

***The real name and address of Magger, the sixth of the competitors who shared Prize No. 281, are, J. Charles Hill, Esq., Hawk's Wick, St. Alban's.

***The real name and address of Missing, winner of a third of Prize No. 281, are Miss Synge, Liske House, Meads, Eastbourne.

J. H. B. and J. F.—The Prize cheques are never sent out until a week after the real name and address of the winner have been published in Truth.

Observer.—Let me thank you for your amusing letter, and express a hope the subjects will now be found more to your liking.

Dora.—Yes, the pose will be considered novel if it has not been hitherto used by any one sitting for a photograph.

Commons, A Lancashire Lad, and Betsy Pringle.—Your answers to Puzzle No. 283, reached me "too late" for inclusion in the competition.

Manitoba.—Your underlined copy was duly received.

Initium.—Yes, your answer to Puzzle No. 283 was received; and its non-acknowledgment was an oversight.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 284. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

DEFINITIONS OF CRICKET, LAWN-TENNIS, AND FOOTBALL.

Cricket: Stumped. Lawn-Tennis: Pumped. Football: Bumped.—Observer.

A CASE OF MATCHES.

Cricket: Runaway Matches. Football: Anti-safety matches. Lawn-Tennis: Common or Garden Matches.—Friar Tuck.

Cricket: Bread and Jam. Lawn-Tennis: The Jam without the Bread. Football: The Bread without the Jam.—W. A. P.

Cricket: Hard Labour. Lawn-Tennis: Breach of Promise Stakes. Football: Pedal Servitude.—Lazy Bones.

Cricket: Lord's. Lawn-Tennis: Ladies. Football: Louts.—Charles Searle.

Cricket: A game of chance—and chances. Football: Young barbarians . . . at play. Lawn-Tennis: Lawn and tennis—spoilt.—Donhead.

Cricket: A gambolling, gambling game; eleven to one against the bat. Lawn-tennis: Court intrigues. Football: A squabble over a bag of wind.—Tan Tun.

Cricket: Tact. Lawn-tennis: Knack. Football: Hack.—Aunt Towzer.

Cricket. A bowled (bold) game. Lawn-tennis: A striking game. Football: A balled (bald) game.—Wild Thyme.

Cricket: Sport. Lawn-tennis: Play. Football: Work.—N. C. N.

Cricket: Recreation. Lawn-tennis: Flirtation. Football: Dislocation.—Devereux.

Cricket: Stumps. Lawn-tennis: Jumps. Football: Bumps.—Devereux.

Cricket: (1) The Englishman's amusement, the Frenchman's amazement; (2) Action for assault and battery; (3) Eleven to two, taken ten times. Lawn-tennis: (1) A school in which ladies of "striking" ability compete with men on equal terms; (2) Stooping to conquer; (3) The secret of perpetual motion. Football: (1) The latest edition of "killing no murder;" (2) Collaring without choler; (3) Our boys feeling their feet.—Guinea Pig.

Cricket: Sporting. Lawn-tennis: Courting. Football: Rotor[illegible]ng.—Guelder Rose.

Cricket: Long leg and long off. Lawn-tennis: All racket and bustle. Football: A game of bawl.—Melancthon.

Cricket: Hard labour. Football; Mutilation. Lawn-tennis: Penal servitude.—Melancthon.

Cricket: A game played with a ball in two hemispheres. Lawn-tennis: A game of cross purposes. Football: A game in which the ball is kept constantly in tow.—Eclipse.

Cricket: Graceful. Lawn-tennis: Ungraceful. Football: Disgraceful.—Kibble.

BY THE POSSESSOR OF A TENDER LEG.

Cricket: Rick it. Lawn-tennis: Rack it. Football: Crack it.—Bob Ridley.

Cricket: "Cut and come again." Lawn-tennis: "The masher's diversion." Football: "The feat for feet."—Skrybe.

Cricket: Gentlemanly. Lawn-tennis: Gentle but not manly. Football: Manly but not gentle.—Niahs.

Cricket: A stump meeting; a running account. Lawn-tennis: Net profits. Football: A blunder, in which all parties put their foot in it.—William Tyrrell.

Cricket: The gift of "Grace." Feotball: A hack-knee(d) performance. Lawn-tennis: The ladies! A "set(t)" to "love."—Crystal Palace.

Cricket: A game of skill between two elevens, who only agree in hating the umpires. Lawn-tennis: A running game of flirtation. Football: The science of getting your limbs broken in the most playful way.—Rita.

Cricket: A game for "Lords." Football: A game for commons. Lawn-tennis: A game for the Court.—One A.M.

1. Parties and balls al fresco, and a wicket,
   Men, maidens, lunch, lovemaking—this is cricket.
2. A lawn close shaven and a tennis ball
   Tossed by the players o'er a fence—that's all.
3. A kicking game of ball, much prized at schools,
   And played with hug and tug and Rug—by rules.

Prima Donna.

Cricket: "Cuts" that run up a heavy "score." Football: "Punch" delivered at the "bar." Lawn-tennis: A game of "dealing," where it is arranged that everything is first "chalked up" fair and "square," and all "returns" are adjusted to the "nett incomes," and must o'ertop the "nett balance."—Knotty Ash.

Cricket: The national game. Lawn-tennis: The mashing-all game. Football: The smashing-all game. Lawn-tennis: For belle and beau. Football: For heel and toe. Cricket: The game of ins and outs. Football: The game of shins and shouts.—C. Dick.

Cricket: A game for the short-sighted, as "spectacles" are so easily obtained. Lawn-tennis: A game for evil-minded people, as it is so common to go to the "deuce." Football: A game especially adapted for actresses, as "rouge" is of frequent occurrence.—C. F. Reid.

Cricket: A game from which a *bowled* man retires. Lawn-tennis: A device of the period, well adapted to secure the enthusiasm of a generation that adores the white lily where its ancestors revered Lillywhite. Football: A game that must be played with heart and "sole."—G. D.

Cricket: Like life before marriage. It is mostly played by young players; "matches" are often made; "maidens" have a great deal to do with it; and one young fellow is often bowled out by another. Lawn-tennis: Like married life. All "love" at first; but there is generally the "deuce" to play before the game is over. Football: Like life in general. The players in struggling for a "goal" generally get more "kicks" than halfpence.—H. Marsh Green.

Cricket: Pitching a three-tined fork as a fortress, and defending it with a broadened skewer from the assaults of a leathern pellet. Lawn-tennis: Effeminated cricket, in which the players are courted and court, yet are not caught. Football: Wasted Quixotic energy, by attempting with tied hands to direct the erratic courses of an encased air-bubble.—Colchester.

Cricket: The sport of "Lords"; the image of War, without its guilt, and only 25 per cent. of its danger. Lawn-tennis: Modernised croquet, whereby

ladies' dresses are made shorter, and their flirtations longer. Football: Butcher'd to make a bank clerk's holiday.—Old Skyblue.

Cricket: Merry matches and great catches; free hitting, fine fielding, and *fair* feeding; a "bowled," "wicket" game. Lawn-tennis: The short-service system; *Tennis on*, illustrated. Foothall: An opportunity for "black legs"; putting one's foot in it.—Daphnis.

Cricket: A game that can be played with great Grace. Lawn-tennis: One in which a lady often plays (the) "deuce" and to ad(d)vantage, too; but the "Love" is lost through the gentleman's fault. Football: One of certainty, as the ball is bound to win.—Asthma.

Cricket: A trial of skill before the fair; the odds are they favour the winners. Lawn-tennis: A trial of skill with the fair; the odds are not in their favour. Football: A trial of strength, in which nothing is fair, not even the game, which is often won by a foul kick, throw, or broken limb, no odds which.—Simla.

Cricket: An elaborate process to show that twenty-two make a score. Lawn-tennis: A game at bat and ball full of anomalies; played quickly, yet never without racket; with many a volley, but no shot; with many a set-to, but no fight; where your opponent at his worst is called "love"; and where he who serves best is master of the game. Football: A game won by trying and kicking; as Horace says, "Hac arte . . . *enisus* circes attigit (l)igneas" (c. iii., 3, 9).—Hugo.

Cricket: A game distinguished by the infatuation of its votaries, the complexity of its rules, the uncertainty of its results, and the reckless waste of adipose tissue brought about by all who indulge in it. Lawn-tennis: Four heated lunatics striving to maintain the erratic oscillations of a flabby sphere. Football: A chaos of masculine extremities, streaked with the vilest combinations of chromatic exuberance.—Boy.

Cricket: The game in which the bold (bowled) are vanquished. Lawn-tennis: The game in which playing the "deuce" is always attended with advantage. Football: The "leather" that will have a "sutor" (suitor) to the "last."—Malignant.

Cricket: A game in which the bowler sometimes gets well "battered," and the batter sometimes gets well "bowled"; while the fielders often display a remarkable ingenuity in avoiding balls which everybody else think unavoidable. Lawn-tenuis: A capital game for those who have nothing to do, and would fain have less. Football: More kicks than halfpence.—Initium.

Lawn-tennis:
"Faults" it has, though pleasant sport,
With its "outs" and "ins of court!"
"Love that hath us in the net,"
"Serves" us badly in the "set."

Cricket:
We make a "point" of "Steele," and value "Grace"
In this strange game, where "slips" may win the race!
The batsman gives a bit of leather "thumps,"
The bowler's object is to "stir his stumps!"

Football:
The "poetry of motion" is not here
A senseless scrimmage usually, I fear!
A "feat" of "arms" and "legs" is all you see
Where "Rugby Rules" are kept religiously!

Orchis.

Cricket: A game played with a ball and a bat. Lawn-tennis: A game played with a ball and a racquet. Football: A game played with a ball and a foot.—Pono.

Cricket: The famous Australian meat (meet). Lawn-tennis: Partner's court—*i.e.*, caught. The craft of Football: To be in the swin, you must tow (toe) it in!—Nineveh.

DÎNER DU JOUR.

Cricket: Nonchalance and phrenzy sandwich à l'Anglaise. Football: Olla Podrida à la barbare. Lawn-tennis: High Junkette, sauce Loveall.—Melancthon.

Cricket: A game that may run into "centuries." Lawn-tennis: A game that may go to the "deuce" before "fifty" is scored. Football: A game that goes on even after a "goal" is reached, and will only end with "time."—Sealing-wax.

Cricket: A sport for men. Lawn-tennis: One for ladies and loungers. Football: One for boys—and fools.—Viator.

Cricket: This game is carried on by twenty-two players, half of which are decidedly "in" it, whilst the other half are equally decidedly "out" of it. The batsman's object is to break the bowling, as well as to hat the breaking; while the bowler's aim is to disable the batsman, or, in default of that, to take his wicket. The rules of this game are so intricate that no "petit-maître" has ever been able to explain them to the young lady who is sitting by his side and partaking with him of lobster-salad. In fact, the average "masher" gives it up as a bad job, as soon as he has made the customary pun on "wicket" and "er-wicket." Lawn-tennis: A game in which "love" plays a "primary" part. However, if it disappears, the "deuce" will probably eventually succeed, and, if not dispelled from its coin of "vantage," will win the game. Football: *Association*—So called on account of its being a game consisting of the association of boots and shins, and of mother earth with her offspring. *Rugby Union*—A purely scientific game. The chief feature in it is the devotion displayed by each player to the cause of medical science. In fact, the only object of this game is to provide surgeons with interesting cases of compound fracture.—M. H. Thompson.

Cricket: John Bull's own particular pastime, requiring good legs but no head. Purely Evangelical, as is proved when "Peter standing up with the eleven was bowled in" (so doing); and yet cricket is a very personification of the devil, ever in a constant whirl of balls, and demanding an innate knowledge of Fielding; among the remarkable features of this game are the facts that bats are ever vigilant in broad daylight, and matches go off without a rub. Lawn-tennis: The modern realisation of an impossibility, hard work, yet all play, and a true type of our Canadian colony, in that without a Lorne (lawn) there can be no Court. Most æsthetic, and most lovable amusement, and yet not a single game without a racquet, and love only stirs all to emulative strife. Football: A game where everything depends on the feat, and in which the goal is, every man for himself and kicks for us all. The player, an Atlas in top-boots, spurred with iron, rushing blindly at the Equatorial line, with the world rolling before him, but to exclaim on winning, those words of poor Betty Priggs, "My legs it was as carried it off."—The Great Vance.

Cricket: The most popular of the manly sports of old England, uninviting to foreigners, on account of the great exercise required for so paltry a reward; and if it were called "work," it would probably be patronised by but few Englishmen. Football: The other game of old standing peculiar to us. It gives free licence to spite, as it gives one the opportunity to pay off old scores with a good "hack," or "charge." It thus is, or ought to be, the favourite sport of the lower classes of society. Lawn-tennis: A new, but poor, substitute for cricket, invented to suit the ladies. It is also patronised by the more effeminate of the other sex. Its chief advantage is that it gives more opportunities for "spooning" than any other game, and this spirit is carried out by the use of the word "love," to mean "no score."—Carlos.

Cricket: Though an excellent game, some men object to it because it fairly "stumps" them, and they often find their legs much in the way (leg before wicket). Others get hold (bowled) and are often "caught" playing at it. "Maidens," *over* and over are seen at matches. The *field* is always alone, and great excitement prevails. The batsman, especially sometimes, knows no "bounds," and his wicked(t)-keeper is then of no use. Duck eggs are a common commodity, and may be had for nothing at most matches. "Cricket matches" surpass even Bryant & May's, though they may not be attended with so much safety. Lawn-tennis: People generally feel in a very poetical frame of mind when they see tennis on (Tennyson). It is a game, a strong characteristic of which is "love." It is, therefore, a good game for courting (four court). Those who play it should be men used to "active service," and it is an excellent game for (s')masbers. If you do not serve properly to your antagonist it is "your own fault," but if you are "let" you then go again, as a matter of course. This game has great "advantages" to those who are good players, but the language used at it is not always choice. Football: This game seems much to resemble a disorderly *charge* by some foot regiment; for the call is given to go "forward," "back," "three-quarters back," and "sideway." Is it any wonder, then, that a "scrimmage" ensues? Though I never went to any ball that was not a "foot ball"; still, this surpasses all others, as no one tires, and the "ball" is constantly kept going. Strange as it may seem, the whole team, "kicking" off in all directions, as is their wont, require a "punt" to enable them to succeed in reaching their goal.—Hibon.

Cricket: The king of outdoor sports, cricket is deservedly popular. The game consists principally in the discussion of cold luncheons, the imbibing of champagne and soda-water, and pleasant conversation with the gentle sex. At intervals, bowling, batting, and fielding take place, but interest very few either of the spectators or the players, the former, if ladies, being in a hopeless muddle as to the object of the game, and the latter regarding the fatiguing exercise as unfortunately necessary to the full appreciation of more refreshments. The greatest recommendation of cricket, however, is that, unlike racing or other sports, it possesses the charm of being perfectly free from all pecuniary associations. All true lovers of the game (such as our Australian visitors) laying aside all monetary interests, play for the sake of the game itself. Lawn-tennis: The difficulty in this game (the ladies' game par excellence) consists in the fair ones assuming a position which must fulfil three conditions. Firstly, it must express perfect ease and grace; secondly, it must be such as will display the latest fashions to the very best advantage; and, finally, most important of all, it must effectually prevent a male partner from ever returning a ball over the net, by rendering it a certainty that if the ball be struck, it will be intercepted by the fair one's person. The ingenuity with which some ladies manage this, and the grace with which they accept their partners' profuse apologies, is only equalled by the time and trouble that they must have expended on the game, before reaching such a state of perfection. Football: The nominal object of the players in this game is to propel forward a large ball of leather inclosing an inflated bladder; the real object is to inflict as much damage as possible upon the players of the other side in a given time. The game is, in fact, a kind of compromise between prize-fighting and a fierce battle à la ancient Briton, approximating as closely as possible to each of these healthy and agreeable relaxations without infringing the arbitrary and vexatious law of the land which forbids them. It is highly recommended by surgeons, possibly because their practices are observed to largely increase during the season. The only thing to be desired is what I believe we are shortly to obtain—namely, weekly lists from every club secretary of the killed and wounded, a list which—to quote a familiar phrase—will supply a long-felt want.—Pericardium.

Cricket (of doubtful derivation): A well-known game, and of very ancient date. The author of the "Cricket Field," one of the best manuals on the subject, believes it to be identical with "Club Ball," a game played in the fourteenth century. Originally it went by the name of "handyn and handoute." The requirements for carrying on the game are, 1st, a piece of level turf an acre or two in extent; 2nd, a sufficient number of players to form two sides of eleven each for double wicket and a lesser number for single wicket; 3rd, for double wicket (the mode in which the game is usually played), two bats, two sets of wickets and bails, and a hall. Football: There are two kinds, the Rugby game and the Association game, the latter from its introduction by the Football Association, instituted in 1863. In both games the object is to drive the ball between certain bounds placed at opposite ends of the ground, the game being played in the intervening space, and called goals. The goal is formed by two upright posts which, in the Rugby game, are joined by a cross-bar at a height of 10 ft., and in the Association game at the height of 8 ft. by a tape. In Rugby game you have to drive the ball between the posts and over the cross-bar of the enemy's goal; in the Association game through posts and below tape. Two side lines—goal lines—are drawn from each of the goals, and the boundary of the playing-ground on each side is marked by a line called the touch-line. The opposing players take positions opposite each other at different ends of the field. Lawn-tennis: A modified form of the old game of tennis. It has recently become a popular pastime. It can be played either on turf or asphalt, 78 ft. in length by 30 ft. in width at the extremities. Across the centre extends a net 5 ft. high, stretched from poles 24 ft. asunder. Lines are drawn marking the boundaries and dividing each of the portions of the ground, separated by the net lengthwise, into a right court and a left court. Any number of players can join, but usually two or four persons. The player who begins stands on the back boundary of the right court on his side, throws up the ball, and on its rebound strikes it with the racket so that it shall fall over the net into the nearer part of the right court diagonally opposite him. His opponent there is bound to strike back the ball either before it reaches the ground or after the first rebound. It is then returned again by the first player, who continues to play till he fails to return the ball, or commits some of the other "faults" recognised by the rules, when his opponent takes his turn.—Good Luck.

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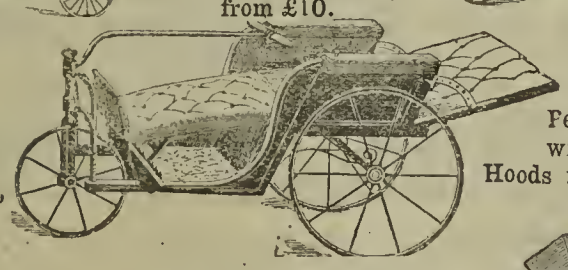

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THIS Company owns the Albert Palace, which is now approaching completion; it is constructed upon a site facing the beautiful grounds of Battersea-park, originally fixed upon by H.R.H. the Prince Consort as the permanent site for the International Exhibition of 1851, now at Sydenham, and has been erected with the object of providing for the people of London, and especially for the middle and artisan classes, a place of recreation and instruction resembling the Crystal Palace, but very much more accessible.

The property is Leasehold from the Crown for ninety-three years, at a moderate ground rent, and includes land being laid out as gardens, with some valuable building land to the west of the Palace.

The Company has also acquired the right to a Lease of the whole of the land lying between the buildings and the Battersea-park-road, subject to their obtaining powers to enclose an intended road which is only partly laid out, and on this site will be formed a Pleasure-Garden, similar to that in the grounds of the Horticultural Society at South Kensington, which, combined with the attractions which will be offered within the building, will furnish all that can be desired to make the Palace perfect in all its varied requirements.

The Palace, which has already been erected, has a total length of 473 feet, and a breadth of 84 feet. Galleries 18 feet from the ground floor traverse the entire building, and are approached by four staircases.

Attached is a handsome stone-and-brick building of two storeys, the upper floor of which is reserved for Picture and Art Galleries, and the lower storey is divided into dining-saloons, smoking, and refreshment rooms.

Adjoining and forming part of the Palace there is also constructed a grand Concert Hall: 157 feet in length, 118 feet in breadth, and 60 feet high (with a double gallery all round), admirably adapted for musical entertainments. This Concert Hall compares favourably, as to the space apportioned to the audience, with some of the best-known buildings through the world devoted to music, as will be seen from the following figures:—

	Length.	Width.	Superficial Area devoted to Audience.
Covent Garden, London	89	80	7,120
St. James's Hall, London	134	65	8,040
Exeter Hall, London	133	77	10,241
Liverpool Philharmonic	108	64	6,912
Birmingham Town Hall	130	65	8,450
San Carlos, Naples	100	85	8,500
Grand Opera, Paris	103	102	10,506
La Scala, Milan	105	87	9,135
Metropolitan, New York	103	101	10,908
Albert Palace Concert Hall, Battersea	157	118	17,626

The Palace will be fitted up with every attraction suitable to the Building, and these will from time to time be renewed so as to present a continuous inducement for the Public to visit the Palace.

The management has been intrusted to Sir Edward Lee, favourably known in connection with the Dublin Exhibition and other undertakings, and whose great experience is thus secured for the benefit of the Company.

In the Concert Hall a magnificent Organ, which the Council have purchased, is now being erected. This instrument is one of the most perfect Organs extant for musical tone, balance of power, and constructive art, while there are few that will compare with it for size, beauty of effect, power, and sweetness.

The Council intend that Musical Performances of a high class shall form a distinguishing feature among the attractions of the Palace, and having regard to the daily increasing love of music among all classes (fostered as it is by the efforts of the Royal Family and others interested in the musical education of the people), there is no doubt that the Musical Festivals and the Concerts which will be given continually throughout the year, will prove a permanent attraction.

Mr. A. J. Caldicott, Mus. Bac., has accepted the post of Musical Director, and his name is a guarantee for the efficiency with which this department will be conducted. He has already successfully organised for the Albert Palace Association a Choir of several hundred voices known as "The Albert Choir."

The position of Director of the Picture Galleries and the Department of Arts has been conferred upon Mr. C. W. Wass, for many years with the Crystal Palace Company; and the Council have obtained the sanction of the Board of Trade to the formation of an Albert Art Union Association, which will form a special attraction to Season ticket-holders, by affording them exceptional privileges

The Palace is already fully licensed, and there is no doubt that the revenue from the Refreshment department alone will be very large; the Council intend that this shall be made specially attractive, at the lowest remunerative prices, in order that the Palace may become a really popular resort.

The Albert Palace Association, Limited, have taken over the Buildings as they stand from the Company originally formed for their erection, of which the present Company is a reconstruction with enlarged objects. The Share Capital of the present Company has been fixed at £150,000, of which it has been arranged that £145,000, in fully paid-up Shares, shall be the consideration for the purchase, and shall be distributed among the Shareholders of the original Company.

On reference to the drawing enclosed with the prospectus, it will be seen that the Buildings are intended to be continued over nearly the whole extent of the land acquired fronting Battersea Park, by the erection contiguous to the Concert Hall of a handsome Conservatory, larger in extent than that at Chatsworth, an Aviary, which will be stocked with every description of rare Birds, and also a Hippodrome on the model of that in Paris, which is so well known as a financial success.

The buildings already erected are capable of accommodating 20,000 visitors, and may now be inspected. The site is possessed of peculiar advantages, for while it is within a very easy drive or pleasant walk of the most wealthy districts of the West End, it is in the midst of a densely populated neighbourhood, and is easy of access from the most extended area, by railway, tramway, and steamboat service, at very low fares.

The Debentures now offered for subscription afford a sound and eligible investment: the £327,000 Six per Cent. Debenture Stock of the Crystal Palace Company is quoted 120 to 125 per £100 Debenture Stock.

The Debentures will be secured by a first charge upon the entire property and undertaking of the Company, and the whole of the proceeds will be applied towards carrying out the objects of the Company and the completion of the buildings in accordance with the extended scheme as shown by the drawing which accompanies the prospectus. Provision has been made by the Trust Deed by which a sufficient annual payment is secured to the Trustees before any payment can be made to the Shareholders, for the payment of interest and a sinking fund out of which the Debentures will be drawn annually.

The Debentures will bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, payable at the Company's Bankers' quarterly by coupons annexed. The Debentures are repayable by annual drawings from a sinking fund of two per cent. per annum, commencing on the 1st July, 1889; the Debentures to be paid off will be the numbers drawn on 1st July in each year.

Application will be made to the Committee of the Stock Exchange for a quotation of the Debentures in their Official List.

The form of Debentures and Trust Deed, and the Contract between the Company and the Albert Exhibition Palace, Limited, may be seen at the offices of the Association, or on application to the Solicitors of the Company.

Should no allotment be made the Deposit paid will be returned in full.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the offices of the Company, or of the Bankers.

Offices: Palace Chambers, Bridge-street,
Westminster, S.W., 10th July, 1884.

Issue of £100,000 Six per Cent. First Mortgage Debentures of £50, £100, £500, and £1,000 each.

THE ALBERT PALACE ASSOCIATION, LIMITED.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

To the Directors of The Albert Palace Association.

Gentlemen,—Having paid to your Bankers, Messrs. the sum of Pounds, being a deposit of 5 per cent. on £ Six per Cent. First Mortgage Debentures of your Company, I hereby request you to allot me the same (or any smaller amount) in Debentures of £ each, and I agree to accept the same, and to pay the instalments at the dates named in your Prospectus, dated 10th July, 1884.

Signature .....
Name in full.....
Address .....
Date .....1884.

Addition to be filled up if the Applicant wishes to pay up in full on allotment.—

I desire to pay up in full on Allotment the amount of Debentures that may be allotted to me in respect of the above application.

Signature .....

This form to be filled up and returned entire, accompanied by the Sum payable on application, either to Messrs. Dimsdale, Fowler, Barnard & Co., 50, Cornhill, London, E.C.; Messrs. Ransom, Bouverie, & Co., 2, Pall Mall East, London, S.W.; or the Secretary, at the Offices of the Company.

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• TRUTH •

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

No. 395. Vol. XVI. Thursday, July 24, 1884. Price Sixpence.

ENTRE NOUS.

THE investitures which were held at Windsor by the Queen are the last State functions in which her Majesty will take part for several months, except the Council for the Prorogation Speech, which will be held before her departure from Osborne

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The confinement of the Duchess of Albany is over, and well over, a month before it was expected, with the result that all the Court plans have been upset. The Queen received the news of the Duchess's illness between six and seven on Saturday, and at once started with Princess Beatrice for Claremont. When there, her Majesty occupies her own suite of apartments, which have always been kept locked up by her express orders.

Her Majesty will invest Prince George of Wales with the Grand Cross of the Bath before her departure from Osborne.

A Tory contemporary takes upon itself to correct some statements which appeared in last week's Truth. According to this sapient authority "the Queen has no earthly intention of staying in the Highlands for three months; the Court programme mentions the first week in October as the date for Windsor to be made ready." This is simply false, and also very silly. The Queen does intend to stay in Scotland till the middle of November, and there is no such thing in existence as a "Court programme." Windsor does not require long notice "to be made ready," for there is a standing order that things must be so arranged that the Castle can always be ready for occupation within two days' notice. There never has been "a programme" of Court movements—nor could there be, seeing that dates, both for ceremonies and for journeys, are invariably altered several times. The Queen settles her own plans from week to week, and they are communicated to Sir John Cowell, who has to make all the arrangements.

The same journal announces that the Prince of Wales is to open the new sea-port at Weston-super-Mare in August or early in September, and that, not improbably, H.R.H. will stay at The Grove, one of the residences of the lord of the manor (whose name, by the way, is twice spelt wrongly). All this is pure fiction. The Prince of Wales has no more idea of visiting Weston than he has of making an excursion to Gibraltar. There is not, moreover, the slightest justification for this imaginative nonsense, for there has never been even the shadow of a report in the neighbourhood that the Prince would come down, so it is equally untrue that the date of the ceremony has been altered "in order to meet the convenience of the Royal guest."

It is decidedly unsatisfactory to hear of a second robbery in Windsor Castle within five months. There is portable property worth millions (much of it practically priceless) in the private apartments of the Castle, and it certainly behoves the authorities to take adequate precautions against any further depredations, for, if people can rob one room, they can rob others. This is a matter of public interest, as all the most valuable property at Windsor Castle (plate, china, pictures, and decorative furniture) belongs to the Crown (*i.e*, to the country), and is not the private possession of the Sovereign, as seems to be supposed.

Francis Clark, the victim of this last robbery, is described as "John Brown's successor," but he is nothing of the sort. He attends the Queen in her walks and rides, and performs some of the other duties of a "gillie," but he is in no respect a confidential servant, nor does he enjoy the numerous perquisites and privileges of "J. B.," whose rooms at Windsor are permanently closed. In the chamber where Brown died there is a brass plate, with an inscription recording the event, and setting forth the virtues and deploring the loss of this exemplary Highlander.

The Queen summoned Mr. Gourlay Steel, R.S.A., to Windsor last week, from Scotland, and has commissioned him to paint a group of her favourite dogs. Mr. Steel painted a similar picture for her Majesty a few years ago at Balmoral.

Her Majesty will not go to Edinburgh to visit the Forestry Exhibition, on the way to Balmoral next month, but will be represented by the Prince and Princess of Wales, who are to be the guests of Lord and Lady Rosebery, at Dalmeny, on Thursday, August 21. They will take Edinburgh on their journey from Newcastle to Abergeldie. The Prince and Princess will stay at Craigside, the residence of Sir William Armstrong, during their two days' visit to Newcastle.

The special feature of last week's Levée (which was a very large one) was the presentation by the Duke of Edinburgh of a strong detachment of the officers of the Channel Fleet, and a number who were not presented attended the Levée. The whole of these officers were previously entertained at luncheon by the Duke at Clarence House.

I hear that the sons of Prince and Princess Christian are to go early next year to study at the University of Bonn for a few months. One of them is now at Charterhouse, and the other is at Wellington College.

It is proposed to place a memorial-window to the Duke of Albany in Salisbury Cathedral, at a cost of £450. The suggestion does not seem to have been very warmly taken up in Wiltshire; for up to the present time only £90 has been promised, although the project has been before the county for the last six weeks, and it is announced to be "promoted" by more than forty notables of the district.

Wreaths sent by the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the Duchess of Albany were placed by Mr. Stuart upon the coffin of the late Prince of Orange, whose elder brother ("Citron") would very probably have married Princess Alice but for the unprincipled intrigues of the late Louis Napoleon.

In the event of the death of the King of the Netherlands, the Queen is to act as Regent for her daughter, assisted by a Council of Dutch notables selected from all parties. The Bill to provide for this arrangement is to be passed by the States-General at once, and the King and Queen will then leave the Hague to pay a visit to the Prince and Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont in Germany. If the King's health does not get worse, he is to go from Pyrmont to the baths of Wildungen for a fortnight.

When the German Emperor was staying the other day with the Empress at the Electoral Palace, Coblenz, he suddenly resolved to have his portrait taken with his wife. Schroedl, the well-known painter, was telegraphed for to Frankfort-on-the-Main, and he contrived to finish the sketch or outline of the picture in two days.

The Duke of Cambridge will leave London for Homburg at the end of next week. H.R.H. will be absent in Germany till the middle of September.

Dublin is deserted now except by the tourists, who are to be seen this season in unusual numbers, guide-book in hand, driving about the "car-drivingest city in the world." Society has betaken itself to the country and to the seaside, not to revisit the capital until August 26, when the National Horse Show will open on the premises of the Royal Dublin Society at Ball's Bridge, Dublin.

The Kingstown Regatta takes place this week, being held under the auspices of the Royal St. George's Yacht Club. Her Majesty has presented a Cup of the value of a hundred guineas for the occasion. The Club gives a ball on Wednesday evening at the Town Hall, Kingstown.

The General Stock Exchange, Lim., 48, St. James's-st., corner of Piccadilly.—Private special telephonic and telegraphic communication with the City and other business centres. Great convenience to West-end and Country Clients. Every class of Stock Exchange business transacted. Moderate commissions. Telephone No. 3722.

The Queen exhibited some very fine polled cattle from her Abergeldie farm at the Northern Show at Aberdeen, last week, and carried off three prizes.

Parties for the Royal Agricultural Show at Shrewsbury were entertained at Weston Hall by Lord and Lady Bradford, at Willey Park by Lord and Lady Forester, and at Lilleshall by the Duke of Sutherland. There were no guests at Wynnstay, but Sir Watkin Wynn (whose health has much improved since his return home) went to Shrewsbury one day, and drove round the yards with his daughter.

The Duke of Richmond has gone down to Edinburgh for a couple of days, to attend the Show of the Highland Society. He is to take the chair at the annual dinner of the Society, which takes place this evening in the Music Hall.

There is to be an important sale of Oxfordshire Down sheep at Heythrop Park next week from the famous flock of Mr. A. Brassey, which has taken nearly £1,800 in prizes during the last ten years.

Lord and Lady Salisbury go abroad the week after next, to stay till the middle of September, at their marine residence near Dieppe.

I am sorry to hear that Canon Lyttelton has suffered a relapse, and that he is now very dangerously ill at Malvern, where he was removed about a fortnight ago for change of air. Lady Frederick Cavendish was telegraphed for on Friday evening, and she arrived in the middle of the night, having travelled during the latter part of her journey by special train.

Lady Bute is expected to arrive, with her children, at Chiswick House in the course of this week from the Mediterranean. Lord Bute is cruising about the Archipelago in his yacht, but will return home shortly.

The Duke of Portland will have a party at Welbeck Abbey at the end of this week for the Tory demonstration which is to be held in his park on Saturday, at which Sir Stafford Northcote is to make a speech.

Lord and Lady Dudley intend to again pass the autumn in Scotland. They have taken Dupplin Castle, Lord Kinnoull's family place, for three months. Dupplin lies about four miles to the south-west of Perth, and is a very large house, in beautiful grounds. The shooting is not of remarkable excellence, but there is some good fishing in the Earn, which flows by the "policies."

Sir Theodore and Lady Martin have left town, to pass the autumn at their beautiful place in North Wales, in the Dee Valley, near Llangollen. Lady Martin's health has somewhat improved during the last few weeks, but her condition is still very unsatisfactory, and she suffers constant pain from neuralgia.

Lady Molesworth gave her annual "Royal dinner" last week, and entertained thereat the Prince and Princess of Wales, Maria Lady Ailesbury, Lord Abergavenny, Isabella Lady Wilton, Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill, Lord and Lady Castlereagh, Sir Robert and Lady Emily Peel, and Lady Mandeville.

The Duke of Hamilton will return from Norway at the end of this week, and goes, after Brighton Races, to Brodrick Castle, his place on the Island of Arran.

A fairly successful afternoon dance was given last week on board the *Duke of Wellington*, the flagship at Portsmouth. Unluckily the weather was wet and stormy; but there were awnings everywhere, both on board and at the gangways, and the craft which conveyed the guests from shore were all well covered in. The upper deck was converted into a thoroughly waterproof ball-room, and it was very tastefully decorated. The poop and main deck were used as lounging places. The whole of the arrangements were thoroughly satisfactory.

Lady Cairns has gone to St. Moritz, and Lord Cairns is going early next month to Dunira, Sir S. Dundas's place, near Crieff, which he has again rented for the shooting season.

Lord and Lady Pembroke left Southampton on Friday in their yacht *Minerva* for another cruise, by the advice of Sir William Gull.

Mr. Albert Brassey is starting in a few days on a cruise to the Baltic, in his yacht *Czarina*.

There will be no Goodwood party at Arundel Castle next week, as the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk are going on a month's cruise in their yacht, for the benefit of her Grace's health.

The Crown Prince of Germany will be present at Goodwood Races on the Cup Day. Possibly he may also go over from Cowes on the Wednesday.

Lord Londonderry writes to explain his reason for changing the name of his house. He says:—

> The alteration has been made in consequence of a wish expressed by my late father to my mother, that in the event of the two titles being united, he wished the house to bear his name; and, accordingly, when I inherited the same, I followed out their united request.

An action has been commenced by the Duke of Portland in the Court of Session to interdict all people from trespassing on his moors by ascending Morven Hill, in Caithness. This proceeding has excited much indignation in the neighbourhood, as an immemorial right of way is claimed by the inhabitants, and a fund is being raised to defend the suit.

The rebuilding of the fine old tower of Sherborne Abbey has just been commenced. A large sum has been subscribed by the county magnates in order that the work may be done thoroughly, and in an artistic manner.

"Liberty" Arabian Furniture and Decoration. A new Sketch-book post-free. Liberty & Co., Chesham House. Regent-street, W.

A property which includes the famous Cheddar Cave was to have been put up for sale at Bristol a few weeks ago, but, at the last moment, Lord Bath obtained an injunction to stop the sale, and legal proceedings were commenced to determine the ownership of the cave. The case came on at Wells Assizes on Friday, when it was decided that the cave is Lord Bath's freehold, but he has granted the defendant in the action a lease for ninety-nine years, terminable for two lives, and without a fine. The cave will continue to be open to visitors as usual.

Mr. St. John Ackers, of Prinknash Park, has just purchased the greater portion of the Huntley Manor estate, near Gloucester, for £45,000. The Manor, which is a very fine house, was entirely rebuilt in 1862 in the French château style, and it is surrounded by pleasant gardens and extensive woods.

Sir Greville Smyth is about to carry out extensive alterations at Ashton Court, the fine family seat near Bristol, and the place will be practically closed for the next two years. Sir Greville and Lady Smyth, who have recently returned from abroad, will spend the next few months at Kinveachie Forest, Inverness-shire.

Mr. J. C. Robinson, the Queen's Surveyor of Pictures, has purchased a considerable estate on the Solent, at Lee, near Stokes Bay, and intends to lay it out for building purposes, in the hope of presently converting it into a popular watering-place. The property has a sea-front of a mile and a half.

Nearly £1,200 has already been subscribed towards the testimonial to Mr. Jacob Wilson, the well-known Northumbrian agriculturist. The Prince of Wales has headed the list with a donation of £21, the maximum amount.

Mr. Elliot, M.P., is giving up the choice herd of shorthorns which he has kept for several years at Langton Hall, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, and it will be sold off on August 4. Mr. Elliot is curtailing his farming operations in consequence of his having accepted the Mastership of the Bedale Hunt.

Mr. Millais goes next week to Scotland for the autumn. He will reside at Birnam, near Dunkeld, and has rented an extensive stretch of shooting from Sir A. Douglas-Stuart, of Murthly.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer got a rare windfall by the death of the late Duke of Buccleuch, as the succession and legacy duty paid by his eldest son in respect to the Scotch properties alone amounts to £220,000.

It is said that the following anecdote, which has been told of a number of people, originated with Lord Cowley, who at one of his own parties in Paris was leaning against the mantel-piece when an unknown gentleman said to him, "Do you mean to say that Lord Cowley's parties are never

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I certainly recommend Mr. & Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most just and liberal purchasers of Cast-off Clothes, Jewellery, and every description of property. They punctually keep appointments, and remit P.O.O. for articles per return.

livelier than this?" "Never." "Well," said the stranger, "then I shall take myself off at once." "You're a lucky man," said Lord Cowley with a sigh, "I'm obliged to stop."

Dr. George Alfred Walker, known as "graveyard" Walker, who died last week at his residence, Ynsyfaig, Barmouth, North Wales, after a brief illness, was born at Nottingham in 1807. He became a Licentiate of the Society of Apothecaries in 1829, and a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1831. He studied for a lengthened period at the Aldersgate-street School and at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, completing his professional education in Paris. Early in life he was deeply impressed by the terrible upturnings of human remains in graveyards which he had seen in various parts of the country. For many years he resolutely waged a crusade against intramural interments, which ultimately brought about the passing of the law forbidding burials in church vaults, and which led to the construction of public cemeteries. In 1847 he gained possession of the notorious Enon Chapel, in London, from which he exhumed several thousand human bodies in various stages of decay, and had them entombed in a monster grave in Norwood Cemetery. He was the author of several works on sanitary reform and the graveyard question, and wrote a number of treatises on the skin, ulcers, gout, rheumatism, sciatica, and indigestion, which laid the foundation of a new era in the treatment of disease.

The sudden but not altogether unexpected death of Sir Watkin Williams is a great loss to the judicial bench and the public. He was one of the few successful lawyers who are real Radicals, and who retain their Radicalism even in a scarlet robe. As a Puisne Judge he went far to redeem his somewhat rash promise to his constituents at Carnarvon just before his promotion, that he would never become an "Ordinary Judge." His vigour of speech, his keen good sense and hatred of injustice, prevented him from sinking out of sight into the ruck of easy-going wearers of the ermine. His controversy with Lord Bramwell in the *Times* contributed in no small degree to the successful carrying through the Standing Committee of the long-deferred Bill to enable prisoners to give evidence, which has now been sacrificed to Lord Salisbury's obstructiveness. He was not supposed to be a very great lawyer, but we could well have spared a greater one, and it would have been hard to find a better Judge of First Instance.

Travellers about to go to Italy cannot be given the advice "Don't" too strongly. All the passes on the French and Swiss frontiers are guarded, and quarantine is strictly enforced. Five days' delay would in any case be more than most people can spare, but the accommodation at the lazarettos is disgraceful, and even the supply of provisions is inadequate. The route over the Brenner Pass by Munich, Innsbruck, and Verona is (I believe) still free, but people going by it are as likely as not to be caught on the way back. The Swiss Government is vigorously exchanging notes with the Italian Government on the subject; but, as all that the Italians offer is to relax their restrictions if the Swiss will impose similar ones on the Franco-Swiss frontiers, the prospects of Continental travelling this autumn are not brilliant.

The precautions which are to be taken in Germany are more reasonable, but will not be particularly pleasant. All travellers from France are to be examined, and "suspects" are to be arrested forthwith. Invalids and all persons with suspiciously sallow complexions had better beware.

From Aix-les-Bains I hear that the comparative proximity to the South of France is likely to render the season anything but a crowded one.

People need not be afraid of cholera in Paris because of one or two sporadic cases. In London a summer never passes without several such deaths. A week or two ago I believe the Registrar-General urged doctors, who had returned deaths as from "cholera," to return them "English cholera." This they were unable to do, and yet so far, it is unquestionable that the Asiatic cholera, which is now raging in the South of France, is not in London.

I remember that in 1848 or '49 (I forget which), when the cholera was here, we were all told to go about with a flannel belt round our stomachs, and with a bottle of chalk powder in our pockets. It might be well if the Local Government Board were to circulate some plain instructions:—1. as to the boiling of water, &c., and as to what it is well to eat, drink, and avoid. 2. As to the remedies to be taken if there be an attack.

A remedy, or rather a preventive, which at the time was much believed in, was to take during the day, either spread on bread and butter or in some other way, two spoonsful of salt. This salt acted as a disinfectant, and it was asserted that no one who took regularly his two spoonsful caught the cholera. I am surprised to hear nothing now of this salt specific.

Here is another cholera receipt:—The Rev. Dr. David Robinson, of New Jersey, has charged the Lord Mayor to give publicity to the fact that hot water applied both externally and internally will infallibly cure cholera. Any man, says the reverend gentleman, who is attacked by cholera, must place his feet in hot water and begin drinking the same fluid as hot as possible. By the time he has imbibed three quarts he will be cured. A friend of mine, who had cholera several years ago, attributes his cure to the fact of his having consumed, directly he was attacked, several quarts of hot tea.

Captain Willis makes an excellent suggestion in a letter to the *Morning Post*. At present quarantine is imposed upon all vessels from an infected port alike. Captain Willis proposes that the length of qurantine should depend upon the date at which the vessel left an infected port. It is obvious that a steamer coming from an infected port in three days, is more dangerous than a sailing vessel that left a fortnight previously.

International Health Exhibition.—In referring to Messrs. Fry's Exhibit of Cocoa and Chocolate, *The Grocer* says:—"Their goods are displayed in an exceedingly attractive style—the Chocolate Creams and similar articles of Confectionery are offered to consumers in the most dainty form, and the boxes in which they are placed are quite works of art. They turn out nothing but the best.'

I see that "Mr. H. Thompson, of London," has received a decoration from the King of Italy on account of his protests against the gambling at Monte Carlo. There are many Thompsons, and Johnsons and Jacksons who will rejoice over this, and at once call the attention of his Italian Majesty to some abuse with a view to a similar reward. To my mind, a "Mr. Thompson, of London," protesting against gambling at Monte Carlo, is as absurd as would be a "Mr. Smith, of Newmarket," protesting against races in Italy. Obviously the man is one of those fussy busybodies who endeavour to come into contact with Royalties, and to obtain from them bits of decorative ribbon by denouncing foreign motes whilst ignoring domestic beams.

I am enabled to announce, on the best authority, that the statement that the lots which were purchased at the sale of Lord Falmouth's stud by Lord Fitzwilliam have returned into the possession of the vendor is a simple romance; and, under the circumstances, such a fabrication is a piece of offensive impertinence both to Lord Falmouth and to Lord Fitzwilliam.

Mr. Walton, the notorious American "plunger," who left England for New York after the Derby, leaving a large unsettled account behind him, has, I hear, offered a composition of 5s. in the pound, which the bookmakers have refused to accept. Mr. Walton won £80,000 during his first season here, when he "touted" jockeys and other stable servants so assiduously and successfully; but as soon as he ceased to obtain private and reliable information, and was left to follow his own judgment, he collapsed ignominiously. He has informed some New York "interviewers" that "he has done with the English turf," as "an American has no chance there at all." I should have said that he has "done" the English turf.

From north and south alike the game prospects of the coming season are reported to be exceptionally good. Throughout the border counties, ground and winged game of every kind is unusually plentiful. On nearly all the English moors grouse are both numerous and strong. In the south, though the farmers are rejoicing in the increasing scarcity of ground game, partridges and pheasants promise exceptionally well. In Kent and Surrey this season's broods of partridges are already on the wing in places, and coveys of sixteen or eighteen are said to be common.

There were several cricket surprises last week. Lancashire beat Yorkshire by six wickets, while Surrey reversed the Oval defeat by beating Middlesex by seven wickets, and turned the tables on Lancashire by winning a good match by 29 runs. It was, however, no surprise that Notts should defeat Yorkshire.

Crossland's bowling, which has already caused so much discussion in cricket circles, was the occasion of quite a little disturbance last week at Sutton-in-Ashfield. Crossland was "no-balled" by the umpire in a local match, whereupon he adopted the somewhat startling course of demanding that official's removal—a request, it need hardly be said, the opposing captain declined to comply with. The game was then brought to an abrupt conclusion, and Crossland sent the town-crier round to inform the public that although he had been no-balled at Sutton, his bowling would pass unquestioned in the approaching match between Lancashire and Surrey. "More's the pity!"

The display of Middlesex last week against the Australians was one of the feeblest of the season, and afforded another lamentable illustration of the want of pluck that is unfortunately becoming almost a characteristic of our leading amateur batsmen. An extremely disappointing *début* was made by the Hon. A. Lyttelton, from whom great things had been expected, and, with the exception of a decent second innings by Messrs. A. P. Lucas and T. C. O'Brien, the rest of the batting was as unsuccessful as that of the old Etonian. One would have thought that by this time the leading English batsmen were past being "frightened out," even by Spofforth; but the reverse appears to be the case.

An Anglers' Tournament is to take place at the Welsh Harp, on Saturday next, in aid of the funds of the Anglers' Benevolent Society. Various prizes are to be offered for the longest casts with the salmon and trout rod, both in the Thames and Nottingham styles. The meeting ought to prove attractive to lovers of things piscatorial.

Bad as is the state of the Upper and Lower Thames, it is not worse than the state of the Middle Thames in London itself. One day last week, as the tide was flowing up, it bore upon its bosom the following precious burdens:—One dead pig, three dead dogs, seven dead cats, and a small army of dead rats. Interspersed with these specimens of the animal world were to be seen half-decayed lettuce, cabbages, and other vegetable refuse; while manufactured products were represented by horrible-looking rags and pieces of garments and baskets. All these pleasing objects were following one another in one continuous line of black filth, and were noted by me in the short space between Lambeth and Charing-cross. Nothing can be better calculated to waft cholera or any other disease into the middle of London.

Steps should be taken to protect the river Mole, as the riparian owners are seeking to convert it into their private property. A meeting has been held at Esher of these gentry, when, under the pretext of "preserving the river," it was proposed to form a limited liability company to buy up all riparian rights.

The clever gentleman who wrote the Maori King's letter the other day, protesting against the interview in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, rather overdid his part, for no one who has had the pleasure of meeting his Majesty could possibly believe that any of his utterances would come out after interpretation into such good literary form. Again, the changing of the Christian name of the interviewer showed rather too clearly the cloven hoof. The account of the interview certainly did not strike me as malicious. In fact, the only fault I could find with it was that it was not

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Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Goode's Depôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

quite original, some of it being borrowed from the "London Letter" to certain provincial papers, written by the well-known lady who styles herself "Penelope."

But the laws of interviewing admit of a wide margin. Charles Wyndham was telling me recently how he was interviewed in America. The energetic reporter caught him just as he was changing between the acts. "I want to interview you," he said. "I haven't a minute to spare," replied the actor, hurriedly; "this is one of my quickest changes." "You have been very successful," continued the interviewer. "I am glad to hear it," replied Wyndham. "May I call on you to-morrow?" "Unfortunately, I am off early in the morning, so I fear I cannot give mysclf the pleasure of seeing you." "Good evening, then." "Good night." This conversation the next morning occupied a column and a half.

Madame Patti will leave London next week for her Welsh castle, where she will remain for some time.

Mrs. Langtry was to have left New York for Liverpool last Saturday, but has been obliged to postpone her voyage for a week, as she has been somewhat seriously ill since her return from California. She had a wonderful escape while making the tour of the Yosomite Valley, on her journey eastward. The coach, with six horses, was coming rapidly down a steep hill, with a precipice on one side, when the pole broke, and the coach lurched over, and as nearly as possible landed the passengers in the valley far beneath.

Madame Théo, the French operatic singer, has just become a widow. It is but two months since her rival, Judic, also lost her husband.

How easy it is to be charitable at other people's expense! Some days ago a performance was given for the benefit of the School of Dramatic Art. The programme was principally filled with selections from Gilbert and Sullivan's operas, and the chorus ladies at the Savoy Theatre were all asked to give their services. A theatrical manager's request is looked upon, like that of Royalty, as a command; and so, during the whole of a sultry afternoon, these maidens exerted themselves on behalf of an institution in which they had no earthly interest. Many of them had come long distances, and though they neither expected nor rceeived remuneration, they at least thought that some regard would be paid to their ordinary creature comforts. This, however, was not the case, for although "the principals" were refreshed after their exertions with champagne and other luxuries, the humbler performers were not even offered the solace of a cup of tea. I should like to know who was responsible for this very reprehensible neglect.

Mr. Froude's concluding portion of the "Life of Carlyle" is finished, and will be published in two large volumes early in the autumn. It begins in 1834, where the second volume left off, and is continued down to the day of Carlyle's death. The work will no doubt excite a great deal of attention, as it will be found to contain many vivacious comments on the eminent men and current events of the last half century.

Another very interesting work will be the "Reminiscences of Lord Malmesbury," which may also be looked for in the autumn. Lord Malmesbury was in the secrets of the Tory leaders, and altogether very much behind the scenes for nearly twenty years, and he ought to be able to tell us many new and good stories about Lord Beaconsfield and the late Lord Derby. When a friend chaffed Mr. Disraeli in 1858 about Lord Malmesbury's appointment to the Foreign Office, he replied, "He is not such a fool as people think;" which was precisely the answer which had been given by the Duke of Wellington a quarter of a century before, when he was interrogated in a similar way about Lord Londonderry.

A new edition of Lord Hervey's "Memoirs of the Reign of George II." will be published next month by Messrs. Bickers, who recently brought out a complete edition of the entertaining and instructive "Memoirs of Sir Nathaniel Wraxall." The "Ickworth Papers" were originally published about forty years ago by Mr. Murray. They were edited by the late Mr. Croker, who enriched the work with a number of very interesting notes. The book has long been very scarce. I possess a copy of it, which I looked over the other day. Lord Hervey gives a very graphic picture of the interior of the Court of George II., and I can promise lovers of scandal that they will find plenty to divert them. Thackeray borrowed largely from Hervey for his lecture on George II.

I have often urged, and I again urge, that some publisher should issue a collection of all the memoirs the copyright of which has by efflux of time become public property. Were the edition well got up, and in a comparatively cheap form, I am sure that it would sell well Mr. John Morley should be asked to edit it, and to write preliminary notices regarding the authors.

It is far more easy to get good books of history respecting bygone times than to find those that treat of our own times. The reasons are twofold:—1. An historian must be independent in his judgment, and deal with facts as they are, not as they appear to him, or, in other words, his account must be objective and not subjective. 2. Theoretically every one is supposed to know what is going on, and to remember passing events, and, consequently, no one thinks it worth his while to record them. Mr. H. Justin McCarthy, following in the steps of his father, has done a real service by publishing a history of the present Administration. It is precisely the sort of book that was wanted by many. He deals in a clear and taking style with men and measures, as though he were telling his readers about the old Greeks and Romans, leaving all to form their own conclusions with regard to them.

A new edition has just been published of Mr. Jeaffreson's "The Real Lord Byron," in which, in a preface and an appendix, he gives letters proving the correctness of his statements in regard to the true reasons for Lady Byron's

separation from her husband. Either she was the most base and hypocritical of women, or her story to Mrs. Stowe was the illusion of a distempered brain.

Some of the letters are in the collection of Mr. Morrison, and some in the British Museum. It would seem that they were not published in the first edition of the work, because it is held by lawyers that a letter belongs for ever to the heirs of the writer; and that, although facts stated in it may be published, the letter itself cannot be published without the consent of the heirs, nor can any facts be stated to have been taken from it.

For some extraordinary reason the heirs of Lord Byron informed Mr. Jeaffreson that if he attempted to publish any of the letters which proved that their ancestor had not been guilty of a monstrous offence, they would ask for an injunction.

Still more curious is the habit of the British Museum. If a trustee-order forbidding letters to be shown is put on the file, these letters are not shown to any one. If a trustee expresses his wish that they should not be shown, they are only shown in exceptional cases. I do not understand upon what theory of law these regulations are based. To whom do letters in the Museum belong? To the public, for they bought them with their money. Surely, then, the public may read them, otherwise it must be law that one man may buy the letter of another man's great-grandfather, but that, having done so, he may not read it.

A volume just published by Mr. Bernard Becker, called "Holiday Haunts," is worth reading—especially just now by those who intend to take their holiday in England—for it is mainly made up of descriptions of health resorts in this country. The book contains much curious information, not only regarding the manners and habits of the habitués of these places, but about things to be seen in the various neighbourhoods.

The following *menu* must convey but slight information to many who understand what a good dinner is:—

COMPOTATIO DULWICHIA.

(Die Saturni, Julii xix.)

Navis Planâ Carinâ Grenovici.

Cibariorum Tabella.

Decocta ex carne Confecta.

Pisum viridum. Gallice loqui "Pontoise."

Pisces.

Passer salmoque subfervefacti. Cancer ad pulliginem assatus.
Dealbationis jecuræ in sartaginæ coctum.
Anguillæ igne lento coctæ.
Truta ad ignem monstrata cum condimonto inferno.
Solea modo Mornayo. Salmo ut apud Norvegiensis.
Esca alba.

Addita.

Squillæ minores more Asiatico.
Velum ad ventum, more fisci subquœstoris.
Sorbillum cocormicorum. Carnis ovinæ coxa.
Fabæ Gallicæ. Anaticulæ tostæ. Pisa viridia.
Armus porci frigidus. Amoris malorum acetaria.

Mensæ Secundæ.

Gelatum. Pistoris Gallici opera dulcia.
Lactis flores. Farcimen Glaciei.

Glacies.

Nucis pineæ lactis flos. Cerasi aqua.

Tragemata.

Cerasi. Fraga. Matrimonium. Nux pinea.

Dispensator: Johannes Rand.
Vice-Dispensator: Carolus D. Miller.

The only argument used against giving free education to the poor is that it pauperises them; but it is not held that a scholarship at Eton, won by competition, pauperises Cabinet Ministers or young lords, nor is it generally supposed that the parents of the Bluecoat boys, who get in by patronage, are pauperised by the free education of their children. Christ's Hospital is, indeed, the strongest instance of the abuse of a charity intended for the have-nots being diverted to those who have. The sooner it and other "poor" schools are restored to the poor the better.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the ill-feeling which has been aroused in Yorkshire in consequence of the Archbishop having decided that the new Bishop of Ripon is to be consecrated in Westminster Abbey, and not in York Minster. There is certainly no reason why a large body of people should be disappointed and inconvenienced merely because the Archbishop chooses to ignore the metropolitan church of the province, in consequence of his "strained relations" with the Dean.

The papers all state that the late Bishop of Chester was a Nonconformist minister in early life, but they might have added the more remarkable fact that just after his ordination he preached "on approbation" before the congregation of the Old Meeting-house at Norwich, and it was shortly after his failure to satisfy this flock that he was sent to Oxford by Mr. Dawson-Turner, the well-known banker of Yarmouth, whose daughter subsequently became Mrs. Jacobson.

Canon Liddon is to be in residence at St. Paul's during August, and will preach on Sunday afternoons.

The Dean of Worcester is to preach the sermon at the special service which is to be held at the opening of the Social Science Congress at Birmingham.

Preaching at St. Andrew's, Holborn, the other day, the Bishop of Manchester said there is one thing which every preacher should lay to heart. It is this: "These desperate theories of human depravity which are so popular in some schools of theology, if I believed them—which I do not—would, indeed, cast my heart down. . . . . Oh, if I had before me a congregation of ministers of God's Word, I would say to them—'Oh, fellow-ministers, there is something in all those hearts that can be reached!'" I regret that the Bishop cannot have a congregation of clerics now and then, for most of those gentlemen are dreadfully ignorant of human nature. If they understood a little more about the people they preach to, their sermons would have less sawdust in them and more nutriment.

Last Wednesday, at the Convocation of York, the Archbishop announced that in future the Upper and Lower Houses would hold separate sessions, instead of being united as they had been for the last twenty years. The Archbishop frankly admitted that the union had failed, "It being clear that a considerable amount of friction and tension prevailed." The Dean of York and Archdeacon Hamilton protested, but his Grace persisted in his determination. This decision does not say much for the

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Archbishop's influence over his clergy, and still less for the submissiveness and tractability of the reverend gentlemen themselves.

It is a scandalous injustice that the clergy should be receiving burial-fees which they do nothing to earn, and which are really a very serious tax on the poor. Take the case of Lambeth as an example. In four years the clergy of that parish have received £1,664. 19s. 9d. in the shape of unearned burial-fees, while the chaplain who has done all the work has, during the same period, received £839—just about half as much. This sum of about £2,500 has been paid chiefly by the poor. The sooner Mr. Richard's Cemeteries Bill passes into law and puts an end to this ghoulish greed the better.

One argument for the continuance of these fees in Lambeth is that there is in that parish a clergyman whose stipend would be only £25 a year but for the burial-fees. Extremes meet. In Lambeth there are two clergymen of the same church, one has £15,000 a year, and two or three palaces, and the other has a "living" worth £25 a year. What heavier condemnation could be passed upon the system?

The Rev. W. J. Spriggs-Smith is a teetotal curate in the neighbourhood of Burton-on-Trent. He has for some time carried on a temperance crusade with much more zeal than discretion, and was recently boycotted by the local brewers. It is to be feared that cold water, or boycotting, or both have affected the reverend gentleman's brain, for he is reported to have delivered himself of the following sentiments:—"He shuddered at the thought of the cup being administered at the Lord's Supper. He would forego all the livings that existed in creation rather than his hand should administer the cursed cup. How could that be the emblem of the blood of Christ that had the power of running men into hell?" I would suggest to Mr. Spriggs-Smith that the sooner he sets about "foregoing" his present cure of souls the better it will be both for himself and his parishioners.

Though informal, the censorship of the English Roman Catholic press is pretty strict, and it is the subject of continual comment in certain circles that Mr. St. George Mivart has been allowed to let the cat out of the bag with such surprising frankness as he has displayed in a contribution to the leading Catholic "Quarterly." The *Dublin Review* was founded by the late Dr. W. G. Ward, an Ultramontane of the Ultramontanes, and is now the property of his no less Ultramontane friend, Dr. Herbert Vaughan, the Bishop of Salford. Yet, somehow, Mr. Mivart has been permitted to appear in its pages as the "protestant" of the moderate English Roman Catholics who were "born so," and who view with calmness, if not actual coldness, the effervescing fervour of their convert co-religionists. Mr. Mivart, when a lad at Oscott, saw the arrival of Cardinal Newman, "with his illustrious band of converts from Littlemore," and thought that "the conversion of England" would come swiftly and surely. Now that this has not happened, he complains that the conduct of Catholics has not been "as judicious as possible." "Italianism" has averted the Catholicising of this country, it seems, and the Ritualists have made Anglicanism so attractive, that Roman Catholic services have been at a discount. This must be pleasant reading for Cardinal Manning and his supporters, especially the Oratorian Fathers at Brompton, who have so successfully "Italianised" English Catholicism.

Mr. Mivart lets out that Cardinal Wiseman viewed the election of Pius IX. to the Pontifical Chair "with much distrust and apprehension"—of course, this was before Pius IX. had "restored the hierarchy" and placed Dr. Wiseman at its head and elevated him to the Sacred College. He also more than hints that a certain "Italianising" regulation as to vestments, which emanated from Rome, and has been enforced by Cardinal Manning, has not the sympathy of some of the present Roman Catholic Bishops. He seems to suggest that English services, perhaps even the mass in English, might be adopted with propriety; and, when he comes to speak of images, he is almost an iconoclast. Is not this a strange confession from a Catholic controversialist? "It is also not to be denied that our feelings are sometimes painfully shocked by the 'objects of piety' found in our churches—degradations apt to excite the contempt or pity of non-Catholics, and to call up the flush of shame on the cheek of the Catholic layman who cares for his religion." Can this refer to a certain "Statue of Our Lady," which is carried about a London church of very "Italianist" tendencies, on great occasions, bedizened with all the diamonds of a ducal house?

Dr. Barnardo is no doubt doing a very good work among the outcast children of London; but like some other philanthropists, he likes to assume airs, and pose as a man of authority. A poor woman complained at the Thames Police-court the other day that her little daughter of ten, who was in Dr. Barnardo's home, had been sent to Canada, not only without her consent, but against her expressed wish. She was simply told that she had no business to interfere, which she thought was "too bad," and most people will agree with her. Mr. Lushington gave her but cold comfort, for he told her that she could apply to a Judge at Chambers. It is very well for Dr. Barnardo to do what he likes with children who have no parents, but when they have, the parental wishes should be respected. A mother surely has some right to control her child's future, even though she may have placed it in a charitable institution.

One of the latest eccentricities of the present Board of Admiralty is an attempt to induce Naval chaplains to abandon their black coats in favour of a Naval uniform. Though I have no faith in the virtues of white stocks and broadcloth, I entirely sympathise with the chaplains in their rejection of this suggestion. The position of ministers of the Gospel of Peace attached to the Military and Naval Services is, at best, somewhat anomalous; but it would be ten times more so if they were required to wear the uniform of belligerents.

I am sorry that so many brave men should have lost their lives in Lieutenant Greely's ill-fated expedition, and I am still more disposed to sympathise with the relatives of the victims. Nevertheless I cannot help looking upon Lieutenant Greely and other so-called heroes as little else than so many dangerous lunatics of the type of Captain Drevar, who tried to cross the Channel in a cigar-box. The conduct of the English and American Governments in encouraging such insane and useless expeditions is simply criminal folly. I see that Greely proudly announces that "England has at last to yield the honour of having attained the furthest point in Arctic exploration." The Lieutenant and his men went some distance further than any previous explorers; they gave names to various capes, bays, and tracts of country; they did not succeed in conferring the smallest benefit on any human creature, and eighteen out of twenty-five of them died horrible and lingering deaths. A pretty honour, forsooth! And the worst of it is that some other lunatic is certain to be fired with the ambition to beat Greely's record, and the wretched story of failure and starvation and death will be repeated *ad infinitum*. Were I told that I would reach the North Pole in half an hour by taking a hansom cab, I would not do so. It must be one of the most uninteresting spots upon the globe.

Admiral Sir Reginald Macdonald, who would have been compulsorily retired in October, has retired from the service of his own accord, in order to promote Vice-Admiral Sir Leopold McClintock to the Admirals' list. Sir Leopold, who is also to be retired from age, is thus placed on the list for less than a week, but he will now be entitled to £850 a year, the retired pay of an admiral, instead of £725, which is the amount of a vice-admiral.

The Government have decided to lay out a large sum in enlarging Malta Dockyard, and a great deal more work is to be done there in future. It appears that Maltese labour is cheaper than that of Portsmouth or Devonport, but, surely, "My Lords" are not so stupidly short-sighted but that they must be aware that it will be necessary to send out all the materials to the Mediterranean; so that in the end there will not be the saving of a shilling, and the only result will be a vast increase in the discontent which now prevails among our dockyard *employés*.

Lord John Hay, having been promoted, ought properly to resign the command of the Mediterranean Squadron at once, but I hear that the Lords of the Admiralty, with their usual disregard of the regulations when they happen to interfere with their friends, propose to allow him to retain his post for eight or nine months longer. This arrangement will admirably suit the Duke of Edinburgh, who will probably succeed Lord John Hay, as he could not well resign his command of the Channel Squadron before the close of the year.

The Channel Fleet will leave Weymouth the week after next for a cruise round the west coast of Ireland.

Sanitary Inspection.—Fee, 2 Guineas. Improvement works undertaken. The Sanitary Engineering Co., 115, Victoria-st., Westminster.

I am very glad to see that the Home Secretary has lost no time in bringing in a Bill for abolishing the office of Public Prosecutor, which, however, is marred by the inevitable compensation clause. One can only hope that the Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury will read their instruction to "have regard to the nature of the employment" in a sensible way, and come to the conclusion that Sir John Maule, having had next to nothing to do for his £2,000 a year, has been well paid already. Besides, what little there has been for him to do has all been work which would be likely to help him, rather than otherwise, in again picking up his private practice if he wished to do so.

An outgoing tenant's claim, under the Agricultural Holdings Act, for compensation for unexhausted enrichment of the soil through artificial manure has just been decided in Yorkshire. The tenant claimed from his landlord (Sir Talbot Constable) £166, and the landlord's valuer offered him £81. The matter was referred to the Government umpire for such cases, and he awarded £159. These figures prove that the tenant-farmers will derive substantial advantages from this piece of legislation, provided that rapacious landlords are not allowed to evade it.

The action of the various judges with respect to the new assize arrangements is certainly most remarkable. The judges framed the new scheme themselves, and it was approved of by the Lord Chancellor and the Government. Mr. Justice Manisty, however, thought fit to make a most violent attack upon the changes at Newcastle, saying that this was the result of persons controlling and regulating matters to which they had not been accustomed. Mr. Justice Lopes, too, remarked at Nottingham last Wednesday that the changes were made simply for the sake of change, and ordered the proclamation against vice and immorality to be read as usual, although it had been abolished. On the other hand, Mr. Justice Mathew, who is going circuit with Mr. Justice Manisty, entered at Durham into an elaborate justification of the changes, and predicted that economy of both time and money would result from them. When such exalted personages quarrel over the result of their own reforms, it is rather difficult for the outside public to come to a definite conclusion on the subject. Still, I cannot help thinking that the dissatisfied judges would have done better to conceal the disagreement, and to acquiesce loyally in the decision of the majority of their brethren.

It is more than ever apparent by the extraordinary affray at Hoxton that to expect policemen, armed only with whistles and truncheons, to capture burglars who are provided with daggers and revolvers, is a monstrous absurdity. Now and then a plucky constable seizes one of these pests and gets promptly shot or stabbed, his assailant in the majority of cases escaping scot-free. Now, Policemen are only ordinary mortals, after all, and cannot be supposed to have any particular fondness for engaging in these very unequal combats. Is it not, therefore, only reasonable to surmise that a large number of burglars escape, simply

Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street Grosvenor-square.

because a solitary policeman cannot summon up sufficient courage to attempt to arrest them?

I was talking with a friend from California about the frequent burglaries that take place here. He told me that in his house in the outskirts of San Francisco every window communicated by electricity with an arrangement opposite his bed, by means of which a gong sounded and the window tampered with registered itself on a dial. "And then?" I asked. "I touch two knobs," he replied, "one lights up my room by electricity, and the other lights up the whole of the outside of the house." "There are," he continued, "few burglars in California, for as every one there has a revolver, and is a good shot, burglars—who, however they may like to shoot others, have no fancy for being shot—find the country not suited to their line of business."

Alderman Nottage suggests that armed burglars should be flogged. I entirely agree with this suggestion. No man is obliged to take to the burgling business, but if he does, he should be brought by arguments *in corpore vili* to realise that he must take his chance of profit or loss without providing himself with lethal weapons. This, at least, we owe to the police, if we object to their carrying revolvers, and yet look to them for the protection of our property.

If a statute ever wanted repealing, it is most certainly Act George IV., chapter 106, the 16th section of which enacts that no master or person employed in the trade of a baker within ten miles of the Royal Exchange, shall sell, or permit to be sold, any bread, cake, &c., or should make or bake any bread, cake, &c., on the Lord's Day, except between the hours of nine a.m. and one p.m. Two bakers were last week condemned to pay fines for breaking this enactment. One is at a loss to see how an act can be a misdemeanour on one side of an imaginary boundary, and perfectly legal on the other side. Why should London wait for its morning roll because some Puritan ancestors of ours were able more than half a century ago to pass such a vexatious law? Why should not shops selling bread, cakes, and buns have the same privileges as those selling tobacco, cigars, and snuff? Why, in fact, should it not be lawful to sell everything or anything on that day?

At Selby, a coachbuilder and a painter employed by him have been fined for working on a Sunday. The coachbuilder pleaded that, as the work was six weeks overdue, it was a matter of necessity that it should be done. If the "Lord's Day Act" is to be enforced, I should fancy that many millinery and other such establishments will have to pay fines.

William Smith is a builder. One day last week he happened to be in a public-house attached to some dancing-rooms, and overheard two men, one of them a private in the 10th Hussars, quietly plotting the ruin of a young woman "from the country." Their scheme was a simple one, and almost worthy of a place in an Adelphi melodrama. On pretence of showing the girl her way to a Servants' Home, they proposed to take her to as many public-houses as possible, and then, after making her drunk, to "get rid of her." Mr. Smith, having, as he expressed it, daughters of his own, found the girl, and opened her eyes to the benevolent intentions of her new friends. She then appealed to him for assistance, but whilst he was looking at certain papers she had with her, one of the friends came on the scene, and proceeded to reward Smith's interference with blows. He was subsequently given into custody, and, whilst in the hands of the police, was joined by the Hussar, who, with the characteristic gallantry of the modern British soldier, spat in the constable's face, attempted to rescue his companion, and then capitulated. One would have thought that at least a few weeks' imprisonment would have been a fitting reward for this conduct. Not so, however, the magistrate. He simply fined the prisoners.

The Duke of Bedford ought really in his own interest to look after his agents, who seem bent on exhibiting his Grace before the public in an odious, not to say a contemptible, light. Last week a cabman was sued in the Clerkenwell County Court for damaging (to the extent of £3) one of the gates across the roads on the Bedford estate. When the case came on, it appeared that the damage was purely accidental, and the Duke paid the cabby's costs and withdrew the summons. If a landowner, for his own purposes, places a dangerous obstruction across a public highway, it is a little too much that he should expect compensation when his obstruction gets the worst of it in a collision.

What are the local authorities who exercise sway over Covent Garden and the neighbouring streets about? Why do they not take action against the Duke of Bedford? He may have a right to have a market in Covent Garden, and —as it would seem he intends—to enlarge it; but if his market be a receptacle for filth, and likely to breed a pestilence, surely something may legally be done to abate the nuisance.

I notice that, as a rule, the wrong people seem to get punished for that mysterious and ill-defined offence known as contempt of court. At Wigan, recently, Catherine Cox, who had previously taken out a warrant against her husband for violently assaulting her, was committed to the cells for contempt, because she refused to prosecute her brutal helpmate. I suppose that the dignity even of a police-court must be upheld at all hazards, but it seems somewhat hard to send a woman to prison because she is of a too-forgiving disposition. The ordinary practice in such cases is for the wife to go into the witness-box and commit perjury, in order to screen her husband, but Cox seems to have been of a more candid disposition, and she suffered accordingly.

Three days afterwards the woman was released, and when asked to explain her behaviour she hit a very weak spot in our criminal administration by asking the magistrate in turn, Who was to keep her three children if her husband was sent to gaol? This is a difficulty which must have frequently occurred to and puzzled wiser people. When a working man brutally assaults his wife, what is to be done with him? If he be fined, the innocent wife and children are the real sufferers; if he be sent to prison, his wife and family are frequently reduced to starvation; and

modern humanitarianism forbids the application of the cat-o'-nine-tails, which, after all, might afford the best and speediest solution of the problem.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is such an admirable institution that it is a pity it should do anything to make itself ridiculous. I confess this looks to me the most probable result of a recent act of the society at Hastings, where a local humanitarian, for exemplary kindness to his donkey, has been rewarded by a princely grant of half-a-crown from the coffers of the society. I quite understand the idea, but to my mind it seems that a sixpenny medal would have been just as efficacious and far more dignified. The merciful man is merciful to his beast independent of interested motives, and the unmerciful one is more likely to turn up his nose than to mend his ways at a distant prospect of two-and-sixpence. Why not start an Order of Merit for Conspicuous Good Treatment of Donkeys?

It would be well if the Lord Chancellor looked into the doings of the Isle of Wight Bench of Magistrates. The other day the charge-sheet at the County Petty Sessions contained a number of charges. The chairman happened to be away, and Colonel Atherley took the chair. After half an hour, he rose and stated that a court could not be made, owing to the non-attendance of other magistrates. It would seem, however, that there were two other magistrates actually in the court-house, but they would not make a bench. The reason for such extraordinary conduct was, I understand, that Colonel Atherley is an active supporter of Liberalism in the island, and that the two magistrates are Tories. It is to be regretted, in the interests of public decency, that they should have allowed their Toryism to interfere with justice. Lord-Lieutenants of counties are always either Tories or the mildest of Whigs, and the sooner they are deprived of the right to appoint magistrates the better.

Some time since it was discovered that a man named Kitching, secretary to the Attercliffe Burial Board, had embezzled £1,400 belonging to the ratepayers. His family offered to refund £1,000 if he were not prosecuted, and the local authorities promptly agreed to compound the felony. I am glad to see, however, that the Treasury has interfered with the carrying out of this little family arrangement. A prosecution has been instituted against Kitching, and last week he was brought up before the Sheffield magistrates and remanded in custody. But ought not the local authorities to be prosecuted as well?

Last week, a young man named Shooter, the constable of the Exeter bathing-place, performed a remarkably gallant rescue by swimming two hundred yards down a dark tunnel with a drowning man, and landing him safe at the other end. Shooter has rescued no fewer than two hundred people from drowning, and the Mayor of Exeter has called a public meeting to consider the best means of rewarding him. I am rather curious to hear what Shooter will get. A man made his fortune in the Egyptian war by cutting a trembling fellah in half, and if he had bisected two hundred fellaheen he would doubtless have become a millionaire. But to save life is quite another matter.

It appears from recent correspondence that the price of wheat has fallen from twenty to thirty per cent. all over the world, but the price of bread in London remains totally unaffected, the entire extra profit going into the pockets of bakers and middlemen. Mr. Plimsoll has offered a shop in the New Kent-road at a shilling a week to any baker who will sell bread at a profit of not more than a farthing a loaf, but I have not yet heard whether the offer has been accepted. It is certainly a most remarkable thing that the price of nearly every necessary of life in London should depend upon the arbitrary and selfish action of trade "rings" and middlemen, instead of upon the ordinary laws of supply and demand. What howlings there would be if it were proposed to establish an *ad valorem* duty of 25 per cent. on all imported meat or corn! And yet we pay without a protest an equivalent to this duty to our butchers and bakers.

I am very glad that Mr. Mundella has promised an inquiry into the administration of the Endowed Schools Act by the Charity Commissioners, for there can be no doubt at all that the funds in question have been devoted far too much to the benefit of the well-to-do classes. It is particularly important, too, that some better understanding should be come to in this matter, in view of the fresh funds which will soon become available. The same mistake ought not to be made in the educational schemes which are, I suppose, being framed under the City Parochial Charities Act, and which will before long follow from the Report on the City Companies.

A Bill for reviving the old Bishopric of Bristol is passing rapidly through the House of Lords, and as it is a strong "fad" of the Prime Minister's, every effort will doubtless be made to rush it through the House of Commons. Why this fantastic piece of legislation should have been persevered with while so many really useful and urgent measures have been sacrificed, it is difficult to understand. There is not the slightest necessity whatever for separating Bristol from Gloucester. Nobody pretends that the work of the present diocese is too heavy for one man. I have been assured, indeed, by an eminent prelate that Gloucester and Bristol is one of the "lightest" bishoprics in England. The fact is that this movement has been got up by some silly snobbish people in or near Bristol, who think that the tone of Clifton "society" would become less vulgar if there were a Bishop constantly in residence in that peculiarly "genteel" suburb. Putting aside, however, the *a priori* objection to the scheme, why legislate in such a hurry? There cannot be a Bishop of Bristol until a sufficient sum to produce an annual income of £3,500 has been subscribed. The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol promises £500 a year (he ought to give at least £1,000, considering that the change would deprive him of two-thirds of his work), and by strenuous exertions and desperate "whipping" a sum of about £20,000 has been

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got together from Bristol and its neighbourhood. Every rational being in the district, however, knows perfectly well that there is not the slightest prospect of another £60,000 being raised. The promoters and the Government might surely have waited until two-thirds of the stipulated sum had been obtained.

The following lines, which were written by the late Robert Barnabas Brough, "in a seasonable spirit of vulgar declamation," rather more than thirty years ago, seem curiously worth reprinting at the present time. They are a two-edged sword, wielded in behalf of no party, and sparing none. In effect they cut, as they were intended to cut, both ways :—

A Taunt.

So! my lords and gentlemen,
  You are pale!
Sniff ye something hurtful, then,
  On the gale?
Whence this toadying the crowd,
Spurn'd, but now, with bearing proud?—
We must "chaff" this aspect cow'd,
  New display'd;
Hitting when you're down 's allowed!—
  Who's afraid?

Why, my lords! you used to ease
  All in gold;
Forth in silk, brocade, and lace,
  Bravely strolled.
Dress'd like Tom and Dick, I vow,
All in black, from sole to brow,
Sneakingly observance, now,
  You evade,
Like a man who dreads a row!
  Who's afraid?

Books you're writing, too, I see,
  By the mile;
Not the sort that used to be
  Held the style.
'Stead of Chloe's flow'ry lodge—
"Ventilation"—draining dodge,
Cisterns, pigsties, cheap hodge-podge,
  Eggs new laid!
Whence this care for Giles and Hodge?
  Who's afraid?

Then, again—we never hear
  Of the flights
Nobles after punch and beer
  Took at nights.
In their stead we've lectures long,
By the Peers, on Art and Song,
Pointing all the moral strong,
  Class array'd
'Gainst its ruling class is wrong.
  Who's afraid?

Queer concessions, too, you make.
  From the Church
Spoils ill-gotten wherefore take,
  In the lurch
Leaving kith and kin? To Thought,
Long with burdens over-fraught,
Whence this succour, newly brought,
  Long delayed?
Surely not "because you ought!"
  Who's afraid?

No—my Gentlemen and Lords!
  You are sunk
(You'll get used to vulgar words)
  In a funk!
Ne'er did wolf, to whom appeal'd
Weeping ewe, a lambkin yield,
Till he saw the shepherd wield
  Gun or blade
In the next-door neighbour's field!
  Who's afraid?

Mr. Russell, of Ascog, will be the Liberal candidate for Buteshire at the general election.

Screens, with tea-cup shelf on each fold, from 21s. A large variety of screens in Japanese leather paper, needlework, stained glass, and hand-painted in all sizes and styles.—C. Hindley & Sons, 290 to 294, Oxford-street, London.

A correspondent of the *Times* has been reminding us that the origin of the phrase "discussing with a rope around the neck," was the Constitution of the Locrians, whereby any citizen who proposed a new law did so with a rope round his neck, and if the proposal failed to obtain a majority, the proposer was at once strangled. Considering how many new laws we want here, and how all such changes (as the Archbishop of Canterbury said the other night) always turn out well, it seems to me almost a pity that we cannot apply the Locrian device to members of the House of Lords, who, pending an expression of the popular will, reject bills sent up to them by the Commons. This would do something to remove the inequality of which Mr. Gladstone complained the other day—viz., that, whereas if the Commons are wrong, they are sent about their business, the Lords, if *they* are wrong, still "sit comfortably in their chairs."

A good example of the "patriotism" of the House of Lords was given by the Duke of Norfolk's speech on Thursday, when he explained why it was that although he had voted for the Reform Bill ten days before, he was going to vote against Lord Wemyss's motion then. He had given his first vote against Lord Cairns because he considered the attitude their lordships proposed to take up against the Bill was unwise and dangerous; but he was going to vote against Lord Wemyss because it would take away from the dignity and self-respect of the House to undo what they had done ten days before.

The views of the Liberal organs seem to be that the Conservatives are a herd of silly swine, who are possessed, like those of the Gadarenes, with fiends, and are hurrying to their destruction. This is not exactly my estimate of them.

I can imagine that Lord Salisbury himself is so utterly disgusted with his position as the leader of a Legislative House, which has to vote against its convictions, that he welcomes a contest in which he and his order may succumb, but in which they may also vanquish. When, however, he is supported by calm, sagacious men like Lord Cairns, the Duke of Richmond, and Sir Stafford Northcote, it is reasonable to suppose that all is not entirely "kill or cure," but that practical considerations are stronger than mere angry impulse.

It may fairly be said that, if the Franchise Bill passes, and if it be followed by a Redistribution Bill on Radical lines, the historical aristocracy will lose all political influence. Conservatism will continue to exist, but it will not be the territorial Conservatism of to-day. It, therefore, becomes an essential object to the Conservatives, who have aristocratic Conservatism for their corner-stone, to get the manipulation of the Redistribution Bill into their own hands, and thus be able to minimise the effect

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of the Franchise Bill. If they do not effect this they are lost.

Knowing this, they throw down the gauntlet. Their estimate is that, although there may be a strong agitation against the Lords, the result of this will be to alienate moderate Liberals. In fact, they want to make the issue one between Radical and Conservative, because they—rightly or wrongly—fancy that the moderate Liberals will gravitate to Conservatism. Already there are signs that the moderate Liberals shrink from any real agitation, and that they would confine the issue to the Franchise Bill, and go no further. It was this that led to the frequent negotiations and to the compromises which were suggested. Had not Mr. Gladstone and the Radicals in Parliament stood firm, the threatened conflict would have been evaded by the Whigs and the party wire-pullers entering into a bargain with the Lords. Even now they sigh and hope against hope that an amicable arrangement will be come to.

This being so, it behoves the Radicals to be on their guard and to face the real issue, which is not whether the Franchise Bill is to become law, for that is certain, but whether all Radical legislation is to be emasculated—as has been the case up to now—owing to the existence of a Conservative hereditary Chamber, which not only supports the Conservative party against the Liberal party, but the moderate Liberals against the Radicals.

Nine-tenths of the Liberal Party are Radicals. Yet so clever are the Whigs, so skilled are they in Parliamentary tactics, that they manage to exercise a blighting influence over the entire party. In the House of Commons, they are secretly supported by many so-called Radical members, whose aspirations do not go beyond obtaining some little honorary rank, or being allowed to air themselves at a Minister's reception.

Let us not, therefore, deceive ourselves. I do not say that Lord Salisbury will win. But he and his friends know what they are about, and I do not see how they could have played their cards better. There are a considerable number of Conservatives in the country. It is not so many years ago that the Conservatives won a General Election. We must not, therefore, imagine that our victory is a foregone conclusion. We must work for it, and agitate for it. As an elector, I would not trouble myself to move one inch if we are merely to endeavour to carry a Franchise Bill, and to leave the Lords in possession of the power to interfere, as heretofore, with Liberal legislation. This will be the plan advocated by the Whigs. If it is to be followed, let them carry it out, but let Radicals have nothing to do with it.

We must seize the present occasion, once and for all, to insist upon a Liberal Administration not being at the mercy of a Conservative majority in the House of Lords. We must insist upon hereditary legislators being deprived of all legislative functions. Rome was not built in a day. In a country like this, where snobbism flourishes, their lordships will find many to look with reverence on them, and to believe in their divinity. We may be beaten, but we must renew the struggle again and again until we have won the battle. There is at least this consolation: if we manage to get these Humpty Dumpties once on the ground, no power on earth will ever replace them on the wall from which they are now defying us.

I—and I suppose other Radicals—have been asked to go to meetings in favour of the Franchise Bill, and to protest against the action of the House of Lords in regard to it. I have declined to attend them. I have no idea of wasting my time and my breath in protesting against one particular result of our maintaining a political poison-shop. We should agitate, and labour to close the shop. The only reform possible is to improve it off the face of the Constitution. Half measures are worse than no measures at all.

One effect of the action of the Lords will be that it will ensure us Mr. Gladstone's presence at the head of affairs for some time at least. He probably thinks like Prince Bismarck, who said to Dr. Busch:—

> I am like a weary hunter who has been following the chase all day without result, and who, worn out and faint with fatigue, sinks to the ground, and resolves to give up the sport altogether. All of a sudden the beaters light upon a couple of splendid boars; forthwith his old passion revives in his breast. He springs to his feet as fresh as ever, and hurries off to the chase anew. It is thus with me. Weary of business that I cannot get transacted, and wearied by unproductive colleagues, I would fain have done with the whole thing and go home. But were any of the departmental Ministers to give me a good scheme I would take to my work again with renewed energy and pleasure.

I believe that the history of the Conference is this: Prince Bismarck, who rather prefers his neighbours not to be the best of friends, has secretly backed up France, and openly stated that he cannot be called upon even to express an opinion, until we and the French have come to some joint agreement in regard to finance and other Egyptian matters. Russia has joined with Turkey in opposition to our plan of neutralizing Egypt. French statesmen have ever been under financial influences. They have been, and they still are, the mere catspaws of the cosmopolitan financial and financing gang whose god is Mammon and whose country is the Stock Exchange. M. Ferry knows that these people have so much influence in France that, were he to assent to a reduction of interest on the Egyptian debt, he would probably find himself in a minority in the Chamber. On the other hand, it is obvious that Mr. Gladstone, having asserted that the fellahs are overtaxed, and that unless a reduction be made in interest on the debt either this must continue, or the Administration must go to rack and ruin owing to want of funds, cannot well back out of his position, for it would be tantamount to our keeping our soldiers in Egypt in order to force the fellaheen to pay ruinous taxation.

Supposing that the Conference breaks up without doing anything, what ought we to do? We ought to evacuate Egypt at once, leaving a force in the vicinity of the Canal to protect it against Arab tribes. It is true that we have promised to defend Egypt, but assuredly this does not mean to defend Egypt against the Egyptians. It seems to be believed that the Mahdi will soon advance, and that nine-tenths of the Egyptians will welcome him. If these Egyptians prefer a Mahdi to Tewfik, I really do not see why we should interfere with

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To all who Shoot or Travel.—Visit Ulster House, Conduit-street, and see B. Benjamin & Son's Specialties. Pamphlet on application.

their wishes. As the bondholders have forced the French to object to an arrangement which was to their benefit, they might be left to discuss matters with the Prophet.

In any case, I do most strongly object to our taxes being increased in order to maintain the rule of Tewfik any longer. We must accept facts as they are. It is clear that he is abominated, and that any Egyptian who professes friendship for us is looked upon as a public enemy. Far from regretting this, I regard it as an evidence that there is some sort of genuine patriotism amongst the Egyptians. Ismail committed many faults, but between Ismail and Tewfik we ought not to hesitate. Ismail is immeasurably the better ruler of the two.

As for Gordon, public opinion has veered round about him. He has deliberately disobeyed his instructions. With wrong-headed obstinacy, instead of retiring when he could, he has remained at Khartoum, in order to force us to send an army, not to rescue him, but to enable him to take a bloody vengeance on those who have dared to resist his will. I should be sorry were he killed, but I see no reason why we should risk the life of one single British soldier in his behalf. If he be now in danger, he owes this to his ignoring that the first duty of a soldier is to obey orders, and to his forgetting that when a man undertakes to act under instructions he should not run counter to them.

In an interesting letter published in the *Times* of Saturday last respecting taxation in Upper Egypt, we are given the following estimate to prove that the Egyptian fellah is not so badly off as is reported :—

"The Sheikh of the village of El Reassieh: He inherited 40 acres from his father, and these 40 acres are cultivated by (including children) 27 persons. After they have eaten enough of the grain produced to keep them from starvation, there remains £81; of this the Government takes £52, leaving to the Sheikh, as interest on the value of his 40 acres, and to provide clothes and everything else for 27 people, £29. The property is said to have cost £250; consequently, allowing 5 per cent. interest on this, the Sheikh and his family get, in addition to bread, 12s. 6d. per head for all their other requirements, whilst the Government get £52 per annum from this land and from the Sheikh's labour."

Should we regard this as fair and reasonable were the Sheikh an Englishman, and were his forty acres in England? And yet we are told that, in comparison with others, this Sheikh is well off. Why does the Sheikh have to pay this enormous taxation? In order that the owners of the bonds which represent a bogus debt should be paid their pound of flesh.

I have received £2 from O. Y. O., and 2s. 6d., anonymously, towards Miss English's fund, and £5 from Sydney Hermon, towards the fund for "Feeding the Robins."

Index.—*The Fifteenth Half-Yearly Volume of* Truth *was completed with the number published on June 26th*, 1884. *The* Publisher *of* Truth *will be happy to forward an Index to Vol. XV., free of charge, to any address, on application being made to him at* 10, Bolt-court, Fleet-street, E.C. *Cases for binding* Truth *in half-yearly volumes are issued at 2s. 6d. each.*

SCRUTATOR.

MUSIC.

MADAME NILSSON'S ballad concert, which I hope to be able to attend, will be, *perhaps*, the most interesting of the season. I say perhaps, because no one can tell who may find it necessary to "regret" at the last moment those circumstances over which no one seems to have any control, and which prevent public singers from keeping faith with the public.

Sims Reeves will not sing "The Death of Nelson" for ever. All parents and guardians should therefore be advised to take their children, so that when the little ones are old they may shake their heads solemnly, as our fathers shook theirs over Braham and Catalani. "Ah! my boy," they will then be able to say, "you never heard Sims Reeves sing 'The Death of Nelson!'" People don't think of these things until it is too late. I shall never cease to be grateful that I was taken to see Spohr as a boy, that I have known Wagner, Liszt, and Gounod, and I shall never cease to regret that I never saw Mendelssohn, Thalberg, and Chopin.

In addition to our "Sims," Madame Nilsson promises us Marimon, Santley and Maas, and Hollman on the violoncello. By the way, if Hollman indulges much in those inartistic and exaggerated *pianissimos*, he will be simply inaudible in the Albert Hall.

Signor Carlo Ducci gave an interesting matinée of the usual serio-classical type at 175, Bond-street, last week. If there is to be an autumn session, these professional sort of benefits may be revived; but at the present moment there is a sudden dearth of concerts, public and private.

The production of Reyer's "Sigurd" twice last week, with Madame Albani, was a kind of musical event. The greatest care was taken with the scenery. The drama itself deals with the themes of Wagner's "Siegfried," and the "Götterdämmerung." Of course, the obvious thing to say is: M. Reyer composed "Sigurd" long ago; is in no sense indebted to Wagner; is quite original; is a follower of Berlioz; had a right to use up Scandinavian legends just as much as Wagner, &c., &c. Still the fact remains, "Sigurd" was only produced last January at Brussels, about seven years after "Siegfried," and the "Götterdämmerung," although the composer is said to have been at work upon it several years back. People can draw their own inferences. I draw mine. M. Reyer is no longer young, but he is a man of great talent and industry. With a certain French stage faculty, "Sigurd," though it fatigued by its length, charmed by the power of the duets in the last act and some vigorous chorus-writing. The first act was decidedly dull. The orchestral work is not rich enough to bear the strain of interest put upon it, and M. Reyer would have done better to have adhered more to the old operatic forms, with which he is not strong enough to dispense, and which would have helped out a certain poverty of invention, and perhaps concealed a decided want of melodic substance. However, it seems in these days we are nothing if not *émancipés*, and Berlioz has at least taught M. Reyer that one must be all the more elaborate in expression in proportion as one has little to express. Madame

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Vanity Fair says :—"Mr. Benjamin is still the Prince of Ulster and Stalking-Coat Makers." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

Albani did her best for the French Brunhild, but Brunhild remained French.

I turn to Patti's Traviata with very different feelings. We know what we have to expect here, and Patti does not disappoint us. She did not take her encores so freely last week, which was a great improvement. I dislike at the Opera the feeling of being at a Ballad Concert. Even a Verdi opera is something more than a mere string of songs to be encored. Patti's languors are a little too vivacious, perhaps; indeed, it is my secret belief she does not really enjoy dying of consumption half as much as Albani evidently does. Gay, passionate, *espiègle*, romantic, yes; but sickly—no, that does not quite suit her genius. Her impersonation of the doubtful lady in the last stages charms, but has no tendency to make the eyes water.

Apropos, finally, of the Italian and German Opera season. The Italians got frightened and were on their mettle; no expense was spared, and in the course of the season we had a few nights on which, besides a leading star or two, the whole cast was decidedly strong. The Italians, accordingly, have held their ground well. The Germans, on the other hand, have traded on their former successes. They set rumours going about performers who did not appear. In spite of one or two good performances like the "Tristan" and "Meistersinger," their chorus was not strong, and their casts were uncertain. The public who go to hear German opera for the *ensembles* soon found this out, and ceased to go; hence the German opera has lost ground.

The moral of all this is that the public like stars and like *ensembles*. For the sake of a star they will dispense with *ensemble*, and for the sake of an *ensemble* they will, as they did in the Carl Rosa performances, dispense with a star; but they will not put up with an opera company that cannot lay claim each night to one of these characteristics, and before long it will be found that any company which aspires to hold the public interest throughout a season will have to secure both star and *ensemble* together. This is what the competing systems have brought it to; and the only real way of meeting the difficulty will be, sooner or later, to cry *à bas!* to competition, and go in for operatic amalgamation. After all, when Albani is already engaged on both sides, the amalgamation of Italian and German enterprise ought not to be far distant. You may call it the union of opposites. We have seen stranger things come to pass.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

COPPER AND CHOLERA.

IN an "Entre Nous" column of your last issue you expressed a wish to know more about Paul Bert's copper specific against cholera. The discovery of this ægis not only against the Indian invader, but against small-pox, diphtheria, typhoid, and scarlatina is not due to Paul Bert, but to a Dr. Burq, who, for more than thirty years has been scoffed at by the routine-ridden Academy of Medicine. He is an old friend of mine, and is not only one of the most intelligent, but one of the most genial, Frenchmen I know. If he had not a sunny disposition he could have never persevered as he has done against the augurs of the body I have named. Paul Bert, whom I also know, merely claims the honour of having supported him through thick and thin for eleven years, of having got Claude Bernard to examine his theory and practice; and, when Minister of Public Instruction, of having decorated him. He also helped him to obtain the Goddard prize awarded by the Biological Society. Other supporters of Burq within the same period were Littré, Doctors Marchal de Calvi, and Baron Larrey, and Professors Charcot, Luys, and Dumontpallier. Of Littré's sagacity, honesty, and deep medical knowledge it is useless to speak. But as the Pasteurians, who want to cast out the microbic Beelzebub by his like, are hostile to the Cupric or Copper Saviour, Burq has still dragons to slay which are sure to die hard. His theory is based on the fact that salts of copper taken in doses of from 15 to 20 centigrammes a day, albeit for weeks, harm neither man nor warm-blooded beast, but slaughter low organisms. They are as destructive to microbes and every other parasite that infests us as St. Patrick was to the snakes and toads of the Sister Isle in the olden time. I have been shown an earthworm in a basin of water thrown into a wild gyrating paroxysm, and then killed, by a mere grain of sulphate of copper being cast down near it. An ant was dipped many times into a strong solution, and was alive and well an hour later — a proof that it is as highly organised as Sir John Lubbock tells us. Calomel was a step in the Burq direction. But the cupric saviour does not need to be reinforced by the horrid black draught. It can be taken with impunity by persons exposed to all weathers, and with any diet. Sailors, soldiers, and navvies on active service can copper themselves within, on sea, in camp, and when busy delving and tossing up earth. At first it is a little unpleasant; but it clears the complexion, and fattens up the lean. Surgeon-Major Grosclaude preserved from cholera, in 1866, a whole battalion during a march from Paris to Caen, and while in that city. Their way lay along a cholera-infested route. At Caen he had every floor and vessel, bed, canvas, and so on in the barracks washed in a double solution of salts of copper. With his own hands he threw into every hundred litres of the soldiers' soup 50 centigrammes of copper dissolved in 200 grammes of water, and he also slightly coppered the coffee. Not a case of cholera is recorded in the medical register of his battalion. He had many private patients who, not being "defended," were attacked, but he brought them all through. I could adduce no end of equally good evidence to show that Mr. P. A. Taylor and Lord Clifton might with advantage enrol themselves under the banner of the Cupric Saviour. Sulphate of copper is a strong defence against small-pox, and the disease which robbed the Queen of her daughter.

It is not true that poor Dr. Thuillier saturated himself with it on his way to Egypt last September; he only took 5 grammes of bioxide of copper—which is not a soluble form—in sixty-four days, and ceased taking it before he left Paris, so that it would have been eliminated before he died.

As an antiseptic for disinfecting purposes sulphate of copper is stronger than sulphate of iron, and is not dangerous in evaporating, like sulphate of mercury. In all

respects it is preferable to carbolic acid, which, I am assured, is a source of wasting diseases. Sisters of Charity and sick nurses who inhale it often find it so. They get dyspeptic, languid, and then die. (I am afraid I write *comme un ignorant* in not using medical locutions.) To frequently breathe air impregnated with this acid is to put oneself in the way of losing all the sulphur and albumen, without which brain and body are unable to work. I believe carbolic acid is as much in use in England as it has been in France. Beware of it. The copper disinfectant has no smell. Burnt with alcohol, in a sick-room, it produces a beautiful green light, which would be a cause of joy in a Tiny Tim Hospital. As I write, an idea occurs to me. It is to defend children against zymotic diseases by putting sulphate of copper in the dish of snap-dragon. The splendour of the emerald blaze would cause them to overlook any styptic taste.

And now a little benevolent gossip about the arch-enemies of the Cupric Saviour. Burq, "fortified" by his medicament, has been since 1849, during every cholera visitation, in the hospitals of the towns where it was most virulent. He faced it at Toulon and Marseilles, in Paris, Rouen, London, and Eastern France. He also faced small pox in its worst haunts. Pasteur only studies these maladies at a distance. A little virus is brought to him in a glass tube, and then he operates with it upon apes monkeys, dogs, and guinea-pigs. He preaches *ex cathedrâ*, and all the cowards who are afraid of losing their worthless lives and who cannot bear to think that fair play should be the great sweetener of the world, and reign everywhere, land him as a benefactor of the human race, and a stamper-out of plague and pestilence. When a contagious disease burns itself out in a place where some mitigated virus has just produced as good an effect as Lourdes water, they cry out, "Great is Pasteur!" He reminds me of Vain-Hope, the ferryman in "The Pilgrim's Progress," who saved people the trouble of wading through the river which lay between the land of Beulah and the Celestial Kingdom. Poultry-yard cholera, ovine carbuncle, murrain, rinderpest, small-pox, scarlatina, and every other curse upon dirt and gluttony, are as severe as ever, and yet the notion is abroad that Pasteur, through his scape-goat animals, has taken the sting out of them all. Pasteur, who has not gone to Marseilles to correct or to check the theories he builds up in his torture-house in the Rue d'Ulm, has got himself appointed French Commissioner to the Health Congress which is to be held at Amsterdam. I don't at all try to convey the idea that he is a humbug. He believes in his theories, and has got to look upon himself as a divinity. When his son-in-law wrote that "Te Pasteurium Laudamus" ("Monographe de Pasteur par un Ignorant") in one volume, the object of the praises himself corrected the proofs! Pasteur is a priest who lives by the altar. He has 25,000 francs a-year from the State to enable him to pursue his researches, with lodgings, coals, and lamplight, and is soon to have a delicious country residence at Villeneuve l'Etang, where a dogs' Inferno is being created for him. His mitigated viruses are a source—and a good one—of income. He has married his daughter advantageously; through Brown-Séquard's and Paul Bert's manias for vivisection *à outrance* he is on good terms with the Opportunists; and owing to his unmitigated clericalism, he enjoys the friendship of the Dukes and Counts at the Academy. If a King starts up, he will have access to him; if the Republic continues, he will go on drawing his 25,000 francs a-year. His son-in-law (the author of the "Te Pasteurium Laudamus") was, a few years ago, a secretary to M. de Freycinet. It is on the cards that he may hereafter receive Royal Dukes at Albert Gate House. I have no idea what effect in England *Le Journal de l'Hygiène* produces in the opinions of M.D.'s. Here it has got on its side in the war against the copper specific the Pasteurians and the stand-still members of the Academy of Medicine.

Doctor Pietra Santa, the editor of this print, is a Corsican, and is related to the Bonapartes. He, too, is (and why should he not be?) a priest who lives by the altar. In early life he was a chum and fellow-conspirator of the late Emperor, who, when he restored the Empire, made him secretary to old Prince Jerome. After his death, Pietra Santa was unemployed. He asked for the post of Doctor of the Madelonettes Prison and of that of *Médecin du quartier de l'Empereur*, which Conneau and Nélaton had rendered a sinecure. But there was a difficulty in the way. The candidate had never walked the French hospitals. Dr. Pardieu, the Dean of the Faculty, was asked by the kind Sovereign to use his influence to at once obtain a diploma. He did his best, but met with an absolute refusal. The Dean at Montpellier was next applied to. He was ready to oblige, and so were a large number of members. The minority stormed, but in vain, and Pietra Santa obtained his French licence to practise. I assume that he had a foreign one. The good-natured Emperor also made him chief inspector of mineral waters in the department of the Seine, a post he still holds, the Republic being *très bonne fille*. He lost the two other sinecures through the fall of his Imperial friend and cousin, and to recoup himself bought Dr. Lannoix's heifer-vaccine business, which he has been working for seven years with Dr. Cambon. The office where the vaccine is sold in the Rue Massillon is jocosely called *la gîte à la noix*. I know people of wealth and station who cause a heifer to be brought to their houses every spring, to be vaccinated from. General Meredith Read's wife was among those who so fortified herself against small-pox. I often wondered whether there was one chance in a million of her being attacked with that disease. Cholera is different. It won't keep in the slums. Judge Batchelor, of the International Tribunal of Egypt, who studied it there, tells me that it begins in them, but spreads to the best quarters and invades the palaces. Like Moses, the cradle in which it lies in infancy is hidden among the bulrushes, flags, and water-lilies of the river. Perhaps it was because he and cholera were in his childhood bedfellows that he was so anxious to teach the chosen people the virtue of cleanliness. He set his face against shellfish. I dare say at the mouths of the Nile they are infested with plague-microbes.

The Duc de Chartres got frightened at the dirt of Toulon, and was quick to leave it. It was plucky of him to go there, and so it was of

"Royal Charter" Champagne.—Wachter & Co., shippers to H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales by special appointment.

Waldeck-Rousseau to help to wheel a dead woman and her bedstead into the fumigating-room of the Prado hospital. The sum of 50,000 francs subscribed by the Orleans family, and spent by the Duc de Chartres on cholera victims in the South, if intended to serve as an advertisement, has answered the purpose. The amount was not a large one if we consider the wealth of Louis Philippe's descendants, the misery that was to be relieved, and the prize that was being played for—a Crown, with a civil list of a million sterling or more, the right to enjoy the forests and palaces of the domain, to have the best boxes in opera-houses and theatres, special trains with luxurious cars, and to be on a level with the greatest reigning houses of Europe. If all this could be had, as well as the use, for the ladies of the family, of the yet unsold Crown jewels, *ce serait pour rien.* Do you mistrust *sensiblerie* and demonstrative philanthropy? I do, though nobody can more appreciate the value of kindness, pushed to the extent of *bonhomie*, in keeping this world of ours a little bright and pleasant. In a monarchical country it is a good thing for the Royal family to make the tribe of Dives ashamed of themselves by taking a charitable initiative in hard times. *Mais la vie est la vie, et la mort est la mort.* Monarchy is too much a thing of the past here for the Duc de Chartres' run through Marseilles and Toulon to electrify anybody. I think, also, that, had I been the dying cholera patient whose eye-lids he drew back with both his thumbs, I should have resented the liberty.

I dare say cholera will soon get to England. Avoid crowds when it is there, and keep rather *in* London than in the environs after next St. Lubbock. It might be well not to grant the usual bank-holiday this season, should the plague be upon you. The hop-fields of Kent are also to be avoided in September. Those be-curtained, be-tapestried, and luxuriously upholstered rooms which are the pride and joy of *petits-maîtres* and *petites-maîtresses* should be regarded, if cholera invades them, as permanent hot-beds of infection. I often think that in the time of our Middle Ages and Renaissance ancestors, black and sweating sicknesses, small-pox, and other plagues were nursed and coddled by tapestried walls and "windows made to exclude the light." Sunshine destroys fine furniture and plays havoc with dyed stuffs; but it gives colour to eyes and cheeks, and burns up microbes.

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—Lord Salisbury's Don Quixotes.

WE hear so very much about the wisdom of the Lords,
And how with practised Statesmanship their every act accords;
That 'twould be well to just inquire who are these worthy Peers,
Who try to save the Ship of State each time the rock she nears.
Who are these thoughtful counsellors, these paragons of sense,
Whose past experience is so wide and knowledge so immense?
And who, at their proud leader's word, risk gladly life and limb,
As 'neath his banner they collect, to windmills tilt with him?

Let's take the last Division-List, examine every name,
And we shall soon discover there the candidates for fame!
Let's search the columns, and find out the Peers of mind and nerve,
Who joined, this much-mistaken land to from itself preserve!
How strange it is! We scarce commence the titles to look down,
When with a rapture strange we read—Lord Oranmore and Browne.
Lord Oranmore and Browne! It stirs our blood to thus begin,
And by his side to find Lord Howe and Baron Inchiquin!

See here are those most famous Peers, Lord Forbes and Viscount Gage,
And Ilchester the Eminent and Ardilaun the Sage.
And look! here's Poltimore and Boyne, and Ormathwaite and Keane,
With Templetown and Donington, Clonmell and Massereene;
When these combine with Annaly, and Churston, and Cloncurry,
In vain are then the country's voice and Mr. Gladstone's hurry;
And vainly at the Commons' door two millions knock for entry,
Whilst Viscount Sidmouth says them "Nay," and likewise Baron Ventry.

The people's will is, so far, good, but it for naught must go
When Drogheda, and Lamington, and Scarsdale all cry "No!"
'Tis strange indeed the country dares to agitate again
When Selkirk's Earl and Harlech's Lord declare its efforts vain.
It does not know the worthy deeds connected with the names
Of Egmont and of Verulam, nor what the potent claims
Which Henniker and Tankerville and Galloway possess
The land's political advance to stubbornly repress.

In fact, the country does not know, nor does it seem to learn,
On what just grounds these Peers have dared the Franchise Bill to spurn;
Nor can it understand at all why, at Lord Salisbury's call,
These curious and mysterious Peers in battle-line should fall,
And voting at his nod, *en bloc*, should have the power to stay
The great reform which gives, at last, the labourer fair play.
No, this it *can't* elucidate; but, bravely though it tries,
This riddle strange remains unsolved, and scrutiny defies.

In sooth, the longer it protracts its deep investigation,
The greater waxes its surprise and grows its indignation,
That Peers of whom it never hears, save when a whip's sent round,
Should be collected its known will and purpose to confound.
The greater, too, its wonder is the Peerage can contain
So many Lords contented thus forgotten to remain;
And only now and then impelled their presence to make known,
When some reform is to be burked or useful work o'erthrown.

But will these nobles be content to yet live on like this,
Still ready at a sign to swear their Pope can't do amiss?
Will they be quite content to make their only bid for fame
By treading still, 'neath his command, the path of public shame?

Riding Habits.—Specialty of John Redfern & Sons. Ladies' Tailors by Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 26, Conduit-street, London, W. Also at Cowes and Paris.

Be quite content to dumbly vote like silly, senseless sheep,
Compelled to swallow principles, and, cowardly, silence keep?
In short, are they content to be mere counters in the game
Their leader plays to gain himself the stakes of power and fame?

Come, think of this, you Waldegraves, you Melvilles, and you Trevors;
Is this the end of your attempts, the aim of your endeavours?
And you, you Stradbrokes and you Meaths, will you remain the tools
Of him who with a rod of iron his foolish vassals rules?
And ere you answer, bear in mind if he remains your guide,
He will induce you to commit most certain suicide;
And that, if you would keep your House from toppling 'bout your ears,
In bending to the people's will, your only chance appears.

SPORTING NOTES.

THERE was some interesting sport last week, but, as a rule, the fields were small, which, of course, is due to the prodigious number of meetings. The principal stake at Four Oaks was won by Petersham, who was unplaced in the July Stakes, but who, subsequently, won a Maiden Plate at Newmarket. The favourite was John Barleycorn, a colt by John Davis, who belongs to Mr. Legh, and who has about forty engagements. Petersham is by Galopin—Peace, and cost Mr. Carington 500 gs. at the sale of Mr. Alexander's yearlings. His breeder's lamented death will disqualify him for several valuable engagements. At Winchester, the Foal Stakes fell to T. Jennings with Lord Charles, a very fine colt by Phœnix, who easily beat Iceberg, who has shown some good form. At Kempton, Gordon won the first race; it was time for him to distinguish himself, seeing that he cost 2,000 gs. as a yearling. Several months ago I advised Sir G. Chetwynd to put Gordon aside for the Stewards' Cup, and, considering the style in which he won on Thursday, he would probably have been a good thing; but a fair stake was secured by his victory, although he started at a very short price. Langwell was a great favourite for the International Plate here, but was beaten by her stable companion, Hopscotch, who cost 30 gs. as a yearling, while Langwell cost 1,150 gs. The grandly-bred Peevish (by Petrarch—Vex) was second. There was a great deal of betting on the Kempton Handicap, for which Whipper In was favourite till quite the last, when he was displaced by Boulevard, who won in a canter. Lowland Chief, who was much fancied, ran very badly, as also did Modred, who is a most disappointing beast. If half the sinister gossip of the last few days can be believed, a number of animals which have mysteriously lost their form of late may be expected to regain it very shortly One horse, which has more than once disappointed the ingenuous public, is, I am told, certain to win one of the T.Y.C. handicaps at Brighton.

The afflicting news of the sudden death of Mr. Caledon Alexander has caused deep and general regret. He was one of the oldest members of the Jockey Club, one of the most popular owners of racehorses, and in every way a really good sportsman, and one of a calibre which is becoming deplorably rare. Mr. Alexander will be sorely missed at Newmarket, as for a great number of years he has hardly ever missed a meeting. He was an active member of the Jockey Club, and it was principally owing to his representations that Admiral Rous and Mr. Chaplin agreed to allow auction races at Newmarket. Mr. Alexander was a sportsman of the old-fashioned school, like his intimate friends Lord Falmouth and General Monk Wood. The best horses he ever owned were Thunderbolt and Thunder. As to the last, his loss in a selling-race at Newmarket, owing to a misunderstanding, was the one great disaster of Mr. Alexander's turf career, and the subsequent successes of this horse were wormwood to him; and no wonder, for to lose him in such a way was most exasperating.

Mr. Alexander died in a fit, suddenly and without pain, and none of his friends can be surprised at the manner of his death, for he was always inclined to be apoplectic, and years ago Admiral Rous and General Wood used often to chaff him about his rubicund appearance. He was a great favourite in the circles in which he mixed, and his sterling qualities commanded the respect and affection of all his friends.

Next year Messrs. Graham will do well to revert to their old plan of selling their yearlings either at Newmarket or at Doncaster; for if the lot which Mr. Tattersall disposed of last week had been sent up to a large ring, the whole would have been sold, and several would have realised very much higher prices than were obtained at Yardley. Considering all things, the sale was a wonderful success, for, out of forty lots, twenty-two were sold at an average of 432 gs. A filly, by Hermit—Sister to Freeman, went to Porter (for the Duke of Westminster), at 2,000 gs.; and A. Taylor (for "Mr. Manton") gave 2,100 gs. for a colt by Hermit—Lady Paramount. Waugh, the trainer, got a brother to Beaudesert a bargain at 600 gs.; and the half-sister (by Hampton) to Cherry and Energy was cheap to Mr. Cartwright (for Mr. Abington) at 800 gs. A brother to Keir was sent back, and will, no doubt, be seen at Doncaster.

GOODWOOD.

There is every prospect of a capital meeting next week, and there ought to be some very interesting contests, both for the handicaps and for the weight-for-age stakes. The running in some of the three-year-old events will probably exercise considerable influence on the Leger betting. Everybody knows that Goodwood is the most charming racecourse in the country, and it is satisfactory to find that, in the midst of the fierce competition of the last few seasons, it has more than held its own. This, of course, is due to the judicious liberality of the Duke of Richmond, to whom visitors ought to remember that they are greatly

George Augustus Sala, in his "Echoes of the Week," says in relation to Cholera, "Smoke plenty of Tobacco (in the great scare of 1832 not one tobacconist died from Cholera) in order to combine enjoyment with health. I should recommend Fryer & Coultman's 'Prince of Wales' Smoking Mixture.'"

Almond's Hotel, situated in the best position of the West-End and close to the theatres, parks, &c., is now re-opened. A spacious Salle à Manger and Ladies' Drawing-room have also been added, hot and cold baths and many single bedrooms. Special attention directed to sanitary arrangements. Clifford-street, Bond-street, W. —J. R. Roy, Proprietor.

indebted, for not only are the charges at Goodwood on a very moderate scale, but, if profit were the object of the meeting, we may be sure that the example of Ascot would have been followed, and the beautiful lawn would by this time have been disfigured by a stand of stalls and boxes. Ten years ago the added money amounted to £2,900. Next week £6,150 will be given.

The success of the Richmond Stakes was great and immediate, and it is now perhaps the most important two-year-old race of the summer, which is probably due in some measure to the fact that winners have to carry penalties, so that owners of dark or beaten animals are not frightened away, as in the July Stakes. Next Tuesday, Luminary and Melton, who finished head and head in the July, may meet again at even weights; or Lord Alington may prefer to be represented by Match Girl, if she has recovered from the temporary lameness which lost her the Chesterfield. Rosy Morn will no doubt carry the Duke of Portland's colours in preference to Langwell. The other winners who may run are Grecian Bride, Lonely, Cock Robin, Albert, and White Nun. We shall probably see some "dark" cracks brought out for this stake. There are no fewer than nine of Lord Falmouth's two-year-olds engaged, including Mr. Manton's 1,150 gs. Jael, Mr. Abington's 2,200 gs. Esther Faa, Lord Hastings' 3,200 gs. Armida, and Mr. D. Baird's 2,500 gs. Cocoa Nut. I hear that the last of these is a very smart colt, and if he is started for this race he will probably win it. Mr. Manton has a very strong entry, including the brother to Thebais and Clairvaux, Willie Darling (by Hermit—Stockwater), Sweet Willie (Hermit—Perfume), and Abbey Craig (Sterling—Marie Stuart), and the 1,050 gs. Launcelot, by Isonomy. R. Peck has the 1,600 gs. sister to Queen Adelaide. It may interest owners who contemplate running their supposed cracks for the Middle Park and Dewhurst Plates to learn that in these races they will probably meet a real flyer from France in Xaintrailles, by Flageolet—Delaine. This colt belongs to M. Lupin; and he is considered by some of the best judges in France to be far-and-away the best two-year that they have had in that country for many years past. I hear that his owner proposes to bring him over to Newmarket in the autumn, and if he goes on well, and turns out to be as good as is anticipated, he will trouble us in next year's "classic" races, as he is engaged in all of them. Grecian Bride should win the Findon Stakes, which is not sufficiently valuable to bring out anything very smart from the dark lot.

The Levant, which will be worth about £1,300, has a good entry, including Lonely, Match Girl, Kingwood, and White Nun. Among the dark lot are a brother to Whitelock and a filly by Springfield—Lady Morgan, both of which ought to race, if there is anything in "running blood." The Rous Memorial has Dauphin (winner of the Ascot Triennial), Match Girl, Albert, and Glimmer; while in the dark lot are a half-brother (by Springfield) to Chippendale (who is also in the Richmond), Sir G. Chetwynd's Goldsmith, which cost 2,550 gs. as a yearling; a half-sister (by Chevron) to Pilgrimage, bred and owned by M. Lefevre; a sister to Nellie, and all Lord Falmouth's lot, with the addition of Mr. Cloëte's 4,000 gs. Louisbourg, with whom, I hear, Porter has had a great deal of trouble. The Molecomb (worth £1,200) seems at the mercy of Luminary, unless something very smart turns up in the course of the week, as he has only 5 lb. extra to carry.

With regard to the three-year-old stakes, the Gratwicke seems a certainty for Harvester, as there is nothing in the entry better than Poetry and Diadeste. It is sure to produce a race, however, as the second gets £200. The Sussex Stakes has Busybody (5 lb. ex.), Harvester (12 lb ex.), Royal Fern (3 lb. ex.), Hermitage, Fritz, Departure's dam colt (allowed 5 lb.), and Cambusmore (5 lb. ex.), or Sandiway (5 lb. ex.). Last year this race gave us the first sight of Ossian in the character of a winner. Next Wednesday it ought to be won by the Duke of Westminster, if there is any justification for the support which has been accorded to his pair for the Leger. Harvester will have an easier task in the Drawing-room Stakes, as he has only Loch Ranza and Corneille to beat, and surely he can lose them at 10 lb. The Racing Stakes will be won by the Duke of Westminster, with Duke of Richmond or Sandiway, and the latter cannot lose the Nassau, in the absence of Busybody, as Wild Thyme seems to have gone to pieces, and she can, of course, beat Whitelock at 7 lb.

The Cup may bring out Tristan (9 st. 12 lb.), Ossian (9 st. 5 lb.), St. Simon (8 st.), and St. Gatien (8 st.). I only mention the pick of the entry, and have omitted Corrie Roy, as she will be stale after her exertions on the previous day, and it may be hoped that she will not be started. If St. Simon is in his Ascot form the Cup is a real good thing for him, although, no doubt, there will be some fielding on the strength of St. Gatien, who, in this case, is a reed which will pierce those who lean on him.

St. Blaise, who, of course, is first favourite for the Cambridgeshire, will, I fear, be "rushed" in the Stewards' Cup betting in a manner which will be grievously unsatisfactory to his owners, but the Kingsclere stable is also represented by Duke of Richmond, Thirlmere, Geheimniss (who ought to have won last year), and Reprieve, who will certainly win a good handicap before the season is over. Queen Adelaide is engaged, and it is reported that she will run if she is given a chance by the handicapper, a policy which does not seem to me to be calculated to improve her Leger prospect. Whitelock, Acrostic, Bedouin, Hauteur, Lucerne, Lowland Chief (who won in 1882), Sweetbread, Despair, Macheath (another Cambridgeshire favourite), and Energy are the cracks of the lot, but I strongly advise my speculative readers on no account to invest a sou till the numbers are up. In writing of the Goodwood Stakes last week, I expressed an opinion that Mr. Manton held the key of the handicap. Of the five entries in this nomination only one has accepted, Corrie Roy (9 st. 5 lb.), who last year won in a walk with 9 st. Florence is favourite, but how she can have a chance with 9 st. I cannot understand, and, for my own part, I would not take 100 to 1 about her. If Corrie Roy is fresh and well, it is altogether preposterous to talk of Florence beating her at the weights, and, besides, I should think that Mr. Hammond's mare must be getting stale after so much hard work. I plumped for Florence for the Manchester Cup, but then it was a vastly different affair, as she had only 7 st. 2 lb to carry. At Liverpool Florence met John Jones at 35 lb. and was beaten by a neck, after running a long way in trouble. On Tuesday they

will meet at 32 lb., and their encounter will be rather exciting. I admire the Ney-like courage of the supporters of Cosmos, who have brought him to a short price without the investment of a shilling on behalf of his owner, who has often shown the pestilent herd of early backers in a very plain way that he will not be content to accept their hedgings. Cosmos will be pertinaciously "followed," as for the last month he has been first favourite for the Cesarewitch; and the other random fancies for that event are Borneo, Royal Angus, Primrose II., and Quicklime, of which the last will probably run next week for the Chesterfield Cup. The scratching of Refrain was a blow to those who rushed in directly the weights appeared; but the stable will be represented by Stockholm, who showed good form in France as a three-year-old, for she won their One Thousand, and was beaten by a neck in the Oaks by Verte Bonne, Malibran being behind her in both races. She can stay, and altogether she seems "thrown in" with 6 st. 8 lb.

Lizzie is an awkward mare for a boy to ride, and on last year's running (when she was second) Corrie Roy is sure to beat her. I know nothing of the present condition of Blue Grass, who is manifestly the pick of the handicap, seeing that, if he is in his last autumn form, he means Ossian at 8 st. 2 lb. Greenbank is fairly in, and Donald and Havock are not over-weighted, but they are no flyers. During the next week the market is very likely to be revolutionised, but my present fancy is for Spectrum. His name has not yet been mentioned, and I implore any one who is disposed to back him to leave him alone till the day. Geheimniss will win the Lennox Stakes, and Burgundy and Rebecca colt are the best of the lot in the Nursery. I see that Mr. Chaplin has entered the Departure's dam colt in the March Stakes, to be sold for £300. Two years ago, when this animal was raved about as "the finest yearling ever seen," more than one offer of 3,000 gs. was refused for him.

MAMMON.

GENERAL CREDIT COMPANY.

FOR some years I have been the owner of a good many of the shares of this Company. About six months ago I looked into its accounts, and I discovered that the actual cash value of a share was worth a good deal more than the market value. I pointed this out to some of the largest shareholders with whom I was acquainted, and as we together held about the number of shares necessary to sign a requisition for a meeting, we determined to call a special meeting to take into consideration the expediency of liquidation, and a distribution of assets. We thought, however, on the whole, that it would be better to wait for the ordinary half-yearly meeting in order to ventilate the matter; and, last Thursday, I betook myself, with this object, to the Cannon-street Hotel, where the meeting was to take place. In the City, I presume they are more punctual than at the West-end, for they commenced proceedings at 1 p.m., and when I got there at 1.10 all was over.

Here are the facts. The capital of the Company consists of 200,010 shares of £6 each, on which £3. 10s. is paid. This capital is intact. In addition to this, there is a reserve fund of £107,000, also intact. There is about £5,000 to come to the shareholders from an old railroad asset; and £10,000 is carried over to the credit account. The Company owns its own freehold, which, as set down in the balance-sheet, is valued at £25,500, but which is admittedly worth about £60,000—but let us say £50,000. Were the Company to be liquidated, therefore, each holder of a share would receive:—Capital, £3. 10s.; reserve fund and railroad asset, 11s. 2d.; balance carried over, 1s.; difference of real value of freehold premises and value set down on the balance-sheet, 2s. 6d.; total, £4. 4s. 8d., or, allowing £10,000 for liquidation, £4. 3s. 8d. Now, the shares are quoted at £3. 5s. The difference, consequently, is 18s. 8d. Nor can it be said that the market price of the shares is an exceptionally low one, for, as a matter of fact, it is higher than it has been for many a day.

What is the meaning of this? That when £4. 3s. 8d. is confided to this Company, the universal opinion, both of investors and of those skilled in finance, is that it becomes worth £3. 5s., or, in other words, any one who confides his £4. 3s. 8d. to the Company finds no human being ready to give him more than £3. 5s. for it. Under these circumstances it seems to me that it is a self-evident proposition that, unless we shareholders are fools, we shall call for liquidation, and thus reconvert our £3. 5s. into £4. 3s. 8d., all the more so as discounting bills is, under the best conditions, so risky a business, that it is very possible that, if we leave matters to take their course, our £4. 3s. 8d. will become not £3. 5s., but considerably less.

This General Credit Company seems to have had rather a stormy existence. It lost a good deal of its money some time ago, and was reconstituted. The directors appear decent enough people of the City stamp. I suppose that they like their fees, or they would not be directors, and that it serves their purpose to be connected with a Discount Company, otherwise they would not be connected with one. There is, indeed, a sort of hereditary taint about the officials. The manager was a Mr. Macdonald. On his death, his son succeeded him. There was Mac something or other on the board; on his retirement, he was succeeded by Mac something else, who I learn on inquiry is a nephew of the first Mac.

As a rule, the verdict of all mankind as to the value of an investment is a fairly right one. If no one will give us more than £3. 5s. for a share in this Company it is probably because £4. 3s. 8d. really loses 18s. 8d. of its value when invested in a Discount Company. The reasons are the following: 1. Sometimes £100,000 has to be taken in bills to make £100, and the best of bills, as we have seen lately, are sometimes dishonoured. 2. A Discount Company is not like a private individual, who is always watching over his interests. Sometimes there is one director present, sometimes another, but, practically, the subordinates have to decide as to what bills ought to be discounted. 3. A Discount Company always gives a rather higher rate of interest on deposits, and discounts at a lower

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rate than banks do to their customers; indeed, a Discount Company, having practically no customers, often has to discount bills for banks, which they have discounted at a higher rate for their customers. 4. The discount business is cut so fine just now, owing to competition, that the margin of profit is small. The result of all this is that, either a Discount Company incurs excessive risks to earn a large dividend, or it only earns such a dividend as the public do not regard as sufficient to cover the risks which are inherent to discounting. In either case the result is the same: the market value of the shares is below the intrinsic value.

The holidays are approaching. When they are over we must have a meeting of the Company, and the shareholders must act together in order to ensure liquidation. Unless, as I have said, we are absolute idiots, we shall not keep this Company going for the benefit of directors and of City gentlemen; but we shall, by the very simple process of thanking the directors for their past services, and informing them that we are not anxious for their further services, become the possessors of £4. 3s. 8d. for every one of our shares. Possibly they will oppose this. Directors and City gentlemen are sometimes under the impression that investors are made for them. If so, we shall have to clear their brains of the illusion that we intend to keep a Company in the City going with the only object, so far as we are concerned, of converting each pound belonging to us, and invested in it, into 14s. 3d. It would be more simple for us to send our pounds to an association of sweaters, and to request them to return them to us when they have sweated out of them above a quarter of their gold.

The return of the last half-year is somewhat better than the previous one. But why is this? Because the directors, I learn, have been discounting foreign bills, and a higher rate is paid on them than on English bills. So I should imagine. But against this, the risk is greater. If the directors persevere in this course, it would not surprise me if we not only were to lose our paid-up capital, but were to be called upon to contribute the uncalled-up capital on our shares in order to meet losses. I should like to know what clerks in Lothbury know about the financial position of people in France and Germany, who find it more easy to get their bills discounted in London than nearer home, or how many of these worthy foreigners would fail were there to be a Continental war?

I would recommend no shareholder to sell his shares at the market price; indeed, if any are to be picked up below £3. 10s., I would advise a purchase. My figures are correct. I believe that I have myself got more shares than the holding of the entire Board; consequently, it has been worth my while to look closely into this matter. It is not probable—on the doctrine of probabilities—that the directors will make many bad debts before the holidays are over. If they do not, and if we have a grain of energy, we shall, therefore, get our £4. 3s. 8d. before the year is ended, and, in addition to this, such interest as the Company has earned from now until then. That the shareholders unconnected with the Company will take my view is pretty certain, for most people prefer £4. 3s. 8d. to £3. 5s. There are three Conservative members of the House of Commons who are very considerable shareholders. When I showed them the figures, they were as eager for liquidation as I was.

ENGLISH RAILS.

As the American department no longer monopolises the attention of the Stock Exchange, English Railways are having quite a lively time of it. The market was suddenly galvanised into life by the dividend announcements of the Great Eastern and South-Eastern Railways. The change was hailed with delight by the long-suffering "bulls," and with proportionate dismay by the "bears." The latter received a severe lesson by the sudden bound of Great Eastern. Nine-tenths of the dealers and brokers had anticipated no dividend at all, and a general scramble to cover ensued. A "fracas" which occurred on Saturday in the "House" throws a curious light on the dealings of some of the members, and points the lesson to the outsider, how difficult it is to cope with such men. Amongst the "bears" who were caught napping was one of the principal dealers in this section. For once his generally recognised astuteness was at fault, and his losses are reported as very heavy. He was, not unnaturally, sore against another operator, a well-known stockbroker, who is stated to have netted enormous sums by his speculation in the stock of the Company, of which he is a director. Between the latter's son, a dealer in the market, and the "bear" operator above mentioned, a violent altercation took place. The son was, I am told, accused of having, from being a "bear," turned into one of the largest "bulls," on information obtained from his father. Both parties lost their temper, and unparliamentary language followed. I do not pretend to know the rights of the case, but the feeling in the "House" appears to be on the side of the "bear." Should the accusation be well founded, there is no doubt that a very dirty trick has been played.

The economies effected by the Great Eastern Company have created an impression that all other railways will also benefit from a reduction of expenditure. The assumption is, I think, erroneous, as the savings of the Great Eastern are largely attributable to the Northern extension, on which there were very heavy working charges for the corresponding period last year, without a proportionate return, as the line was barely complete. The Brighton report is perfectly featureless, and indulges in the usual clap-trap about the inefficacy of competing lines. The traffics of the Company continue to show poor results, and I cannot hear of any investment-buying going on in this stock. It does not, however, do to take the facts surrounding this Company "au pied de la lettre," for I have generally noticed that at the very time when circumstances appear singularly adverse to an upward movement, those behind the scenes are buying. The South-Eastern report shows that nearly the whole of the gross increase was net. There would have been a further advance in this stock had not news of the progress of cholera in France checked it, the impression prevailing that the Continental traffic will be much curtailed. There has been

The Bazaar of Oct. 28, says that Mr. & Mrs. B. Phillips, Manchester House, 36, Thayer-st., Manchester-sq., W., are the most Liberal Buyers of all kinds of Clothes, Uniforms, Jewellery, Gold, Silver, &c. Money orders sent for parcels. Appointments kept. Cash only.

Spectacles scientifically adapted to assist & strengthen the weakest sights by Mr. Laurance, F.S.S., Oculist Optician, 1a, Old Bond-st.

considerable speculation as to the North-Eastern dividend. Liverpool operators have recently gone for only 6¾ per cent., and, with that view, have been the principal sellers. These gentlemen, however, probably are overshooting the mark, as I am told that large savings have been effected by the Company during the half year. I hear much better accounts of Caledonian and North British, and there is a probability of a considerable accession to the passenger traffic northwards this summer. A good sign is that the canny Scots themselves have recently been the principal buyers. Hitherto, when prices were a good deal lower, the Sassenach was the chief seller.

THE ROYAL SILVER MINES OF POTOSI, BOLIVIA (LIMITED).

I have before me two prospectuses, one of the above Company, which has for the last fortnight occupied a prominent place in the advertising columns of the press; the other of "The Potosi (Bolivia) Silver Mines Company (Limited)," which was privately circulated in 1869. Both prospectuses relate to the same mining property. In both cases the public is told that "the mines are the most valuable of all the sources of mineral wealth acquired by Spain in the New World;" the fabulous yield of the Mountain of Potosi is descanted upon, and statistics are given of the produce of the mines prior to 1803. I do not dispute the fact that the Potosi mines were once among the richest in the world, but the question is whether they are not now exhausted, or can ever pay the working expenses. Since 1803 no profit appears to have been made out of the property. The older prospectus stated that a local Company expended £60,000 a few years prior to 1869 on the "Real Socavon," the most important of the levels, but that, owing to the want of machinery and *other causes*, they did not succeed. This is not encouraging. The public were further told in the older prospectus that the "Real Socavon" was driven 1,390 yards into the mountain, while the new prospectus gives its total length as only 1,200 yards. Those who think of embarking their money in this venture should, I think, ask for positive and independent proof that the once magical, but for over fifty years illusory, mines of Potosi have ever paid their working expenses since the commencement of the century. By the way, the pretensions of the present promoter seem to be much greater than those of the promoter of the issue of 1869, although the chances of success appear no brighter. While in 1869 the property could have been acquired against £50,000 in fully paid-up shares and £10,000 in cash, this modest gentleman now stipulates for £66,000 in preference shares, £19,000 in cash, and £250,000 in deferred shares.

THE VICTORIA GOLD MINE COMPANY.

A Director writes:—

I cannot, as a Director, allow the remarks which appeared in your issue of the 10th inst. to pass without notice. You state that the Company has no *bonâ-fide* holdiug to the property. The title-deeds are in the hands of the vendor, and there they will remain until the last instalment of the purchase-money is paid; in the meantime, the Company holds an official recognition of the State Government that the mines are vested and registered in the name of the Victoria Gold Company (Limited). The other statements are equally misleading, but, fearing to take too much of your space, I will only add that any shareholder, wishing information, applying to the office, will have it without the preliminary of subscribing to a fund for the benefit of any wreckers.

SELLING BUSINESSES.

Experience of the last few years has shown that whatever a business may do under private management and private ownership, it is apt to go to the bad when the public have been privileged to become shareholders in it as a Limited Liability Company. Times are bad, and trade is bad; it is not, therefore, surprising that one should be pestered just now with even more than the usual number of circulars inviting subscriptions to Companies which contemplate buying up businesses. I ran my eye through two this morning before conveying them to the waste-paper basket. In one, I am asked to aid in giving £51,800 for the goodwill, the tenants' fixtures, and plant of a freehold called Anderton's Hotel, which is situated in Fleet-street. I confess that I should prefer taking shares in one of the new Hotels which are being built at the West-end, as the days for ancient hostelries are over. In another I am requested to aid in giving Messrs. Saxby & Farmer £100,000 for their business and plant. They are manufacturers of railways, signals, &c. I do not gather what the net profit of business has been during the past few years, but the partners kindly agree to act as directors for three years, without remuneration, unless the profits be 10 per cent. on capital per annum. It would have been more to the point had they agreed in this case to return the purchase money, for, assuming that there is no profit, these gentlemen will make an exceedingly good thing by the sale, even if they get nothing as directors.

ANECDOTAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE LATE LORD COWLEY.

LORD COWLEY was essentially a passionless man. To the end of his life he had the joylessness of that terrible semi-orphanhood which a break-up in the paternal *ménage* gives. His parents were divorced when he was yet in the nursery. The mother, *née* Cadogan, espoused that Marquis of Anglesey who distinguished himself under his brother-in-law, the Iron Duke, as Earl of Uxbridge, and on whose amputated leg Canning wrote a witty epitaph. She was already the mother of four Wellesleys, and he the father of seven Pagets. Her ladyship was a *divorcée*, and his lordship a *divorcé*. The nuptial tie, in her case, was severed by the House of Lords, and in his by a Scotch tribunal. Directly it was cut, she went again to the hymeneal altar. The Earl who awaited her there had not yet, as Canning put it, lost his *under*standing; he was a dashing Cavalry officer, and his name was associated with the "Burial of Sir John Moore." Half-a-dozen scions were added to the house of Anglesey, bringing up the family of the wooden-legged Marquis to a baker's dozen. What with seeing to her second brood, her ladyship had not time to busy herself with the four children whom she had had when she was the wife of Sir Henry Wellesley. Besides, she was launched into the most brilliant society; and the "first gentleman in Europe," who then set the fashions,

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kept the fashionable ball rolling very fast. The Marquis and Marchioness, too, were twice sent to Ireland as Lord Lieutenant and Lady. But if she was unable to look after and fondle the children of Sir Henry Wellesley, they were provided for by a nation which worshipped the Iron Duke in consideration of Sir Henry's services, which were really nothing more than preserving Hanover from Napoleon's hands for Bismarck. On the year following the one in which Wellington and Blücher entered Paris, Sir Henry was created Baron Cowley. The late Earl was then a schoolboy of thirteen, and preparing for diplomacy. His brother William was intended for the army, for which he had no taste, and eventually would not enter, and his brother Gerald for the Church, which held in store for him the much-coveted Deanery of Windsor, a chaplaincy to the Queen, and the post of Lord High Almoner—another good thing, which involves no exertion beyond that of presiding at the distribution of the Queen's maunds, and a few other doles of Royal charity to aged paupers of both sexes.

Lord Cowley could have been a great many things besides an Ambassador. He could have been a grave butler, a careful, trustworthy steward or land agent, an impassive poor law guardian, a highly respectable vestryman, with no sympathy for new-fangled ideas, a sleeping-partner in a firm of solicitors, a solemn toastmaster, a Lord Chamberlain, a beneficed clergyman, or a Church dignitary. In lawn sleeves he would have voted with the Tories with serious taciturnity, and kept to the letter of the rubric if dragged into an ecclesiastical wrangle. The Queen had a very high opinion of his diplomatic talents. But, as the French say, her Majesty *s'emballe facilement*, and was favourably prejudiced towards every one related to the Iron Duke. Lord Cowley was a fair average man. He was coldly civil, obliging when asked to oblige, never did anything with a good grace, nor yet with a bad one, was correct, orderly, and had no feeling upon any subject with which he had to deal, unless a proprietary or a family interest were bound up in it. It did not matter to him whether he had to take a pleasant or a disagreeable message to the Tuileries. He delivered it as a process-server might deliver a writ. Fêtes and functions bored him. He appeared more like a personal attendant of his wife than a British nobleman, even when adorned with the broad blue-ribbon of the Garter. His figure was tall and more stiff than dignified, the eyes had the expression of a man trying to feign attention to a sermon to which he was not listening, and his mouth was generally somewhat pursed up. In short, he had a Church expression. It was his way, at the soirées of the British Embassy, to stand with his back to a chimney-piece, in readiness to hand some high and mighty lady or some Court siren to the buffet. He gave his arm with precisely the same amount of civil indifference to the Princess Anna Murat and the Countess de Castiglione. The latter preferred to make her entrance within a few minutes of twelve, so that the Ambassador had to come down stairs from the room to which he had retired, to pay her the attention which she felt was due to her as a reigning beauty. If he had eyes to see many things that passed at Court, he pretended not to have any. No sly glance betrayed him. He quitted diplomacy almost immediately after the death of Lord Mornington, who bequeathed him his Essex estate. Lord Cowley, and with good reason, had confidence in his wife's good sense, good feeling, and tact. She was fond of company, and yet anything but a vain or frivolous woman. Though completely wordly, and making it her business to be so, she was a very good type of worldling. Her manners were ready and animated. The raw material of her disposition must have been excellent. She never set up to be younger than her age, and she was so active and cheerful to the last year of her stay at the British Embassy, that it could never occur to anybody that she was an old lady.

Army and Navy Hotel, Victoria-st., S.W., is probably now the best Hotel in London. Table d'hote 6 to 8. Cookery excellent.

QUEER STORIES.

THE SOMERSCOURT APPARITION.

MISS ANNERSLEIGH, of Somerscourt, Sussex, was old, rich, benevolent, and crotchety, and the sole surviving representative of an ancient line of more or less remarkable "characters." Among the more pronounced of her eccentricities were an infatuation for patronising new and out-of-the-way charitable schemes and projects, and the demonstration of a keen interest in the welfare of the Rev. Amos Hartley, the curate of the parish. It was a moot point as to which peculiarity was the more marked, and certainly, while the one laid her open to numberless and perpetual impostures, the other excited in certain local circles an amount of "talk" and tea-table scandal that her age and charity scarcely availed to avert.

The gossipers declared their utter inability to discover the bond of sympathy apparently existing between the curate and his patroness. He was, as they rightly observed, about the most commonplace curate of forty-five that ever prosed through a sermon, and but for a certain *spirituelle* dreaminess occasionally apparent in his plain face, he would have been an exceedingly uninteresting person.

But despite these obvious drawbacks, Mr. Hartley had succeeded in securing the friendship of the mistress of Somerscourt, and was apparently firmly established alike in her good graces and her household. His position there was somewhat anomalous. He acted as Miss Annersleigh's amanuensis in all matters appertaining to the lavish distribution of her charity, and, if report spoke truly, was her confidential adviser in mundane and spiritual matters alike.

In spite of occasional outbursts of scandal, Mr. Hartley continued to enjoy the sweets and emoluments of his office; and, judging by frequent marks of regard and confidence conferred upon him by his patroness, the mutual understanding and sympathy increased with time. The curate spent the greater portion of his days at Somerscourt, where a suite of apartments was always at his disposal. For upwards of five years had this state of things continued, when, to the consternation of the parish, and to the inestimable grief of Miss Annersleigh, Mr. Hartley was suddenly attacked by a severe illness, to which he

Notice.—Sale at great reduction for two months, previous to rebuilding premises, of Old French, Italian, and Spanish Furniture. Oak Panelling for Rooms, Old Tapestries, Bric-a-Brac, &c. Duveen, 181, Oxford-street.

succumbed within a week, breathing his last in the room he was wont to occupy in the house of his friend.

The demonstrations of grief indulged in by Miss Annersleigh gave rise to further, though somewhat qualified, talk, until the sorrow of the old lady began to manifest itself in the shape of handsome "In memoriam" donations to local institutions. Then the tongues of the "talkers" ceased to wag, and the critics were prepared to see in the friendship of the old lady for the deceased curate proof of her characteristic goodness of heart.

Nearly a year had elapsed since the death of Mr. Hartley, when one cheerless October afternoon a card was brought in to Miss Annersleigh, who was finding surcease of sorrow in auditing the local blanket fund accounts. The visitor proved to be the bearer of a letter of introduction to the mistress of Somerscourt. He was a well-dressed man of thirty-five or thereabouts, and decidedly gentlemanlike, though an experienced eye might have detected some of those indescribable outward and visible signs that are indelibly impressed upon the countenance of the man who has been much occupied in living by his wits. The letter was apparently in the handwriting, and bore the signature, of an ecclesiastical dignitary attached to the diocese, who had twice honoured Miss Annersleigh by dining with her on the occasion of his preaching a sermon on behalf of one of her pet charities. He introduced the bearer, Mr. Edmund Barstead, as the pious projector of a scheme for training the daughters of the indigent to qualify as wives to missionaries of the Madagascar Eucharistic Society. The letter concluded with a florid compliment to the religious zeal of the old lady, and to the earnestness and ability of Mr. Barstead, whom the writer warmly commended to her friendship and hospitality.

She read the letter through twice very deliberately, and then proceeded to elicit information as to the aims, objects, and past achievements of Mr. Barstead, all of which he seemed very well able to provide; in fact, he proved himself an exceedingly well-informed and entertaining man. He recounted modestly and inferentially sundry romantic and startling adventures incurred by him in the prosecution of his good work in benighted Madagascar, and he seemed so pious and enthusiastic, and possessed so extensive an acquaintance with people and places sacred to Miss Annersleigh by their association with all that was good and interesting, that she began to feel a deep liking and admiration for this intrepid, good-looking missionary propagandist. When he recognised with joyful surprise a little pamphlet written by herself, on "The Missionary Duties and Privileges of Married Women," the bond of sympathy was complete. He was the first person who owned to having read her little book without being pressed so to do by the authoress, and she felt grateful to him, and happy—so happy, in fact, that she failed to detect the slight acquaintance with the book which his comments and criticisms implied, until he had rapidly glanced over a few pages of it.

Miss Annersleigh would not hear of her visitor returning to the post-town that night, as he proposed, especially as he wished to see the Vicar of the parish early next morning. Besides, the return involved a walk of several miles, and it was now dark and threatening rain. So Mr. Barstead reluctantly allowed himself to be persuaded to occupy the spare bedroom, which Brewer, the man of all work, was directed to see prepared.

Brewer, who had caught the last of the protests of the guest, thought it somewhat odd that a visitor who came with no intention of staying should bring a large Gladstone bag with him. But surprises were common in that house, and he held his tongue.

Several times during the evening the hostess casually introduced the name of the late curate; and she recalled afterwards that her visitor invariably politely averted any further remarks on that subject.

The evening passed very agreeably, the advent of the entertaining stranger proving a pleasant break in the monotony that had pervaded Somerscourt since Mr. Hartley's death, and the old lady lay awake some time evolving schemes for prolonging the stay of her visitor.

At breakfast, next morning, Mr. Barstead appeared singularly dull and *distrait*. He repudiated the notion of indisposition kindly suggested by his hostess, but on her pressing the point he admitted not feeling altogether as he should like.

"The fact is," said he, half apologetically, "I had rather a bad night."

Miss Annersleigh looked up over her spectacles, and ejaculated an interrogative, "Indeed?"

"Yes," he continued, diffidently; "I had a very remarkable dream, or vision. In fact, it was so vivid that I can hardly believe it was a dream."

"You don't say so," remarked Miss Annersleigh, with painful earnestness. "What was it?"

"Well, if I were a believer in the supernatural, I should say most emphatically that a tall, dark man, in the dress of a clergyman, stood by the side of my bed, and beckoned me to follow him."

Miss Annersleigh stared with astonishment.

"A clergyman, did you say?" she gasped.

"Yes; most decidedly. He was rather pale, and I should think about forty-five years of age. He carried in his hand—why, bless me, yes, it was that very book!" exclaimed Mr. Barstead, indicating a vellum-bound cash-book upon an adjacent table, which was the book in which the departed curate used to keep a record of Miss Annersleigh's financial dealings with her multifarious charities.

Now, like most persons sufficiently strong-minded to be eccentric, Miss Annersleigh was, when she pleased, very shrewd and calculating, and, though not indisposed to subscribe to the theories of the ghost-seers, she was not so credulous as to be blind to the chances of deception. A moment's reflection suggested the hypothesis that Mr. Barstead had been told by the servants that a man had died in his room, and that the vision was the effect of morbid cogitations, or even nervousness.

"Have any of the servants told you what has occurred in this house?" she asked.

"Told me what has occurred! You surely don't mean to say that the house has the reputation of being haunted?"

Rimmel's Toilet Vinegar, tonic, refreshing, 2/6. Aromatic Ozonizer, a natural air purifier, 1/. 96, Strand; 128, Regent-st.; 24, Cornhill.

Osler, 100, Oxford-street, W.—Crystal Glass and China Services; Minton's Worcester, Copelands, Wedgwood, and Crown Derby China, Chandeliers, Lamps and Wall Lights. 100, Oxford-st., W. Osler.

"Certainly not that I am aware of; but there has been a death here," she added, slowly.

"Then please don't tell me any more," quickly interrupted Mr. Barstead. "I had assumed as much, but I assure you I had no knowledge of the fact. But since you have told me this, my curiosity has been aroused, and while, disclaiming any belief in the supernatural, I am anxious to be afforded an opportunity of investigating any alleged phenomena. I must confess that my dream has made a very great impression upon me, as you have, doubtless, observed. May I ask if the description I gave you bears any resemblance to that of the person you say died here?"

"It is exact," said Miss Annersleigh, in an awesome whisper. "And that incident of the book is marvellous. He had it so much in his possession."

Mr. Barstead appeared thunderstruck, and mused a minute before again speaking. "This is most remarkable," said he. "I have been frequently told that I am a medium."

"A medium!" exclaimed Miss Annersleigh, excitedly, the revelations having made a deeper impression upon her than she cared to own.

"Yes; a medium, and, as such, I should have the faculty of seeing ghosts when they are to be seen. Now I should very much like to occupy that room again, to see if any further manifestations occur."

Miss Annersleigh entered a mild protest on the score of the alarm such a course might occasion her visitor, but he assured her most emphatically that his nerves were equal to the strain. After a short conversation, therefore, in which the curiosity and interest of Miss Annersleigh asserted themselves more than she was aware, Mr. Barstead's proposal was agreed to, he emphasising the necessity of his being kept in ignorance of any facts affecting the late Mr. Hartley that might stimulate his imagination.

The day turned out stormy and miserable, and Mr. Barstead, to whom time seemed of no importance, agreed to postpone his intended visit to the Vicar, and the further development of his philanthropic scheme. This new distraction had completely monopolised all the attention of his hostess, who abandoned herself to listening to the numberless stories and theories bearing on the subject of the Occult, with which her guest seemed surprisingly familiar.

When *tête-à-tête* in the cosy dining-room after dinner, Miss Annersleigh grew spiritualistically confidential. She confessed that a deceased friend, who should be nameless, was "very much inclined to believe in such things;" and, in return for Mr. Barstead's narrations, she told him of an apparition distinctly seen and sworn to by a friend of her married sister's cousin.

At an early hour, Mr. Barstead retired to his room, fortified by no security against fear beyond the assurance of his hostess's admiration for his courage, and a night-light, which he proposed to burn all night.

This spirit of reckless hardihood was in no degree shared by the old lady. The prospect of passing the night alone was too much for her; and, on the pretext of not feeling well, the housemaid was requested to share her mistress's room. But, in spite of this, she could not sleep.

The distance of Mr. Barstead's room from her own precluded the possibility of her hearing anything that might occur there; but twice during the night she cowered moist and trembling beneath the bedclothes, as she fancied she heard strange noises coming from the direction of the haunted chamber.

When Miss Annersleigh said "Good morning" to her guest at breakfast, she started with surprise at the change the night had wrought in him. He was pale, haggard, and wan; and, to her expectant eyes, presented just the appearance that tradition and fancy would attribute to one after holding communion with a shade of the departed.

"He must have enjoyed hisself with that bottle pretty considerably last night," was the mental comment of the old servitor on noticing the same symptoms.

Mr. Barstead was in no hurry to reveal the secrets of the dead chamber, but the sickly expressive smile with which he acknowledged the salutation of his hostess conveyed all it was intended to.

Miss Annersleigh pretended to be interested in the platitudal comments on the weather, past and prospective, in which the ghost-seer indulged while occupied over his first cup of coffee; but her impatience and curiosity at length asserted themselves. Leaning over the table, she peered into the face of her guest, and whispered, "Did it come?"

Mr. Barstead hesitated a minute, as a man does who is called upon to make a statement that he feels no one will believe.

"Really, I fear I am causing you unnecessary agitation over a simple, not to say silly, matter," he answered.

Miss Annersleigh stoutly asserted that she was not in the slightest degree agitated or upset, but confessed to an amount of curiosity.

"Well, then," he resumed, "up to this morning I was quite prepared to believe that all I had experienced was the effect of a disordered imagination; but there are certain facts which we cannot get over," and he paused contemplatively, while he played with a piece of paper in his side pocket. "But I'll tell you what occurred. I dropped off to sleep very quickly," said he, again hesitating, as if to allow his listener time to express her admiration for his coolness. "I had been asleep about two hours, when I was awakened by a consciousness that some one was standing over me. I glanced towards the foot of the bed, and there stood the figure I had seen on the previous night. I saw it so distinctly that I was able to distinguish several features I failed to notice on the first occasion. The figure was tall, had a bald patch on its head, and a small scar beneath the chin."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Miss Annersleigh, excitedly.

"Perhaps it would be better if you refrained from giving me any clue as to the identification of the person," interrupted Mr. Barstead, suavely. "If there *is* anything in it, I can then be satisfied that this apparition is not the result of any previous knowledge on my part of the person you suppose it to be."

Miss Annersleigh saw the logic of the suggestion, and promised to abstain from further interruptions. Mr. Barstead continued:—

"After a moment or two the figure beckoned to me, and made a sign, as if desiring me to write. I got out of bed, procured writing material, and sat at the table. The figure

approached me slowly and noiselessly. I recollect placing the pen upon the paper, as if about to begin to write, but nothing more. The next thing of which I was conscious was suddenly awaking, feeling perfectly chilled. I was sitting at the table holding the pen, and my light had gone out. I got into bed, being certain that I was suffering from nightmare, and after an effort fell off to sleep. On rising this morning I immediately looked at the paper. You may imagine my astonishment on finding it written upon in a hand I did not recognise."

As he spoke he produced the paper, at which he had been nervously pulling all the time. It was a sheet of note-paper, and scrawled upon it in a peculiar handwriting, which Miss Annersleigh immediately recognised as that of the deceased clergyman, was the following :—

"Will this satisfy you? Accept the medium. Let him fill my place. He is worthy your friendship. Will communicate again.
"Amos."

"What does it mean?" asked Miss Annersleigh, in tones that betokened great excitement and agitation. "It is his own handwriting; I should know it among a thousand. And, oh, Mr. Barstead, it *does* satisfy me! But you must excuse me—I feel ill—it is too much," and Miss Annersleigh left the room abruptly, while Mr. Barstead looked on in puzzled bewilderment. When the door had closed upon the old lady, her guest skipped across the room, rubbing his hands, and his countenance lit up with an expression of delight that constrasted strangely with his previous depression.

"Trumps at last!" he chuckled. "Trumps at last!"

Half-an-hour later Miss Annersleigh returned, somewhat more composed, and while finishing her interrupted repast, she confided to Mr. Barstead the cause of her emotion.

"Poor Mr. Hartley was a spiritualist," she said, "and we used to discuss the subject; but I was always sceptical till now. It is evident that you are a medium."

Mr. Barstead owned that it was all very strange, but added that if it were agreeable to his hostess, he would be most happy to stay a day or two for the purpose of trying to obtain further communications.

That very afternoon he was seized with a peculiar trembling fit while sitting at a table, and proceeded to write as if in a dream.

Miss Annersleigh again recognised the handwriting, and though the message it conveyed was somewhat vague, it contained allusions to private matters which a stranger like Mr. Barstead could not have known. Further sittings produced even more satisfactory results, and proved the visitor to be a writing medium of no ordinary power. The messages increased at every sitting, though Miss Annersleigh remarked that the caligraphic accuracy was not continued.

Mr. Barstead regarded the whole business as a puzzle. He could not, he said, bring himself to believe in spiritualism; but the fact of his writing particulars concerning a person he had never heard of before, astonished him.

Two days passed, but the pair were too absorbed in the new distraction to have a thought for the object that brought Mr. Barstead to Somerscourt. He seemed in no way eager to expedite matters, until the morning of the fourth day. On the previous evening a message had been received from the spirit of the defunct curate, implying delicately, but unmistakably, that the medium was in need of the aid of his hostess, but that his loftiness of soul prevented his asking for that help which she could so well afford. Mr. Barstead had made a practice of handing the messages direct to Miss Annersleigh, instead of himself reading them, on finding that some of them were of an exceedingly private character—a delicacy which Miss Annersleigh did not fail to appreciate. Of course, therefore, he was quite ignorant of the nature of this particular communication, and when next morning the old lady presented him with a handsome cheque, he was fairly overcome with emotion.

He, however, now suddenly seemed to remember the cause he had at heart; so, taking advantage of the cheque-book being on the table, he advanced the claims of his "society," and easily obtained a cheque for £50. Then he reluctantly declared that he must return to town, and after consoling his hostess by an assurance that he would come back again in two days at most, he set out, announcing his intention of calling on the Vicar on his way.

Miss Annersleigh occupied the tedium of his absence by writing an account of the remarkable manifestations for the Society for Psychical Research. But it was never sent, as before it was completed, circumstances transpired which caused her to institute inquiries respecting the departed medium, such inquiries being rendered the more urgent by reason of his unexplained continued absence, and by a letter from the ecclesiastical introducer to whom she had written, in which he disclaimed any knowledge of Mr. Barstead.

The matter remained a mystery for some weeks; in fact, until an old servant called on Miss Annersleigh to ask if she could be taken back into service, as her intended husband had written, saying that he had been unexpectedly "called to America, and the date of his return was most uncertain." On being casually given a description of the wandering lover, Miss Annersleigh discovered, to her astonishment, that he bore a strong resemblance to Mr. Barstead. She ventured to suggest that they were one and the same person; but the old domestic was most indignant at the idea, adding she was certain her "Robert" could not have been guilty of such an imposition, as he was a religiously disposed man, and a great admirer of poor dear Mr. Hartley, whose paths he always told her he intended to follow.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—Immediately upon receipt of your letter, asking me to recommend you some suitable light reading, I attacked a ponderous pile of novels, under which my table had been groaning—not without reason, as I soon found. For, truly, the bulk of this light literature was leaden. If a critic seems sometimes, as you say, to lay a heavy hand upon an author, it is often only in such retaliation as that expressed in the witty epitaph suggested for Vanbrugh, the builder of Blenheim :—

"Lie heavy on him, Earth; for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee!"

Here is "Goddess Fortune," for example, the first book

Minton's (Limited). — Minton's China. A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century and a half.

I take off the pile ([1]). This is a novel! It is a succession of dreary discourses, weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable, spouted by personages who remind one of the Tritons of a fountain—leaden ducts of washy fluid. Yet, dull as it is, "Goddess Fortune" was, at least, pleasanter reading than my next unlucky venture, "The New Dance of Death" ([2]), which is as unsavoury as it is silly. Only one word can adequately describe it—it's a nasty book. My third venture, though neither so stupid as "Goddess Fortune," nor so unpleasant as "The New Dance of Death," was yet neither brilliant nor wholesome reading; for "The Violinist of the Quartier Latin" ([3]) is, truth to tell, sad trash—a nightmare of incoherent horrors. It has, however, the merit of an appropriate style, for it observes the literary law,

The sound must seem an echo to the sense.

It deals with big people and melodramatic incidents in sesquipedalian words.

I "read no more that day!" After a night's restoring rest I made another plunge with better fortune, for I came upon one of the best of Mrs. Riddell's novels, "Berna Boyle" ([4]), certainly the best I've read of hers since "George Geith." Like "George Geith," it transports you to Ireland, where the authoress is at home, and makes you at home and happy in this pleasant change from the sordid "city" scenes of Mrs. Riddell's later novels. Indeed, "Berna Boyle" is Irish, not only in its scenes, but in its vigour, *verve*, wit, and humour, and in the introduction of a characteristically Irish incident—an abduction. Perhaps an abduction is rather an anachronism at this date in Ireland, but you will well remember the extraordinary sensation the abduction of Miss Arbuthnot, by a deputy-lieutenant of the county, created a quarter of a century since. You will, therefore, not only condone, but enjoy the abduction scene—and, indeed, I venture confidently to say, the whole book. I cannot say as much for "Point Blank" ([5]), a clever book, but dull novel, and in this respect a sad falling off from "Jack Urquhart's Daughter;" nor for "Two Ifs" ([6]), which only readers with the unquestioning inexperience and omnivorous appetite of youth could enjoy. And I might say the same of the romantic "Master of Aberfeldie" ([7]), by that dear old friend of our youth, James Grant. Should I have enjoyed, I wonder, "The Master of Aberfeldie" if I had read it when I read "The Romance of War?" "Non sum qualis eram; non idem floribus est honos vernis," to stitch together two Horatian quotations which express the incompetence of middle age to enter into the tastes of youth.

And if you and I are not of the age to enjoy "The Master of Aberfeldie," we are neither of the age nor of the sex to appreciate such thoroughly girls' stories as "Down the Way" ([8]) and "Three Sisters" ([9]). I have no doubt at all that girls will enjoy both, but especially "Three Sisters"—a fresh, bright, buoyant book—though both are so invertebrate that they can be called "stories" only by courtesy. One needs, however, to be a girl, to admire the insufferable hero of "Down the Way," and to be a young girl, to enter into the exuberant animal spirits of "Three Sisters."

At the very opposite pole to these stands "Giordano Bruno" ([10]), so far, at least, in that it's decidedly not a book for which a girl would care; and, indeed, I cannot say who would care for it. It's not accurate enough for a biography of the great Pantheist and martyr, nor interesting enough for a novel. I was greatly disappointed, as so much, in competent hands, might have been made of such a complex character and of such an eventful life as Giordano Bruno's.

After this last failure to find something in the light literature way to recommend you, I lost heart—excusably, you'll admit—and turned to try my fortune in the leaden casket—in books of more professed weight. And here I came at once upon the very thing to suit you—to delight you. Do you remember my recommending to you a year since "Leaves from the Diary of Henry Greville"? ([11]) I, at least, remember you thanking me for the recommendation of a book which gave you so much pleasure. You will, therefore, be rejoiced to know that Lady Enfield has just published a second series of "Leaves" from the Diary; and that, to my thinking at least, they are very much more entertaining than the first. They begin where the first series left off, at the death of the Duke of Wellington, but record only four years of the diarist's life as against the twenty years of the former series. Here are two specimen stories to be found in the Diary within a page of each other. The Admiral of the Turkish fleet, sea-sick in a storm, was disturbed by a grating noise. "He inquired whence it proceeded, and on being told it was *the rudder of the ship*, he desired it might be *immediately taken off!*" Isn't that deliciously Turkish? And isn't this deliciously Wilberforcian? "Buchanan, the American Minister, apropos of the Crimean War, rhodomontaded to Clarendon and said, 'We should do well to put ourselves under the protection of America,' to which Clarendon briefly replied, '*You be d—d!*' On this being repeated to the Bishop of Oxford, he *naïvement* exclaimed, 'Bravo Clarendon!'" By all means order the book, which will be of exceptional interest to you, since it treats of politics and politicians of the days when you were yourself in the House. For the same reason you will, perhaps, appreciate "Scenes in the Commons" ([12]), though it has to do with "the rows and the ructions" of a later date. Mr. David Anderson has here constituted himself the Boswell, or rather Wraxall, of the House.

I quite agree with you that America has been desperately overdone, but even if it were as much a *terra incognita* as the centre of Africa I couldn't recommend to you "Life and Labour in the Far West" ([13]). Fancy a book on America written on this scale:—"The following Sunday we went to church, but had a difficulty in finding it at first, as Mitchell by mistake had looked out the clergyman's house in the directory instead of the church, so that we went first to the former. However, we succeeded eventually in discovering it." The vast volume, in fact, is like Gratiano's conversation, "two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff," and it would be too heavy a tax on the patience of Job or on the years of Methuselah to winnow it.

In contrast to this "infinite deal of nothing," here is a compact and practical little book, which would be invaluable to an intending emigrant to the far West—invaluable whether he went or stayed—for it puts the hardships, difficulties, and disappointments of the life with a plain but wholesome frankness—"Ranch Notes" ([14]) in Kansas, Colorado, the Indian Territory, and Northern Texas. Certainly, Mr. Aldridge is, in a literary sense, a master of the emigrant's art of packing. He can stow away a great deal in a little space, neatly and deftly, comprising nothing that should be at large and including nothing superfluous. I am sorry, however, to see that he holds somewhat similar opinions of the Red Man to those of Artemus Ward—"The Red Man is being shunted nearer and nearer to the setting sun. It's rayther rough on the setting sun, but I confess I'm rejoiced to hear it."

While on the subject of America, I ought to mention to you Captain Watson's epitome of three centuries of South American history, "Spanish and Portuguese South America

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([1]) "Goddess Fortune." By Thomas Sinclair. 3 vols. (London: Trübner & Co.)
([2]) "The New Dance of Death." By A. Egmont Hake and J. G. Lefebvre. 3 vols. (London: Remington & Co. 1884.)
([3]) "The Violinist of the Quartier Latin." By G. Curzon. 3 vols. (London: Sampson Low & Co.)
([4]) "Berna Boyle." By Mrs. J. H. Riddell. 3 vols. (London: Richard Bentley.)
([5]) "Point Blank." By the Author of "Jack Urquhart's Daughter." 3 vols. (London: Richard Bentley & Son.)
([6]) "Two Ifs." By E. M. Abdy Williams. 3 vols. (London: Sonnenschein & Co.)
([7]) "The Master of Aberfeldie." By James Grant. 3 vols. (London: Hurst & Blackett.)
([8]) "Down the Way." By Hope Stanford. 3 vols. (London: J. & R. Maxwell.)
([9]) "Three Sisters." 2 vols. (London: Sampson Low & Co.)
([10]) "Giordano Bruno." By C. E. Plumptre. 2 vols. (London: Chapman & Hall.)
([11]) "Leaves from the Diary of Henry Greville." Edited by the Viscountess Enfield. Second series. (London: Smith, Elder, & Co.)
([12]) "'Scenes' in the Commons." By David Anderson. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)
([13]) "Life and Labour in the Far West." By Henry Barneby. (London: Cassell & Co.)
([14]) "Ranch Notes." By Reginald Aldridge. (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.)
([15]) "Spanish and Portuguese South America during the Colonial Period." By Robert Grant Watson. 2 vols. (London: Trübner & Co.)
([16]) "The Diary and Letters of His Excellency Thomas Hutchinson." By Peter Orlando Hutchinson, one of his great-grandsons. (London: Sampson Low & Co.)
([17]) "A History of the Indian Mutiny." By T. R. E. Holmes. (London: W. H. Allen & Co.)
([18]) "Our Homes, and How to Make Them Healthy." Edited by Shirley Forster Murphy. (London: Cassell & Co.)
([19]) "The Book of Health." Edited by Malcolm Morris. (London: Cassell & Co.)

during the Colonial Period" ([15]). I cannot conscientiously recommend it to you as light reading. But what epitome is light reading? To borrow from Bacon an image he borrows from Themistocles, an epitome is "like cloth of Arras in packs," where you have but hints of the beautiful colours and patterns which unfolding would disclose. However, if you think, with Captain Watson, that a knowledge of "Correntes" is an acquisition with which no gentleman's mind should be unfurnished, you cannot do better than send for "Spanish and Portuguese South America."

If Captain Watson, at the close of his book, gives you a clear account of the disastrous mismanagement of General Whitelocke, which lost England what are at present the South American Republics, in the "Diary and Letters of Thomas Hutchinson" ([16]) you have a strong light thrown upon the mismanagement which lost England her North American Colonies. Thomas Hutchinson was the first native-born Governor of Massachusetts and the last Royal Governor of the colony, and his diary and letters give you a really wonderful insight into the state of feeling and the condition of things both in England and in America which led to the revolt of the colonies. It is not light reading, certainly, but difficult rather in its incoherence and discursiveness; nevertheless, it is extremely interesting and instructive, and I have no hesitation in bringing it under your notice. Here is another book of kindred interest, which I venture also to recommend to you as admirable, Mr. Holmes' "History of the Indian Mutiny" ([17]). The book hits the happy mean between a bald epitome and an exhaustive (and exhausting) history of everything and every one that had to do with the Mutiny. What the author proposes in the preface to do he has done, to my thinking, perfectly:—"To record everything that was worthy to be remembered; to enable readers to understand what sort of men the chief actors in the struggle were; and to ascertain what were the causes of the Mutiny." Don't you think the French verdict on our rule goes down to the root of this last matter—"Just, but not amiable?"

I had almost forgotten your request, which seems to have been suggested by your visit to the Health Exhibition, to recommend you a book in which the general lessons of the Exhibition are adequately summed up. I've seen nothing of this kind to compare in comprehensiveness and in common sense with two books published by Cassell & Co., "Our Homes and How to make them Healthy" ([18]) and "The Book of Health" ([19])—Believe me, dear Mr. Wyndham, very sincerely yours, BARRY O'BRIEN.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—People are making the most just now of the few remaining days of the London season. The loveliest possible gowns are being prepared for Goodwood and for the Prince and Princess of Wales' garden party. Nearly every one is going to the latter in white this year. The Prince and Princess considerately announced that their guests would not be expected to wear Court mourning, as many fancied would be the case, but still, the majority will don white, in compliment to their hosts. I shall be able, I hope, to tell you about some of these lovely gowns next week.

We saw a new and beautiful bodice for a ball dress at Russell and Allen's. It is made entirely of sequins, of the opal-tinted sort. You can form no idea of the curious effect of these, which are arranged so as to fall over each other. It would be suggestive of chain armour, but for the soft beauty of the opalesque tints, which is so different from the cold glitter of steel. The sequins are fastened upon a web-like foundation which is slightly elastic, so that an excellent fit is assured.

We also saw some of the dresses prepared for Goodwood. One was made of brocade, the design consisting of chrysanthemums in red, pink, and cream-colour, thrown upon a ground of silvery-grey. The edge of the skirt was trimmed with a narrow-pleated flounce of pale pink, just the tint of some of the chrysanthemums. Over this fell some lace of the popular mushroom colour. You can't imagine how this trimming softened the effect of the whole dress. The bodice, drapery, and short tunic, pointed on the hips, were of mahogany-red velvet.

Another was made with a skirt of red-brown velvet, trimmed with some wonderful embroidery of pale, fawn-coloured beads and chenille, ending in a rich fringe. The tunic was of fawn-coloured embroidered crêpe-de-chine, the shade of which formed a lovely contrast with the deep red-brown of the velvet.

A handsome dinner-dress was made of a peculiarly rich-looking brocade, which would light up unusually well, the ground being rather of a deep gold colour, and the flowers in a brighter tint, something between copper-colour and apricot, if you can imagine such a thing. Lace flounces covered the front, and a panel of the same trimmed one side, being apparently tied down by bows of velvet ribbon in sulphur colour and dark brownish-red.

Some elaborate embroidery representing scarlet poppies covered the skirt of another dress, the apricot satin showing through the net on which the flowers were worked. The train and tunic were of grenat satin, lined with the same material in apricot colour.

A dress prepared for Madame Fursch-Madi, the prima-donna, was in cream-colour. The skirt was of satin, with embroidery copied from an old design, and representing tropical foliage and fruit. A thick coil of cream-coloured chenille trimmed the edge. The bodice and train were made of the new brocaded velvet, which is called *velours frisé*. It was also in cream-colour.

Now, are not those gowns worth describing?

We went to the bazaar at the Duke of Wellington's Riding School, in aid of funds for the restoration of Kew Church. The general opinion seemed to be that the bazaar ought to have been held at Kew, and that the residents there are quite able to see after the restoring of their own church. Consequently, the public was conspicuous by its absence. I believe the vendors did better on the second day. On the third, we looked in, but were so appalled by the discovery that we were the only persons in the room, save the stall-keepers, that we should have turned and rushed out again, but for the formidable array of liveried and gold-laced footmen at the door. The dear Princess, looking sweeter than ever in her mourning, opened the bazaar, and, with her husband, made several purchases. There was a live-stock stall, with birds, dogs, and other animals for sale. Some exquisite water-lilies and lovely Malmaison carnations tempted us, and we put into several raffles. We won none, of course. Did you ever know any one who won a raffle at a bazaar? A pretty little boy, dressed in cream-coloured velvet, silk stockings, and a white wig, made an energetic salesman, and was accompanied in his rambles by an equally pretty little girl. The children who help at these bazaars always look tired out. I am sure it is bad for them in every way. Many of those who assisted wore cream-colour, but a very lovely girl was in a dress of apricot-colour, in some soft fabric. An unhappy gown was cream in tint, with rows of white ribbon as trimming, and a white belt. This combination was very displeasing. The dresses gathered all round look well on tall girls with good figures, but they are very apt to reveal the precise position of the wires in the crinolette. Girls make the mistake of wearing them over petticoats made to suit skirts of a very different make. Will Englishwomen ever learn that a dress can never hang well unless it be worn with an underskirt of precisely the same make, but an inch or two shorter?

A stall at which brass repoussé work was sold looked well in contrast with the scarlet hangings. The floor of the School was boarded over, so that we were spared the horrid scrunchy gravel that usually makes walking a misery there.

Lilla has bought herself a new racket, and is enchanted with it. Elvery told her that she has been playing with one that is a couple of ounces too light for her. The new one is the Silver Strand, and is strung with silk instead of

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catgut. The handle is of the sort patented by the champion player, Julian Marshall, and has roughened places to hold by, so that it cannot slip, as the ordinary ones do. She is going to stay with the Greys, and as they all play so well, she has been practising a great deal. Her purchases include a pair of tennis shoes, the only becoming ones I have ever seen. They are black, the soles being made of india-rubber, but with no intermediate sole; and they are consequently so soft that you can double them up, toe to heel.

She has, in fact, quite a tennis trousseau. Between you and me, some of her dresses are made with the divided skirt introduced by Lady Harberton. She asked us over to play one morning, and we could not imagine why she kept looking so earnestly at us. At last, she said: "I *knew* you would never find out." She had on the Divided, and we never noticed any difference. Lilla says that it is just the thing for tennis. Hers is made with an overskirt that comes to within three inches of the edge of the frills of *the* garment, and is trimmed with a band of scarlet. The frills have a tiny piping of scarlet, the whole dress being made of cream-coloured flannel serge. The bodice has a sailor collar in scarlet, and the hat, made also of serge, has a trimming of scarlet braid. The bodice is otherwise made Garibaldi fashion, which gives perfect freedom to the arms. The belt is scarlet.

Lilla says she determined to try the Great Divided, after she had seen Miss Chreiman's pupils go through their gymnastic exercises at the Albert Hall, so graceful did they look in their dresses, which are made on the same principle, but with much shorter skirts.

We saw some magnificent brocades at Liberty's the other day, that are to be worn in Romeo and Juliet, in which Miss Mary Anderson and Mr. Terriss are to play the principal parts. The Hon. Lewis Wingfield is designing the dresses.

The wedding of the Hon. Luke White, Scots Guards, Lord Annaly's eldest son, with the Hon. Lilah Agar-Ellis, sister of Viscount Clifden, is to be on Thursday the 24th, and the marriage of Lady Lilian Paulet and Mr. Wemyss is fixed for half-past two on Monday, the 28th, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

We went to the Zoological Gardens on Saturday afternoon, and enjoyed the delicious music discoursed by the band of the First Life Guards. They played Waldteufel's charming "Estudiantina" valse in tantalising style for those who love to dance. Charlie went with us, but became absorbed in the "Sandown Park Racing Guide," by Mr. Hwfa Williams. We asked him what it was all about, and he explained that it gives an account of all the horses engaged up to Friday last to run at Sandown this week, with a list of their previous performances. Charlie says it is "awfully useful." Now, would not a publication of the sort about all the marriageable men and girls be an extremely useful handbook for those interested in the matrimonial mart? Fancy a list of previous engagements, serious flirtations, with particulars of age and weight, pedigree, &c., and precise information as to income and expectations! As Mr. Hwfa Williams says in his preface, it would supply an "epitome of the form" of each aspirant for matrimonial honours, and a "ready reference to their antecedents."

Then there would be those who have been "struck out of their engagements" by Sir James Hannen, and we should be able to peruse the record of the fruitless efforts of some unlucky damsel, in the words, "Has run six times without a win," or "Unplaced to Miss Viola Verities (see "Viola Verities," p. 17) in the great race for the Coronet Stakes in 1881." And would not there be a long list of entries for the Maiden Plate of some great heiress? Oh, it would form delightful reading! Will no one compile such a volume for private circulation?

We saw a few pretty frocks at the Zoo, where literally all classes of society are represented. The assemblage might have been labelled, "The mixture: to be well shaken before taken." A large proportion of those present were thoroughly well shaken, I should fancy, on the backs of what Mrs. Fourstars' baby calls the "efelunts." There were many millinery horrors, such as blues of a bygone time, and violets of vanished years. These two misunderstood colours are very popular with the section of society that buys its dresses a shillingsworth at a time.

Women really are wonderfully unreasonable! This is about the hottest summer we have had for some time; therefore the fashionably-dressed wear the tightest and deepest velvet collars they can find, tacked on to their light dresses, and reaching nearly up to their ears. It is also considered very *chic* to wear a starched linen collar, red, blue, or white, inside the velvet one, and, of course, appearing above it. It is excruciating to *see* this new fashion, and quite terrible to feel it. One longs for a cool turn-down collar like the Eton boys.

A new kind of jacket for evening wear at the sea-side has made its appearance, and is worn with a skirt of batiste and lace or vicugna, as the case may be. The jacket, of grey or blue, is tight-fitting, with dark velvet collar and cuffs. Very smart jackets of the same kind are made in white cloth, with chestnut velvet collar and cuffs, and gold buttons. For very slender figures there are pretty Hungarian vests, short and tight, and covered with gold lace. The old-fashioned cache-poussière is now quite exploded, and is replaced by the Grand Duchess redingote or pelisse, of a light grey material, covered with embroidery of the same colour, and as long as the dress. At Vichy, Lily saw, the other day, several blue and many red dresses of some light material, trimmed with Bulgarian scarves of batiste, embroidered with gold thread forming impossible varieties of flowers. At the Casino ball she saw the "carnation" dress, which really is a pretty thing. There is a profusion of small flounces on the skirt, pinked out and striped (generally in two shades of pink) so as to produce the effect of the flower. The bodice, which had a square opening in front and behind, with short sleeves, was of crêpe de chine of the darker shade of pink, with velvet carnations on the shoulders, on the bosom, and at the left side of the waist.

The young Duchess of Feltre, and her sister, the Countess d'Albuféra, have set the fashion of wearing white muslin dresses once again. The skirt is made with innumerable tiny box-pleats, edged with Valenciennes lace. The bodice, also pleated, with a V-shaped opening and short sleeves, is veiled by a fichu of Valenciennes lace, of which the ends, tied behind, form a very pretty pouff. A straw hat, trimmed with black velvet and wild flowers, is "your only wear" with this dress of Arcadian simplicity.

You will find the following recipe for "Indian cutlets" likely to make your guests happy:—

With a quarter of a pint of milk mix ½ oz. coriander seed, ¼ oz. of powdered ginger, and an onion very finely chopped. Take two pounds of tender veal cutlets, shape and trim them, lay them to soak in the above mixture one hour. Brush them over with the yolk of an egg, dip in bread-crumbs, and fry a light-brown colour. Squeeze a little lemon-juice over them at the moment of serving.

"Raspberries in jelly" is a very pretty-looking sweet, just now in season:—

Pluck a pound of fine raspberries, *not too ripe*, but firm, and place them in a glass dish. Then take a jam-pot full of currant jelly (a pound of sugar for a pound of fruit), and heat the jelly for about five minutes. Then throw the hot jelly on the raspberries, with extreme care, so as not to crush or even bruise them. Next morning the jelly will have become solid again, and you can serve the dish. If you make the jelly with white currants, the taste will be better and the dish all the prettier to look at.

Here is another sweet dish thoroughly in season:—

Take three pounds of sweet almonds, two pounds and a-half of crushed sugar, and one pound of strawberries. Pound the almonds into a kind of paste, and mix them with the sugar. Add the juice of the strawberries, which must be previously crushed. Place the pan containing these different ingredients on a slow fire, and stir them up continuously. When the paste seems to have obtained a certain consistency, take it out of the pan, and spread it out on a baking-board powdered with sugar, till it is of the thickness of a two-florin piece. As soon as the paste is cold, cut it out in round or square pieces, and put them, till hot and crisp, in the kitchener, then serve.

Lily partook at a friend's house of steaks served with a most delicious sauce, and never rested till she obtained

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the recipe, which is the invention of a celebrated French cook, called Maire :—

The steaks, each weighing about half-a-pound, are cooked on the gridiron, and the sauce is made as follows :—On a very slow fire, put a saucepan in which you have mixed a tablespoonful of flour with two ounces of fresh butter (mind the butter does not turn brown), add a glass of white wine, or half a glass of Madeira (the white wine is the better), and a glass of water. Put in pepper, salt, nutmeg, thyme, a few olives, parsley, and half a bay-leaf. Let the whole simmer for half-an-hour, then add some mushrooms. Leave the sauce on the fire for another ten minutes, thicken it with the yolk of an egg, and pour it over the steaks, having added at the last moment a good pinch of finely-minced chervil. In the winter-time the mushrooms can be replaced by truffles. They require cooking for as long a time as the sauce simmers.

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Greenock	,,	5 50	7 15	9 5	11 42	7 50	7 50	9 48
Oban	,,	9 43	—	—	4 45	12 15	12 15	2 34
Perth	,,	6 50	—	9 35	11 50	8 0	8 15	9 55
Dundee	,,	7 30	—	10 30	1 0	9 0	9 0	12 0
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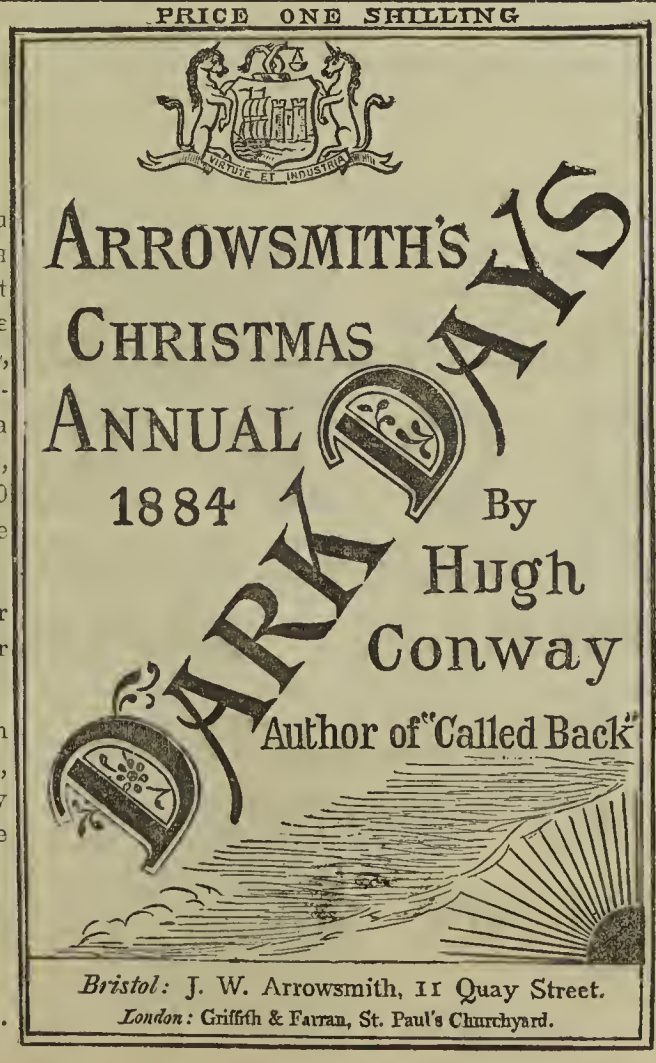

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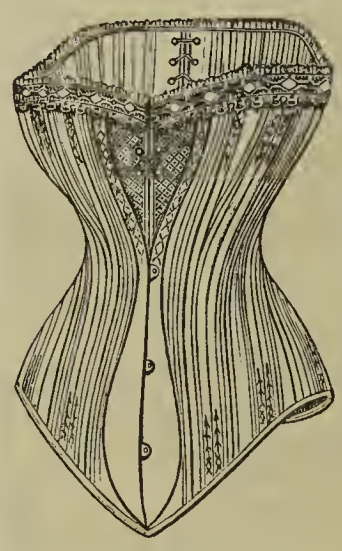

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Secretary—Alfred M. Rose.

Offices—69, Ship-street, Brighton; London: 23, and 24, Palace Chambers, Bridge-street, Westminster, S.W.

PROSPECTUS.

This Company, under a special Act of Parliament, whereby the liability of shareholders is limited to the amount of their shares, has constructed, equipped, and is working by steam power, a system of Tramways in the important and populous district lying between Brighton and Hove and the town of New Shoreham, passing throngh the parishes of Aldrington, Portslade, Southwick, Kingston-by-Sea, and terminating at New Shoreham, a distance of four miles, five furlongs, and one chain, and including turn-outs, and sidings, of five miles, six furlongs and five chains.

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OUR PUZZLES.

RULES.

1. The sum of £2. 2s. will be given every week for the best Epigram, Conundrum, Lipogram, Bouts-Rimés, or whatever the announced subject of the competition for the week may be.

2. The Puzzle Editor reserves the right, however, of dividing the above sum between two or more competitors, or of withholding the prize, should exceptional circumstances render such a course desirable.

3. The decision and award of the Puzzle Editor must be considered final and irrevocable, and, for obvious reasons, no appeal from is critical judgments can be entertained.

4. In every instance the Prize will be given in money, subject to no condition whatever, except the publication of the winner's real name and address in this journal.

5. Competitors will be allowed eight days for the composition and despatch of their efforts; but all such communications must, at the latest, be received at the Truth Office by the first post on Friday morning in the week succeeding the publication of the subject for competition.

6. Not more than one Prize will be given in a Quarter to the same competitor.

7. All New Contributors are Required to Forward with their First Answers their Real Names and Addresses for Registration; such names and addresses will not be published except in the case of Prize-winners.

8. The *nom-de-plume* chosen by competitors should not exceed 12, and must under no circumstances consist of more than 14 letters.

9. Competitors must on no account change the noms-de-plume they have once assumed.

10. On the announcement of the Prize-winner's *nom-de-plume*, the successful competitor must write and make formal application for the Prize, stating the address to which the cheque must be sent. Any competitor failing to do so within three months of winning the Prize will forfeit all claim to the same.

11. No communications can be received on post-cards, by telegraph, or by hand. They must all be sent by the time named above, all post letters addressed—

PUZZLE EDITOR OF "TRUTH," Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, S.W.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 282.—"BURYING" OF AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS.

Tom Nissed (Thos. H. Allbutt, Sefton-road, Parkfield, New Ferry, near Birkenhead) £2 2 0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 282.

I am now able to announce the result of this competition. The course adopted has been by process of elimination, so as to at last arrive at the best representative lists; though not one of them, it may be said, was found to be satisfactory as regards all of its names. A very common mistake made was the inclusion of a playwright's name on the strength of a mere adaptation. Other competitors included names of dramatists, such as that of the Poet Laureate, for instance, associated with no marked dramatic success. For these, or similar faults, a very large proportion of the lists were disqualified, until at last there were loft for final comparison only those sent in by Joe Botting, Polochy, Mawbee, Sefton, Oxonian, Inez, and Ferreum Cor, and with each of these it would be easy to find fault. Joe Botting has, in fact, been finally selected as the Prize-winner, not because his list is considered perfect, but because it is thought less open to adverse criticism than those of the other named competitors.

As to eight of the names it contains, there can be little doubt, but the name of Albery, which seems destined to be associated with one successful comedy only, should not, it is thought, be included. That of Pinero has more right to a place in the list. As to Messrs. Hermann & Jones, the time has hardly yet come for settling what their position will be in the ranks of contemporary playwrights. But, at present, I think Mr. H. Merivale has a superior claim to a place by reason of his sound dramatic work, spread over a considerably longer period. Polochy and Oxonian omit Lord Lytton, which is, as a sin of omission, greater than the one of commission which Joe Botting commits, in including Mr. J. Albery instead of Mr. A. W. Pinero. Ferreum Cor includes Messrs. Jones & Hermann on the strength of one play jointly written by them. Mawbee wrote withdrawing the name of Sheridan Knowles in good time; but his list, even as amended, is not altogether satisfactory. He omits Mr. G. R. Sims's name, for instance; whilst Inez omits Mr. H. J. Byron, a dramatist who, judged by results, certainly merits a place in the prize list. Altogether, then, of the lists sent in, Joe Botting's must be considered the least faulty, and for that list, therefore, the prize will be awarded.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 284.

Space being very scarce this week, it must suffice to announce that the prize for the best Definitions of Cricket, Lawn-tennis, and Football has been given to Charles Searle.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 287.

The House of Lords and its members being just now very much before the country, it has been determined to make the subject of this week's competition to some extent refer to them. The prize will be given, in fact, for

The Best Anagram made on the Title, or Name and Title, of a Member of our Upper House of Legislature.

To afford the greater facility to competitors they are not confined, as will be seen, merely to the title of a noble Lord, but may use his Christian and family names as well, if they see fit. Thus, say, for instance, they could not make a good anagram out of the letters of the title, "Viscount Sherbrooke," they could use the larger number found in "Robert, Viscount Sherbrooke," for their purpose, or even those in "Robert Lowe, Viscount Sherbrooke." It need scarcely be said that the anagram should, if possible, have some apropos significance, and that no anagram will be considered in which the whole of the letters of the original title or title and name are not reproduced. The prefixes, "The Right Honourable," "The Most Noble," &c., may be used, though it would be preferable if good anagrams could be made without having recourse to them.

Answers to Correspondents.

Eurytus.—A third of the prize will be awarded to you under the circumstances, so please send your real name and address.

John C. Gill and E. C. E.—Your answers to Puzzle No. 283 were received "Too Late."

Veni.—I have handed your cutting to the Editor.

Harold.—The giving of one play only would not have disqualified any competitor.

Œnone.—I have read your letter with much interest, though I cannot agree with all its conclusions. Nor can I admit the last three of your dramatists to be deserving of their place.

Hugo and Bandbox.—I made the correction you wished.

Truth.—Thanks for your letter; I will see that no second competitor takes your *nom de plume*.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 285. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

SUGGESTIONS FOR ORIGINAL POSES FOR PHOTOGRAPHIC "SITTERS."

For a professional beauty: photographed WITH her husband.—Jerome.

Seated in a shoe; in a bandbox; in a huge flower-pot; in a wheelbarrow; afloat in a tub; seated amongst growing corn; amidst a swarm of bees; on a donkey's back; skating; as a head on a coin or medallion; as a double photograph by placing the sitter before mirror.—Friar Tuck.

In the position of the female figure on the first page of Truth.—Silenus.

Let them be taken asleep; or standing "at attention" against a blank wall with no furniture or other adjuncts; or with their backs turned to the camera; or in their dressing-gowns.—Seedy.

Sitting before the looking-glass combing or brushing one's hair; looking round a half open door.—Esa.

Playing the harp; standing on one's head; lying in a hammock.—Co.

One person: Playing solitaire; Two persons: Playing chess or draughts; Three persons or more: Playing cards.—Truth.

Reading Truth; For a pretty girl or child only: Standing on rustic seat reaching up to gather a cluster of roses or bunch of grapes; standing in the pillory; sitting in the stocks.—Dora.

As a Cherub. This might prove rather a "poser" for the artist, as, under the circumstances, he would never be able to make you "sit" for your photograph; the best "pose"—Repose.—Crystal Palace.

A girl: In the act of putting a cherry or other fruit to one's mouth; performing something characteristic of one's trade, such as a maid, brushing; a girl, playing bob-apple gracefully.—Queen Bess.

A girl: Arranging a group of cut flowers, and hesitating where to place the last one, which is in her hand; a lady: Standing by the cage of a parrot or other pet bird, offering it some dainty: two girls: Playing a game of draughts, one in act of winning the game.—Rataplan.

Considering the probable migration of every one to the sideside, a good "pose" would be the steps of a bathing-machine, the sitter, or sitters, being arrayed in becoming bathing costumes.—Etall.

Courtship on wheels.—A lady on tricycle, shooting over left shoulder a Parthian glance at gentleman on tricycle in pursuit. Marriage on wheels.—Same pair, as Darby and Joan, working double tricycle. There

might be a third or family tricycle, with parents, children, and pet dog or cat.—J. MCGREGOR ALLAN.

Like the figure on TRUTH cover; up a tree sitting on a branch; blowing soap bubbles; washing one's hands; for lady: carrying an Egyptian water-bottle on her shoulder; for lady: brushing her hair.—KITTEN.

Be photographed *trois-quart*, and as if coming out of a large flower-pot, so that the sitter represents a flower. Ladies can be taken this way better than gentlemen. —LITTLE HUMBUG.

For a girl: standing on a ladder gathering climbing roses, turning the head slightly over one shoulder. Might be also arranged for two, one holding basket. —MOUCHOIR.

For a lady with pretty ankles: mounting a ladder; for a gentleman with a fine figure: on the bow of a punt, in boating flannels, pole in hand; for a lady or gentleman: on a tricycle.—REPEALER.

Take a lady on the top of a five-barred gate, in the act of jumping down, assisted by a gentleman whose back is to the photographer and face partly seen.—MRS. POYSER.

A drawing is sent in this instance, showing a lady seated on the rail of an easel, either out of doors or in a studio; also in a hammock, or blowing air-bubbles.—MADCHEN.

Getting out of a carriage dressed for drawing-room, ball, opera, dinner, or walking; in a corn-field (as Ruth); in a hay-field seated on a bundle of hay; asleep on a couch, nearly covered with flowers (to show pretty arms and feet); in kitchen as a cook making a pudding; with a pair of wings as an angel.—W. M. & Co.

Curled round in an arm-chair, asleep; looking over screen, head only visible; *En peignoir*, with hair down; singing, holding music (and a high note).—ŒNONE.

Ladies: Copy faithfully TRUTH'S title-page. *Gentlemen:* An accompanying figure in male attire.—RITA.

Watering flowers; hay-making; looking out of window (seen from inside); threading needle; knocking at door; looking out of railway carriage; coming down stairs; fishing; feeding chicken (stuffed); posting a letter; holding a watch to ear; sitting in tree.—SMUGGINS.

Pose after well-known pictures, or full-length portraits of National Portrait Gallery; or after the statues in Westminster Hall and Corridor; or after the advertising picture of the "Monks" or "Dirty Boy;" in the picturesque dress of Arabs (Arab encampment), Turks (Turkish Divan), or the Norwegian, Swedish, Dutch, &c.; steering a "property" gondola (boatman in Venetian dress); seated in car of balloon; ladies (suitably dressed) gardening, haymaking, &c.; take the front and back of sitter at the same time, fixing both photos on same card, one on front, the other on back.—GROSVENOR.

Sitting or standing (with lap full of shells, seaweed, &c.), on top of a rock, overtaken by tide, and surrounded by water. This position would admit of expression of resignation, hope, despair, &c., by varying the scene at back.—KERRY PIPPIN.

Get a large box the same shape as that used for "Jack-in-the-Box." Leave the lid open, and let the lady or gentleman be taken standing up in the box, with shoulders and head visible, and lid as though it had just sprung open.—HIBOU.

Let the "subject" be posed behind a handsomely carved, square or oval frame, raised on an easel, with drapery of velvet falling to the floor. Let enterprising photographer get perfect model of a lady's back, and seat their fair "subjects" thereon, *à l'équestrienne*. GEORGINA.

In a boat, fishing.—CROW.

Posed after some old painting, *e.g.*, Romney's "Lady Hamilton" in National Gallery. Produce the effect of the head or figure represented on canvas, standing on a draped easel. Pose a child in a huge shell, like a little mermaid.—POLLY.

A lady drawing a bucket of water from a well, with a frog jumping in it.—INSTANTANEOUS.

Take heads as medallions in relief. A more or less concave, basin-like background could be brought up close to the head, and by artistic arrangement of hair, light, &c., the sitter taken in profile, three-quarter, or full face, *à son goût*. Stone might be simulated, or the terra-cotta tint, or the fashion of the genuine Greek antique mode, or of Robbia ware, &c. Imitations of salvers and plaques of the latter might be used on occasion as backgrounds. Professional beauties seem strangely to have overlooked the opportunities afforded by bathing-dresses and the sea, the real home of Aphrodite—*verbum sap.*—SKRIKER.

At an easel; playing a violin; in a frame, so as to represent a picture; standing in doorway; playing cards (a group); doing needlework.—COCKYOLLIBIRD.

For lady: Making a pudding, in pretty morning dress, with German-bibbed apron, and sleeves rolled up; darning stockings, in pretty morning dress, heap of stockings on adjacent table. For gentleman: In bicycle or tricycle costume. In lawn-tennis costume, with racket. A lady and gentleman might be taken on a "Sociable" tricycle.—KURSAAL.

Let "sitters" pose naturally, "in manner as they are," each appearing engaged in his or her usual avocation.—P. M. G.

Let a lady imagine she is making her "maiden" speech as Member for Slocum. Let a gentleman purchase "Field Exercises for the Army," and assume the pose of soldier at "attention," or "at ease."—OLD SKYBLUE.

A young lady fond of dancing might be taken (instantaneously) whilst valsing *à trois temps* with the man she loves. An old lady fond of gaming might be taken at a roulette table, watching to see the result of her stake.—M. H. THOMPSON.

Place sitter on a raised platform surrounded with reeds, and on the ground a large glass reflecting the figure reclining, with lilies, &c., for foreground.—INA.

Stepping into her "Victoria;" as "Sonnambula."—W. A. P.

For young ladies: Watering flowers; putting rose in hair; coming through doorway; sitting on branch, leaning against trunk of tree; playing guitar or harp; in hunting costume; modelling, wearing cap, apron, and bib; holding up small lamp to throw light on face; posting letter; stepping over stepping-stones, holding up skirt; coming downstairs; making hay; winding wool; on ladder throwing down roses; child building a card house, blowing bubbles, &c.—PHILLIDA.

Asleep, as then there would be no bother in "fixing" oneself. Also an open mouth would then betray one's tendency to "snore," and thus give an intended "partner for life" fair warning.—CARLOS.

Blowing bubbles; with the cap of a camera lens in hand in act of taking a portrait.—CHEE.

Looking in a mirror, the "subject" to be so posed that her reflection only will be taken; or so that real face and reflection both be photographed; let the head peep out of centre of a large bouquet forming, as it were, its cone; sitting at a piano, as if going to perform; up a tree—looking down, face and part of body visible; holding up an open newspaper, through which the head is thrust, the paper forming a frame for it.—R. M. E.

For a woman: Seated on a wall or branch of tree; playing the piano or other instrument; painting; spinning; doing embroidery, &c.; arranging flowers; gardening: asleep; in a hammock; carried in a "hand-basket" with crossed hands by two gentlemen. For a man: Playing the violin or other instrument; playing cards, chess, &c.; in a tree smoking; felling timber; in a hammock.—KITTIFONIA.

Let children or babies be taken on sheet of glass to resemble water; reeds, water shrubs, and model swans to be arranged around; subjects in wicker basket or peeping through flowers. Lady and gentlemau in car of a balloon. Lady in a hammock, with fitting scenery. A good background for face is a coloured Japanese umbrella. Baby in bath.—VENI.

For a lady: Hands clasped behind the head, with bare arms, short sleeves.—PORTSMOUTH.

A girl leaning against large tree eating strawberries. A girl in yachting costume, with paddles, &c. A girl (or man) in a hammock or lying on the grass beneath a Japanese big umbrella. A girl at a kitchen-table in chintz gown, bib, apron, and cook's cap, sleeves rolled up, &c., making pies. A young mother kneeling, and trying to make her baby walk.—SHACABAC.

Let the sitter pose for three-quarter figure, head turned to right, chin raised, and with mirror in right hand reflecting the right, and otherwise invisible side of the face; let the sitter, in garden costume, with trunk of tree for background, pose with head slightly raised, and left hand bending a branch from above.—CHLOE.

Leaning over parapet of pier, with receding ship visible, waving adieu; sitting at piano, with face half-turned; a gentleman in armchair, holding newspaper; a mother may rest her toe on her baby's cradle; a haymaking party, with wooden rakes, &c.; a father with child on his shoulder; for a group, arrange as for a picnic party; background of sea, with children with buckets, &c., bare feet, wading; widow or mourner looking at relic of the dead; two boys in shirt and trousers having a pillow match; a painter at an easel; have a model horse, on which husband and wife can ride "pillion"; a huntsman can mount, with spurs and whip, &c.—MAGELLAN.

Lady at piano and gentleman turning over music; children running up-stairs, feeding rabbits, or gathering eggs (artificial poultry around); young girl appearing between draped curtains; old man with violin; girl with tamborine; young girl or child asleep on couch; lady or gentleman entering greenhouse, watering-can, &c., in hand; nuns counting beads or kneeling; children spooning contents of large bowl filled with strawberries and cream; tasting mineral waters, glass in hand; Cinderella, with fashionable little bellows blowing fire; rustic girl with milking stool; beggar holding out a hat; a whist party; tricycle; lady opening her bird-cage.—NINEVEH.

An actress kicking her train into place; a singer in the act of taking her very highest note. For ordinary sitters let the artist, above all, forbear advising them to look easy and pleasant. When all expression is not killed by the uncalled for insult, a really killing (murderous) expression is the result.—SIMLA.

Take John Bright as a betting man, Lord Shaftesbury as a typical masher, Lord R. Churchill as Gladstone, &c., &c.—DAPHNIS.

As the "professional beauty" is usually an actress either on or off the stage, I would suggest a variety of facial expression portraying archness, scorn, intenseness, &c.; and that the costume and surroundings should be made to harmonise with the mood portrayed.—SEFTON.

On receiving a letter from one's mother-in-law, stating that, being advised change of air, she will arrive by the 3.30 train on a visit of five or six weeks. A cabman on being handed his legal fare. The father of six marriageable daughters on receiving a proposal for the hand of the eldest, born on the day of the Battle of Alma.—BOBUS.

Let a lady pose as the fairy that brought the sword Excalibur to King Arthur, the water to be represented by sheets of looking-glass.—FILEEIAN.

Place the "sitter" slightly in advance of a group of niggers (decently attired), in order to create a contrast. Suspend the subject in mid air by invisible wires, in midst of a cloud (composed of smoke regulated by draughts).—DUM SPIRO SPERO.

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Schultze, or "E.C." Powder, 1s. per 100 extra.

Stout Cases FOR RAIL, 6d. first 200, adding 2d. each additional 100.
N.B.—All orders must be accompanied by a remittance.

C. L. begs to draw the attention of Sportsmen to the following figures, giving a return of the Cartridges he has supplied, viz.:—

89,538	IN	1880.	442,263	IN	1882.
322,222	,,	1881.	505,664	,,	1883.

Clearly demonstrating that his Cartridges are yearly gaining in favour, owing to the superior quality of materials used, aud the excellence and regularity of the loading.

LOADING ROOMS OPEN TO INSPECTION AT
151, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.
Detailed Price Lists on Application. Established 1826.
DEER FORESTS, SHOOTINGS, & FISHINGS TO LET.

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HOME-MADE

STRAWBERRY JAM

(The Fruit Preserved Whole)

IS NOW READY.

To be obtained of all Grocers, &c.

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This OLD-ESTABLISHED COUNTY FAMILY HOTEL,

Entirely rebuilt in 1866, and more recently enlarged, is replete with every comfort, and in the best situation in Brighton, between the West Pier and the extensive Lawn Promenade. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Coffee Room, Reading, Billiards, and Smoking Rooms. GEORGE D. LEGGE, Manager.

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This old-established Family Hotel has been entirely redecorated and refurnished. Good cuisine and attendance. Moderate wine list. Suites of rooms from four guineas per week.

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DOVERCOURT.—The CLIFF HOTEL, charmingly situated on high cliffs facing the German Ocean. Redecorated and refurnished throughout, and under entirely new management. Beautiful sea promenade and spa, with reading and music rooms. Lawn tennis courts, billiards, &c. Moderate terms. Friday to Tuesday Return Tickets, 12s. First Class.—Apply to Manageress.

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Is the **ONLY BRAND** ever guaranteed as genuine, either by himself or the late BARON JUSTUS VON LIEBIG.

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THE INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION.

THE NEW ORIENTAL BANK CORPORATION, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts 1862 to 1883, whereby the liability of the Shareholders is limited to the amount of their Shares.

CAPITAL (Two Million Pounds), £2,000,000.

First Issue, 100,000 Shares of £10 each, £1,000,000 (of which 50,000 are reserved for Issue in India, Japan, China, and the Colonies, and the balance is now offered for public Subscription, payable — £1 on Application, £1 on Allotment, and the balance of £8 at such times and in such sums, not exceeding £2, as the Directors may determine, and at intervals of not less than one month. (Interest at Five per cent. per annum will be allowed on all payments made in advance of Calls.)

DIRECTORS.

Christian Allhusen, Esq., D.L., J.P., Director of the International Bank of London, Limited.
Lionel R. C. Boyle, Esq., of Messrs. Boyle, Campbell, Buxton, & Co., 80, Lombard-street, E.C.
W. W. Cargill, Esq., founder of the Oriental Bank Corporation.
E. F. Harrison, Esq., C.S.I., formerly President of the Bank of Bengal.
A. J. Macdonald, Esq., late of Sir Charles Forbes & Co., and formerly President of the Bank of Bombay.
Sir Benjamin C. C. Pine, K.C.M.G., Oriental Club, Hanover-square, W., late Governor of Leeward Islands.
Grant Heatly Tod-Heatly, Esq., 13, Carlton House-terrace, London, S.W.

Bankers.

The Union Bank of London, Limited; the Bank of Scotland, Edinburgh, London, and Branches.

Brokers.

Messrs. Steer, Lawford & Cuerton, 3, Draper's-gardens, E.C.

Solicitors.

Messrs. Hollams, Son & Coward, Mincing-lane, London.

Interim Secretary—R. T. Rohde.

Temporary Offices—40, Threadneedle-street, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

THE Corporation is formed with the object of continuing the Banking, Exchange, Deposit, Remittance, and Agency business so long carried on by the late Oriental Bank Corporation, which, while it was confined to its strictly legitimate purpose, proved an investment of no ordinary character, earning, as it did during the 33 years of its existence, large sums of money and paying dividends down to the year 1877, ranging from 10 to 15 per centum per annum, with an occasional bonus. The special care of the Directors of the New Bank will be to avoid the slightest departure from the rules of legitimate Banking on its best recognised principles, and to exercise the greatest caution and prudence in the employment of its resources. It is further the intention of the Directors to make a most careful selection of the officers to be employed in the New Establishment, and to adjust the scale of expenditure on a basis of the strictest economy consistent with efficiency.

It is proposed to confine the Branches of the New Bank to the British Colonies and India, Japan, and China, but Agencies may, at the discretion of the Board of Directors, be opened in such other place or places as may be thought advisable for the effective and profitable development and working of the business. The principal places at which it would appear desirable to have Branches or Agencies are those large and important Cities the trade of which justifies the calling thereat of the principal lines of Ocean Steamers in the East. These ports are shown by recent statistics to represent an annual trade of about Three Hundred and Fifty Million Pounds Sterling, and supply the needs of a population aggregating nearly Six Hundred Millions.

As a safeguard for the interests of the New Bank it is proposed to have, where it may seem expedient, Local Boards or Committees composed of the most respectable and influential Shareholders on the spot, for the more effective management and superintendence of the branches, such Local Boards or Committees to be subject to the entire control and direction of the London Board of Directors.

With the increased development which the extension of railway communication in India must give to the trade of that country, the advance in which has already been well characterised as phenomenal, with the marvellously rapid strides in industrial progress which have been made in the Australian Colonies, and with the prospect of greater freedom of trade with the Japanese and Chinese Empires, there is ample scope for the profitable employment of a much larger capital than has hitherto been available for these encouraging fields. In the Straits Settlements and adjacent islands there also exist promising outlets for the employment of capital, which have hitherto been all but neglected. The recent stringency in the Indian money market was in well-informed quarters attributed to the inability of the existing banks to cope with the increased trade of the country.

The Directors entertain the greatest confidence in the success of the New Bank, for while it will be entirely distinct from the late Oriental Bank Corporation, it will most probably obtain a fair proportion of the most valuable and profitable portion of its business and secure at the same time the most efficient officers of a highly trained staff, advantages which are seldom obtainable by institutions of a kindred description on their formation.

It will be the object of the Directors, while safeguarding the interests of the New Bank, to do everything consistent with prudence in the interests of the Shareholders in the late Oriental Bank Corporation, and they will endeavour to make satisfactory arrangements with the Liquidator to act as his Agents in the realisation and collection of the assets of the late Corporation. Arrangements may also be found practicable for the transfer of deposits, and for affording assistance to the Shareholders and Creditors of the late Oriental Bank Corporation by such other means as may appear desirable, provided such can be done without risk of loss, but in no case will any liability be undertaken in respect of the engagements of the old Bank.

Powers have been taken in the Articles of Association, in accordance with the Colonial Registers Act, to have a Register at each of the principal Branches.

The promises of support from the East and Australia are most encouraging, and justify the Directors in the formation and organisation of the New Bank, which will, while satisfying a public want, tend much to mitigate the loss and suffering of the Shareholders of the late Oriental Bank Corporation.

No promotion money has been or will be paid. The only contract entered into on behalf of the Company is dated 14th July, 1884, and is between Robert Turner Rohde and Thomas Colman for advertising the Prospectus.

Should no allotment be made the amount paid on application will be returned in full. Where a less number of Shares is allotted than applied for the balance of the deposit will be credited towards the amount due on Allotment.

The Memorandum and Articles of Association and a copy of the above-mentioned Contract can be inspected at the Offices of the Solicitors of the Company.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares can be obtained at the Offices of the Company and from the Bankers and Brokers.

The List will be Opened on Saturday, the 19th inst., and closed on or before Monday, the 28th inst.

Business Established 1863. Factory, The Lion Works, Witton, near Birmingham; Birmingham Depôt, 14, Whittall-street; London Depôt, No. 7 and No. 9, St Bride-street, E.C.

G. KYNOCH & COMPANY,

LIMITED,

Military and Sporting Cartridge Manufacturers, &c.

ISSUE of £110,000 SEVEN PER CENT. PREFERENCE SHARES, with further participation in profits, in 11,000 Shares of £10 each, payable as follows: £1 per Share payable on application; £4 per Share on Allotment; £2 per Share on the 20th September, and the balance as required.

DIRECTORS.

Chairman—RIGHT HONOURABLE VISCOUNT BURY, K.C.M.G.
SIR EDWARD W. STAFFORD, K.C.M.G. (Director of the New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency Company, Limited).
LIEUT.-GENERAL E. WRAY, C.B., late Ordnance Committee and Ordnance Adviser to H.M. Indian Government.
MAJOR CHARLES JONES, late R.A. (Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, & Co., Limited).
FREDERICK PIGOU, Esq., C.E., Bignores, Dartford, Kent (Gunpowder Works).
*GEORGE KYNOCH, Esq., Witton, Birmingham.
(* Who will join the Board after allotment.)

Bankers—Messrs. Lloyds, Barnett, and Bosanquet, Limited, 60 & 62, Lombard-street, E.C., and Colmore-row, Birmingham.
Secretary and Offices—Col. Fred Hill, late R.A., 144, Leadenhall-street, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

THIS Company has been formed for the purpose of taking over as a going concern and working and extending the important and well-known business of military and sporting cartridge manufacturers established by Mr. George Kynoch, at Witton, near Birmingham, who is at present the sole proprietor, and which has been carried on by him for upwards of 20 years under the style of Kynoch and Company.

This business is one of the most extensive in the United Kingdom, being second only to that of Messrs. Eley Brothers, of London, which was similarly formed into a limited liability company in the year 1874, and has proved to be a most successful and dividend-paying undertaking. The £10 shares are now quoted on the London Stock Exchange at £34 per share, equal to a premium of 240 per cent.

The works cover an area of about 24 acres, and are extensive and complete, the machinery and plant is of the most modern description, and thoroughly adapted for all requirements. The premises and their contents are adequately insured against fire. With these facilities the Company will be in a position to take extensive home, colonial, and foreign government contracts, and many orders are now in hand.

An independent examination of the books of the firm for the 10 years ending 30th June, 1883, has been made by Messrs. Good, Daniels, & Co., Chartered Accountants, of Moorgate-street, London, for the directors, who, judging from the past profits, have satisfied themselves that the business is one from which highly satisfactory results may be expected.

With the additional capital now proposed to be introduced the profits must necessarily be increased by the Company's operations.

The valuation of the property by Messrs. Wheatly, Kirk, Price, and Goulty, of London and Manchester, is £84,241, exclusive of stock-in-trade and any consideration for goodwill.

The stock-in-trade at the last stock-taking, viz., 1st January, 1884 (from which date the business is to be taken over), amounted to more than £30,000, and the total value, therefore, of the entire business, exclusive of goodwill, is about £114,000.

The price which the vendor (who is the promoter of the Company) has agreed to accept for the entire business as a going concern, as from 1st January last (up to which date he will receive and pay all debts due to or by the firm), with the land, plant, and machinery, and stock-in-trade, is the sum of £70,000 in cash and £40,000 in the Ordinary Shares of the Company. He has, however, stipulated that when the holders of the Preference Shares shall have received in dividends and bonuses the entire return of their capital, then the Ordinary and Preference Shares are to rank together.

No payment is made by the Company for the very valuable goodwill and patents.

The vendor undertakes to defray all the expenses incidental to the formation of the Company up to the first allotment of Shares, exclusive of the cost of the valuation before referred to and the usual share brokerage charges.

The capital of the Company is £150,000, divided into 11,000 Seven per Cent. Preference Shares of £10 each (now offered for subscription) and 4,000 ordinary Shares of £10 each. The Preference Shares are entitled to 7 per cent. preference dividends, cumulative, and in addition, after payment of 7 per cent. dividends on the Ordinary Shares, they will be entitled to two-thirds of the surplus profits by way of bonus, the remaining one-third accruing to the Ordinary Shares, until such time as the Preference and Ordinary Shares rank equally for dividends as stated above.

The following contracts and agreements have been entered into: An agreement, dated 16th July, 1884, between George Kynoch and the Company. An agreement, dated 30th May 1884, between George Kynoch and Charles Henry Strutt. A letter from Wheatly, Kirk, Price, and Goulty, to Charles Henry Strutt, dated 29th April, 1884; and a letter from Charles Henry Strutt to H. P. Gordon, dated 8th July, 1884.

In addition to the foregoing, there are many current trade contracts too numerous to set out, and applicants for Shares are to be deemed to have waived the publication of the names and dates thereof.

Full prospectus, with form of application for Shares, can be obtained from Messrs. Lloyds, Barnett, & Bosanquet, Limited, 60 and 62, Lombard-street, E.C., London, and Colmore-row, Birmingham, and its branches; or from the Secretary, 144, Leadenhall-street, E.C.; or from the Brokers, Messrs. Panmure, Gordon, & Co., Hatton-court, Threadneedle-street, E.C.

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· TRUTH ·

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

No. 396. Vol. XVI. Thursday, July 31, 1884. Price Sixpence.

ENTRE NOUS.

THE Queen is about to make a new will, in consequence of the changes in her testamentary arrangements which have been brought about by the death of the Duke of Albany and the birth of an heir to his titles. It is gratifying to think that, owing to her sensible dislike of pomp and pageantry, her Majesty will be able to provide for any of her grandchildren who may require pecuniary aid, and that consequently the country will not be asked to do so.

The Duchess of Albany is fast recovering from her confinement, and as soon as she is able to travel she will go to Osborne, to stay with the Queen, and her infant son will be christened during her visit there.

About a month ago, it was announced in Truth that the Queen proposed staying for a day at Broxmouth, the residence of the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, near Dunbar, on her way to Balmoral, in order that she might have an opportunity of visiting the Forestry Exhibition at Edinburgh without all the trouble and fuss of a halt at Holyrood. This news reached the daily papers last week, but they are mistaken in stating that the plan is settled, for at present the Queen has not positively decided whether she will go to Edinburgh, and it is unlikely that her Majesty will make up her mind for the next week or ten days. In the event of the Queen going to Broxmouth, she would probably visit the Exhibition either on the 21st or 22nd.

A contemporary is exceeding wroth because I stated last week that most of the plate, pictures, china, and valuable furniture at Windsor Castle belong to the Crown (*i.e.*, practically to the country), and are not the private possessions of the Sovereign. This is alleged to be "not true," because George IV. "sold a considerable amount of the property referred to with the full knowledge of the country, and certainly with the implied sanction of the then Ministry." It is to be hoped that the public rights are somewhat more accurately defined than in those palmy days of Toryism which preceded the fall of the Duke of Wellington's Ministry. The people then were in pitiable ignorance, while the Tory Ministry was over neck and ears in scandalous jobbery of every sort and kind. Every judicious Tory would desire to bury the doings of that epoch in oblivion.

The real fact is that the Queen owns all the property referred to, just as the Duke of Marlborough owns the Blenheim pictures; and complete lists of everything in the various palaces are carefully kept by the officials of the Lord Chamberlain's and Lord Steward's departments, and nothing in those lists could either be sold or given away. If anything which belongs to Windsor is removed to Osborne, or anything at Buckingham Palace is taken to Balmoral, a careful note is made of the transaction, so that in the event of a demise of the Crown the article could be reclaimed for the palace to which it belongs. Of course, at the same time, there is a vast amount of valuable property which belongs to the Queen herself, and which is at her disposal; but most of this is at Balmoral and Osborne.

I am informed by a correspondent that I was mistaken last week in describing the office of Lord High Almoner as "a good thing." The emolument is very small, but the post gives the right of "the *entrée*" and other privileges, and there are some desirable perquisites.

Two Garters are now vacant, but I suppose that, according to the fantastical custom which the Queen has introduced since the death of Lord Beaconsfield, only one will be filled up until another falls in. Lord Northbrook's claims to the Duke of Buccleuch's stall are far superior to those of any other possible competitor, and, according to the old etiquette, he ought to have received a Blue Ribbon long ago. As however, the last Garter was given in the Cabinet, perhaps Mr. Gladstone may recommend an outsider to the Queen on this occasion, in which case either the Duke of St. Albans or Lord Rosebery will be selected. I have seen the names of the Duke of Leinster and of Lord Portsmouth mentioned as likely to receive the honour, but both these Peers have already refused to accept stalls in St. George's.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Germany dined with Lord and Lady Alington on Thursday, and on Friday there was a small dinner-party at Marlborough House. On Saturday these Royalties dined with Lord and Lady Cadogan, and on Sunday at Gloucester House with the Duke of Cambridge.

Princess Amelia of Schleswig-Holstein has arrived at Cumberland Lodge from Germany, on a visit to Prince and Princess Christian.

The Prince of Wales's schooner *Aline* has been fitted out at Cowes, and H.R.H. proposes to take a short cruise in her down Channel.

The announcement that the garden-party at Marlborough House would not take place if the weather were wet excited consternation in the bosoms of the

numerous people who had stayed on in town expressly to attend it; and it was a rather puzzling intimation, for what one person (the host) would call "wet," another (the eager guest) might consider merely unsettled, but promising. However, the weather, which had been threatening all the morning, cleared up just in time, and it was a perfect afternoon, the air being pleasantly cool, without being chilly, and the sky overcast without being dull.

Black, cream, and various shades of grey were the prevailing colours of the dresses. The Princess wore a skirt of black and white stripes, with a black polonaise, and a black bonnet trimmed with jet. The young Princesses, who made a charming group, were dressed alike in black and white check (a very small pattern) with black velvet trimmings, and white straw hats arranged with black velvet and white lace. The daughters of Prince and Princess Christian were in grey and black, and their mother was in black silk. The Prince received his guests with his unvarying *bonhomie* and good grace, and the Princess (who was rather late in coming out) went freely among the crowd, seeking out all her friends and acquaintances to shake hands with them. She was accompanied by the Crown Princess of Germany, who has grown very matronly in appearance, and who was full of kindly smiles whenever she recognised an old friend. She wore black silk velvet, and straw bonnet with white flowers and black velvet. The Crown Prince looked soldierly and genial, the King of Sweden tall, thin, and refined, and the Duke of Edinburgh sunburnt and sailorly.

The music was not good—rather a meagre selection; but the Chinese orchestra of seven performers, with an interpreter, drew a large circle of puzzled and amused listeners. To European ears there seemed neither rhyme nor reason in the music, which consisted of a preternaturally long banjo, a flute, a big drum and a small one, a fiddle with two strings, a 'cello with several strings, a pair of cymbals, and a pair of chopsticks. The extreme solemnity of the players was very droll. There was not an approach to a tune in what they produced, but they all played *avec convictions*, and when they were good-naturedly applauded, it was apparent that they took the applause for genuine admiration. These annual gatherings at Marlborough House are a cheery finale to the season. They bring all the world together for the last time before the great dispersion, and give pleasure to the many to whom an invitation from Royalty is a crowning joy.

If any of the men of the XR Division of police are complaining of sore throats or showing symptoms of typhoid fever, it may interest their doctor to know that for at least two hours on Friday last, while the guests were arriving at the Marlborough House garden party, some ten or twelve of the men of this division were stationed in very close proximity to a noxious and foul-smelling drain at the corner of St. James-street and Pall Mall. Had any lineal and worthy descendant of the one man in Æsop's fable, who removed the inconvenient stone, been present, he would infallibly have gone to the nearest chemist, purchased a bottle of Condy's fluid, and poured its contents down that malodorous hole.

Lord and Lady Londonderry's dinner to meet the Prince and Princess of Wales included the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Count and Countess Karolyi, Lord and Lady Salisbury, Maria Lady Ailesbury, Lord and Lady Cadogan, Lord Fife, Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill, Lord Calthorpe, and Mr. Christopher Sykes. The Princess wore a most becoming dress of black tulle, with a profusion of splendid diamonds. Lady Londonderry was in black velvet with beautiful lace. Lady Aline Vane-Tempest ("the beauteous daughter of the house," as Lord Beaconsfield would have called her) looked very well in cream brocaded satin, trimmed with pink roses, with skirt of cream tulle. The evening party was quite a small one, and was confined to the intimate friends of the house and to Lord Beaconsfield's "high nobility" circle. The Duchess of Sutherland's dress of cream and gold brocade, with a cream tulle skirt, looped with gold grass and some very effective jewels, was much admired, and the Duchess of Manchester looked remarkably well in cream satin. The prevailing colours were black or cream. The Hungarians played in the hall at the foot of the staircase, till the Royalties departed shortly after midnight, and then they were ordered upstairs for a dance in the gallery, which was kept up briskly for a couple of hours.

The good people of Heidelberg have been considerably disappointed by the very modest arrangements which have been made for Prince Edward's sojourn in their town. When it became known that H.R.H. was to reside in Heidelberg for a couple of months, the inhabitants were disposed to shout for joy, as they anticipated a repetition of the lavish expenditure for which the recent visit of the Empress of Austria will be long remembered. The Empress engaged the whole of the well-known and expensive Schloss Hotel for a month, brought a suite of seventy persons (including four fencing masters, with whom her Majesty practised for two hours daily), and spent several thousands of florins in the town. Moreover there were almost daily arrivals of German grandees, desirous of paying their respects to the Empress and her daughter, so that altogether the town enjoyed a rare benefit.

Prince Edward, however, has led the quietest possible life. He is residing with Professor Ihne, at the Villa Felzeck, which is half-way along the Neuenheimstrasse, a dusty road, bordered by detached villas, on the right bank of the Neckar, opposite the town. Professor Ihne's house is a small white English-looking villa with two stories, and it has the advantage of being well above the road, with a shady terrace garden, from which there is a splendid view of the Castle and the wooded hills above it. Behind is a steep and arid-looking vineyard, which extends to the well-known Philosophen-Weg, a path which runs along the

The A. & H. "Tasteless" Castor Oil is pure, active, and absolutely free from odour and unpleasant taste; a result never before attained. "It possesses all the advantages that are claimed for it."—*Lancet*. In bottles at 6d., 1s., 1s. 9d., and 3s. To be had of all Chemists. Sole manufacturers Allen & Hanburys, London.

The General Stock Exchange, Lim., 48, St. James's-st., corner of Piccadilly.—Private special telephonic and telegraphic communication with the City and other business centres. Great convenience to West-end and Country Clients. Every class of Stock Exchange business transacted. Moderate commissions. Telephone No. 3722.

Heiligenberg for a considerable distance. The young Prince attends several of the University lectures, but he does not mix with the students, and, when out, he is usually to be seen walking with Professor Ihne and Mr. Dalton. It is understood that he will stay at Heidelberg till the end of August, when the University breaks up for the vacation.

The German Empress, who has been staying at Coblenz since the middle of June, left last week to visit the Royal family of Baden at the island of Mainau, near Constance. The Empress, whose health has improved of late, although she is still very feeble, goes in a few days to Baden-Baden, where she will reside during the autumn.

I hear that the Grand Duke of Hesse contemplates abdicating in favour of his only son, Prince Ernst Ludwig, who is now in his seventeenth year. The Emperor is in favour of his taking this step, as the circumstances attending his recent marriage have seriously compromised his position among his subjects.

Morganatic marriages have been wonderfully common in the houses of Hesse-Cassel and Hesse-Darmstadt during the last century. Within the last eighty years there have been no fewer than sixteen.

At the death of the King of the Netherlands, the Duchy of Luxemburg passes to the Duke of Nassau. Secret negotiations have been going on for some time past with the object of incorporating the dominion with the German Empire, while Prince Bismarck proposes to compensate the Grand Duke with a large sum of money, and a considerable annuity for two lives, payable by the Government of Berlin.

The Braemar Gathering, which is the great "society" event of the autumn on Deeside, is fixed for Thursday, September 4. There is no chance of the Queen being present, but it is hoped that the Prince and Princess of Wales will attend.

Portsmouth and Southsea were well favoured last week in the matter of balls. On Tuesday, Sir William and Lady Crossman gave a dance to about two hundred people at Cambridge House. On Thursday there was an afternoon dance at Anglesea barracks given by the officers of the North Lancashire Regiment; and the officers of the Medical Department of the Southern Division gave a ball at the Portland Hall, Southsea. On Friday evening there was a dance on board the troopship *Assistance*.

The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland are to arrive at Dunrobin for the autumn about Aug. 15, and they will entertain a succession of visitors till the end of October, when they will return to London to be present at the wedding of Lord Stafford and Lady Millicent Erskine, who are to make Trentham their principal residence after their marriage. The Prince and Princess of Wales will probably be guests at Dunrobin for a few days towards the end of September.

Notice.—Sale at great reduction for two months, previous to rebuilding premises, of Old French, Italian, and Spanish Furniture. Oak Panelling for Rooms, Old Tapestries, Bric-a-Brac, &c. Duveen, 181, Oxford-street.

A gentleman, who encloses his card, sends me the following. The matter should be inquired into :—

I went to the evening fête at the Healtheries, and wishing to lot my friends have some light refreshment, secured a table at the American bar, but could not get any attendant for some time. At last a waiter appeared, and excused his absence on the ground that a gentleman had partaken of some sandwiches, and when asked to pay at the rate of sixpence each, naturally objected, and tendered only the ordinary price, viz., twopence. I ordered some coffee, and on asking for some palace cake, the waiter drew my attention to the extraordinary increase in the tariff even for this article, viz., from twopence to sixpence per piece. I had some suspicion there might be a species of charity at the bottom of this, and next morning found it reported in the papers that the refreshment contractors had contributed £100 to the Hospital funds.

I think you will agree with me that the above facts should be made known, especially when we hear there were some 15,000 persons present.

Tourists in the Lake country will be glad to hear that a large stone-built shelter is about to be erected near the summit of Skiddaw by Lord Leconfield, who owns the mountain.

The Duke of Portland goes down, at the end of next week, to Langwell, his place in Caithness, for the shooting season, and will entertain a party there during the next month.

Lord de Grey will have a party at Studley Royal for the opening of the shooting season. There is every reason to anticipate abundant sport on Lord Ripon's extensive moors around Marsham.

Sir John and Lady Heathcoat-Amory have left Knightshayes Court, their place near Tiverton, on their way to Innes House, Morayshire, which they have rented from Lord Fife for the autumn. Sir John Amory has almost recovered from his long and severe illness, but is still weak.

Lord and Lady Abergavenny will have a party at Eridge Castle next week for Lewes races. The guests will be conveyed to Lewes and back by special train from Eridge Station.

Lady Camden and Captain Green are about to receive company at Bayham Abbey, after which they are going to pay some visits in Scotland.

The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland leave Sion House on Friday for Keilder Castle, their place on the Cheviots, near Rothbury, where they will stay till the end of August, when they remove to Alnwick for the autumn.

Lord and Lady Leconfield intend to pass the autumn in Scotland, and will not return to Petworth till the beginning of the hunting season.

The Duchess of St. Albans has been entertaining a small party at Newtown Anner, Tipperary, during the last fortnight. The Duke, who was staying at Cowes last week, came back to town for the Marlborough House party, and left for Ireland on Monday night. He has written an article on the House of Lords and Legislation, which will appear in the August number of the *Nineteenth Century*.

Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers n Porcelain, South Audley-street Grosvenor-square.

Lord and Lady Portsmouth are expected to arrive at Hurstbourne Park in the course of next week, for the autumn, from Harrogate, where they have been staying for some time.

Another tenant is wanted for Osterley, Lord Jersey's place near Southall, which was occupied for many years by the late Duchess of Cleveland. Osterley, which came to the family of its present possessor from the Childs, is a large and very handsome house, the main portion of which was built by Sir Thomas Gresham. It contains some interesting pictures and some splendid tapestry. The gardens are beautiful, and the park is very extensive, and is adorned with some grand old trees.

Coworth Park, Sunninghill, which is one of the largest places in the Windsor Forest district, has been sold by Mr. Arbuthnot to Mr. Farmer, of Chislehurst. Coworth was several times rented by the Prince and Princess of Wales for Ascot week.

Although we hear so much about noted moors and forests being picked up directly they are known to be in the market, a great number of Highland shootings are still vacant. In the county of Inverness alone there are shootings to the value of £14,000 a-year unlet.

Last week the estate of Kinnettles, in Forfarshire, which has been in the market for several months, was sold for £43,000 to Mr. Grimond, of Dundee, who has for some time been the tenant of the mansion and shootings. A few years ago this property was valued at £60,000. It was sold by the directors of the Bank of Scotland, to whom it was mortgaged for a large sum.

The great forest of Blackmount, in Argyllshire, has been sublet by Lord Dudley to Mr. Daniel Cooper at a rent of £3,600 for the season. Blackmount, which belongs to Lord Breadalbane, extends to about 90,000 acres, and is considered to be the finest deer-forest in Scotland. There is no grouse-shooting, but there is capital fishing. Lord Dudley has held this forest on lease for many seasons past at £5,000 a year, and he built the lodge, which is on the bank of Loch Tulla. Blackmount will be in the market at the end of next year, unless Lord Breadalbane takes it into his own hands, as Lord Dudley's lease expires at the beginning of 1886.

If any visitors to the Highlands (and especially to Perthshire) should happen to be taken dangerously ill during their sojourn in the north, they will have two of our crack physicians within easy reach, as Sir Andrew Clark has rented St. Martin's, Colonel Macdonald's place, near Perth, for August and September, and during the same months Sir William Gull is to be at Tullymet, a shooting-lodge near Ballinbuig.

Mr. Greig, of Glencarse, who died last week, was one of the most active Liberal "lairds" in Perthshire, and it was mainly through his exertions, and the efforts of a few of his friends, that the Liberals were induced to contest the county in 1868, after it had been held by the Tories for a generation. Mr. Greig was in business at Manchester for many years, but retired in 1853, when he purchased the beautiful estate of Glencarse. He will be remembered on the Carse of Gowrie from his having been the first to introduce the damson into the district.

The sudden death of Sir Charles Forbes, of Newe, is a severe shock to his very large circle of friends. He was a pleasant, kindly creature, and if sometimes he made himself appear rather absurd, there never was any harm in his proceedings, nor was he ever really ill-natured in his remarks, although he had often good cause for irritation from the jokes of some of the "bitter fools" of society. He will be sorely missed in many a ball-room, and his death will make a blank at Brighton, where he was a frequent visitor. Sir Charles was a generous landlord, and he was very popular among the tenants on his extensive estates in Aberdeenshire. He will be deeply regretted by all classes in Strathdon.

Sir Laurence Peel died quite suddenly. He was to have left Ventnor on Tuesday afternoon to pay a visit in Wiltshire, but in the morning he felt ill, and complained of numbness, so his journey was postponed till next day, but he gradually sank, and died without any pain early in the evening. He was one of the oldest settlers at Ventnor, and his death is much regretted there.

A correspondent writes:—

The estate which the late Lord Cowley inherited from Lord Mornington is not in Essex, but in North Wilts, near Chippenham. It is worth about £10,000 a-year. Lord and Lady Cowley resided constantly at Draycot Park, their place on the property, during the last sixteen years, and had become very popular with all classes in the neighbourhood.

The Duke of Portland, Lord Wilton, and General Curzon are getting up a testimonial to Mr. Coupland, the late Master of the Quorn Hunt. Nobody is likely to deny that Mr. Coupland richly deserves to receive some adequate memorial of his long Mastership, and it is only strange that nothing was done in the matter last April when his connection with the Hunt ceased.

Captain Berkeley has declined to accept the Mastership of the Essex and Suffolk Hunt (in succession to Mr. Nunn), as he feels it impossible to procure a suitable house in the country. The members have therefore requested Mr. Barthropp, of Ingatestone, to take the hounds. Some time ago he offered to hunt the country with a subscription of £800 a year, carrying the horn himself, or to keep a huntsman with £1,000 a year.

The season of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds will commence on Monday week (the 11th), when the meet is to be at Hawkcombe Head. The second meet will be at Cloutsham.

Last week the muster of yachts was unusually large in Kingstown Harbour, on the occasion of the Regatta. The Queen's Cup was sailed for in anything but Queen's weather, the sea breezes on Wednesday frequently assuming the magnitude of severe squalls.

Society was well represented in the crowds of the fleet who assembled on the balconies of the St. George's Yacht

Club, where a military band discoursed music to a wild accompaniment of wind and waves. Summer toilets appeared in full splendour, notwithstanding the change in the weather.

Polo-playing has been prosecuted with great vigour this season in the Phœnix Park, the Dublin garrison supplying many good teams. The All Ireland Challenge Cup matches are fixed for next month, to begin on the 6th.

We have beaten the Australian Eleven handsomely, and are quite entitled to crow a little over the completeness of the victory. But, in the midst of our exultation it would be as well to remember that in one department of the game the Colonials have proved themselves incontestably our superiors. I refer, of course, to our fielding, which, for a representative team, was little short of disgraceful. It was not merely that Lord Harris, Mr. Read, and Peate each missed a ludicrously easy catch, but the ball was seldom picked up clean, and rarely returned with promptitude or accuracy. The Australians, on the contrary, scarcely made a mistake, and except that Boyle missed Barlow at short mid-on, no catch was dropped which really was a catch. It is to be feared that many of our best cricketers look upon good fielding as a somewhat superfluous accomplishment, an idea which can lead to nothing but disaster.

Once again did A. G. Steel come to the help of his side with a huge score, the second highest ever made in England against Australian bowling, and Ulyett found the wicket, cut up by Spofforth, suit him to a nicety, and sent down simply unplayable balls at a terrific pace. Steel's average this year against the Australians is no fewer than fifty-five for ten innings. He seems thoroughly to enjoy the deadly deliveries of the "Demon," and Palmer and Giffen practise all their wiles in vain against him. Even Dr. W. G. Grace, still the greatest of cricketers, has not so good a record in these Australian matches, though, like Steel, he has twice scored over a hundred in them. It must be remembered, though, that the champion usually goes in first, and has to break the bowling for those that follow.

The show made by Sussex against Murdoch's eleven was undeniably good, and the southern county deserves great honour for so nearly lowering the colours of their redoubtable opponents. Still, I cannot help thinking that the Australians must be a bit stale and off colour. *Toujours cricket* has deleterious effects as well as *toujours perdrix*.

Last week the match between Lancashire and Gloucestershire was brought to an abrupt conclusion by the news that Mrs. Grace, mother of the celebrated west country players, had died rather suddenly, the cessation of play being an obviously proper mark of respect to the champion and his brother. Mrs. Grace was 72 years of age, and was as fond of cricket to the last as any of her children, who have done so much for the game.

I called attention last week to the unmannerly way in which the humbler performers who took part in the School of Dramatic Art *matinée* were treated. I am glad to hear that my paragraph has had its effect on those responsible for the neglect to which I alluded. On the last "treasury" day at the Savoy Theatre all the ladies of the chorus were presented with an extra three-shillings and sixpence, and were informed that this was to cover the expense of cab fares to and from Princes' Hall, where the performance took place.

I have received this plaint from a correspondent:—

> I do not like Lord Randolph Churchill's politics, but I do admire his dress, and I protest against the injustice done to him in the new Tussaud Exhibition, by the ungainly and ill-fitting clothes in which he there stands, waxing eloquently in a rather ungraceful attitude. While on this subject, let me add that the habiliments of the effigy of Charles Dickens, in the same exhibition, would shame even the shabby Alfred Jingle, if the latter wore them.

The Vaudeville Theatre opens next week with "Confusion" and Howard Paul's sketch, "The Man Opposite," in which the author does some bright, natural acting, and *ad libitum* "gagging," as the comedians call it.

Miss Ellen Terry has been vaccinated. It seems to have taken too well. The inflammation, acute from the first, descended to her finger, which, though repeatedly lanced, gave her great agony. No under-study having been provided—a strange omission in a theatre so well managed as the Lyceum—the audience was dismissed last Saturday evening. The modern practitioner vaccinates his patients on the leg to avoid disfigurement and inconvenience, but this compromise would have been of no avail in Miss Ellen Terry's case, for she plays Viola in doublet and hose.

Madame Patti has gone to Paris, and in a week or two will betake herself to Craig-y-nos, her residence in South Wales. She is to sing on August 14, at a concert which is to be given in the Albert Hall, at Swansea, on behalf of the local hospital. There was a profit of £800 from last year's concert, thanks to Madame Patti's services.

At the Paris Grand Opera there has been a deficit on the last two seasons of £11,000.

"The Life and Correspondence of George Eliot," by her husband, Mr. John Cross, will be published by Messrs. Blackwood, towards the close of the year, in two volumes.

Mr. Drew Gay, with whom I some years ago had a passage-at-arms, appears to have behaved very pluckily in Mexico, where he is acting as special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. A train in which he was a passenger was attacked by brigands. Refusing to surrender, Mr. Gay shot one of the brigands, but was overpowered by numbers, and had the tympanum of his left ear smashed by a club.

I certainly recommend Mr. & Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most just and liberal purchasers of Cast-off Clothes, Jewellery, and every description of property. They punctually keep appointments, and remit P.O.O. for articles per return.

"Liberty" Arabian Furniture and Decoration. A new Sketch, book post-free. Liberty & Co., Chesham House. Regent-street, W

The new St. Paul's School at Hammersmith, which was opened by the Lord Chancellor last week, is as well-appointed inside as it is conspicuous outside, and is a contrast, indeed, to the present dingy and prison-like establishment in St. Paul's Churchyard. Arrangements have been made for increasing the number of boys, in time, from 220 to 1,000, and as Mr. Walker, the head-master, is an exceptionably able man, I do not doubt that St. Paul's will soon become the leading school in London.

All this is certainly creditable to the Mercers' Company, who are the governors of the school, and Lord Selborne naturally made the most of it. But when he went on to declare that in everything else the Company were equally worthy of the high opinion which Dean Colet (why did the *Times* call him Collet?) had of them when he made them his trustees, the Lord Chancellor must surely have forgotten another educational foundation for which the Mercers are responsible—namely, Gresham College. The mismanagement of this institution, which ought by this time to have become a real London University, is a considerable set-off to the public spirit shown by the Mercers in dealing with St. Paul's School.

Perhaps the new Head-Master of Eton will be good enough to take into consideration the fact that in a civilised country youths should not be allowed to disport themselves naked on the banks of a river frequented by ladies and gentlemen.

The Winchester boys of the last eighteen years are about to present a testimonial to the Bishop of Southwell. It consists of a couple of very handsome silver candelabra of Gothic design, in which are embodied a variety of heraldic and other ornaments recalling the history of Winchester College and of Southwell Minster. William of Wykeham's famous motto, "Manners makyth man," is engraved on each piece. The gift will be presented to the Bishop when he returns from the Continent, where he has gone for a month's holiday.

Edmund informs us that Dr. Boyd Carpenter succeeds "the oldest member of the Episcopal College." This is nonsense, for the late Bishop was junior to the Bishop of London in the date of consecration, and to no fewer than eleven of his brethren on the Bench in the matter of age.

The last of the summer series of Sunday Evening Services in the nave of Westminster Abbey was held on Sunday, when the Archbishop of York preached to an immense congregation. These special evening services will be resumed at Advent, when they will be held in the choir, as the nave is only available in tolerably warm weather. It would not be amiss if the Dean and Chapter started these evening services on the first Sunday in October.

A residentiary stall at Gloucester (£750 a-year and house) falls to the Lord Chancellor, by the death of Canon Lyttelton, who was appointed by Lord Selborne to this canonry only four years ago. The important vicarage of Hagley is in the gift of Lord Lyttelton, who will, no doubt, present one of his brothers to the "family living."

The death of Canon Lyttelton will be widely lamented, and in Worcestershire his loss will long be mourned. He had been seriously ill for the last two years, and after his recent relapse at Gloucester (where he was in residence), the case became hopeless. His absorbing anxiety during the last fortnight of his life was to die at Hagley, and he was to have been removed there from Malvern this week. He was nursed with the utmost solicitude by his niece, Lady Frederick Cavendish, and by his second wife, who is a daughter of the late Dean Yorke, of Worcester. He was a man of great ability, and of a most kindly and liberal disposition. Canon Lyttelton was a very active clergyman, his large parish was always admirably worked, and his administration has often been alluded to as a model to be followed. He was one of the first parish priests to establish a daily service in his church. He was an enthusiastic promoter of popular education, and was in full sympathy with all the liberal and philanthropic movements of the day. He bore his long and very painful illness with the utmost cheerfulness.

Dr. Frederick Greeves, the new President of the Wesleyan Conference, is one of the more liberal men of the body, and his influence may, therefore, be reckoned upon by the progressive school. He is a man of considerable culture, and in pulpit-power he is decidedly superior to his predecessor. His election has given general satisfaction, and he is likely to be a popular President.

Wesleyan Methodism is sorely in need of a root-and-branch reformer. Its constitution seems to have been modelled on that of the British State, Wesley being the Monarch, the Legal Hundred the House of Lords, and the General Conference the House of Commons. The Monarch had no successor, for no President has ever had the power which Wesley wielded; but the despotism remains vested in the Legal Hundred, which has the power of absolutely vetoing everything the Conference does; in fact, it is the Conference, in a legal sense, and the Conference, as apart from it, is a mere sham. Wesleyanism is an oligarchy. It knows nothing of freedom in its government. And it is the same in regard to its doctrinal system. In theory, its ministers are supposed to teach what is in the Scriptures; but, as a matter of fact, they are permitted to teach only so much of Scriptural truth as in contained in John Wesley's "Sermons" and "Notes." Practically, therefore, the New Testament is superseded by Wesley's opinions, and every Wesleyan minister is put into cast-iron fetters. To many of them the thraldom is, as I know on excellent authority, very galling. But why do they put their necks under the yoke? Such a system of despotism in government and traditionalism in doctrine is an anachronism in these days.

A good illustration of the truth of all this is afforded by the case of the Rev. W. J. Frankland, which was before the Conference on Friday. This gentleman, it seems, is believed to be unsound on the doctrine of eternal punishment; in other words, he has ceased to believe in that doctrine. Of course, this is rank heresy. But by what standard was Mr. Frankland judged? By

the Scriptures? Not at all; but by the "Methodist standards"—Wesley's theology. It is all very well to say that Wesleyans have a right to frame what laws they like for the government of their own body, but have they a right to supersede the Scriptures by Wesley's opinions?

The Rev. E. Ibbotson, vicar-designate of St. Michael and All Angels, Walthamstow, is entitled to the credit of an original idea for drawing money from the public in these days of keen ecclesiastical competition. One day last week, the whole of the Sunday School children and a large number of the children of the congregation were provided with spades, and marshalled on the site of the new church. There was a short preliminary service, and then, at the word of command, "scores of little spades" commenced digging the foundations. I hope the worthy vicar was not disappointed in the collection which followed. It looks as if this ingenious gentleman had also an idea of setting the minds of the children on higher things against they got to the seaside, and it will certainly be surprising if cruciform excavations do not shortly appear in the sands at Ramsgate, Eastbourne, or elsewhere.

Mr. Woodward, the Vicar of Folkestone, is three-parts a Catholic, and he is constantly ignoring the line which separates Protestantism from Catholicism, notwithstanding the persistent efforts of the People's Churchwarden to keep him in order. He recently bought a chalice of Monsignor Capel. One medallion on it represents the Virgin Mary catching the blood issuing from the side of the Saviour as He hung upon the Cross. This chalice is used in the Parish Church, to the great offence of many of the parishioners.

According to the American papers Monsignor Capel has received converts "to the amount of £1,600,000" in New York alone.

Salvationists have had so much trouble with the police in the Dominion, that they have put the following stanza in their song-book :—

"There'll be no policemen there;
There'll be no policemen there;
In the mansion above,
Where all is love,
There'll be no policemen there."

The Honourable Artillery Company and their Colonel seem to be at loggerheads, to judge by the following memorandum :—

The Commanding Officer is exceedingly disappointed at the want of military spirit shown by members of the regiment in not coming forward to support him in forming the camp to be held at Marlow, from the 1st proximo. The Duke of Portland wishes it to be distinctly understood that he holds officers responsible for the obedience of the men and his orders. This absence of military spirit in an ancient and distinguised regiment like the Honourable Artillery Company is deeply to be deplored; but the Commanding Officer trusts that after this appeal to the good feeling and honour of members to support him, they will come forward in *large numbers* even at this late hour, and on all occasions when called upon, and spare him the painful necessity of strong measures, which he will be obliged to take in order to preserve the good name and military efficiency of the Honourable Artillery Company.

Is there any truth in the report that the regimental coffee-shops recently started at canteens in various garrison towns have been conducted with the sole view of ensuring their failure? A searching inquiry should be at once instituted into the authenticity of this rumour. If it be true, no punishment could be too harsh for such disgraceful conduct.

The personal estate of our deceased soldiers is always realised, and the amounts obtained are held by the War Office for payment to the next of kin. Sometimes the sum thus payable exceeds £200, though the average amount is nearer £25. But it is rarely that so small a sum as that following the name of the late Gunner Robert T. Marshall, R.A., is advertised. The net proceeds of the sale of his kit and personal belongings realised the sum of twelve pence.

By the collision between the *Defence* and the *Valiant* proof seems to have been again afforded that there is something very wrong either in the construction or the management of our vaunted ironclads. It may be very "pretty" from a sailor's point of view to manœuvre ironclads in close proximity with each other, but from a taxpayer's point of view it would be preferable to give them plenty of sea-room until those who are responsible for their movements at least know the difference between the starboard and port side. Would it not be well if all our men-of-war were compelled to carry a couple of fishermen on board to instruct their crews in these trifling details?

Captain Fisher was prosecuted in 1881 for having libelled one Gerald Clement Rennie. The said Rennie has just emerged from one of her Majesty's prisons, having been convicted on April 26 of having stolen a watch a few years ago from a gentleman at whose house he was visiting. The watch had been missed at a cricket-match played at Lord Middleton's, and was traced to Rennie through a pawnshop. Under these circumstances, Captain Fisher is to be congratulated, although the unpleasant result was a libel suit, for having called attention to the doings of this maurauder, who managed to get himself invited to gentlemen's country houses, and then recognised the hospitality by picking pockets.

An undergraduate, on receiving a circular of Fry & Co., wrote to ask the terms on which an advance could be negotiated. Here they are :—

46, Leicester-square, London, W.C.
June 19, 1884.

Dear Sir,—We prefer lending *large* amounts to small ones; but we, as a rule, lend for three months, subject to renewal if necessary, though, of course, we *can* do it for *six* months if *very much preferred*. Can let you have a hundred pounds *clear* for your bill £120. The £20 pays *all interest* and *everything else*. Of course, we are presuming you want this on a bill, on your *own* name *only*, and without *any security*. Let us know your age, and what income or expectations you have, and if you have *many other* debts on bills, and if our terms suit you, send us up a telegram (if you are in any hurry for the money), and we can put everything right by to-morrow's post. If no hurry, please write *per return*, as the money is quite ready for you if you are of age.

Kindly excuse scrawl, as we are writing to catch post *in very great haste*.—Yours obedient, Fry & Co.

This refers to a circular issued by a Miss Couper, to which I drew attention a week or two ago :—

Sir,—By some accident the circular letter of "the daughter of the late Sir G. Couper," begging for subscriptions on behalf of her school, with its affecting references to the writer's enforced self-denial in the matter of "wine" and holiday trips, has escaped my notice till now. I recognise in it at once the style and signature of an old acquaintance. It is now some twelve or fourteen years since I first received a similar circular, asking me to send money to Miss M. Couper, at her private residence, 5, Lowndes-square, on behalf of the "Victoria School," 40, Sloane-street, and took the liberty of writing to ask the lady for some particulars. I wanted to know why charitable subscriptions should be needed for a school in which the fees seemed to be quite as high as those of self-supporting

schools for the same class of children in the same locality; also whether parents paying these fees were informed that charitable aid was being privately solicited on their behalf. I inquired, moreover, whether any accounts were ever published or audited of the moneys obtained by what looked like a very wide circulation of these pressing appeals—for the circular was addressed to me in Fleet-street. To no one of my questions could I get anything but vague replies, ending in the remark that the lady being "out of health," she must "decline further correspondence," though I had offered to send a substantial donation if the answers should appear to me to be satisfactory. Shortly after this I felt it my duty to publish these facts in the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, appending to them a series of specimens of gross errors of grammar which I had found in the brief prospectus of the "Victoria School." I am still waiting for Miss Couper's explanation. T.

Mr. Thomas Hughes appears to have made a very proper example of the high bailiff of the Macclesfield County Court, who figures as trustee in a bankruptcy which has been open since 1871. Besides disallowing his remuneration, Mr. Hughes has ordered him to refund £140 received from the estate, and to file an account. No wonder the new Act is unpopular with County Court officials.

I hear that a good deal of alleged petty plundering took place amongst the subordinates of the Law Courts when the migration from Westminster to the Strand occurred. The whole matter has, I believe, been referred to Master Brewer by the Lord Chancellor.

Lord Coleridge has given great satisfaction in appointing Mr. W. Mathews Revising Barrister in Somersetshire. Mr. Mathews is one of the most promising of the barristers who have not yet taken silk.

The only question as to the excellence of Mr. Justice Wills' appointment to the Bench arises from a doubt as to whether it does not come too late. He has been in the running for a Judgeship for the last ten years, and he is now close on sixty, which is late in life to begin new work. He must, however, be made of sound stuff, as alone among advocates he was able to retire temporarily from his profession on account of his health, and recover it and his practice together. The restoration of his health was no doubt brought about by the height of his "Eagle's Nest" in Switzerland; but the recovery of his practice was due partly to his reputation as a lawyer, but even more to his reputation as a man of honour. Indeed, he was sometimes credited with an over-sensitive sense of honour, and was said to have caused considerable consternation on circuit once or twice by refusing at the last moment to hold a brief, lest he should be aiding an unjust cause. This ex-President of the Alpine Club, with a character unrivalled for courtesy and love of justice, is therefore likely to prove a valuable, and, it is to be hoped, lasting, acquisition to the Bench.

A Scotch county magistrate writes :—

I have long observed that in England a petty criminal is much more severely punished than he would be in Scotland. This fact is mainly to be attributed to the pernicious activity of the Great Unpaid.

The answer of the Home Secretary in regard to the Newport magistrates was not satisfactory. He has only to write to the clerk of the magistrates to find out whether the statements which have appeared in the press are correct. As a matter of fact they are, and more scandalous conduct on the part of the Newport magistrates it is difficult to conceive.

It is highly interesting to learn from Mr. Justice Manisty's own lips what are the terrible consequences which he anticipates from the trifling changes in the manner of opening the commission at assize towns. At York Castle on Thursday he remarked to the grand jury that "he liked to see the old forms retained, as they imparted a solemnity which was now absent. Under the circumstances, he was not at all surprised to see a number of persons in court wearing their hats, a thing which would not have been tolerated before." It is evidently a matter of far greater importance to this worthy judge that the *profanum vulgus* should uncover their heads in his presence, than that any amount of time and money should be saved to the country by the suppression of obsolete and idiotic ceremonies.

On the following day Mr. Justice Manisty entered upon a long defence of his remarks at Newcastle, and expressed his surprise and pain that the Attorney-General should have commented upon them somewhat unfavourably in Parliament. The Judge informed the Grand Jury that, as most people are aware, he is not amenable to either the Attorney-General, the Lord Chancellor, or the Sovereign, except upon an address from both Houses of Parliament, and he strongly protested against being called to account by Sir Henry James. He also announced that he had written to the Attorney-General and had received an answer, presumably not of a very conciliatory character. All that Sir Henry Manisty laid down about the independence of the judges is, no doubt, perfectly correct; but this, it seems to me, is scarcely the point. The Attorney-General has no right to control a judge; but surely he, or anybody else, is entitled to express an opinion upon his conduct. Judges are not infallible, and occasional criticism is not at all likely to do them any harm.

Last week, on the North Wales Circuit, there were no prisoners for trial at three assize towns, and Mr. Justice Grove was presented with three pairs of white gloves. At Ruthin there was only one unimportant civil case, but, of course, the sheriff, jurymen, and barristers assembled as usual. Under these circumstances, it is scarcely surprising if people decline to believe certain judges of a conservative turn of mind, who insist that no reforms are necessary in circuit procedure.

Mrs. Weldon has won her suit against Dr. Semple along the entire line, and the verdict of the jury is confirmed by public opinion. The examination in her case was only colourable. She was not mad; but, even had she been, the law never intended that a relative might desire the keeper of a lunatic asylum to imprison an alleged lunatic, that this keeper should direct two doctors—intimate acquaintances of his own—to visit her, and then, after a few unimportant questions, convey her to his asylum. Mr. Justice Hawkins is to be congratulated for having so directed the inquiry as to show that if the Lunacy Laws are to remain as they are, the liberty of no man or woman in the United Kingdom is safe.

In spite, however, of the forensic triumphs of Mrs. Weldon, there are a good many practical considerations likely to deter ladies in general from conducting their own

lawsuits. Not the least formidable of these obstacles was illustrated last week in a Divisional Court presided over by Mr. Justice Hawkins and Mr. Baron Huddleston. Two lady litigants rose to address their lordships at the same time, and it became necessary to decide which of them was entitled to be heard first. Mr. Baron Huddleston somewhat unkindly inquired which of them claimed to be the senior, a question which, it is hardly necessary to state, remained unanswered. Mr. Justice Hawkins, however, solved the difficulty by allowing priority to the lady who sat nearest the centre of the court, and thus the problem whether Mrs. Davis is older than Miss Fraig, or *vice versâ*, remains yet unsolved. But to be indirectly asked their ages is an added terror to litigation which I imagine few ladies will contemplate with equanimity.

The following is interesting, for Bethlem Hospital is unquestionably the best-conducted lunatic asylum in the country :—

Dear Sir,—My attention has been called to a paragraph in Truth, date July 17th, in which a slight error occurs.

We observe no hard-and-fast line as to income of persons desiring to avail themselves of the benefit of Bethlem Hospital. We desire to offer the advantages of a residence in the institution to a class above those who are provided for in the County Asylum, but who are not in a position to pay the charges required at a private asylum. Every case is closely inquired into by the Committee, who meet weekly for the purpose of seeing the friends of patients. They may decline to receive the wife of a man with an income of £250 a year, having no other immediate claim upon him, and admit as a patient the daughter of another with even a larger income, but with a numerous family depending upon his exertions.

At the same time we should not refuse to receive the wife or daughter of the skilled artisan whose earnings would not exceed 30s. or 40s. a week, but who had maintained his family in a creditable position according to his station in life.—Yours truly,

John Baggallay, Treasurer of Bethlem Hospital.

A good specimen of the amenability of the present Government of London to public opinion was exhibited by the Metropolitan Board of Works last week. In their accounts they are in the habit of putting down a lump sum for "legal and Parliamentary expenses," which sum generally comes to close on £10,000 a year. On Friday a member of the Board moved for a return of the Parliamentary expenses for the public, "who were entitled to all the information the Board could give them." Another member stated that counsel's fees alone amounted to £4,000. But Mr. Harben thought the motion was "inopportune," and the information was refused by 18 votes to 17. Will it ever be "opportune" for this eminently representative body to inform its constituents how the money flies?

Certain edifying proceedings took place at the meeting of the Common Council last Thursday. The Bridge House Estate Committee had recommended the construction of a low level bridge over the Thames at Irongate stairs. This scheme has been approved of by a Select Committee of the House of Commons, and public opinion has over and over again pronounced in its favour. There are, however, certain wharfingers who fear that their business would be diminished or impeded by the erection of a bridge, and they seem to have exerted their influence with certain Aldermen to prevent the adoption of the report of the Committee. For this praiseworthy purpose the adjournment of the debate was moved four times, the Aldermen voting each time with the obstructionists, and finally leaving the chamber in order to break up the Court, for the constitution of which the presence of two Aldermen is necessary. As Mr. Bedford remarked, the people were on one side and certain men of property on the other, from which aspect the struggle closely resembles a more important contest now being waged elsewhere.

I have always had a good deal of sympathy with people who object to compulsory vaccination, because I have observed that rich people entirely decline to have the official vaccine introduced beneath their children's skins. But to object to the appointment of public vaccinators altogether is an entirely different matter, and I am glad to see that the refractory Dewsbury Guardians have at last been brought to book in the matter. It is impossible, however, not to admire the ingenuity with which these gentlemen have for so long succeeded in having their own way. First, they simply adjourned the consideration of the Local Government Board's remonstrance, then they politely asked for references to the Acts under which the Board was proceeding; next came the appointment of a Committee of Inquiry; and, finally, they hit upon the happy plan of not being "satisfied" with the qualifications of any of the candidates. The result is that the orders of the Local Government Board have been defied for more than a year, and the Guardians are naturally proud of what they call their "little diplomacy." They have almost qualified for service under his Majesty the Sultan.

Nothing effectual will be done in regard to the Thames until my suggestion is adopted, and Sir Charles Dilke, or some one equally practical, is appointed a dictator. We shall merely listen, as for years we have listened, to Boards, each possessing antagonistic jurisdiction, fighting against each other, and expending money for the benefit of lawyers, surveyors, and experts. Sir Charles should be given full powers. His scheme should be laid before Parliament next autumn, and should become law if, within ten days of the meeting of Parliament, the House of Commons does not disagree to it.

The following account of the condition of the Lea shows that this river is as much in need of purification as the Thames :—

Please start with me, you in imagination, I in reality, along the banks of the River Lea from Temple Mills; Homerton adjacent, smallpox and fever abundant. Walk on towards Lea Bridge. Look at the river; if the smell of it is not sufficient, see its pollution. Further on, Clapton; look at the swollen, putrid carcasses of dead animals, the floating sewage, the stench now becoming stronger; further on, the noted Horseshoe Point (or Dead Men's Isle as it should be more properly called): the air here is so obnoxious that it is terrible to breathe its strong abominations. We plod on (believing we are on the path of discovery) still watching the river; fish of all sorts and sizes floating dead on its surface, masses of dark, putrid matter in patches within a few yards of each other, reach me. Then the Bridge (sorry joke naming it Lavender Bridge, as against its real name Stink Bridge)—what a view is here! A seething mass of liquid, corrupted and foul beyond description; masses of soil of an indescribable nature rising each minute to the surface, causing innumerable bubbles of deadly gas to have a short-lived existence, ere they burst and pollute the air to such a nauseating degree that a loathing faintness comes over us, and whilst hurrying on we mentally inquire: Can it be possible that such a state of things is allowed to continue? Here, I venture to suggest, is the birthplace of smallpox, fever, and death! Continue our walk, and cross the roadway by the Lock at Tottenham. Mark the change! A beautiful river, confined within grassy banks; the water clear and inviting, available to the bather, boating man, angler, equestrian, pedestrian, &c. And of its beauties do not thousands partake in their innocent enjoyment of it?

A plentiful fruit supply has its disadvantages as well as its advantages. A doctor practising largely in the South-east of London tells me that children are dying by hundreds of choleraic diarrhœa in that district. This mortality he attributes to the quality of the fruit sold on barrows and in the smaller shops. For a penny can be obtained a mass of over-ripe strawberries, run together in a heap and absolutely fermenting. It might savour of grandmotherly legislation to prohibit the sale of such stuff as this; but, on the other hand, it is illegal to sell meat unfit for human food, and its effects on the system are probably less harmful than those of the mischievous mess of decaying fruit in which the children of the poor have of late been freely investing their pennies. Unripe apples, pears, and plums, to the consumption of which cholera has frequently been traced, are absolutely wholesome in comparison with over-ripe strawberries, raspberries, and cherries, which swarm with incipient, and occasionally fully developed, life.

I hope that any tourists still hankering after Italy will have noted the fact that quarantine has now been established by the Italian government on the Austrian frontier as well as on the French and the Swiss. This new move is a decided victory for Swiss diplomacy, for it closes the only remaining southern exit, and will prevent any of the Swiss tourists going off into the Tyrol *en route* for Italy. The Swiss clearly mean to make the most of their advantage, and I see that even the fumigation hitherto enforced at Geneva is to be dispensed with. The Engadine, I hear, is crowded.

Amongst the numerous advisers who tell us what to eat, drink, and avoid, in order to escape the cholera, I observe one who writes to a daily paper recommending us to keep our houses free of flies. Irrespective of the cholera, I should be delighted to do so, for flies are one of those minor nuisances that make life a burthen, and I have always regarded the Roman Emperor who killed these pests during his childhood as a man entitled to the gratitude of his contemporaries. But how is a house to be kept free from them? They are as unwelcome guests as the microbe itself.

Anent this microbe the *Figaro* tells a good story. A French husband, returning to his domestic hearth late one evening, observed a suspicious hat. Searching further, he found a still more suspicious gentleman concealed in a cupboard. "What is the meaning of this?" he asked, turning with a frown to his wife. "Do not agitate yourself," replied the lady, "the gentleman is only searching for microbes."

The precautions against cholera which are being enforced are no doubt extravagant in many countries, but it is a serious mistake not to take any precautions whatever against the introduction of this disease. Last week's P. and O. steamer came to Plymouth direct from Marseilles; and among the passengers was a lady from that port, who was accompanied by a number of children, and who brought a large amount of luggage. They had quitted their home in a fright. As the steamer was only six days from Marseilles, it is clear that the limits of possible infection had not been passed. However, no instructions had been received by the local authorities; so these passengers and their luggage were allowed to proceed by the first train to their destination (Paignton, near Torquay) without any inspection. Several other passengers from India, who left the steamer at Plymouth, had landed at Marseilles for several hours.

How about this?

Sir,—I know you are always ready to help any one who really suffers from a real grievance. Now, we wrote to the Army and Navy Co-operative on March 16, from Sierra Leone (time for passage home sixteen days) for some few things as a trial, and asked to have them sent to Bermuda (fourteen days' passage out by ordinary steamer). These arrived on June 22! Fortunately we had ordered no food, which they pretend to supply, or else we might have starved as far as they were concerned. Well, when they did arrive, a tablecloth we ordered from their list, giving measurements and price, was half the size when it arrived, and, of course, useless to us—but the price was the same. An anticampton was rather dearer than the ordinary ones you buy at shops, also commoner, and, on the second time of using, the threads of three screws drew, and it had to be tied up with twine. I wish to ask you, why, when using a co-operative store, the people should keep you waiting months and months, and then send out shoddy things a naval outfitter would be ashamed of?—Yours obediently, W. R. White.

I am glad to see that a Company is being formed for the manufacture and supply of pure ice. The Company, I am told, is brought out by the heads of the departments in the employ of Messrs. Pontifex & Wood, and the directors are, consequently, men of business. If, as in American towns, the Company would be good enough to leave a block of ice on the door-steps of their customers' houses every morning, at a reasonable cost, and if—as seems likely—the business arrangements are well managed, there is no reason why it should not pay a handsome dividend.

A fortnight ago I called attention to the absurdity of some of the ghost stories that, to judge by appearances, seem to have gulled the Psychological Society, and I particularly dwelt upon one of them. With regard to this story the following facts, which are sent to me by a correspondent, are interesting. It was the Society, not I, that described Marchant as an "admirable specimen of shrewd and vigorous old age," for I never heard of him before reading his experiences in the *Nineteenth Century*:—

Under the heading "Visible Apparitions" in Truth, I read with great interest one of the "Usual Stories." If you knew as well as I do the "feeling" that existed between George Marchant and Robinson Kelsey for forty years, you would not be surprised that Marchant was in the habit of "dreaming" about Kelsey. It is well known, in the locality where each resided, that the desire to tear each other to pieces was the day-dream of both. The ties of consanguinity were not very close (but they hated each other with a perfect hatred), they having married two sisters. Each of them, however, possessed a pugnacious and litigant spirit, and each, with their wives, inherited a considerable fortune, which was squandered over some very trifling object. They were at law with each other all their lives, and they were always thinking and talking of each other, each endeavouring to prove himself right and his opponent wrong. I have no doubt they often dreamed of each other, and oftener prayed for each other's death. Had Kelsey died forty years ago, or had Marchant remained ignorant of his existence, Truth would have been perfectly correct in describing Marchant as an "admirable specimen of shrewd and vigorous old age."

A famous veterinary surgeon was summoned by telegram to Scotland a few days ago, by a well-known lady, to meet the local adviser in consultation on the case of her favourite pug. He had to travel nearly five hundred miles to reach his destination.

Last week I chronicled how Mr. Cleveland, the Democratic nominee for the American Presidency, and a bachelor, received the news of his honours. As to how Mr. Blaine, his antagonist, and a married man, received similar intelligence I have thus learned from an American correspondent :—

A shout was heard from the house where Margaret (his daughter) was at the telephone, as she rushed out and over the bank to the hammock where her father was sitting, and threw her arms around him. As soon as she recovered breath, she made the announcement that her father was nominated. Mr. Blaine disengaged himself from Margaret, arose from the hammock, went over to his wife, and kissed her.

Lord Wolseley has got himself into trouble in America by writing a letter to an "accomplished lady of Mobile," in which he says :—

I have only known two heroes in my life, and General R. E. Lee is one of them, so you can well understand how I value one of his letters. I believe that when time has calmed down the angry passions of the "North," General Lee will be accepted in the United States as the greatest general you ever had, and second as a patriot only to Washington himself. Stonewall Jackson I only knew slightly; his name will live forever also in American history when that of Mr. U. S. Grant has been long forgotten; such at least is my humble opinion of these men when viewed by an outside student of military history who has no local prejudice.

The letter has been published in the "Southern Historical Society Papers."

An important meeting of the Scottish Farmers' Alliance was held at Edinburgh last Thursday, at which some agriculturists who have recently visited Ireland on behalf of the Alliance reported that after travelling all through the country they were convinced "that the Irish Land Act will accomplish more towards pacifying Ireland and bringing peace and prosperity to its inhabitants than all the Coercion Acts ever passed." They consider that the Act has been of the greatest practical benefit to the people, and that matters are improving every day in the country. This testimony, coming from such authority, must be very satisfactory to the Ministry and its supporters. The only complaint of the delegates is that the Act has not been extended to Scotland, but they recognise the legislation of last session as a praiseworthy instalment.

The Irish Members cannot be blamed for making a good deal of capital out of the recent disclosures anent the Castle employés. I dare say that there are some honourable and honest men amongst them. But the flock seems a black—a very black—one; and the white sheep are rare—very rare: indeed, a more foul and scabby set of sheep never exercised sway in any land. Irishmen often wonder why Englishmen are appointed to Irish places of trust and profit. The reply is generally that we send our very best men over. Recent disclosures have, however, proved precisely the reverse. Mr. Bolton, Crown Solicitor, is but a brown sheep compared with the dingy hue of French, Cornwall, and others. Yet in 1876, an English Judge regretted that he could not strike the name of this solicitor off the Rolls, and the worthy man, who, instead of being struck off the Rolls, was retained in office, has, it appears, just petitioned to be made a bankrupt. What was the explanation of the Irish Solicitor-General of this last proceeding? Poor, innocent Bolton was the victim of circumstances. He had speculated in land, and land had gone down. Hence his financial troubles. I see no difference between speculating in land and speculating in Consols, and I should like to know what would be thought of an English official who found that he could not pay his creditors because he had speculated adversely in Consols. But the most extraordinary reason alleged by the Solicitor-General for this land speculator not being deprived of his office was, that this would deprive his creditors of the asset of his salary!

A correspondent writing from Dublin says :—

The long list of Irish Peers who voted against the Franchise Bill caused no surprise in Ireland. As a rule, these personages never do start into political life unless it is a question of curtailing the liberty of some humbler fellow citizens. Had they not exercised their traditional and unquestioned privilege of stupidity, a miracle would have been wrought in the eyes of their countrymen.

The Lords have surely gone mad. Their one hope of escaping a crushing defeat when that appeal to the people does come which they are so anxious to hasten was in an alliance with the Irish party. But now they have slapped Mr. Parnell's face by rejecting the Irish Poor Law Guardians Bill as smartly as they slapped Mr. Gladstone's by rejecting the Franchise Bill. They have not even the small semblance of an excuse for rejecting the Irish Bill that they had for rejecting the other, for it has twice passed a second reading in the Commons. It is clear, therefore, that the Irish vote, if it is not given to the Liberal party, will, at least, not be given in favour of the body which rejected the Compensation Bill, the Irish Parliamentary Registration Bill, and the Poor Law Guardians Bill, which mangled the Land Act and the Arrears Act, and passed the Crimes Bill almost without discussion.

If so humble an individual might express an opinion upon a question of political tactics, I would venture to remark that I do not clearly see what is to be gained by the autumn session, unless the Lords be informed that, if they do not capitulate, a sufficient number of new Peers will be created to render the passing of the Franchise Bill certain. Rejection, as Sir Stafford Nothcote has said, is the deliberate policy of the Conservative party; and this being so, it is hardly likely that the Lords will be forced into surrender by Liberals and Radicals meeting together to inform them that they are in the wrong—unless, indeed, we resort to something stronger than mere verbal argument.

The Conservatives are amazed that Lord Hartington and John Bright should have modified some of their early opinions respecting franchise and distribution, and they exultingly quote some old expressions from these gentlemen as showing inconsistency. This only seems to bring into prominence the stubborness with which a Conservative, once in error, always continues in error, and boasts of his consistency in error.

Lord Hartington is almost bound in honour to stand by his Order. I am not surprised, therefore, that he deprecated any attack upon the constitutional position of the hereditary Upper House. But it is becoming every day more evident that the Radicals will not put on their armour merely to force the Lords to pass the Franchise Bill. *Delenda est Carthago* should be our motto.

I am inclined to think that the best speech which has yet been made against the House of Lords was Sir Stafford Northcote's, at the Conservative demonstration at Welbeck

Abbey last Saturday. Sir Stafford explained with exemplary candour that the members of the House of Lords were not so much acting in defence of any private interests of their own, or even on behalf of the people at large, but were simply "fighting the battle of the Conservative party." Now, there may conceivably be something to be said for a second Chamber which represents some particular interest, or for one which is a court of revision; but there cannot possibly be any justification, in a Constitution based on party government, for an Upper House which is the standing army of one of the two parties. Sir Stafford Northcote deserves much credit for confessing so frankly that this is what the House of Lords really is.

The Conservatives are not in good fighting order. They are neither agreed upon their policy, the means to carry it out, nor upon their leaders. At Sheffield, a sort of Caucus assembled, called the National Conservative Union. Nobody seemed to know who was a delegate, and who was not. Lord Randolph Churchill asserted that there was no delegate from Eye. Mr. Bartlett at once pointed to a gentleman who represented some sort of Conservative Association at this important borough. Then the lists were presented of candidates for the office of Members of the Council; one, it was said, was prepared by Lord Percy, and the other by Lord Randolph Churchill, in order, I presume, to establish the principle that noble lords ought to settle these matters. The chief point connected with the vote that ensued was that Lord Salisbury's private secretary, who was one of the candidates, was defeated. Having at length elected a Council, the majority of whom seem to be in accordance with Lord Randolph's views—that the Lords and the accredited leaders are making fools of themselves, and that the former ought not to be supported in their opposition to the Reform Bill—this happy family broke up, under the impression that a good deal of business had been done by shouting, Peace, peace; when there is no peace.

Subsequently, the Conservative editors of country newspapers met the chiefs of their party, and dined together. The former complained that they were left in the dark. No wonder. In the kingdom of the blind, the short-sighted are kings. But there are fogs so dense that blind and short-sighted are reduced to the same level. The Conservative Party reminds me of a picture thus described by an American: "The artist has sought to portray a negro catching a black cat in a dark room at midnight." "Where is the cat?" is the reasonable cry of the Conservative editors; but, beyond the fact that Conservatives, like cats, delight to mew and scratch, the editors do not seem likely to learn much about the Conservative animal.

In the meantime, we who are Radicals at least know our minds. We object, not only to the course of action taken by the Peers on the Franchise Bill, but to an hereditary House of legislators being able to take such a course in regard to that Bill, or any other Bill. We may differ as to there being two Legislative Chambers or one. But we are agreed that if we are to have an Upper Chamber, no man must be a member of it by hereditary descent. Our enemies are not only the Conservatives, but the Whigs and moderate Liberals, who do not recognise the dictum that hereditary legislators must henceforward have no place in our Constitution.

"It is part of my religion to desire justice and freedom for all." That is a noble sentence. It was written by Mr. Spurgeon to Mr. George Howell anent the Franchise Demonstration. There is only one word in it that I would alter. I should substitute "demand" for "desire," for it is not enough merely to desire reform without giving emphatic expression to the desire. Mr. Spurgeon "regrets" that the Lords stand in the way of the agricultural labourer having the franchise, but is not this a rather cool way of putting it for the once fiery orator of Newington? Regret, indeed! why he ought to burn with indignation.

Our democracy might well say to Lord Salisbury and his followers in the House of Lords what Job said of old to his would-be mentors—"No doubt but ye are the nation, and wisdom shall die with you; but we have understanding as well as you." Grant that the two hundred and five Peers who have strangled the Franchise Bill are the quintessence of birth and breeding, culture and refinement, wealth, patriotism, and ability, there is a *per contra* to be taken into the account. The two million unrepresented householders whom the Lords themselves have declared to be entitled to a vote, surely possess in the aggregate a certain amount of all these qualities. Take wealth, for instance. Divide 2,000,000 by 205 and the product is 9,756 and a fraction, so that in round numbers there are 10,000 capable citizens of the unrepresented class to each obstructive Peer. Assuming that these householders earn at least twenty shillings a week (an obvious under-estimate), the income of the democratic unit of 10,000 would be £520,000 a year. How many of the 205 Peers can show a rent-roll approaching a tithe of that? *Ex uno disce omnes.* Tested by the same standard, the physical and mental qualities, the patriotism and wisdom of this democratic unit are surely not to be put in comparison with those of any one of the 205 obstructive Peers. Lord Salisbury, and some of his aiders and abettors in the present crisis, remind me of Thackeray's lines in "Vanitas, Vanitatur":

> How very weak the very wise,
> How very small the very great are.

The debate on the carriage-tax last week was interesting as showing how even in these days of professed regard for the interests of the poor, your Tory and your Tory-Radical members are anxious, above all things, to relieve the rich of taxation. As Mr. Macfarlane put it, "the old woman pays one hundred per cent. on every pound of tea she drinks; the working-man pays six or seven hundred per cent. on his tobacco; while the old gentleman who rides

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in his carriage pays only two or three per cent. on its value." Yet Lord Percy and Mr. Cowen want the carriage-tax, which is essentially a tax on the rich, removed in preference to any other tax. This is what Conservatives call looking after the interests of the people!

I had a conversation a few days ago with an Egyptian sheikh. He is a man of considerable intelligence, and is one of the leaders of the National party. As he can only speak Arabic, we had to communicate through an interpreter:—

Question: "Are the fellahs at present beaten if they do not pay their taxes?"—Answer: "They are. More so than even in the time of Ismail; as much as when Abbas reigned."

Question: "Why do they not protest?"—Answer: "To whom can they protest? Were they to do so to a Mudir, they would be beaten again and put into prison."

Question: "Do you believe that Mr. Gladstone sincerely wishes to leave Egypt?"—Answer: "No; I do not. I judge by facts. I see every day that more and more Europeans occupy high places, and that the Administration every day is more and more Europeanised. I hear, too, of an alliance with the Abyssinians, our natural enemies. My belief is that the English wish to establish themselves both in the Soudan and in Egypt, separating the two so as to strengthen their position."

Question: "What is your opinion of the Mahdi?"—Answer: "The Mahdi is a fanatic; I am not. But you Christians do not seem to understand that a Mahometan regards it as a part of his religion not to submit to a Christian rule. Even if this Mahdi were to disappear there would be fifty others who would rise up."

Question: "If the Mahdi were to advance into Egypt, would he be joined by the Egyptians?"—Answer: "Yes. I might regret it; but he certainly would, and so would any other Mahometan who, with arms in his hand, tries to drive the Europeans out of Egypt."

Question: "How do you propose to convince the English that they would do well to withdraw?"—Answer: "By doing what we are doing now—rendering their government impossible. Every man is against them. There is a tacit bond amongst the inhabitants that all English efforts to rule shall fail. To us it is even more monstrous that our country should be under Christians than it would be to you that your country should be under Mahometans; for the former is contrary to the corner-stone of our faith, and we really do believe absolutely in our faith, which is more than many of you do in yours. It is because you iguore this fact that you fail to understand our feelings."

Question: "But our Mahometans in India accommodate themselves to our rule?"—Answer: "We know what has occurred in India, and this is why we are determined that it shall not occur in Egypt."

Question: "Supposing that we left, would not anarchy ensue?"—Answer: "No. Our fellahs are quite as intelligent as your field labourers. They are more docile. We have men in Egypt who would take the lead. We should, however, prefer, as a religious dogma, the rule of the worst of Mahometans to the best of Christians."

Question: "What of Arabi?"—Answer: "Arabi was an honest man, but I do not regard him as an able man. His strength consisted in his having opposed your attempt to Europeanise the country."

Question: "Supposing that all the fellahs were to refuse to pay taxes so long as a European Administration exists, would not this tend to our leaving the country, because our only plea for remaining is a financial one?"—Answer: "We believe that you are determined to remain, and that you only seek excuses for doing so. If we were all to refuse to pay taxes, would not this furnish you with an additional excuse for doing so?"

Question: "Is there any use my trying to convince you that you are mistaken, and that the idea of annexation or of a protectorate is only entertained by a minority of the inhabitants of this country, who have no influence with Mr. Gladstone?"—Answer: "Of no use. We do not trust to words but look to facts. If you want to go, you have an odd way of showing it."

Question: "Supposing that we did go, would not the French replace us?"—Answer: "I do not think so. We should do our best to resist their landing. They refused to aid you when you sent a fleet and an army. They knew, what it seems you did not, how difficult it is to rule us, and they would not try the experiment. If they did, like you, they would have to give it up."

Question: "Have you personally any feeling against Europeans and Christians?"—Answer: "None in the least. They are in advance of us in many things; we have much to learn from them. We wish to be friends with them. But we cannot, so long as they do not recognise our rights. You can hardly imagine how strong is our feeling. Most of the officials you have sent to Egypt know nothing of our language or of our ideas. They are the cause of a perpetual irritation. Even when they try to do good, they do it in a way that makes them still more disliked. What would be said here if I were made one of your ministers, and if I were to place in power various Egyptians who, like myself, do not know English, or English ways and customs? I might have the best intentions, but would this satisfy the English people?"

Question: "And the Turks, what do you think of them?"—Answer: "We want to govern ourselves, but if we are to be governed, we should prefer the Turks to you. They at least are Mahometans."

Question: "Then, as I understand it, all the Egyptians are banded together to render English administration and English rule impossible?"—Answer: "Precisely. We have proved this already. Every European who governs us is looked upon as a public enemy. We are over-taxed. This we regard as a minor evil. There is but one thought with all. It is that a Christian nation shall not rule over us. Better ruin, better oppression than this. All your efforts will prove ineffectual, because you are warring against a religious conviction which is part of our very being, and in comparison with which we regard all else as unimportant."

Question: "But if we were to withdraw, would not the Mahdi overrun the country?"—Answer: "No, the strength of the Mahdi is that you are in Egypt. If you were to go, the Mahdi would become powerless. He would not even attempt to establish his rule in Egypt. If he did, all would be against him."

From Suakim comes the following complaint. I have never yet discovered why we should risk English lives to hinder Osman Digna from establishing himself in that pestiferous hole. We and Osman are like two dogs fighting for the most meatless of bones:—

The way the Admiralty are treating us is scandalous. We at present are supposed to receive five shillings a day field-allowance, and three shillings a day Khedivial allowance. This was paid to the Rifles before we came, and is now paid to such English troops as are at Assouan on the Nile. Yet we, who have the worst station of all, are not to receive our simple due. In fact, they want to give us just the same allowance as we should have got under canvas in England, and much less than fellows get in India who have a pleasanter climate, with comfortable barracks. The War Office know how to treat their men. Why is it that the Admiralty distinguish themselves for treating people, especially the Marines, in this manner?

The *Humber* brought out a company of Engineers. Their first experience of Suakim was a sandstorm, which was both blinding and scorching, the thermometer running up to 122° in the shade. With regard to sleep, it will be primarily through the want of it that most of our men will break down, for what with mosquitos and insects of various kinds, and being roused up by Osman's men, it is impossible to get a good hour's sleep during the night.

I have received £5 from "N. C.," £1. 2s. from "The Pet," and 10s. from "J. P. O." towards Miss English's fund for boarding-out poor and sickly London children in the country for two or three weeks.

SCRUTATOR.

THE AMERICAN ACTORS.

TWENTY-FOUR years ago, when a certain English actor called Sothern appeared at the Haymarket Theatre in what was virtually an American play, and in a character that he had carefully elaborated after a close study of American humour, he took a long time before he could knock into the heads of the English play-going public that there was something very original to be seen. The critics were paralysed; they did not know what to make out of Lord Dundreary, and they concealed their ignorance of appreciation under a cloak of pretentious platitude. At any rate, Lord Dundreary played to empty benches for several weeks, until suddenly the mist cleared away, the people awakened from their lethargy, and London went crazy over what was, from the first, a very remarkable and original idea. History seems inclined to repeat itself. Over a week ago there appeared at Toole's Theatre a company of American comedians from Mr. Daly's theatre in New York. They came at the invitation of Mr. Terriss, who credited his countrymen with some perspicacity. They received a courteous welcome, but no more. The critics were flung on to their beam-ends. They told us that the play in which the American actors appeared

was not to their taste; they fell back upon American accent, and so on. They hinted that the actors and actresses were very clever, and they mildly deferred judgment until another play could be produced. Never was so much cold water thrown upon an entertainment which is as original and interesting in its way as anything that London has seen for many years. It has taken a week for the public to discover how good the American actors are, but I have seldom seen an audience so thoroughly delighted with what had been courteously pooh-poohed as that which witnessed the performance at Toole's on Saturday last. As to the play called "Casting the Boomerang," cleverly altered from the German to suit a curious form of American humour, it may be good, or it may be bad—I really cannot say. All I know is that the merit of each individual performance in the cast was so great that I really did not trouble my head about the play or its plot. It was sufficient for the purpose for which it was arranged, and throughout the evening my attention was wholly occupied in noticing the skilful manner in which each actor and actress identified himself or herself with a type of eccentric character. It was refreshing to "sit under" these quick, bright, intelligent, sympathetic performers, French in their facility and American in their eccentricity after the dull, clumsy, wooden-headed dreariness that is often palmed off upon us as a substitute for fun. The curse of all English acting is its deliberation and its slowness. Expression is out of the range of an ordinary English actor. He dawdles, he deliberates, and he pauses. He never catches the sense from the other actor's face, he does not take it up sharply and intelligently, one sentence of dialogue does not harmoniously flow into another, and he breaks his sentences as methodically as a labourer cracks stones on the road. Just see the contrast with the American actors of Mr. Daly's company. They are quick, communicative, sympathetic, and alert. A look often conveys more than a word. They get their audience in direct communication with themselves, their style is easy, their touch magnetic. They exaggerate no more than is required by an eccentric representation of modern life. In one respect, they are better than French actors in that they do not act deliberately to their audience. They do not talk to the stalls or gesticulate to the pit. They indicate the presence of the spectator, and no more. There is not one bad actor or actress in the company, and each one has some original idea to propound. A Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, the old lady of the company, is an excellent artist, strangely unconscious, and funny without throwing her fun at our heads. Mr. James Lewis, the old man, is a capital actor, reminding me not a little of the late Mr. James Stoyle in his manner and power of facial expression. Mr. William Gilbert, who plays a foreign posture-maker, has carefully studied the business of the eccentric performers of the variety stage; and it would be difficult, in England, to find a neater light comedian than Mr. James Drew, who is the pivot of the performance, a less offensive character-actor than Mr. Charles Leclercq, or a better soubrette than Miss May Fielding. They all strike the palate like wholesome dry champagne in the place of thick, muddy, heavy beer.

But the best artist in the company is Miss Ada Rehan, although she completely puzzled the critics, and has been pronounced by them to be indifferent. Her performance of Flos in "Casting a Boomerang" is, in its way, as clever and as original a thing as has been seen since Dundreary. If the play be only continued, the public will soon discover how good it is. Sothern chaffed the manner of the English swell of his day; Miss Rehan chaffs the affectation of the girl of her own time. Under the affected drawl—which the critics assume to be natural to the actress—under the pretence of over-pronounced modesty, home love, parental devotion, and a manner "childlike and bland," we see a fund of humour that is seldom found in women. Funny women on the English stage are generally old or middle-aged. To get a young woman who is both pretty and funny into the bargain is something very new. And not to laugh at Miss Rehan's assumption of a seemingly modest and timid girl who knows her way about is to be ignorant of what true fun is. Miss Rehan's scene with the postman, where she affects a timidity in order to get a confederate in her love scheme, is as good a thing as can be seen in the way of subtle humour; far too subtle, alas! for our critical guides and counsellors. If Mr. Daly and Mr. Terriss are wise, they will keep "Casting the Boomerang" on the programme until the public have had time to find it out and to appreciate the cleverness of the performers. Each audience that sees the performance advertises it far better than any newspaper notices. A man who has been to a play and declares at the club that he intends to go again is a better advertiser, if that were possible, than the great Mr. Willing himself. I am no more infallible than the rest of mankind, but whether the "Boomerang" be a bad play or a good play, whether the Americans have accents or not, all I can say is that the performance made me laugh, never bored me for a minute, was uniformly bright, pleasant, and unlaboured, and that Miss Ada Rehan was more than clever in the accepted sense. She was as original as she was amusing.

ROSALIND IN THE WOOD.

Mr. Godwin arranged everything, and Rosalind, Orlando, Jaques, and their friends disported themselves in a real wood at Kingston. The audience sat in a sort of tent placed in a park; before them was a clump of trees. Dead leaves were spread about to produce an autumnal appearance, and in one part a shed with a thatched roof was erected. All seemed natural; horns blew, dogs barked, huntsmen wandered here and there, boys strolled in and out of the trees, the characters came on as though they had been walking in the park, and all was lifelike except a policeman, whose helmet glistened in the distance, as the guardian of order passed slowly to and fro. Mr. Vezin's Jaques is well known, and his soliloquy was as effective as ever. Miss Calhoun was Rosalind. The part is not suited to her; she is too small to represent a lady "more than common tall," and her delivery of the text was so hurried that it was impossible to keep pace with her. Celia wore a very pretty forest costume, and I would recommend it to ladies on the look-out for a fancy dress. Phœbe was not so effective. She was arrayed in Liberty silks, and violet

Minton's (Limited). — Minton's China. A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century and a half.

silk stockings. This, surely, was hardly archæological; nor, indeed, is it to be supposed that a real shepherdess would in any age be arrayed in so costly a fashion. Audrey was certainly the funniest representative of the part that I have seen for many a day. She was so naturally droll that she had only to grin to make any one laugh, and she evidently had an inborn gift for the stage, as before this appearance she had devoted her talents to the culinary art. Lady Archibald Campbell was Orlando; she looked very handsome, and moved very gracefully, but I could not help fancying, every moment, that she was Rosalind and not Orlando, for nature had made her the former, and why she did not play that part I cannot imagine. The groupings were excellent, every one of them being a picture; their great merit was the entire absence of all conventionality. I should advise Mr. Godwin to arrange the performance at some place more get-at-able than Coombe. The spot is at some distance from a railway station, and is rather far for a drive from London. For parties in country houses, this natural way of rendering plays in woods presents a new departure, which I make no doubt will be utilised.

On the third representation, which took place last Saturday, the Prince and Princess of Wales and many other Royalties were present.

MUSIC.

Madame Nilsson's concert at the Albert Hall and the benefits of Albani and Patti at Covent Garden are the chief, if not the only, matters worth recording since I last wrote. Every one is, of course, anxious to hear Nilsson on her return. Some people said that since her visits to U.S.A. she has become a little too American on the stage, and I may add that, to my mind, she has become a little too stagey in the concert room. Her *timbre*, though no longer quite what it was, is still perhaps the finest quality of soprano extant. She sang "Hear my prayer" in a way which reminded some people of Jenny Lind, but she gave Bach's (*i.e.*, Gounod's) "Ave Maria" prelude in a jerky style, unworthy of any third or fourth opera lady. Madame Nilsson's taste is capricious not only as to style, but also as to selection. It is a pity that performers full of talent should be condemned, or should condemn themselves, to sing what is certainly not worth writing, and what no one can possibly want to hear. These personal freaks and publisher's sops have now become the standard blots on most miscellaneous concert programmes; nor was Madame Nilsson's any exception. Sims Reeves, as I half prophesied, did not turn up. Maas and Santley did. Santley took the honours in "Hearts of oak," and, being encored, gave the ever-popular "Here's a health." Maas did not shine particularly. His delivery sounded characterless beside the greater master, Santley, but his exquisite voice was delightful to listen to. I like him best in a rather light ballad in a rather small hall. Marimon charmed me as much as ever. She has lost none of her freshness, and held her own with the heroine of the evening. Hollman, the violoncellist, played superbly. I have not a fault to find with him. He left off all his tricks, and mastered the vast space of the Albert Hall and the vast audience that had assembled there in a manner which called forth enthusiastic applause. I should have liked something newer than Schubert's "Ave Maria," but nothing could have been better than Popper's "Gavotte," often as Hollman has played it. Foli, Madame Sterling, Madame Hersee, Miss Hope Glenn, Signor Parisotti; Coenen at the pianoforte, and Miss Eissler on the violin; add to which Mr. Carter's Choir, and you have a fair idea of the musical resources at Madame Nilsson's disposal.

Albani's "Margherita"—she chose Gounod's "Faust" for her benefit—was perhaps not quite equal to her "Traviata," which certainly possesses very exceptional merits; but Gounod's music is much more interesting, and the play is, of course, far superior to "Traviata." Marconi made an effective Faust, in spite of his eternal "tremolo," and the great love scene in the garden, as well as the final duet and trio, produced a considerable sensation—besides a large quantity of bouquets which were with difficulty got over the footlights. One actually dropped into them. They had to be piled up like a heap of cabbages in Margherita's garden before the business of the evening was allowed to proceed. Scalchi's Siebel was energetic, but far less graceful than Trebelli's. The part wants much lighter handling, and Schalchi dragged and over-emphasised the music, especially in "Quando a te lieta." De Reszke made a good Mephisto—a little over-acting his part, perhaps, but making quite a hit with the galleries. I am not sure whether Albani's realistic sobbing is altogether in place. Even Wagner seldom, if ever, requires it, and the sentiment of Gounod is as far as the poles asunder from the realism of Wagner. I take it as an axiom that in Gounod's music at least anything which cannot be sobbed in tune should not be sobbed at all. The chorus, which was a little uncertain at first, picked up as the work proceeded, and was very adequate in the last two acts.

We critics may say and think what we please about the respective merits of Albani and Patti; but Patti's benefit on Saturday night showed that the public had determined the matter in its own way. Here are the facts. At Albani's benefit there was no question of standing-room in any part of the house. Boxes and stalls stood empty to the end—in spite of a "full house"; but on Saturday, at Patti's benefit, people literally could not get in. I had the curiosity to go up to the top of the theatre myself. Tens and twenties kept paying half-crowns long after the performance had begun. I am confident numbers did not get in—whether they got their money back or not I cannot say. The attraction was not "Linda di Chamouni"—it was simply Patti. It poured with rain outside—still people on foot kept arriving at the back doors. The sight which greeted Patti on her entrance, as she cast a rapid glance at the house, must indeed have made her feel herself the queen of the stage. Such adulation puts a strain upon human nature which human nature is not always able to bear. But Patti has kept her head cool for nearly a quarter of a century. She has never been tempted to relax her efforts, and they have invariably been crowned with success.

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TIRESOME AND TEA-LESS THEOSOPHY.

I went to meet Madame Blavatsky, Colonel Olcott, and Mr. Sinnett at Princes' Hall, by special invitation, one evening last week. "At length," I said to myself, "we shall hear what Theosophy really means, and perhaps have a cup of tea with an occult brother."

No such thing! There was no tea, and there was no occult brother. There was a considerable gathering of people in evening dress; faded beauties, amongst whom I noticed a ridiculously superannuated creature in a sort of white bathing-gown, with a huge sunflower on her shoulders; a sprinkling of eccentric aristocracy, still more eccentric æsthetes, and most eccentric spiritualists, a few scientific men like Mr. Crookes, Mr. Myers of course, and a few "anxious inquirers" like myself.

Madame Blavatsky, who is an undoubtedly clever woman, looks about sixty. No one seems to be certain how old she really is. She is supposed to know more about *occultism* than any one else. She gets out of her body, I believe! If she would only teach some of us how to do it in the hot weather, some of us would be grateful. But that alone is not Theosophy. Letters, from Asia generally, tumble from the ceiling into Madame Blavatsky's lap; and teapots and muffins are commonly discovered under hedges when she takes her walks abroad in the country. This being so, I think, after issuing cards, she might have exerted her power to the tea and muffin extent at her own reception last week. Her address is agreeable and prophetic, but her eyes and ears are rather far away—seeing things we cannot see, hearing things we cannot hear. When one addresses her, one has an awkward feeling that she is looking over your shoulder at some invisible bogey, who may be standing behind you, and she seems to be listening, not to you, but to voices in Asia generally.

I was amused at meeting several leading spiritualists there, who are usually clumped together by the outside world as amiable enthusiasts, dupes, or rogues, according to circumstances. No two of them seemed to agree. They denounced each other impartially as knaves, fools, or both, and sniffed generally at Theosophy, although they had all, somehow, answered the Blavatsky "call" that night.

At last Colonel Olcott, Sinnett, an Indian gentleman, and a very dull person who called himself the President or chairman of the Theosophical Society, got on to the platform and we drew near—a motley throng, forsooth—sitting, standing, and huddled together anyhow to hear "a statement."

"Now," said I, "we shall surely be told all about Theosophy."

I really believe that several people had come there like myself, anxious to know and understand something about this new religion or philosophy. The President's address, however, amounted to nothing—it was a mere tirade against science and most existing forms of religions and creeds, whilst ostensibly declaring that Theosophy—whatever it is—would not interfere with any of them.

Then up rose Colonel Olcott, the working of whose features were hidden by a voluminous beard. He looked a good-natured sort of unintelligent person, who probably believed half, and thought he believed the other half, of what he said, but whose judgment, knowledge, and general discernment no one could greatly respect after listening to the first few sentences of his oration. The oldest platitudes evidently seemed to him the newest revelations, and he looked upon the windiest phrases as next door to inspired revelation. As I listened I was reminded of a big schoolboy reading a prize essay, only I doubt whether the gallant Colonel's composition would ever have got the prize—anywhere out of Asia.

Once or twice he seemed to be on the brink of Theosophy. At last, after an unusually long and boisterous flourish of Theosophic trumpets, it came. It was simply this, "The Brotherhood of Man!" Imagine my despair! All that way in evening dress, and no tea, to hear about "The Brotherhood of Man!" There was some talk, besides, about the soul, which one can get much better done by the regular profession in church and chapel any Sunday all the year round. There was also "butter," not the very best but plentiful, for Madame Blavatsky, which was laid on I must say in the very worst taste. That lady was sitting below, apparently in inner communion with the occult brotherhood, in Asia generally—at least, I hope so—for had she really heard the fulsome flattery of the gallant Colonel it would have been her duty to rise in her place and shut him up.

To our great relief the Colonel—who seems to have palavered the half-educated Hindoos into some sort of acquiescence in his mongrel Buddhism, and who is evidently being used by the more cultivated and wily ones as a catspaw wherewith to cheapen European Christianity—at last, after delivering his confused soul, sat down, and up got Mr. Sinnett, a very different sort of person. Mr. Sinnett immediately "held" the now yawning and disappointed room, almost at once reviving our drooping and tea-less spirits.

I may not agree with Mr. Sinnett, but he is by far the best of the lot. I have not heard Madame Blavatsky; she did not speak. Her "Isis Unveiled" reads like nonsense to some and like inspiration to others. Sinnett tried to put before us the esoteric doctrine, or as much of it as he understood or thought would be good for us. He pointed out that Evolution in the physical world was now an established scientific belief, but we had yet to grasp the esoteric Buddhist's view of the evolution of soul. Soul began in the vegetable and worked its way up to the animal world, becoming at last incarnate in man, and then re-incarnate in different spheres of the physical world, re-descending after death into matter, and working out through matter its appointed destinies.

To come quickly to the finished stage, we must adopt a certain kind of life, which Mr. Sinnett did not describe, and our conduct during each season of incarnation would hasten or retard, enable us to skip or compel us tediously to go through, intermediate stages of probation, discipline, and suffering, all on our way to the ultimate perfection or final annihilation, upwards or downwards, of the individualised spirit.

Of course, I can't say that this is exactly a dogmatic statement of the right doctrine, but it is something of that sort, and my own objection to it is, not so much that it is inferior to other speculations concerning human nature and its destinies, but that I have met with it a thousand times in all sorts of books—ancient, mediæval, and

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modern. The "Migration of Souls" is almost as bad as the "Brotherhood of Man." The world has been bored to death with both for centuries.

I confess the effect of this theosophic or esoteric Buddhist meeting upon me was a profoundly moral—I might almost say orthodox and reactionary one. I went in with a feeling that a good deal of the old forms of Christianity and most of the current pulpit teaching were worn out; but I could not help saying to myself as I went home, "Well! this confused jumble up of 'the mixture as before' is what they call 'Esoteric Buddhism,' and Blavatsky & Co. are its prophets! On the whole, I rather prefer the New Testament; and, as I haven't been to church or chapel lately, I think I shall go and hear Farrar or Spurgeon next Sunday. They at least can tell me what they know, and they know what they mean."

THE WATER SUPPLY OF LONDON.

Colonel Sir Francis Bolton last week invited several "representatives of the press and gentlemen interested in the London Water Supply," to meet him at the Health Exhibition, in order that he might explain the various Water Companies' exhibits, and the steps they adopt in order to ensure the supply of "good, pure water." Sir Francis assured his hearers that the water, as delivered to the public, was really both good and pure, but he contended, doubtless with some truth, that whereas the Companies did all that it was possible for them to do in order to bring about this result, the public negatived their efforts—in fact, rendered them practically useless—as they contaminated the supply by receiving it in dirty and dangerous cisterns; and he made a special appeal to the press, begging them to urge people to see that their cisterns were properly cleaned out, more especially just now, as there was a possibility of cholera making its unwelcome appearance in this country. There can be no doubt that but few people—especially amongst the poorer classes—show sufficient care in the all-important question of a clean cistern; but are the Water Companies themselves altogether free from blame in the matter? They have tremendous power in their hands, so far as house arrangements are concerned, for the storing and the regulating of the supply of water; therefore, to a great extent the present unsatisfactory condition of these details must be laid at their door. Years ago, cisterns used to be fitted with a waste-pipe that could be easily unscrewed, and by this means they could be flushed and the accumulations of dirt passed down the waste. Now, however, this portion of the pipes in the cistern is made a fixture; and as ninety-nine out of every hundred cisterns are erected in the most unget-at-able places, and generally so close to the ceiling that it is impossible to inspect them thoroughly, it is a matter of the greatest difficulty to clean them. If the Companies are really sincere in their contention, they should arrange for every cistern to be so made that a portion of the bottom of it could be easily removed for cleansing purposes. It is difficult to make certain people cleanly even when it is an easy matter for them to be so, but the difficulty becomes an impossibility when you throw every obstacle in their way. If the money that the Water Companies have insisted upon being spent in fitting "warning pipes," with a view to saving their water, had been expended in some arrangement facilitating the cleansing of cisterns, the result would have been far more satisfactory both to the Companies and to the public. I would suggest, therefore, to Sir Francis Bolton that he should devote a little of the valuable energy he expends on seeing that the water at the Companies' works is "good and pure" to ensuring its being so when the consumer uses it. He is a man who has done a very great deal to save the Companies from the reproach of distributing bad water. Let him, then, go this step further.

Dr. Tidy also spoke very highly of the purity of the water at the Companies' works, and said that statistics proved that the water supplied to Londoners was better than that to be found in any other large city in the world. At the same time he endorsed all that Sir Francis had said about dirty cisterns and the carelessness of householders. As to the charges made by the Companies, both speakers were judiciously dumb; they evidently did not wish to upset the agreeable harmony of the meeting. Sir Francis said he knew that the question was a vexed one, but "it is not within the scope of my department." Perhaps the head of the department that deals with this all-important feature of the discussion will supplement Sir Francis's meeting by one at which this trifling detail could be ventilated.

A few statistics furnished by Mr. Taylor, the engineer of the Lambeth Waterworks, were both startling and interesting. About 400 million gallons of water pass over Teddington Weir each day during the summer months. The Water Companies, however, intercept a matter of 80 million gallons each day, and every year they are taking more and more. Mr. Taylor said that a great deal of nonsense has been written on this subject, though he afterwards naïvely remarked that something must be done in the matter "during the next ten years, or else during the summer months there would be but little water left to come over Teddington Weir." His idea of dealing with the difficulty seems to be that large reservoirs should be constructed in the Thames valley, that during the winter water should be accumulated in these, and that these accumulations should be let into the river in the dry season. During a flood some few years ago, more than sufficient water, according to Mr. Taylor, passed over Teddington Weir in four days to supply London for twelve months. There can be no doubt, therefore, that the actual water supply is sufficient, if only it be properly regulated. Why, then, should not the Water Companies at once take steps to regulate it, instead of waiting until they have brought about the happy state of things suggested by Mr. Taylor as likely to happen, unless something be done, "during the next ten years?"

Perhaps their efforts in this direction would be stimulated if an Act were passed limiting their intake to eighty million gallons a day during six months of the year, and forbidding them to take any water at all from the river during the three summer months. They would then have three clear months in which to make their accumulations.

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THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—Our River (A Tennysonian Idyll).

Old Father Thames, *loq.*

"'I COME from haunts of coot and hern,'
From 'neath green ferns I sally;
But into me they quickly turn
The sewage of my valley!

"By fifty sewer mouths I pass—
My surface black with midges;
And bubbles huge of sewage-gas
Float down beneath my bridges.

"When first I babble o'er the lea,
As crystal clear I chatter;
But twenty towns soon poison me
With foul organic matter.

"Till last by Barking Creek I go,
A thick, pestiferous river;
And tides may ebb, and tides may flow,
But I smell on for ever!

"I fill with scum my little bays,
I coat with slime my pebbles;
The mud I leave on winter days
The summer drought soon trebles.

"With many a stench the air I fill,
With many an odour fetid;
And epidemics I distil
Throughout the dog-days heated.

"I churn contagion as I go,
A foul, filth-sodden river;
For tides may ebb, and tides may flow,
But I smell on for ever!

"I wind about, and in and out,
With here a dead cat floating,
And here a party seized, past doubt,
With sickness whilst they're boating.

"And Water Companies extract
My water as I travel,
Till I for miles am nought, in fact,
But banks of mud and gravel.

"In short, if they thus pump me dry,
And list to reason never,
Whilst Londoners are talking, I
Shall just flow *off* for ever!

"As 'tis, the fish are well-nigh killed
In all my urban reaches;
And places once with gudgeon filled
Are now too dry for leeches.

"I ruin lawns and grassy plots
By foul deposits spreading;
I blight the sweet forget-me-nots
From Twickenham to Reading.

"I crawl, I creep, I smell, I smear,
Amongst my oozy shallows;
I so pollute the atmosphere
It quite knocks-up the swallows.

"I grow each season more impure,
As every one's remarking;
I am an open running sewer
From Teddington to Barking.

"And so upon my course I go,
A foul, pestiferous river,
And tides may ebb, and tides may flow,
But I smell on for ever!"

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE PRINCESS DE LA MOSKOWA.

THE Princess de la Moskowa, who died last week, was one of three daughters of the Legitimist Marquis de la Roche Lambert. They were nearly of an age, and were called the Three Graces, when in the latter days of Louis Philippe's reign they first came out. But they were Graces in artificial flowers and those long side-curls known as *Anglaises*, which the Duchess de Nemours, Madame Émile de Girardin, and the Countess Le Hon used to wear. The eldest, who married Count de Vallon, wears them still, and has her back hair fastened up with a comb in the kind of chignon which was the fashion nearly forty years ago. She seceded from the fair trinity after her two younger sisters married Bonapartists and entered the household of the Empress Eugénie—one as a lady of the Palace and another as a lady of honour. The first husband of the Princess de la Moskowa was Count de Labedoyère, son of the General who was executed almost in company with Marshal Ney; and the Prince de la Moskowa was uncle of the Duchess de Persigny, and second son of "le plus brave des braves." He succeeded M. de Lesseps in a double mission to the Pope and Roman triumvirate, but, having no talent for diplomacy, was created Grand Veneur, or chief huntsman, to the Emperor, with 40,000f. a year salary, many forest and stable perquisites, such as the use of all the blood horses and elegantly-appointed Imperial carriages that he and his wife or their friends required, lodgings in the palaces of Compiègne, Rambouillet, Fontainebleau, and St. Germain, and the hotel in the Rue Marignan, for which the State paid a rent of 50,000 f. a year, and which was decorated with *objets d'art* from the Museums and Garde Meuble. The Grand Veneur had also under him captains and lieutenants (all noble and military) of vénerie. The former were also lodged, had carriages and horses, as much game as they chose to consume at home from the Imperial forests, and 20,000 f. a year, while the lieutenants had 12,000 f. a year, and pickings of the nature I have mentioned. They had also an allowance for Louis Quinze hunting uniforms. Prince de la Moskowa was at all the Emperor's shooting-parties, and commanded a whole army of grooms, whippers-in, huntsmen, wood-beaters, gun-loaders, rangers, and kennel-men. His wife, when Countess de Labedoyère, was brought into that picture of Winterhalter's in which the Empress and her ladies are represented sitting in the long grass, under the shade of old trees, making up into bouquets field flowers which they have gathered. The warm carnation of Madame de Labedoyère's cheeks was not easily managed by the painter, who did rouge and poudre-de-riz better than natural effects. The Countess de la Poëze's (her sister) ringlets were then nut-brown, shot with gold, and look very well in the picture. They had not, when she sat to Winterhalter, been long out of fashion, and she had Madame le Hon (who was greatly her senior) to keep her in countenance. The Countess de Poëze was quietly and unostentatiously beautiful, but slightly ovine. If less

"Royal Charter" Champagne.—Wachter & Co., shippers to H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales by special appointment.

handsome, she might have been set down in the *bonne-femme* category. Her disposition was *bonasse*, and she was one of the few who shut her eyes to the goings-on of the Duchess de Persigny, which exasperated the Princess de la Moskowa, her aunt-in-law. That rule of Court etiquette which binds courtiers not to speak in the Sovereign's presence until spoken to did not weigh on the nerves of the tranquil Countess, who is now a dear, good-natured old lady. It rather relieved her of the trouble of finding subjects of conversation. She was a most patient listener to the Empress, who had the loquacity of a Madreline, and she became one of her Majesty's favourite companions. It was a blessing to the exalted lady to have somebody with her who had not (morally speaking) an angle anywhere, or a personal opinion that she cared to defend, and whose mind was in a perpetual state of friendly neutrality towards everybody. In this she was unlike the other two sisters, who were clever satirists, and as nervous as highly-organised insects. The satirical verve of the Princess de la Moskowa and of the still more intelligent Madame de Vallon carried them often farther than they wished to go. It was the former who overheard and repeated the answer given by the Princess Clotilde to a compliment the Empress paid her, but which she did not quite take as one. It was at a reception at the Tuileries, which followed a gala dinner in honour of the Princess, who had recently been married. Her Imperial Majesty expected to find her a shy and awkward schoolgirl, but was agreeably surprised at her self-possession, and congratulated her thereupon. "You forget, madame," replied the Princess, who was not quite fifteen, "that I was born and brought up at a Court."

In point of charm the Countess Walewska (now, alas! reduced to making money as a *brocanteuse* to maintain her young husband, Alessandro) was superior to the Princess de la Moskowa, who was too self-conscious to be completely graceful. She thought a great deal about what best became her, and made up her mind that it was black, which showed off the beautiful white of her neck and shoulders and the carnation of her cheeks. I often saw her, and always in that colour; but she was very ingenious in obtaining varied effects, by means of different tissues. Silks, corded, lustrine, faille, pékin, taffeta, satins, brocades, velvets, gauzes, dull and shiny, trimmings, borderings of ostrich feathers, *chicoré*, and jet were worked into "harmonies" before Whistler was heard of. It was said that the beautiful lady of honour, in consequence of an accident at a hunt, was obliged to stay for many days in bed, and that when, sitting up in it, she received her friends, she had a loose peplum robe of foulard silk, which showed neck and arms, and pillow-cases and sheets of black foulard. The coverlet was of pale pink brocade, bordered with swansdown. Prince de la Moskowa was among the courtiers who attended this bedroom *petite levée*, and he never forgot the belongings of the fair being who was suffering from the hunting-field accident. I heard this from a Prefect at Avignon, as he was showing me similar bed-clothes in a room furnished for the Empress in virtue of orders received from a Minister of the Interior, who had been greatly struck and charmed by the effect of the "properties" produced on the above-mentioned occasion. Though a prominent beauty, the Princess de la Moskowa was not a *cocodette*. She was bred in a good school, and had—notwithstanding the queer people with whom she was in daily contact—a delicate *sens moral*, which, I hasten to add, was in some respects twisted. A fixed idea of hers was that France was the personal property of the Emperor or any other reigning Sovereign, and that he had a right to make ducks and drakes of it for the benefit of his favourites and courtiers. She was a perfect harpy in preying on her country, though most scrupulous in her dealings with relatives, friends, shopkeepers, and servants.

The throne-altar-and-boudoir journals have taken advantage of the De Ligne-Rochefoucauld marriage to puff the families of the bride and bridegroom *ad nauseam*. They bring us back to the time when the ancestors of the bride were plain Messires Foucauld, of the Lackland tribe, and owners of a small appanage of La Roche, which, being a rocky, barren place, they doubtless bought cheap. Foucauld is a name that sounds to French ears like Cluppins to English; but, with the Laroche prefixed to it, it rolls on majestically. I dare say the poverty of the appanage was one of the reasons why there was a good deal of wit and talent in the family before they became prosperous courtiers. Though a Duc, the author of "Les Maximes" was not extremely prosperous. He was in opposition to the Court and hated Cardinal Mazarin. His father was the first of the race who had a right to adorn a coronet with strawberry leaves. Want of wealth and the bad odour in which he was at Court and at the Palais du Cardinal, enabled the second Duc to see of what poor stuff the governing class of his time was composed. The actual generation of his descendants is very wealthy, but they are terribly deficient in brains. *Mon plaisir* is their motto, and they take great pleasure in showing themselves hospitable in an ostentatious manner, in seeing their entertainments and charities well advertised in the journals of the throne-altar-and-boudoir species, and in fine studs and field sports. The Duc de Bissacia was Ambassador to London for a short time after May 24. But Marshal MacMahon, though he did not set up to be a man of wit, said he was not competent to discharge the duties of his post, and made the Duc de Broglie recall him. He is only Vicomte de la Rochefoucauld by birth; but having an estate in Calabria, from whence he imports those clever and picturesque little black ponies which he and his wife often drive four-in-hand, he bought for himself an Italian ducal title. Whenever he speaks in the Chamber, of which he is a member, "il perd une belle occasion pour se taire." There he sits near the Bishop of Angers and Paul de Cassagnac. He is the very incarnation of fatuity. His moustache is dyed and carefully waxed at the ends, and his clothes are cut in the English style. This Duc's forte is interruption. He attempted to make speeches in the Versailles Assembly, and lost his way in them all. The Duchesse is his second wife, the mother of five children, the stepmother of that fair and interesting young widow, the Duchess de Luynes, and the sixteenth and youngest child of that Prince de Ligne who negotiated with Baron Stockmar the conditions on which Prince Leopold accepted the snug, though new, throne of Belgium.

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Through her mother, *née* Princess Lubomirska, she is related to "Mirsky," the Polish Prince who honours the Société des Gens de Lettres in belonging to it, and who more than recouped his lost fortune by espousing the widow of Boyer, the inventor of the Eau de Mélisse des Carmes. I, a few years ago, had her aunt in my service as a cook, and advised her to make the Princess, her niece, allow her a pension, which she did. The Duc de Bisaccia is descended by his mother from the Montmorencies, and owns a Gothic house in La Vallée des Loups, which Châteaubriand sold to the last Duc de Montmorency, and at which the Duc d'Orléans used to go to *déjeuner en petite comité*, when the Duchess de Valençay was staying there. A part of the Bisaccia stud is always kept at the Vallée des Loups. The Duc de Chartres was not able to attend the religious wedding, between which and the civil one there was a three days' interval, to show contempt for the latter. Contempt was also shown by the ladies of the De Ligne family attending it in deep, though very dressy, mourning. They were all in black, which they did not don when going to the church of St. Francis Xavier. The Prince and Princess de Joinville and the Duchess de Chartres met the bridal party there. The bride was in white satin and Brussels lace. She will be a great personage at Brussels. The literary Prince, Lubomirsky, was not at the civil or religious ceremony or the *réception de contrat*.

SPORTING NOTES.

IT seems to me that sporting writers are always in extremes; either they leave Pangloss standing still, or else they rejoice in woe and wallow in dolours. The entries for the Derby and other great races of 1886 are regarded in some quarters as in all respects highly satisfactory, while in others there are the usual mandrake-like wailings over the degeneracy not merely of the classic stakes, but of the subscribers to the same—and, indeed, of everything connected with the turf. People must be singularly unobservant of the signs of the times who are surprised by the stagnation of the Derby and Oaks. So far as concerns the number of entries, both have fallen far behind the Epsom Grand Prize, which was established a few years ago, but which, thanks to its liberal conditions and an addition of £1,200, has become the most popular three-year-old stake in the Calendar. The plain fact is that owners in these days prefer to patronise stakes to which a large sum is added, and in which they can "get out" cheaply. In the classic stakes the subscribers have only their own money to run for, and £25 has to be paid on each nomination. It must be manifest to the most undiscerning eyes that no stake can now retain a high place in the estimation of owners unless a really good sum is given to it, and unless the conditions are in accordance with the modern principles of racing. "All establishments die of dignity," said Sydney Smith, and I fear that the Derby and Oaks will have to be added to the long list of institutions which have suffered this fate if it continues to be thought that to alter their antiquated conditions would deprive them of all their glory. I would add £2,000 to each stake, and let there be an entrance of £3, which should be the only liability if forfeit were declared by the first Tuesday in the January after closing. There should also be a minor forfeit of £25, to be declared by Tuesday after the Houghton Meeting, and for all left in after that date a sweepstakes of £100 each and £50 forfeit. It is absurd and foolish to attribute the comparative decadence of the Derby merely to the establishment of the Epsom Grand Prize; as if that stake were abolished to-morrow, it certainly would not follow that owners would hasten to enter all their yearlings in the Derby and Oaks. It is forgotten that until quite a recent period these "classic" events were really the only stakes of any value in the Calendar, except the old sweepstakes of £200 and £500 each. It is different now, as every week there are races of £500 and £1,000, and there cannot be a doubt but that rich stakes will every year become more and more common. Managers of gate-money meetings can well afford to be liberal, considering their prodigious receipts, and at most places the obligation is recognised as good policy. At Manchester, which is a comparatively new meeting, £2,000 is given to a two-year-old race, which, with the exception of the Middle Park Plate, is the most valuable stake of that sort in the whole year; and the Manchester Cup, with £2,000 added, is far ahead of any other handicap. It must be forced upon the dull and reluctant apprehension of the managers of the old meetings that they must adopt a similar course, unless they wish these fixtures to collapse ignominiously. Considering the enormous profits of Epsom, the programmes are decidedly meagre, and there is room for reform in a few of the stakes at Ascot, and in most of those at Doncaster. At Goodwood, where the receipts are comparatively small, the added money has been more than doubled during the last ten years, and there has been a corresponding improvement in the sport. Newmarket, however, sets a truly shocking example in this respect, for it is a gate-money meeting in everything but the name, and the programmes are beggarly in the extreme. Unluckily, the Stewards, instead of recognising the necessity for radical changes, are positively getting more and more unblushingly sordid every season. The rulers of the Heath resemble the Conservative party of 1840, as defined by Coningsby: "A body of individuals totally unequal to the exigencies of the epoch, and, indeed, unconscious of its real character."

Excluding owners who breed for sale, the largest subscriber to the Derby is the Duke of Hamilton, who has seven entries, among which is a half-brother (by Petrarch) to Ossian, and he has also a sister to Scot Free. Mr. Abington has engaged three, one of which is the 3,000 gs. half-brother (by Galopin) to Harvester. Lord Alington has two, including a brother to St. Blaise, who is nominated for the Grand Prix by Sir F. Johnstone. Mr. D. Baird has two, of which one is the splendid brother to Kermesse, for which he gave 2,100 gs. at the sale of Mr. Chaplin's yearlings. Lord Bradford has three, including a brother to Whitelock, a half-brother (by Hilarious) to Chippendale, and a half-brother (by Zealot) to Retreat. Mr. Chaplin's

Roper Frères & Company's 1st Quality extra dry Champagne. Roper Frères' 1st Quality medium dry. Of all Wine Merchants

name does not appear; but Lord Hartington has entered a colt by Hermit—Belphœbe, which I hope will turn out smart enough to restore the *prestige* of his terribly unlucky colours. "Mr. Manton" has only four, which is a curiously small number, considering the large team of highly-bred and very costly yearlings which he possesses. One of the selected trio is Oberon, the 2,500 gs. colt by Galopin—Wheel of Fortune; but the others are home-bred, viz., a brother to Sefton, a filly by See-saw—Pilgrimage, and a filly by Hermit—La Belle Hélène. The Duke of Westminster has five, including the 1,600 gs. brother to Abbot and Marden, a half-brother (by Bend Or) to Duke of Richmond, a half-brother (by Bend Or) to Farewell, a brother to White Nun, and a colt by Muncaster—Aventurière. Lord Zetland has two, one of which is the 3,000 gs. Godolphin, the crack (in price) of Lord Falmouth's lot. Major Brace enters a brother to St. Gatien, which is not likely to go begging, like its relative. Mr. Bowes has three, all with true Streatham pedigrees. Lord Calthorpe has a brother to Hauteur, and Mr. H. A. Harrison enters a brother to Luminary, which Lord Alington is not likely to get for £500. Mr. Houldsworth has only two, of which one is half-brother (by Springfield) to that good but unfortunate filly, Adriana. Mr. Jardine has three, and Mr. Lefevre five. Lord Scarbrough's yearlings, both in Derby and Oaks, are nominated by Lord Lumley. Sir J. Willoughby has engaged the 2,000 gs. sister to Queen Adelaide. Lord Rosebery has four, all bred at Mentmore, including the colt by Dutch Skater—Duchess of Parma, for which he wanted 1,800 gs. at Newmarket. Mr. L. Rothschild's four all come from Ascot, and Baron Rothschild's four were bred in France. Mr. Macdonald enters a filly by Bend Or out of an Arab mare, and her running (if she ever starts) will certainly be watched with interest. R. Peck has four, of which one is half-brother (by Muncaster) to Superba. Mr. Combe has entered the colt by Blair Athole—Westeria, for which nobody would bid 1,000 gs. at Newmarket. Mr. Merry has the 1,100 gs. half-brother to Florence. Of public breeders, Mr. Graham has no fewer than twelve entries, most of which changed hands at the Yardley sale. Mr. C. Harrison has six, and Mr. Watson five, one of which is half-brother (by Chevron) to Geheimniss.

The special feature of the Derby entry is the entire absence of American names. Mr. Lorillard, who for several seasons engaged his yearlings in the most reckless fashion, has become disgusted by his ill-luck since the disappearance of Iroquois, and Mr. Keene's present circumstances do not permit him to indulge freely in such superfluous luxuries as race-horses. Mr. Lorillard, however, must be a mighty sanguine personage if he expected to be winning Derbys and Legers every year. I don't know where he would have been after a few seasons of the exasperating disappointments of Lord Glasgow, Mr. Savile, and other good sportsmen. There are no German entries, and only a very few from France.

Mr. Graham again comes first in the Oaks with six entries, and next are Lord Rosebery, Mr. C. Gibson, the Duke of Hamilton, Mr. Houldsworth, and Mr. Lefevre, with four each. Lord Cadogan has entered the 2,050 gs. half sister (by Kisber) to Shotover and Martini; but considering the antecedents, it is somewhat strange that she should have been left out of the Derby. Mr. C. Gibson has a half sister (by Blair Athole) to Rosy Morn, and Lord Ellesmere a sister to Highland Chief. Count Festetics enters a filly (bred in Hungary) by Buccaneer—Peffar. The moderate Mr. Manton has only three, of which one is a sister to Peter. The Duke of Westminster, Lord Zetland, and the Duke of Portland have two each. There are no fewer than 388 entries for the Grand Prix, but the greater popularity of this stake is explained by its more liberal conditions. £4,000 is added, and a subscriber can get out for £4 five weeks before the race takes place, or for £20 by "declaring" four days previously. The Duc de Castries (who enters nothing in the Derby or Oaks) has twenty-three nominations, most of which are sired by either King Lud or Silvio. M. Moreau Cheslon has seventeen entries, H. Jennings thirteen, Baron Schickler, Baron Rothschild, and Mr. Lefevre, twelve each, and M. Aumont, M. Delamarre, and Count de Nicolay ten each. Messrs. Ilovaisky, the Russian breeders, enter eleven of their home-bred yearlings. Of English owners, the Duke of Hamilton has nineteen nominations, and Mr. C. Harrison and the irrepressible Mr. Graham six each. Baron Oppenheim is the only German owner who has patronised these stakes.

The prospects of Newmarket sport are eminently unsatisfactory. Fifteen stakes were advertised to close at the same time as the July and the Chesterfield (which respectively have 63 and 62, against 56 and 61 this year, and 57 and 55 last year), but seven did not fill. Among the failures, too, was the Biennial, one of the oldest and most interesting stakes in the whole Newmarket programme. The paramount and absorbing object of the voracious rulers of Newmarket (whose cupidity appears to be insatiable) is to make the best possible show with the smallest possible outlay. Not a *sou* has been given for years to either the Middle Park or Dewhurst Plates; while on the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire there is always a large profit. Let any one carefully study the cards each day at the October meetings, and it will be found, after allowance has been made for the entrances and the profits from auction races, that the amount really given out by the Jockey Club is incredibly contemptible, considering the enormous profits that are reaped from the manifold sources of revenue. The Biennial has failed because the Stewards insisted on thirty subscribers. Considering the competition against which Newmarket has to contend, it is by no means surprising that the stipulated number did not appear. The Stewards forget that very often the Biennial is *the* race of the Craven Meeting, and that although there might be only a dozen entries now and two starters on the day, yet it might attract thousands to see it run for, and might be one of the most interesting and exciting contests of the whole year.

I am sorry to see that the added money to the Champion Stakes has been still further reduced—a most ill-judged piece of economy. Till last year it was a race with £1,000 added and an entrance of £4. This year and next year only £800 is given, while the entrance has been

Army and Navy Hotel, Victoria-st., S.W., is probably now the best Hotel in London. Table d'hote 6 to 8. Cookery excellent.

Vanity Fair says:—"Mr. Benjamin is still the Prince of Ulster and Stalking-Coat Makers." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

increased to £5, with the result that the real amount which the Club will have to pay the two winners is not £1,600, but £450! Now, for 1886 the added money has been cut down to £700, of which £485 comes back in entrances. The entry for the race is very interesting, as it gives a hint as to the horses which are expected to stand a prolonged course of training. The names of Archiduc, Busybody, Superba, Queen Adelaide, and Scot Free are missing; but amongst those which may start in October, 1886, are Lord Byron, St. Médard, St. Gatien, St. Simon, Royal Fern, Spring Morn, Duke of Richmond, and Harvester.

The heavy Ascot events hold their own very fairly, although in these days £50 is a large liability for a stake which will not be run for two years; but here the pill is sweetened with a *bonâ-fide* addition of £300. The Coronation (which, before long, will be the most valuable fillies' race of the season) has 45 entries, against 37 for next year and 42 at the last meeting. The St. James's Stakes has 29 entries, against 27 and 31.

The Richmond and Sussex Stakes at Goodwood have done well. The two-year-old race has 108 entries, against 95 and 76. The Sussex has 91, against 83 and 76. The conditions of these stakes are thoroughly satisfactory, and £500 is added to each.

Tristan is to run for the Grand Prix de Deauville on August 17, a stake which he has won two years in succession. Little Duck has not been entered, but Fra Diavolo will probably start. M. Lefevre has also engaged Archiduc and Hermitage. Tristan will then have a rest till the Second October Meeting at Newmarket, when he is to run his last race for the Champion Stakes, in which he may meet Queen Adelaide, Lucerne, Cambusmore, St. Médard, Quicklime, and Faugh-a-Ballagh. Thanks to the nominations of St. Simon and of Mr. Crawfurd's cracks having become void, it is exceedingly probable that Tristan will win this event for the third year in succession. In 1882 he ran a dead heat with Thebais, the pair beating Dutch Oven by a neck; and last year he beat Ossian easily.

MAMMON.

THE LONDON FINANCIAL.

THE accounts of this Company, as presented for the half-year ending June 30, cannot be pleasant reading to the shareholders. The subscribed capital amounts to £1,526,000, and £247,000 is due on loans. It is admitted that £770,507 has been lost. As a matter of fact much more has been lost, for the assets consist of "property belonging to the Association the value of which it is impossible to closely estimate"—the Alexandra Palace—and £6,121 in cash. "Property belonging to the Association" apparently comprises a quantity of railroad securities manufactured by the Company, but which pay about £2,000 per annum in dividends, and on the Alexandra Palace there is a mortgage of £244,000. The profit and loss account of the half-year shows a profit of £2,300, against an expenditure of £9,270. In addition to this there is the formidable item of legal expenses to be faced in the action against former directors which the Company has just lost. The costs amount to about £50,000. At the meeting of the Company last Friday there were some curious revelations. The chairman said that he had been against the action, and that Mr. Harrison, the solicitor of the company, had brought it in conjunction with one director.

Under these circumstances, the shareholders were wise to nominate a committee of investigation. The present directors have called up about £500,000 during the six years that they have been in office, and the shares are worth less than they were before the calls. They have brought an action which costs the Company £50,000, and against the judgment of the Court they propose to appeal, in which case they will pretty obviously have to make a fresh call on the unfortunate shareholders. I myself always thought the action a most unfair one. Twenty years ago, the then directors had honestly entered into a transaction for the Company. Its result was unfortunate, on which they are worried and harried by legal proceedings, on the ground that their action had been *ultra vires*. I was, therefore, delighted when the Company had to pay not only its own costs, but the costs of the defendants. If the shareholders allow their solicitor (who, of course, gains by either winning or losing actions), to appeal against this decision, no one will pity them if they are drained of their last farthing.

THE GENERAL CREDIT.

It seems that I was well within the mark in putting down the market price of the shares of this Company at £3. 5s.; for I see that it is now £3. 2s. 6d. This means that so long as our £4. 3s. 8d. is in the form of a share of the Company, no human being will give more than £3. 2s. 6d. for it. "On peut être plus fin qu'un autre, mais on ne peut pas être plus fin que tout le monde," says a French proverb. A pound is only worth twenty shillings when it can be converted into twenty shillings. Are we sentimentalists or men of business? If the former, is not a Company an odd object of a sentimental affection? Why have we shares in the General Credit Company? To make money. Why should we then perpetuate the existence of the Company when the only result is to make our pounds worth less in the market than twenty shillings? We want our once useful pound back. I doubt if one shareholder unconnected with the Board would dream of contesting my reasoning. If he does, perhaps he will be good enough to act on his views, and to send me all the pounds which he possesses, for each of which I shall be happy to give him 14s. 3d., which is the precise market value of our pounds (estimating the market value of the share at £3. 5s.), so long as they are kindly retained for us by the General Credit Company.

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C.

Almond's Hotel, situated in the best position of the West-End and close to the theatres, parks, &c., is now re-opened. A spacious Salle à Manger and Ladies' Drawing-room have also been added, hot and cold baths and many single bedrooms. Special attention directed to sanitary arrangements. Clifford-street, Bond-street, W. —J. R. Roy, Proprietor.

THE CANADA NORTH-WEST LAND COMPANY.

On June 30 a meeting of shareholders of this Company appointed a committee of investigation to inquire into its affairs, the capabilities of the Board, and the enormous sum of money that has been thrown away. The report of this committee was to be received at an adjourned meeting held last week. As a matter of fact, it was not received by those who alone have a right to it, namely, the shareholders, notwithstanding very persevering attempts of the chairman and members of the committee to gain a hearing. This is decidedly hard on these gentlemen, who had taken a great deal of trouble, heard much evidence, and spent days and weeks in the investigation. Since the previous meeting over which the chairman of the Company, Mr. Reginald Macleod, presided, a subtle change seems to have taken place in the opinions of the Board, composed, by-the-way, of sixteen directors. Mr. Macleod, then, apparently possessed the sympathies of his colleagues, while now he resigns his chairmanship on account of the want of their support. As Mr. Macleod has courted the fullest investigation, this is a great loss to the Company. Nothing can be gained by concealment in such cases, and the policy adopted by the new Chairman, Sir George Warrender, Bart., is calculated to discredit the Company. Sir George appears, as one of the shareholders expressed it, to enjoy the reputation "of having a well-known ability in dealing with Companies of this kind." From the tone he took at the meeting, I should say that he was used to deal with such Companies very much after his own fashion, and regardless of the views of others. What he can gain by shelving the committee's report it is difficult to see. If it was the fear, expressed by a shareholder, that the report would damage the Company, and cause a fall in the shares, it would be natural to suppose that important matters bearing on the Company's position are at present withheld. As another shareholder observed, "if the Company cannot stand the report of the committee, it would not stand long any way." Apprehension, however, of the obnoxious report prevailed, and the resolution moved by Sir George Warrender, "That the report be received and remitted to the Board for their careful consideration, and that the committee be thanked for their trouble and discharged," was carried by a majority of thirty-three shareholders, representing 55,735 shares, against twenty-three shareholders, representing 8,000 shares. It may be mentioned that 27,000 shares of the majority were held by one shareholder. It is certainly a curious feature that the report of a committee of investigation, which probably contains strong criticisms on the policy of the Board, should be referred to that Board without being read to the shareholders. It will, however, not be possible to repress this report, and as it doubtless contains matter of importance to the Company, the shareholders will have to be put in possession of it. I wonder whether it is now intended to carry out Lord Elphinstone's philanthropic emigration scheme by borrowing money on the Company's property? I should also like to know what the report has to say on the connection with the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company.

John Shaw, Share Broker, Wardrobe-chambers, Queen Victoria-st. deals at tape prices at an inclusive commission of one-sixteenth.

QUEER STORIES.

AN UNFORTUNATE GOODWOOD.

MR. JOHN GAMBLE, of 4, Montmorency-terrace, Burgewostown, had deceived his wife. When he told her that he had to leave town on important business, and would not be back until the next day, he really was going to Goodwood with a few jolly fellows, with whom he intended afterwards to spend a bachelor evening. His wife was usually annoyed when important business called John away—which it invariably did about the time of the great race-meetings—but on this occasion she did not seem to be particularly upset.

"And you'll not be able to be back to-night?" she asked.

"No, my dear," replied John.

"Can't you possibly manage it?" she inquired.

"No, my dear, it's impossible. But why do you ask?"

"Oh," said she, in a tone of regret, which he easily saw was only meant to hide her pleasure, "I don't like you sleeping away from home. If you could only get back, I shouldn't mind how late it was; I would wait up for you."

"It would be no use," answered John. "I'm certain to be detained over-night."

John Gamble and his wife had been married nearly twelve years, and, on the whole, they had led a very happy life. With the exception of one quarrel—produced through his mother-in-law's remonstrance with John about his fondness for betting—he and his wife had not had a single serious disagreement since their wedding. That one quarrel, however, promised at one time to be serious enough, and, as both John and his mother-in-law were thoroughly exasperated, no one could say how it would have ended had not Mrs. Gamble, just when it was reaching a crisis, brought it to a happy conclusion by deserting to her husband, and turning her arms—or rather her tongue—against her mother, whom she herself had induced to begin the conflict. Since then Mr. and Mrs. Gamble had been on good terms, but Mrs. Gamble's mother had ceased to visit them.

Recently, however, another event had occurred which seemed likely to disturb the domestic happiness of Mr. John Gamble. A young doctor, of handsome appearance and engaging manners, had come to reside at the other end of Montmorency-terrace—at No. 17. In an evil moment John Gamble had called in young Doctor Skelton to attend his wife, and he had apparently made his presence exceptionally agreeable to her, for she ever afterwards refused to consult any other physician. Yet although she was continually praising his skill, John Gamble could not help noticing that since he began to attend her and the children they appeared to suffer more than ever from ill-health. At any rate, they seemed to need much more medical attendance; for, for some months past, so chronic had sickness in the family become, that Dr. Skelton had found it necessary to pay a long visit every day. John Gamble was naturally of a jealous and suspicious temperament, and he noticed the increasing

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intimacy between his wife and the doctor with anything but pleasure. As yet he had not felt justified in remonstrating concerning it with Mrs. Gamble, but he had frequently pondered over it in private, and, without its being once referred to by either of them, it was steadily making the relations between them less and less cordial.

As has been said, on the morning that John Gamble told his wife he should be unable to be home that night, he noticed that she seemed rather pleased than otherwise by his announcement. Hitherto he had been accustomed on such occasions to poutings and dissatisfaction generally on her part; and, although he had not altogether liked these, he disliked their absence now still more. Indeed, the change in her behaviour was so complete and striking that it at once made a considerable and most unpleasant impression on his mind. That unpleasant impression was not diminished by a circumstance which subsequently occurred. As the eldest boy was leaving for school, Mrs. Gamble followed him to the hall-door. While she was speaking to him, John happened to pass through the hall. He noticed she was giving the child a letter. When she heard her husband's step, she turned round hastily, and, observing that he had seen what she had been doing, she became very red. He could not help connecting this fact and her previous behaviour in some way or other with her acquaintance with Dr. Skelton; but he left without saying anything about it.

All the way to Goodwood, however, he continued to think of what he had noticed—much more of it than of the races he was going to see. Again and again he tried with all his power to dismiss the whole affair from his mind; but he could not. Do as he would, it, and the disagreeable suspicions it had given birth to, would mingle themselves with his thoughts. He cast about in every direction for any likely and innocent cause for his wife's conduct; but could find none. The more he thought of it, the more convinced he became that the only possible explanation of it lay in her relations with the young and handsome physician. Before he reached the course, his suspicions had hardened into absolute convictions.

John's jolly friends soon discovered that John himself was anything but jolly. He did his best to participate in their gaiety, but with little success. He pretended to take an interest in the races; but all the time his mind was full of the gloomy suspicions about his wife, which would, in spite of all he could do, obtrude themselves upon him. To get the better of them he bet heavily and drank copiously. But, in the pre-occupation of his mind he forgot discretion in his betting, and lost more than a man in his position could well afford; and the champagne, instead of making him gay, made him quarrelsome. Over one bet he had a bitter and prolonged dispute with his oldest and dearest friend, Mat Owen, which seemed likely to end in a complete breach, and which was only settled with much trouble by the strenuous exertions of their common friends. At last the races were over, and John was heartily glad of it, for he had never spent a more miserable day in his existence.

He returned with the others to town, and although all day his gloomy spirits and bad temper had made him little less than an intolerable nuisance to the rest of the company, they expected he would be himself once again at supper, since there was no place where, as a rule, John Gamble showed with so much advantage as at table. But they were doomed to disappointment. At supper, John behaved much as he had done on the course. He remained silent and gloomy, never opening his mouth except to take brandy or champagne, or to contradict some of his neighbours. When at length, late in the evening, he announced that, as he did not feel well, he thought he would return home at once, they were all greatly relieved. He accordingly left the supper-room and drove to the railway-station, reaching it just in time to catch the last train for Burgewostown.

When the train arrived at the "beautiful and aristocratic suburb" of Burgewostown (as the local paper described it) it was midnight; and by the time John reached Montmorency-terrace it was close upon one o'clock At the station he had been unable to procure a cab, and so had to walk. The distance, to those who confined their peregrinations to the side-path, was only about half a mile; but as John felt impelled (probably on account of its not being properly lighted) to cross the street at least a hundred times in the course of the journey, it was not strange that it seemed to him at least three times that distance. When at length he came to his own house, he saw how just his suspicions were. Although it was long after his wife's usual time for retiring, the drawing-room on the first floor was lighted up. What could she be doing at that hour of the night? What did she mean by talking about sitting up for him, if she did not intend to be in bed at one o'clock in the morning? He felt sure there was something wrong, and was walking forward to knock at the door when it occurred to him that, if he knocked she could let out of the house any person there might be in it before he could effect an entrance. To discover really what she was doing he must surprise her; but how was he to do that? He had no latch-key;—even if he had, most probably the door was bolted inside. He tried the windows on the ground-floor: they were all fastened. He felt fairly nonplussed. As a last resource, he resolved to go to the back of the house, get over the garden wall, and see if he could not gain admittance through some of the back windows.

He went to the back. The terrace, though not a very long one—there were only twenty houses in it—was all built on the one plan, and so, from the rear at least, it was rather difficult to distinguish the houses from each other. But, as John Gamble lived at number four, he was able to discover his house by counting the fourth from the end. Having in this way identified it, he scaled the garden wall. As it was only about five feet high he contrived to do this without much difficulty. Once over, he made his way through the garden to the back of the house. He began trying all the windows to see if any of them had been left unfastened. To his delight, the kitchen one was unlatched. He raised

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it cautiously. Scrambling upon the sill—the house had no basement story—he sat there for a moment wondering how, in his present somewhat unsteady condition, he could get in without letting the window drop or making any other disturbance, when he recollected that there was a table just below the window. He put in his foot and felt it. Considering himself now secure he slipped down upon it. As he did so the table went from beneath him, and he fell heavily and with a terrible clatter on the floor. The table had not been exactly underneath the window, and, his weight coming upon it sideways had upturned it. Considerably shaken and confused by the fall, he arose, and listened to hear if the noise had disturbed the inmates. Apparently it had not, for he could hear no footsteps. To make sure that no one should leave the house before he got out of the kitchen, he hurriedly groped his way through the kitchen to the door, and through the door to the bottom of the stairs. The fall seemed to have increased the effect of the drink he had taken, for, in spite of all his efforts to go quietly and cautiously, at every step he collided against something or other. Getting upstairs gave him still more difficulty.

At length he reached the lobby of the first floor. He stole as noiselessly as possible to the drawing-room door, and listened earnestly if he could hear any sound within. There was none; but the room was still lighted. He felt now in an awkward position. He began to doubt if his suspicions were, after all, well founded. If they were, he would know how to act; but if, as now seemed likely, they were not, how could he explain to his wife his present position and condition? While he stood hesitating what to do, the door of the room was suddenly flung violently open, and Dr. Skelton sprang upon him. Had John been prepared for such an encounter, he would probably have been more than a match for the doctor; but he was taken by surprise. Nevertheless, he made a strong resistance. He struggled fiercely and desperately; but couldn't for a moment hold his own. He felt the contest was going against him; but, just as he raised his voice for help, his antagonist lifted him bodily from the ground, and threw him headlong down the stairs. He fell on the landing with terrible force, and at once became unconscious.

How long it was before he recovered consciousness, John could not tell. When he did, however, he found himself lying half-stripped in bed, and covered with bruises and wounds. At first he could not comprehend how he came there. The shock of his fall had driven all the events of the night out of his head. He lay for a time wondering at his position, and trying to remember what had happened, but in vain. At length, through the haziness which still obscured his vision, he saw the face of Dr. Skelton bending over him. The sight of it brought back everything to his mind. He gazed on the man with loathing, and then, turning his eyes away, he thought with agony of his lost wife and the children she had disgraced. Dr. Skelton interrupted his thoughts.

"How do you feel now, Mr. Gamble?" he said gently. "I am very sorry for what has occurred. Can I do anything for you?"

"You scoundrel!" exclaimed John, passionately. "How dare you come here? How dare you show your treacherous face here?"

"Now, now, that's really too bad," said the doctor, soothingly. "I may have been too hasty with you, but you were more to blame than I. But we'll not talk of that now. Here, take this: it will revive you. You're not so much injured as you think. It's more the shock you had than anything else that's troubling you."

"Shock, indeed!" cried John, glaring at the doctor. "Shock, indeed!" The doctor, however, took no notice, but tried once again to persuade the outraged husband to sip the draught. He pushed it rudely away.

"Take your infernal medicine away from me," he shouted. "Do you want to poison me? Where's my wife?"

"She'll be here in a minute," answered the doctor. "Don't trouble yourself about her."

"I don't intend to," answered John, fiercely. "You can have her altogether, for all I care."

"Don't talk that way, man; you'll hurt her feelings."

"She has thought a great deal about *my* feelings, hasn't she? Oh, Mary, Mary," he then moaned, half-unconscious apparently of the doctor's presence.

"Poor fellow, your brain's wandering," said the doctor, in a kindly tone. "Do take some of this; it will do you a world of good."

"Take your poison away, I tell you!" shouted John. "Are you not satisfied with one crime? Are you not content with robbing me of my happiness, but must also have my life?"

"Upon my soul, you'll provoke me," exclaimed Dr. Skelton, angrily. "You're the most unreasonable man I ever met. I hear a man wandering at midnight through my house. I naturally attack him; and because, when he's knocked down, he proves to be an acquaintance turned gentleman-burglar, he thinks he's entitled to insult me. Why, man, what kind of treatment do you expect when you become a housebreaker?"

"Become a housebreaker!" repeated John, gazing at Dr. Skelton in bewilderment. "Your house! This is my house, isn't it? It is No. 4, Montmorency-terrace?"

"No, it's my house; it's 17, Montmorency-terrace."

John looked dazed and uncomfortable. He reflected a moment.

"It must be No. 4," he said. "I remember I counted it. It is the fourth house from the end of the terrace."

"Ah! yes," replied Dr. Skelton, smiling, "but from the wrong end."

John remained silent for some time. At length the Doctor said to him: "Mrs. Gamble will be, I'm afraid very much annoyed and upset at your adventure. But I suppose I must go and tell her. It is, however, doubly unfortunate, as she took advantage of your absence to ask her mother over, and she is now at your house. But there, it can't be helped. I will run and bring them both here."

"No, no, doctor," replied John, very humbly. "You needn't trouble. If you don't object, I'll stop here for the rest of the night."

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GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—The fête at the Healtheries on Wednesday evening approached as nearly to perfection as anything in this imperfect world can do. The scene, as we entered, was brilliant in the extreme, the vestibule being filled with groups of ladies, for the greater part in evening dress, their escorts being in the black and white demanded of fashion. They were watching the arrivals and looking out for their friends. Everywhere we went there were roses of every kind, in the most liberal, even extravagant, profusion. Charlie bought us some at the usual "charitable" price, for we overheard the fair saleswoman say, "Only half-a-crown each; *so* cheap, are they not?" When we had pinned in our delicious trophies we agreed that we felt like the greedy boy in *Punch*, who could eat "forty bloomin' tarts." We could have seized upon "forty bloomin' roses." I can't help being greedy about flowers.

The hospital stall was most beautifully hung with roses, and Wills's struck us as being particularly tasteful, the large looking-glass at the back doubling the effect both of the flowers and of the neat-handed young woman who sold them.

We did not visit all the stalls, or the poor dear Pater and Charlie would have been cruelly victimised. As it is, Papa says his conscience is clear even if he does not go to Church on a charity sermon day for the next six months. It was comparatively easy for him to decline the proffered articles in his benign and easy fatherly way, but poor Charlie simply *couldn't*. He says the thing to do, when you have done your possible in the way of purchases, is to glide swiftly past the beautiful importunates with a bow, and I saw this method gracefully practised on several occasions during the evening, but not by Charlie. He can't say No! So it was our clear duty to steer our party free of the flowery paths of temptation, was it not? Of course, we like the hospitals to get plenty of money, but judging from the magnificent toilettes, and the numerous diamonds worn on the occasion, there were many thousands of persons present who were better able to contribute liberally than was our quartet.

We saw the Prince and Princess quite close. It was odd to see the former wrapped in a warm cloak, while his wife had nothing over her square, low bodice. Her dress was of black canvas, or grenadine, made with much simplicity, and falling in soft and graceful folds round her lovely figure. No hideous bunches at the back marred the harmony of these folds. Our Princess understands the secret of true grace.

Her diamonds were magnificent. She wore a tiara, or coronet, of these, a large encrusted star in the back of her hair, and a necklet which fitted tightly round her throat. You have no idea how much more becoming this is than the loosely-drooping necklaces or the rivières. The stones sparkled marvellously, encircling her charming head with flashes of blue and red and opalescent light, varying at every second.

The Princess looks more like a girl than the mother of a youth of twenty; and her expression is *so* bright and happy. She carried a magnificent bouquet of orchids, presented to her by Lady Mary Greville.

The Prince is not nearly so stout as he was last year. He looks graver, too, but his expression has as much *bonhomie* as ever.

It is vain to attempt to give you any idea of the beauty of the illuminations. The grounds, as you know, are large. Well, wherever one looked, there was an expanse of coloured lights, varied here and there by fountains glittering in many hues and miniature cascades, some red, some pale violet, some green and some yellow. The lavishness of the colouring was almost dazzling. Over our heads swung in the breeze long lines of Japanese lanterns, and above all shone the electric light, which looked, through the trees, like the moon at full. At a turn in the grounds we came upon a long basin of water, crossed by curved lines of yellow light, which, when reflected in the water, became complete circles of flame. The light dresses and the flashing of jewels added in no small degree to the effect of the scene.

As you may imagine, there was a great social mixture. There were dames in costly brocades, whose respectability combined with vulgarity admitted of no doubt. There were others, rouged, flounced, crinoletted, and for the most part solitary, whom no one could for an instant call respectable. I saw poor dear Arthur Sketchley's Mrs. Brown in the flesh, looking "quite the lady," with a lot of gilt horseshoes in her suspiciously black hair, and a terribly brilliant shawl round her shoulders. She pushed in at one of the doors before the Duchess of Manchester, with the consequence that the officials inside were reluctant to open it even to that lady, who remarked that they were afraid of the crowd rushing in. A gentleman who was with her thereupon observed, "—— the crowd," which was certainly liberal and sweeping, considering that the assemblage in question consisted of some twenty thousand souls. Those who study the manners of our aristocracy may remark a certain tendency to violence in their language, which is in no degree restricted by the presence of ladies.

Gladys Lady Lonsdale looked magnificent in black and gold. The Duchess of Manchester, who sold butter, cream, new milk, fruit, and flowers, at Welford's Model Dairy, was in white or cream-colour, with a dear little white bonnet, edged with pearls. She was assisted by a number of lovely women. There was no getting near her stall. I do not fancy the fish-pond was largely patronised. The room in which "this concern was run," as I heard an obvious American phrase it, was really a thing of beauty. But I do not retain any clear recollection of the details, for there was so much to engage the attention, that things we thought we had safely stored in our memory have quite escaped from that receptacle. At the same time, the impression left by the whole is ineffaceable. The scene was at once brilliant, exciting, gay, and yet softly poetic.

The Duke of Buckingham and Chandos presented to the Princess a handkerchief of pillow lace, which had been entirely made on the premises of the Buckinghamshire Lace Manufactory at the Healtheries.

Some of the incidents were rather ludicrous. After we had seen our Royalties in the central corridor, we returned to the conservatory, and on our way passed the Royal Pavilion. There we found a thick crowd huddled together in the darkness outside the entrance. It was the impression of these deluded people that the Prince and Princess were inside. "Caught in a trap," said one man. "They can't escape us now." "I saw the champagne go in," said another. I begged papa or Charlie to tell this patient flock that we had just left the Royal party far behind us; but, with the usual hard-heartedness of men, they only grinned and said: "Let them wait; it keeps them out of mischief."

On Thursday afternoon we went to see Miss Agar Ellis married to the Hon. Luke White. It was a brilliant and a very pretty wedding. For once, the bridegroom was satisfactory, being young and as good-looking as the imagination of the most inveterate novel-reader could depict him. The bride has lovely eyes, a pretty figure, and a graceful head. She was half-an-hour late, which showed, I think, a little want of consideration for her friends, the two clergymen (fancy keeping a Bishop waiting!), and especially for her bridegroom, who grew obviously nervous as the time wore on. At four o'clock she arrived, wearing one of the most poetic of wedding-gowns. The skirt was made of white crêpe lisse, draped in long, curved folds, and looped up with bunches of orange buds, and blossoms. The bodice and train were of white poult-de-soie, the former being softened with folds of lisse and the latter being edged with a thick ruche of the same, in which nestled cosily small groups of orange-blossoms. Her veil was of lovely old Brussels lace. Her ten bridesmaids, several of whom were tiny children, wore dresses of purest white gauze, lace, and satin. The elder ones wore white bonnets without strings, and the children had hats, also white. The only colour about them lay in their fresh

Old Lace.—The finest collection in London at A. Blackborne & Co.'s, 35, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square.

young cheeks, their bright eyes, rosy lips, and their bouquets of dark blue cornflowers and damask roses—the Guards' colours. The aisle was lined with some two score of the men of the Scots Guards, the bridegroom's regiment, and the piper was in the full (I had nearly said *canonicals*) garb of old Gael.

There was a large attendance of friends. The young Marchioness of Kildare looked gloriously lovely in pale blue. Maria Marchioness of Ailesbury wore dark green satin, picked out with old gold. Her bonnet had a gold-coloured crown, and was trimmed with green. Lady Randolph Churchill looked as smart as usual in a pretty dress of satin and brocade in a shade of golden fawn, a white Olivia bonnet, with very tall flowers in it, white sunshade, and tan-coloured gloves. A very lovely woman wore a charming gown of pale-greenish grey delaine, strewn over with flowers in warm tints, and trimmed with moss-green velvet. Her bonnet was tied on with strings of this fabric and colour. We thought hers the prettiest toilet there. An effective dress was silver-grey, relieved with coral-pink. Another grey dress was trimmed with red embroidery. An aigrette of vivid poppy-red formed the trimming of the little grey bonnet.

The bride's travelling dress was of canvas, very soft and fine, in dark moss-green. The skirt was edged with a broad band of velvet in the same shade; but, of course, the pile gave it the effect of a deeper shade. The bodice was made with a dainty little waistcoat of twine-coloured lace, fastened at the waist under a clasp of gathered velvet. A small turned-up collar of the velvet was supplemented by a dear little turned-down one of the canvas. The tunic was arranged in graceful folds, which suited Mrs. White's tall figure admirably.

A lovely dinner-dress that formed part of her trousseau was made of ruby velvet in a peculiarly deep, soft shade of that regal colour. The draping was so arranged as to look like an overskirt, the folds coming low on one side, and being fastened high on the other under three large velvet bows, the ends of which were drawn together and finished with tassels of ruby beads. The bodice was a sweet thing, edged along the shoulders with a roll of the velvet, round which ruby beads were twined. Beneath this fell a trimming of ruby beads resembling hyacinth bells in shape. There was no tucker. These are seldom worn now. The basque, pointed in front and at the back, was also edged with beads.

Quite a unique evening dress, suggestive of some Oriental belle, was made of very fine white mousseline de soie, embroidered all over with small gold leaves. A deep flounce, edged with pale, gold lace and small gold bangles, trimmed the skirt. A scarf, tied in an inimitable bow, formed the upper trimming, crossing the hips in the softest possible folds, and falling over the train at the back, the ends being gathered into crystal tassels, lighted up with small gold bangles. The bodice, which Nourmahal herself might have worn, was of white satin, with the mousseline de soie draped over it, the gatherings converging at the waist. The sleeves were almost entirely made of the pale gold lace. What with the exquisitely fine, soft texture of the silk muslin, the embroidery which resembled moths on the wing, and the unusually graceful form of the draperies, it appealed strongly to the imagination, and one could fancy it destined for some beautiful Sultana.

We managed to get an excellent view of the guests at the Marlborough House garden-party on Friday. The great gate was not opened till some minutes after four, and at half-past five three thickly-rushing streams converged at the entrance, one coming down St. James'-street, one along Pall-Mall, and the third through the Park. We saw the gallant Fritz, Crown Prince of Germany, who has a soldierly air, which might even be called stiff. I believe Prussian uniforms almost invariably produce this too-erect carriage. A Turkish lady wore a curious little round turban-hat, something like a man's smoking-cap, made of dark velvet, and embroidered in gold and colours. Her dress was flower-strewn, with a ground of lilac-blue, and was made with a loose piece falling from the right shoulder across the chest. A large percentage of the dresses were white or cream-colour—quite two-thirds, I should say. Many others were black, and some were mauve, pink, crimson, or yellow. A gold-coloured velvet looked well, being prettily made. A magnificent brocade showed a design in moss-coloured velvet leaves upon a ground of pale yellow. The bonnet worn with this was either brown or bronze, probably the latter. A dress of cream-coloured lace, fastened with knots of violet velvet, looked well. Another of mingled white and primrose, the latter tint showing through the sprigged muslin, was also successful. The Bishops' wives and daughters were, for the most part, painfully dowdy. A crushed strawberry Liberty silk, mixed with grenat velvet, was one of the few spots of rich colour to be seen. A whole costume of violet velvet was invaluable as throwing up the lighter tints with its own deep, soft hue. It was made with a waistcoat of mauve. The small bonnet was made of mauve straw, and was trimmed with violet velvet and edged with mauve beads. A lady whose dress was made of black Chantilly over white silk carried a dome-shaped sunshade, made of white silk, over which Chantilly was draped and fastened down at the edge with enormous beads of cut jet. Another lady in black wore a sweet little gorget collar of white silk, covered with black lace put on plain. One of the prettiest frocks there was made of white gros-grain silk, edged round the skirt with a broad band of black velvet. The pointed basque, cut away on the hips, had a narrower band of the same. The bonnet matched. Two sisters wore very pretty bonnets of gold straw, edged with pale greenish blue. Their dresses were white.

A large gipsy bonnet looked singular among the very small specimens that prevailed, many of which were made of tulle or areophane. A cream-coloured muslin worn over black silk was a sad mistake. The black beneath made the muslin look soiled. Many girls wore transparent sleeves. They must have felt rather chilly, for the wind was decidedly sharp. I noticed a grey dress worn with tan-coloured boots; but as nothing else in the costume matched the latter, not even the gloves, I thought them inexpedient.

Mrs. H. Oppenheim wore a lovely gown of the finest embroidered white Indian muslin, arranged over poult-de-soie in falling draperies, and with pleated lace. These artistic draperies were fastened with knots of lemon-coloured velvet. Lady Baring's lovely toilet was composed of real Indian embroidery in threads of gold upon muslin. The trimming of écru lace and bows of ribbon to match served to link the tints of white and gold by adding an intermediate one.

Have I told you that the Princess Louise of Wales is shortly to be confirmed in Whippingham Church? We saw her confirmation dress at Redfern's. It is made of simple white India muslin of finest texture. A deep pleated flounce covers quite half the depth of the skirt, and is edged with a number of narrow tucks. The tunic falls low in front, and is gracefully draped high at the sides in a number of soft folds, whence it falls again over the skirt at the back. The bodice is pointed back and front, and is made full, with the gathers carried down over the point in front, just as was fashionable long ago. A gathered trimming of the muslin round the neck looked girlish and simple.

On Saturday morning I went to St. George's, Hanover-square, to see Miss Beatrix du Maurier, the eldest daughter of the artist, married to Mr. Charles C. H. Millar, of Hampstead. You know what Miss du Maurier is like from the pretty girls in *Punch*, and I thought I recognised another of her father's favourite subjects in one of the grown-up bridesmaids. It was the prettiest wedding possible; but really the parents and guardians ought to have stepped in to put it off for a little. So, apparently, thought some dear old ladies near me, one of whom was crying bitterly (why do old ladies always weep at weddings?) and wondering whether they would like each other "when they grew up." The aisle was filled with the friends of the bride and bridegroom, and all the artistic world was there,—Mr. Millais, the Alma-Tademas, the Boughtons, young Mr. Burne Jones, Mr. Val Prinsep, and a host of others. The crowd was too great to allow me to see much of the dresses, but some of the ladies' costumes were terribly "intense," and their wearers seemed to have stepped straight out of Mr.

du Maurier's drawings. The six bridesmaids wore white sprigged muslin and lace, with hats to match, and they carried large bouquets of pink and white roses.

The event of last week in Paris was the marriage of Mdlle. Elisabeth de la Rochefoucauld, with her cousin, Prince Louis de Ligne. The bride, who is very young, is decidedly pretty, with an exquisitely chiselled profile, a very white skin, large dark eyes, and a lovely figure. She wore at the "civil marriage" a skirt and bodice of sapphire-coloured Genoese velvet, trimmed most elaborately with écru lace. A tiny bonnet of lace, with a huge velvet cockade was perched on her pretty head.

Here are two of the dresses in her trousseau: 1, a ball-dress of ivory brocade, embroidered with silver flowers, lifted up *à la* Marie Antoinette over a skirt of white tulle, also embroidered with silver, and looking most deliciously fluffy, covered with wreaths of roses and guelder roses; 2, a reception-dress of sky-blue moiré, with large satin stripes. The skirt is most gracefully draped with sky-blue crêpe de chine, caught up with folds of satin. The fichu is blue crêpe *à la* Marie Antoinette.

I have written you such a long letter that I have hardly left myself a corner in which to tuck a recipe, but that for "Cornish beetroot" is too nice to be ignored. It is equally good, hot or cold.

Fry a well-chopped onion in two ounces of butter until cooked, *but not browned;* then add a teaspoonful of flour, which, with a little milk or cream, you must make into a thick sauce; stir in a little salt, a teaspoonful of vinegar, one of pepper, and a dessert-spoonful of brown sugar; cut up a large beetroot, previously boiled, into good-sized dice, and simmer for a quarter of an hour before serving.

Good-bye, dear, from your loving cousin, MADGE.

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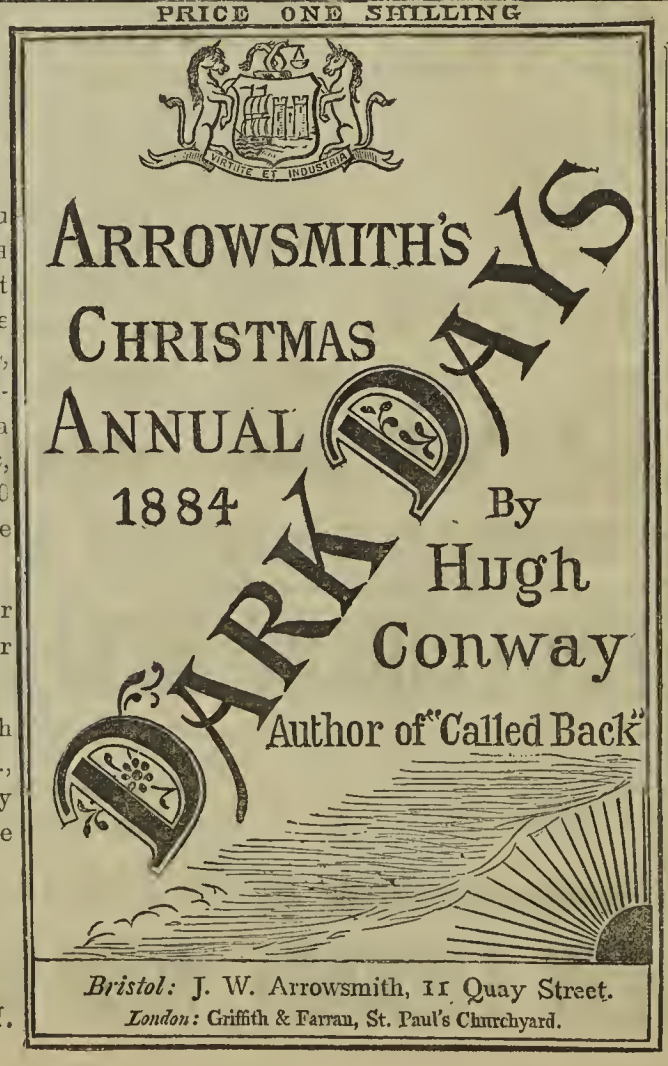

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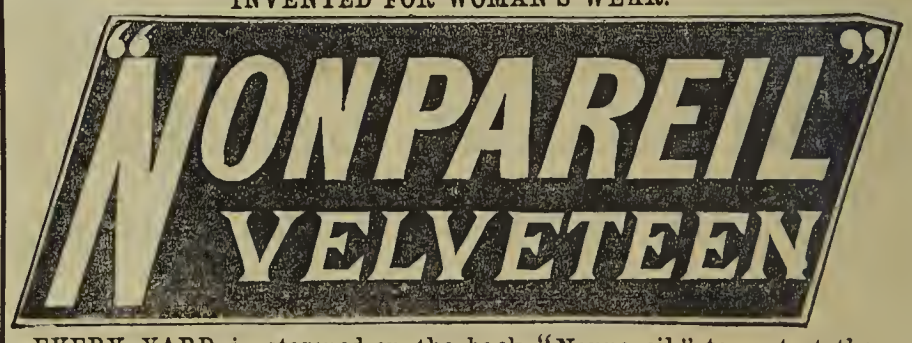

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COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS, FOR LIVER.

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FRAUD. Important Notice.

VIN MARIANI—COCA WINE.

VIN MARIANI should be particularly demanded, as there are several fraudulent and worthless imitations of this valuable preparation.

By its use health is restored and strength obtained.

This Peruvian plant yields from its leaves the most powerful tonic yet discovered; its effects are more speedy, more apparent, and more durable than any other known, it is a nervous excitant, giving great muscular vigour and sustaining the human frame under unusual physical exertion and fatigue.

Delicate persons and people of nervous and excitable temperament will find this Wine a real boon, as it supplies just the stamina required. Invalids and convalescents will find in it the gentle stimulant and sustaining power so eagerly sought after. It is exceedingly pleasant to take, and is used by very abstemious persons as a Dessert Wine. It is of a low alcoholic strength, containing only the percentage of an ordinary Burgundy. It may be taken continuously as it does not derange the nervous system, as is too often the case where Bark or Quinine are given.

This wine is in great repute on the Continent and is prescribed very largely by all the principal physicians.

A Pamphlet, giving a detailed account of it, will be forwarded on application to the Agents,

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Do you want a pure, blooming Complexion? If so, a few applications of Hagan's MAGNOLIA BALM will gratify you to your heart's content. It does away with Sallowness, Redness, Pimples, Blotches, and all diseases and imperfections of the skin. It overcomes the flushed appearance of heat, fatigue and excitement. It makes a lady of THIRTY appear but TWENTY; and so natural, gradual, and perfect are its effects, that it is impossible to detect its application.

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IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY (Established 1803), 1, Old Broad-street, E.C., and 22, Pall Mall, S.W.—Capital £1,600,000; Paid-up and Invested, £700,000. E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

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Funds £2,740,000
Annual Revenue..... £470,400
LOANS made on Freeholds, Leaseholds, and other securities, including Life Interests, and Absolute or Contingent Reversions. Loans upon Reversions are made at annual interest, or in consideration of a deferred charge.
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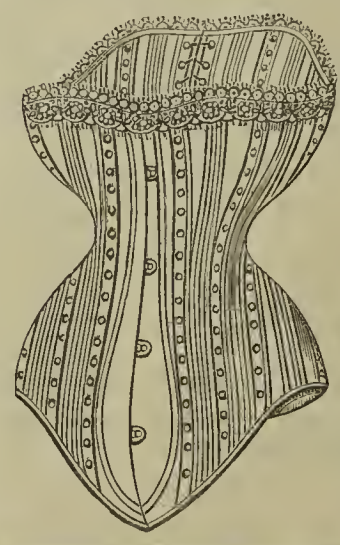

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THE BRITISH PURE ICE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Limited, for the Supply of Pure and Cheap Ice.—Incorporated under tho Companies Acts, 1862 to 1883.—Capital £50,000, in 10,000 Shares of £5 each. Payablo 5s. per Share on application, 5s. on allotment, and 10s. ono month after allotment. Further calls may be required at intervals of not less than two months, and not exceeding £1 per Sharo. It is estimated that a capital of £2 per share will be sufficient to start the Company on its present basis.

A considerable portion of tho Capital has already been subscribed by the Directors and their friends, and the balance is uow offered for subscription.

The romaining Shares will bo allotted according to priority of application.

DIRECTORS.

E. M. SWEETLAND, Esq., Chairman. W. S. Metzner, Esq., Vice-Chairman.
J. W. Holland, Esq. A. J. Read, Esq.
H. Stokes, Esq. W. Jeffery, Esq.
J. E. Burkmar, Esq. W. H. Pearce, Esq.
G. Parkinson, Esq. W. W. F. Osborne, Esq.
A. G. Christiansen, Esq., Managing Director.

CONSTRUCTING ENGINEERS—Messrs. Pontifex & Wood, Shoe-lane.
BANKERS—Union Bank of London, Limited, Holborn-circus Branch.
SOLICITOR—A. S. B. Edwards, Esq., 11, St. Helen's-place, Bishopsgate, E.C.
AUDITORS—Messrs. Bryce Bros. & Co., 41, Coleman-street, and W. Elven, Esq.
SECRETARY—W. Gollop, Esq.
OFFICES—Union Bank-buildings, Holborn-circus, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed for the manufacture of pure and cheap ice, and to offer the same to the public at prices which will readily command a market.

The consumption of ice in London is estimated to be upwards of 300,000 tons annually, the greater portion of which is imported from Norway, and the cost of which, including freight, landing, cartage, storage, and other charges, together with an allowance from "melting" averages from 30s. to 40s. per ton, whilst at the same time the quality is very inferior.

The cost of the ico made by the British Pure Ice Manufacturing Compauy, Limited, will be about 7s. 6d. per ton, and as the sale prices average from £2 to £5 per ton it is evident that the margin of profit for this Company is very large. The means to be adopted by the Company will enable them at all times to guarantee the absolute purity of the ice made.

The process and machinery by which the ice will be produced is that patented and manufactured by Messrs. Pontifex & Wood, and acknowledged by all competent judges to be by far the most reliable and economical apparatus and system which can be adopted, the efficiency of which will be guaranteed, and will be carried out under the immediate supervision of Mr. A. G. Christiansen, the Company's Manager, who has had a large experience in this special process.

The works of the Company are intended to occupy a position affording easy access for the supply of the shipping, and facilities for the quick despatch and transit to various parts of London, and to commence operations not later than November 30th, 1884.

The full capital will, it is estimated, be sufficient to eventually increase the producing power of the Compauy to 200 tons per day.

Very satisfactory arrangements have been concluded with the patentees and manufacturers of the "Pontifex" apparatus, ensuring the practical monopoly of the manufacture of ice by this process over the whole Metropolitan area, thus placing this Company at a very distinct advantage over all others.

A copy of the terms of this arrangement may be inspected at the Company's offices.

Commencing business, as this Company will do, unfettered by any expenses whatever, save the actual cost of putting down the plant, and with the ability to produce ico at a much lower rate than by any other means which can be employed, the results of the estimates go to prove that after dealing liberally in every way a dividend of at least 15 per cent. por annum may be anticipated, which would probably be increased when the Company, with the same amount of management expenses, are enabled to increase their manufacture and trade.

Copies of the memorandum and articles of association can be inspected at the offices of the Company, where prospectus and form of application can also be obtained. Application will be made iu due course to the Committee of the Stock Exchange for a quotation.

July 16th, 1884.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY,

THE ONLY DIRECT ROUTE TO

MANITOBA & THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

This route is not only the SHORTEST and MOST DIRECT, but also the CHEAPEST and MOST COMFORTABLE—BE SURE AND BOOK BY IT.

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MONEY.—UNION DEPOSIT BANK, No. 17, King William-street, Charing-cross, London, W.C.
Established 1867.—Capital, £225,000; reserve, £120,000.
ADVANCES made without deductions, for short or long periods, in sums of £20 to £2,000, on personal security, furniture, stock-in-trade (without removal); also deeds, life policies, at 5 per cent., without mortgage expenses, from one to 10 years. Prospectus gratis, or post-free on application (personal visit preferred).
ROBERT P. HART, Manager.
N.B.—No fees. No sureties. First letter of applicant immediately attended to. Special terms for country loans. Distance no object. Easy repayments, and no genuine application refused. A gentleman sent from tho bank to carry out all arrangements. Deposits received at three-and-a-half per cent.

CONSOLIDATED CREDIT AND MORTGAGE CORPORATION, Limited, 40, Great Tower-street, E.C. Advances £10 to £1,000. No delay. No fees. Personal application to the Secretary.

Issue of £100,000 5 per cent. Mortgage Debentures, at £95 per £100 Debenture. Interest payable in London 1st January and 1st July. The Company having the benefit of a subsidy of the Colonial Government and rating powers extending over a period of fifteen years, amounting together to nearly £14,000 per annum.

COLONY OF NEW ZEALAND.—THE THAMES VALLEY AND ROTORUA RAILWAY COMPANY (LIMITED).

SHARE CAPITAL £300,000, in 300,000 Shares of £1 each, of which 120,000 Shares are already allotted in New Zealand, and £60,000 called up, the remaining 180,000 Shares being reserved for future operations. Debonture capital £100,000, in 5 per cent. Mortgage Debentures of £100 each.

DIRECTORS—J. Logan Campbell, Esq., Chairman (Messrs. Brown, Campbell, & Co.), Auckland, N.Z.
J. M. Clark, Esq. (Messrs. Archibald Clark & Sons), Auokland and London.
Patrick Comiskey, Esq., J.P., Auckland.
William Crush Daldy, Esq., J.P. (Chairman South British Iusuranoe Co.), Auckland.
A. W. Follet Halcombe, Esq., J.P. (New Zealand Thames Valley Land Co.), Lichfield, N.Z.
Joseph Howard, Esq., J.P. (Director of South British Iusurance Co.), Auckland.
Every Maclean, Esq., J.P. (Director of Auckland Agricultural Co., Lim.), Auckland.
Thos. Morrin, Esq. (Messrs. T. & S. Morrin & Co., Limited), Auckland.
Thos. Peacock, Esq., J.P., M.H.R., Auckland.
F. D. Rich, Esq., J.P., Bushey Park, Otago, N.Z.

BANKERS.—The Bank of New Zealand, Auckland, and Loudon.
SOLICITORS.—Messrs. Jackson & Russell, Auckland.
Engineers.—J. Stewart, Esq., M.I.C.E.; A. J. Huntor, Esq., A.M.I.C.E.
Secretary.—John Batger.

THE THAMES VALLEY AND ROTORUA RAILWAY COMPANY, Limited, will receive applications at the Bauk of New Zealand, 1, Queen Victoria-street, E.C., until 2 o'clock on Tuesday, 5th August, 1884, for £100,000 Five per cent. Debentures, at £95 per £100 Debenture.

The Debentures are redeemable in 1904, and interest will accrue from the 1st day of July, 1884, and will be payable Half-yearly, on 1st January and 1st July, at the Bank of New Zealand, 1, Queen Victoria-street, where also tho principal will be repayable at maturity.

Payments will be required to be made as follows:
Five per cent. on application, and the balanoe on allotment.

As security the Company offer the following:—
1. The line of Railway 41¾ miles from Morrinsville to Lichfield, with stations and rolling-stock, of which the statutory estimated cost is £200,000.
2. The Uncalled Capital—10s. per Share—on 120,000 Shares allotted in Auckland, £60,000.
3. The benefit of the rating powers and the Government subsidy secured by Act, and representing an annual iucome of £13,819. 11s. 7d., for fifteen years from the making of the first rate.

The Thames Valley and Rotorua Railway Company (Limited), is formed for the purpose of bringing the district in which are situate the Hot Lakes of the North Islaud of New Zealand into communication with the city and port of Auckland.

This will be effected by the construction of a line from Morrinsville, a township on the Government Waikato-Thames Railway, to Rotorua, the chief settlement iu the Lake country, distant about 69 miles.

It has been found convenient to divide the work into two sections—the first to be made under the provisions of an Act of the New Zealand Legislature, intitled, "The District Railways Acts, 1877, 1878, 1882, and 1883," and the second under the "Railways Construction and Land Acts, 1881 and 1883."

The first section alone is included iu the preseut security, but when the second section is constructed the whole will, no doubt, be worked together advantageously as one line.

The first section is already in a forward state, and will probably be opened for traffic at the end of the current year. This line is 41¾ miles in leugth, commencing at Morrinsville aud passing through the districts of Richmoud, Oxford, and Mata-Mata to Lichfield, the centre of the Selwyn Block, which is now in course of settlement by the New Zealand Thames Valley Land Company of London. The whole course is through wide and fertile plains, already partly occupied and cultivated in spite of defective communications, and capable of supporting a large population. All the traffic from this district, both in goods and passengers, will of necessity pass over the line, and tho through traffic to and from the country beyond will certainly also be secured,—that for the Taupo district passing by way of Lichfield over the entire line, and that for Rotorua through Oxford over 31 miles of it.

The country traversed by this section of the Railway has been, by the votes of the local ratepayers, constituted a "Railway District" under the "District Railways Act, 1877," and is thus liable to contribute in rates a sum equivalent to 5 per cent. per annum on the cost of the line, aud the Governmeut of the Colony have, under the same Act, to subsidise the Company to the extent of 2 per cent. per annum. So that a return of 7 per cent. per annum on the statutory cost of construction is guaranteed to the Railway Company. This guarantee is qualified as follows:—
1. Profits made in working the line are applied to reduction of the rates and subsidy.
2. After five years 30 per cent. of the gross receipts are to be deemed to be profits.
3. After fifteen years from the making of the first rate all rates and su b sidies cease.
4. Rates may not be levied except while the line is open for traffic.

The statutory estimate of the cost of this Section is £200,000; but the Directors are satisfied that £160,000 will suffice to complete the works and furnish plant to open the line for traffic, so that the rating clauses of the Act may be brought into operation. The rateable district has an area of 548,581 acres, divided into four classes, for purposes of assessment, as under, viz.:—

130,739 acres, rateable at	.....	8d. per acre.
124,505 ,,	.....	6d. ,,
135,270 ,,	.....	3d. ,,
158,061 ,,	.....	1d. ,,

The maximum rate leviable is £9,819. 11s. 7d., and the maximum Government subsidy is £4,000, making practically a guarantee of 7 per cent. per annum ou £200,000.

As far as to Oxford the grades are very easy, and in the remaining 10¾ miles only a few short grades of 1 in 40 occur. The working expenses will therefore be very light. In view of this and the extremely low cost of line, and looking to the settlement which is proceeding in the district, and the impetus which will be given to settlement by thus opening up the line, the directors do not doubt that by the time the rating powers expire the working profits will amply suffice for interest upon the capital expended.

The Company have proceeded vigorously with the work of construction, and, as already stated, they hope to open the line for traffic within the current year. Contracts for formation of its whole length have boen entered iuto and aro now being carried out, all the rails (which are of steel, 53 lbs. per yard) and fastenings, crossings, &c., required have been contracted for in England, and the greater portions have already been delivered and stored ready for use. The sleepers are in course of delivery on the ground. The locomotives and rolling stock sufficient for present requirements have also been ordered from England, and partly delivered.

Tho actual cost of all these works aud material is well within the estimate of the Company's Engineers.

The Company now propose to issue debentures for £100,000, repayable on the 1st July, 1904. Coupons payable at the Bank of New Zealand in London, on the 1st January aud the 1st July in each year; the rate of Interest being 5 per cent.

The Securities are covenanted to be assigned to the New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency Company, Limited, in trust for the Debenture holders.

Applications will be received at the Bauk of New Zealand, 1, Queen Victoria-street, until 2 p.m., on Tuesday, 5th August, 1884.

Should the applications received exceed in the aggregate the amouut required, a *pro rata* distribution will be made. In case of partial Allotment, the balance of the deposit will be applied towards the subsequent payments.

In the event of either the deposit on Allotment or the balance not being duly paid, the Allotment in respect of which such default is made will be cancelled, and any previous payment made thereon will be liable to forfeiture.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can bo obtained from the Bank of New Zealand, where the various Acts of the Colonial Legislature, and other documents relating to the issue may be inspected. The Debentures are ready for delivery, aud will be issued in exchange for the Bankers' receipts, on the final instalment being paid.

1, Queen Victoria Street, London, 25th July, 1884.

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LEWIS'S, of Market Street, Manchester, manufacture these Velveteens themselves, and sell them (or it might almost be said give them) to the public for 2s. a yard. **LEWIS'S** ask ladies to write for patterns of these extraordinary Velveteens.

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THE

TEMPLE BAR MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS FOR AUGUST, 1884.

I. *PERIL.* By JESSIE FOTHERGILL. (*Continued.*)
II. *PERSONAL REMINISCENCES of CHARLES READE, extending over Twenty Years.* Part I.
III. *HYACINTH O'TOOLE.*
IV. *WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.*
V. *ALLITERATION.*
VI. *THE RED MANOR.* Part I.
VII. *TWO KISSES.*
VIII. *SOME POINTS IN THIS YEAR'S ART.*
IX. *MRS. FORRESTER'S SECRET.* By Mrs. G. W. GODFREY. (*Conclusion.*)

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BY THE AUTHOR OF "HONEST DAVIE."

LITTLE LADY LINTON. By Frank BARRETT. Author of "A Prodigal's Progress," &c. 3 vols.

"'Little Lady Linton' at once strikes the note of unconventionality, which it sustains without flagging throughout. The opening chapter is briskly conversational, and is therefore, we think, much better calculated to fix the reader's attention than if the ball had been opened according to common custom with tedious pages of descriptive matter. The late Anthony Trollope, in one of his best-known books, represents the novelist as fatally impaled on the horns of a dilemna. He says, in effect, that the author who shirks his descriptive duty at the outset will be compelled to interrupt his narrative a little later on for the purpose of making the necessary explanations. But Mr. Barrett has succeeded in accomplishing what the great society novelist declared to be impossible. . . . Towards the end the threads of the interest are drawn together with a firm and skilful hand, and a climax is finally reached of the most exciting and dramatic character. There is good literary work in Mr. Barrett's book. It has the rarest of qualities nowadays —freshness, as well as a considerable amount of epigrammatic force."—*County Gentleman.*

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OUR PUZZLES.

No. 282. "LIST OF DRAMATISTS."—Joseph Botting (J. Botting, Esq., 2, Castle-street, Brighton)..... £2 2 0

No. 284. "DEFINITION OF CRICKET, &c."—Charles Searle (No application yet received) 2 2 0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 285.

As I am anxious to publish as many parodies as possible, I must be content to announce that the prize-winner in this competition is Grosvrnor, the award being specially for the last of his suggestions.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 288.

Fancy Fairs have of late years been associated with the most elaborate and original surroundings. The old-fashioned bazaar, with its cheaply-upholstered stalls and its presiding divinities clad merely in ordinary walking costume, emphasized only by an extra bow or two, or possibly of a lighter shade of muslin than usual, is now never seen, and its place has been taken by the Fancy Fête, at which are reproduced scenes of the most varied description, from an Old English Fair to an Amazonian Encampment; from an Alpine Village to an Ivy-clad Mediæval Ruin. Seeing, then, that originality in this special direction is now becoming a difficult feat, it is proposed to direct the attention of the readers of Truth to the matter by offering the weekly prize of two guineas for the best suggestion on the subject. Tho said prize will be awarded to that competitor who, on or before the morning of Aug. 8, sends in

The best Original and Practicable Suggestion for the general idea and framework of a Fancy Fair or Charity Fête of the Period.

Competitors need not in their answers enter too fully into descriptive details, but, having given their general suggestion, they should only add particulars as to those features which more specially lend themselves to successful development. It need scarcely be said that it will be useless to make any suggestion that has already been acted upon, such as the Old English Fair, the Military Encampment, the Chinese Town, &c., we have lately seen in London. Care must be taken, also, to make suggestions which can be carried out with consistency and effect, and which would be likely to hit the popular taste. Brevity in giving details is imperatively necessary.

Answers to Correspondents.

*** As the Rules are omitted this week, it may be well to state that all answers to Puzzle No. 288 must be sent on or before the first post on Friday, August 8, to the Puzzle Editor, Truth Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen's Anne's-gate, London, S.W.

*** All other answers are held over until next week. THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 286. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

PARODIES OF "THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE."

*** I hope to be able to publish a further selection of Parodies in next week's Truth.

THE DEATH OF THE "CHILDERSES."

Not half-sovereigns were we, but ten-shilling bits,
The thin, jaundiced children of Childers;
To name us the public were put to their wits,
As some called us "Guilders," some "Gilders."

We hurried our heads in our cradle, the Mint,
And were sparingly fed by our nurses;
In our life, which was brief, we received without stint
Abuse, imprecations, and curses.

No useless retorts did we ever return
To those who so coldly received us;
But we patiently bore each contemptuous spurn,
Till sweet death in his mercy relieved us.

Few and short were our moments on earth,
And they were brief snatches of sorrow;
Our parents were told at the time of our birth,
We were only for idiots to borrow.

We thought, as we lay in our embryo mould,
Of the fun we should have when grown older;
But we learnt that all glittering things are not gold,
That a "gilder" is hardly a "golder."

Lightly they talked of our humble alloy,
And how we were base and degraded;
And tried in all possible ways to annoy
Our lives, which already were faded.

Though half our heavy blows and kicks,
We never thought once of returning;
We passed over the "Styx" without passing the "Pyx,"
Or the wonders of life ever learning.

Slowly but gladly, too tired to laugh,
We made room for the use of our betters;
Heavy our grave-stone, and our epitaph
Was a column of newspaper letters. Daleth.

THE BURIAL OF THE SEASON.

Not a "drum" was given, nor dance of note,
From the "course" at fair Goodwood we'd hurried;
Not a soul here but uttered farewell, and shot
Out of town, looking jaded and worried.

We bundled off blithely at fall of night,
The cabs with our luggage creaking;
By the Company's very wretched light,
With the newsboys shrilly squeaking.

No useless collar engirt the pug,
Nor in jacket cloth we wound him;
But he lay like a babe in Belinda's hug,
With her dimpled arms around him.

Glad and gay were the words we said,
And we felt not a scrap of sorrow;
But we silently mused on the days that were dead,
And we hopefully thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we haggled about the fare,
And smoothed down that testy Tiny,
That the amorous "peeler" would tread our square,
And we far away on the briny!

And lightly they'll talk of the "Master" that's gone,
And o'er his own "Hashes" abuse him;
But little he'll reck, if they'll let him sail on
In the yacht which was built to amuse him!

But half of our heavy trunks were down,
When the clock struck the hour for departing;
And we heard the distant discordant groan
Of the engine ready for starting!

Slowly and smoothly we glided out
Of the station so grim and so gritty;
We cared not a doit, and we raised not a doubt,
For we'd left care behind in the "city"! Orchis.

THE BURIAL OF MY FELLOW-LODGER'S BANJO.

Not a "strum" was heard, not a tune or a note,
As his chords to the damp earth I hurried;
Not a soul there was by when I stripped off my coat,
O'er the grave where the banjo I buried.

I buried it darkly at dead of night,
The sods with a fire shovel turning,
My heart throbbing fast with a wild delight,
And revenge in my heart fiercely burning.

No useless fingers I close to it pressed,
Not as much as once did I sound it,
But I laid it gently down to its rest,
With a *Daily News* wrapped round it.

"May you rot," was the prayer I said,
And I spoke not a word of sorrow,
As I steadfastly gazed at what oft pained my head,
And cheerily thought of to-morrow.

I thought as I hollowed its narrow bed
Beneath the old time-worn willow,
That the goats in the garden would over it tread,
And I fast asleep on my pillow.

Madly he'll talk of his treasure that's gone,
And oft for to seek it go straying,
But little I'll reck if he lets me sleep on,
And wakes me no more with his playing.

But half of my heavy task was done,
When I found how I fast was respiring,
And I knew when the neighbouring clock struck one
That it nearly was time for retiring.

Quickly and gladly I laid it down
To a place where no more it could worry,
I stirred not a twine and I raised not a tune,
But I silently left in my glory.
Garryowen Jack.

Not a drum was heard, not a martial note,
As our Gordon to Khartoum was hurried;
But into the desert our hero we shot,
And there in the desert he's buried.

No useful soldiers were with him sent,
Neither horse-man nor foot-man we found him;
But alone, on a camel, our warrior went,
With the foe and the desert all round him.

Few and short were the prayers he made,
Not a word of complaint or of sorrow;
But we coldly declined to give him our aid,
And told him to wait—till "to-morrow!"

And he thought, as he lay on his anxious bed,
Or the foe-threatened city defended:
"'Tis plain that the men who are over my head
Have ideas I've not quite comprehended."

And lightly men talk of his fanatic ways,
Because life and wealth he nought reckons;
But little he recks of their blame or their praise,
And goes straight where his own honour beckons.

Not half of his heavy task is done,
That of "rescuing and retiring"—
He will not retire, for he has rescued none,
And thousands upon him are firing.

Slowly and sadly I lay my pen down,
'Tis a mean and pitiful story;
God grant we mayn't have to carve on his stone,
"England left him alone in his glory."
Guinea Pig.

THE FUNERAL OF ONE MORE VICTIM AT MONTE CARLO.

Not a franc he had, not a louis nor note,
As forth from the tables he hurried;
Resolved to discharge one fatal shot,
And leave his corpse to be buried.

They buried him deeply at dead of night,
The soil with their mattocks turning;
When the sinking moon refused her light,
And the lamps had ceased from burning.

A useful coffin enclosed his breast,
Which the Administration found him;
And he lay like a suicide sadly at rest,
With none of his friends around him.

Never a word of a prayer was said,
And they felt not a touch of sorrow;
But they nervously thought, as they gazed on the dead,
Of the newspaper cry on the morrow.

They thought, as they hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed it, down by the billow,
If he'd only kept cool, and had not lost his head,
It might now have been snug on his pillow.

Lightly they talk of the gambler that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck if they let him sleep on
In the grave which the croupiers have made him.

But half of the heavy stakes he had won,
When his Mentor counsell'd retiring,
If only reserved for the long red run,
Would have saved his suddenly firing.

Silent and secret they left him there,
The wound in his head fresh and gory;
Replaced all the plants and the shrubs as they were,
And hoped to discredit the story.
Jane Kennedy.

THE FATE OF GENERAL GORDON.

Not a murmur he made, not a moment's delay,
When the voice of his country called him;
But swift he rode forth on his perilous way,
And no thought of danger appalled him.

We saw him depart in the dim moonlight,
'Neath the stars o'er the desert twinkling,
Till we lost the last sound, in the silent night,
Of his camel bells far away tinkling.

No flaunting banner his title told,
No clarion blast to cheer him;
But he looked like an errant knight of old,
With but one true follower near him.

To our brief farewell on his parting way
We added no words of pain;
But we thought, as we gazed on his face that day,
We never might see him again.

We thought, could he hold his perilous post,
Nor fail in the struggle to come,
When his foes should insult, and Mahomedans boast
That his friends had forgot him at home.

Perhaps lightly they'll think that his courage will fail,
And helpless despair overtake him;
But ne'er will such doubts o'er his stout heart prevail
That Britons will ever forsake him.

Now half of the struggle is won, half is lost,
And bitter and fierce is the cry,
While closer around draws the circling host,
God help him to conquer or fly!

Still he looks for our help from his lonely tower,
Midst the scene of his gallant story.
Oh! where are our armies, that once had such power?
Shall we leave him to die in his glory?
Old Log.

THE BURIAL OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

The drums were heard, and the funeral notes,
As his corpse to the City was carried;
The soldiers discharged their farewell shots,
Near the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him grandly in noon's full light,
The clay to earth's bosom returning;
With the cheerful sunbeams shining bright,
And within the lantern burning.

Three costly coffins encased his breast,
(In sheet and in shroud they had wound him;)
And he lay like a conqueror taking his rest
With his martial compeers round him.

Many and long were the prayers we said,
And we murmured last words of sorrow;
As we steadfastly gazed on the grave of the dead,
And we sighed, "Who will lead us to-morrow?"

We thought as they filled in his narrow bed,
Of his struggles across the billows;
And we dreamt that all ages would honour the dead,
As a Captain above his fellows.

Lightly men speak of him now that he's gone,
And grudge e'en the recompense paid him:
But little he'll reck if they let him sleep on,
In the tomb where a grateful land laid him.

At length our grievous task was done,
And the masses were slowly retiring,
And the clangour ceased of the minute gun,
That for hours had been steadily firing.

Solemnly, sadly, we left him alone,
With his roll of deeds famous in story;
We carved him a trophy, we praised him in stone,
And to-day—we've forgotten his glory!
Observer.

[Continued on next page.

Not a laugh was heard, not a frivolous note,
As the groom to the wedding we carried;
Not a jester discharged his farewell shot
As the bachelor went to be married.

We married him quickly that morning bright,
The leaves of our Prayer-books turning,
In the chancel's dimly religious light;
And tears in our eyelids burning.

No useless nosegay adorned his chest,
Not in chains, but in laws we bound him;
And he looked like a bridegroom trying his best
To look used to the scene around him.

Few and small were the fees it cost,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we silently gazed on the face of the lost,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hurried them home to be fed,
And tried our low spirits to rally,
That the weather looked very like squalls overhead
For the passage from Dover to Calais.

Lightly they'll talk of the bachelor gone,
And o'er his frail fondness upbraid him;
But little he'll reck if they let him alone,
With his wife that the parson has made him!

But half of our heavy lunch was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we judged from the knocks which had now begun,
That their cabby was rapidly tiring.

Slowly and sadly we led them down,
From the scene of his lame oratory;
We told the four-wheeler to drive them to town,
And we left them alone in their glory!

Yelrap.

THE MARRIAGE OF SIR FREDERICK BOORE.

Not a laugh was heard, not a time-worn jest,
In the brougham in which we were carried;
Not one displayed himself at his best,
For our friend was going to be married.

We hurried him there in the morning bright,
To the church, all comfort spurning;
By the struggling sunbeams gaudy light,
Our cigar ends feebly burning.

A spotless shirt-front enclosed his breast,
In a black morning-coat we found him;
And he sat like a martyr, full of unrest,
With his trusty pals around him.

Sad and short were the phrases we said,
But each word was a note of sorrow;
And we steadfastly gazed on the face of our Fred,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow;

We thought as we grinn'd at his face of affright,
And smoothed round our top hats shiny,
How tho wife and the belle-mère would henpeck him quite,
And we far away on the briny.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirits they've cow'd,
And o'er his cigar bills upbraid him;
But little he'll reck if he's only allow'd
Lots of the shag to which they degrade him.

But our sad task is not yet done,
And the clock strikes the hour for the weddiug;
All hope of reprieve is over and gone,
And the moment has come we are dreading.

Calmly and sadly we stood that day,
To the sorrowful end of the story;
But when all was o'er he hurried away,
And left us alone in our glory. Hookwood.

A VISIT OF WORKING MEN TO THE HEALTH EXHIBITION.

Not a grumble was heard, not a guttural note,
As we off to the Healtheries hurried;
Not a cove of the party but paid his shot,
Though the seedy young man appeared flurried.

We entered the gardens at darkening night,
(The sod was like hay in its turning),
Saw the brilliant beams of electric light,
And the lanterns dimly burning.

No ruthless coughing assailed our breast,
No sheets of rain-shower drowned us,
For we all were rigged out in our Sunday best,
With waterproof cloaks around us.

Few and far were the fads we scauned,
And we viewed sanitation with sorrow,
But we steadfastly gazed on the Belgian band,
And managed a programme to borrow.

We thought, as we sauntered outside the Arcade,
And quaffed bitter beer with a will, oh!
Of the little pier bands and the waltzes they played
In the homes of sea-bathing and billow.

Lightly folk talk of a sea-side jaunt
For the workman whose craft has thriveu,
But little he'll reck if they let him flaunt
In the grove which Old London has given,

But half of our stock of tobacco was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring,
And we had to disperse, in the midst of the fun,
Unsatisfied, though perspiring.

Slowly and sadly we dawdled down
From the Doultons, and dresses, and dairies,
We carved not a name, we grazed not a stone,
But went straight to our alleys and "aireys."

Bob Ridley.

THE REMOVAL OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

Not a sound was heard but a general drone,
As remorselessly onwards we hurried;
Not a soul but discharged a farewell groan
For the House where those zeros erst worried.

We levelled it quickly at dead of night,
The rods of brickwork o'erturning,
By the flickering gas-lamps' dingy light
(The electric arcs were not burning).

No useless scoffing escaped any breast,
Not a sneer, nor e'en loud "Confound it!"
But each strained like a pavior, trying his best
With smart, sharp strokes to ground it.

True and stauuch were the cheers we led,
And we choked not with ought of sorrow;
But delighted we gazed on the space as it sproad,
And tittered at thoughts of the morrow.

We thought, as we followed each barrow ahead,
And pulled down each mouldy pillar,
That the foiled derangers would tremble with dread,
And keep far away from the "tiller."

Slightly we 'll talk of their fabric that 's goue,
And with awful big (dashes) upbraid them;
But little we reckon they 'll want to keep on
When aware of the trick we have played them.

But after our pleasant task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for assembling,
We stood in the distance and scanned the fun,
As the Lords came suddenly trembling.

Joyously, gladly, we heard them bemoan
The fate of their famed upper storey;
We 'd moved every stick and we 'd razed every stone,
And bereft them of home and of glory.

Estrella.

Scarce a sound was heard, not a word was spoke,
As a van down the back way they hurried;
For some tenants were bolting, not paying their rent,
And looking confoundedly flurried.

They packed up in silence in dead of night,
And, having no thought of returning,
Had nailed up the shutters to keep in the light
Of the paraffin lamp, left a-burning.

But just as they'd got the loading done,
And with the last chair were retiring;
They heard the butcher (the son of a gun)
At the door, for his money inquiring.

Sharp and short was the answer he got;
They told him "It gave them much sorrow,
It wasn't convenient to settle just then,
But they'd certainly do so to-morrow."

Slowly and sadly they hurried away
From that snug little house of one storey,
Chucked the key in the water-butt, out of harm's way,
And left it alone in its glory.

Loudly they talk of the tenants now gone,
And the landlord will say they were rum-uns;
But little they care, if he lets them alone,
And don't find them out with a summons.

Yankee Boy.

Not a snore was heard, not a slumberous note,
As our Bill through the Commons we hurried:
Not an Irishman, this time, recorded his vote
'Gainst the party so frequently worried.

We carried it proudly, at dead of night,
Dull squires, Tory baronets spurning;
By their scornful calmness deem'd aright
That the Lords meant tables turning.

No idle promise its scope repress'd,
Nor with Redistribution we bound it;
Up it went, like a lamb for the sacrifice dress'd,
With its red-tape folds around it.

Few and sharp were the words we said,
And we spake more in anger than sorrow;
But we threat'ningly hint that, should evil bestead,
They had better take thought for the morrow.

We knew, as we followed its course with dread,
And smooth'd matters o'er for our Bill, oh!
By the Peer and the Prelate 'twould never be read,
And, with us far away, things would ill go.

And, slighting, they 'll talk of the Franchise that 's gone,
And o'er our lost measure upbraid us;
But little they know, if they think to doze on
In the House where too oft they 've betray'd us.

But half of our heavy task is done,
'Ere we 've dealt with these Peers too aspiring;
They shall learn 'tis no boastful or random fun,
That of thwartings we 're suddenly tiring.

Boldly and gladly we 'll drag them down,
From the seat of their fame, old and hoary;
In voting, the Marquis shall mate with the clown,
And the Bishop be shorn of his glory.

Repealer.

Not a point was o'erlooked, not a weapon forgot,
As debate to division was hurried;
Their lordships discharged a murderous shot,
And gravely Bill Franchise was buried.

They murdered him, arguing might was right,
To a flimsy pretext turning;
And the Tory conscience veiled its light,
Like a lantern dimly burning.

No room for scoffing or idle jest,
It was serious work to hound him;
For brave old Bill had a warrior's zest,
And two million followers round him.

Some of the Peers had plainly said
'Twas a deed of shame and sorrow;
But they sheepishly followed where Salisbury led,
Though they bitterly rued on the morrow.

And Solly retired to his stately bed,
And smoothed down his lordly pillows;
But steru retribution was looming ahead,
And he trembled like foam on the billows.

But half of the weary night was done,
When my lord awoke, perspiring——
Was that the chimes or a random gun—
The Rads were sullenly firing?

* * * * *

Slowly and sadly Lord S. walked down
To the House—an unchangeable Tory;
But the mob had been there, and had razed every stone,
And left not a trace of its glory. Daphnis.

Not a sigh burst forth, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to oblivion they hurried;
Each Lord that stabb'd him did tremblingly vote
That the Franchise Bill quickly be buried.

They buried him darkly in Salisbury Plain,
Though the lamp of day was burning,
And raised a Cairn o'er the form of the slain,
Ere, with guilty steps, returning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or shroud they wound him;
But he lay, like a giant, taking his rest,
'Till he crush his proud foes around him.

Not a psalm was sung, no prayer was said,
And they spake not a word of sorrow;
They could not behold the face of the dead,
But bitterly thought of the morrow.

Did they think as they hollowed his narrow bed,
And threw in a cold stony pillow,
That this mighty nation would mourn him as dead,
And sit down to weep 'neath the willow?

Or did they suppose that his spirit was gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him?
O, little he'll reck, nor much longer sleep on,
'Neath the cairn where those Britons (?) have laid him!

The whole of their deadly task is done!
The clocks struck their hour for retiring!
Hark! the boom of the near approaching gun
Which the people are steadily firing.

Swiftly and gladly was he laid down;
They would make a short tale of his story;
But he'll burst from his grave to win lastiug renown,
And shine bright as the sun in its glory.

Nestor.

THE SPINSTER HOUSEHOLDER MARTYR, OR MAN IN POSSESSION.

Not a sigh was heard, not a funeral note,
As the malice of Gladstone she parried:
"No taxes from me; I pay not a shot!"
So her furniture off was carried.

They carried it darkly—a deed of night,
For desk, tables, and chairs oft returning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And a lantern dimly burning.

The man in possession ate, drank of her best,
In well-aired holland sheets he wound him;
And he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his pipe alight—confound him!

Few and short were the prayers he said,
And he spoke not a word of sorrow;
And he steadfastly smoked till Jane wished him dead,
As she bitterly thonght of the morrow.

He chaffed the girl thus: "When you makes my bed,
Aud smoothes down my lonely pillow,
Don't you go for a stranger, nor wish me dead,
If you don't want to wear the willow."

Lightly he talked when the "spirits" were gone,
For pipe-ashes why should she upbraid him?
But little ho'd spy if she'd let him smoke on,
In the bed where Britannia had laid him.

But half of the tyraut's task was done,
When the clock told the hour for retiring;
The minion quailed at the sound of the gun,
Which to signal her triumph was firing.

Of that spinster householder martyr's crown,
O, never shall perish the story:
Her friends paid her taxes, she had the renown—
Thus we leave her alone in her glory!

J. McGrigor Allan.

Answers have been also received from Prima Donna, Bandbox, Harold, R. M. E., Betty Pringle, Mercury Maker, Leadon Pall, Friar Tuck, Darby, Ego, Stewart, C. W. T., Myosotis, Nil, Mysie, William Tyrrell, Gwynfryn, Magellan, Crystal Palace, M. H. Thompson, Pierre, Garçon, Quilp, C. P. M., Petrarca, Carlos, Cat's Eye, Cutis, Mozart, C. W. T., Jacie, Hebon, Zicka, C. Dick, Jackeroo, Sefton.

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BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.——UNE FÊTE DE CHARITÉ.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, *27th July.*

Yesterday, at the Casino of Boulogne, the musical entertainment annonnced for behoof of the sufferers from the epidemic at Toulon and Marseilles was given, and the visitors for bathing purposes responded to the appeal of M. Hirschler, the Manager of this excellent establishment. An immense crowd pressed into the Sallo des Fêtes, and after eight o'clock there was not a seat to be had. Mdlle. Janvier, of the Opéra, aud M. Coquelin, jun., might, for several hours, have imagined themselves taking part in their very charming evening entertainments at the Opéra and at the Comédie Française, by the applause, presents of flowers, and reiterated encores. The same may be said of Mmes. Marguerite Mineur and Lonati, as well as of Messieurs Guiberteau, Romieu, and Conte, so that the latter, who are all members of the Company of the Casino, have no cause for jealousy at the success of our two Parisian stars. Madame Océana, who had kindly consented to co-operate, equally enthralled the audience, by the performance of her astonishing feats. In a word, the result may be expressed thus: indescribable enthusiasm and a fruitful entertainment. Figures, moreover, aro eloquent: the unhappy sufferers from the epidemic in the South will receive the gross amount of the receipts, which amount to the round sum of 5,500 francs (£220). The Manager of the Casino does not wish a single farthing to be deducted from the receipts, and he has himself borne the expenses incident to the entertainment: a good example, worth being imitated. We have certainly a hundred Casinos in France; so that if all the managers imitate their young confrère of Boulogne, how much distress will be alleviated! The day before, Friday, the graud *Bal des Courses* was held. During the day, the prize offered by the Casino was contested—an important prize, and which had induced sportsmen to assemble at this Fête. One hundred and fifty-one horses were on the list at the commencement of the races. The ball was truly a very great success. Carriages arrived in one unbroken line, from eight o'clock till midnight, and the ladies' costumes were the production of the most renowned dressmakers. The season is, without doubt, one of the most brilliant, consequent on the efforts made by the management to attract the public. The Pigeon-shooting is an attraction for many people, and the English gentlemen especially patronise it.

NOTICE.

AS, in view of the large increase in the advertisements in TRUTH, it has been found necessary—so as to give the same proportion of reading matter—to add to the number of pages, several of the recent issues have been over weight for the foreign post. It has heen therefore decided to print, for the future, a

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INDEX.

The Fifteenth Half-yearly Volume of Truth was completed with the number published on June 26th, 1884. The Publisher of Truth will be happy to forward an Index to Vol. XV., free of charge, to any address, on application being made to him at 10, Bolt Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

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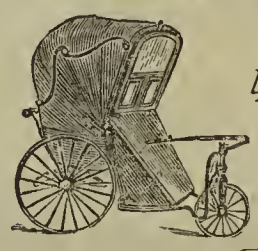

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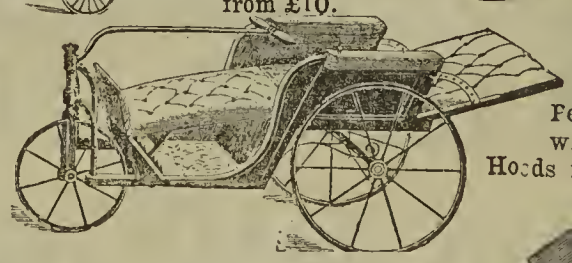

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· TRUTH ·

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

No. 397. Vol. XVI. Thursday, August 7, 1884. Price Sixpence.

ENTRE NOUS.

I ANNOUNCED last week that the Queen is about to make a new will. Her Majesty possesses an immense fortune. The estate of Osborne is at least five times as valuable as it was when it was purchased by the Queen and Prince Albert about forty years ago. The Balmoral property of her Majesty now extends over 30,000 acres. Claremont was granted to the Queen for life in 1866, with reversion to the country; and her Majesty purchased the property outright three years ago for £78,000. Probably its market value is not much under £150,000. The Queen also possesses some property at Coburg, and the Princess Hohenlohe left her the Villa Hohenlohe at Baden, one of the best residences in the place.

With regard to personal property, Mr. Nield left the Queen over £500,000, and the property left by the Prince Consort is believed to have amounted to nearly £600,000; but the provisions of his will have been kept a strict secret, and the document has never been "proved." The Queen must also have saved a vast sum out of her income, which has always been very well managed. Since the death of the Prince Consort, the general administration of the Queen's private affairs has been confided to Lord Sydney, who is a consummate man of business.

I have reason to believe that, in due course, applications will be made to Parliament on behalf of the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Indeed, there is to be a Royal message on the subject of Prince Albert Victor's establishment next session. The country will not, however, be asked to provide for the younger members of the Royal family. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh are already wealthy, and on the death of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha they will migrate to Germany; but the Connaughts, Albanys, Christians, and Battenbergs will look to the Queen for provisions; and so, also, will any of the younger children of Princess Alice who may happen to make poor matches. It will be seen, therefore, that the Queen will have plenty to do with her fortune, large as it undoubtedly is, and although in the event of her Majesty's death the country would be asked to provide for Princess Beatrice, yet she will naturally occupy an important place in her mother's will.

It is rather odd that so few of the Royal family have made rich marriages. Except the Queen, the only very rich member of the Royal family is the Duke of Cumberland, who even now possesses a princely fortune, and when he makes up his quarrel with the Government of Berlin, he will be wealthy "beyond the dreams of avarice." The Duke of Cambridge, however, has plenty of money, and his mother possesses a large fortune, the greater part of which was accumulated by the late Duke during his residence at Hanover.

The new Duke of Albany came into the world a month before his time; and not only is he a wonderfully small infant, but he is very delicate, and will require an enormous amount of care.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will be the guests of Lord Fife, at Mar Lodge, for several days next month. The Prince will have some sport in Mar Forest, and H.R.H. has also accepted an invitation to shoot with Mr. Mackenzie, in Glenmuick.

The Prince will take the chair at the annual club dinner of the R.Y.S., and he has invited the King of Sweden and the Crown Prince of Germany to be his guests at that feast. The Prince and Princess have promised to attend the regatta of the Portsmouth Corinthian Club, which is to take place next Wednesday. The Prince will sail the *Belle Lurette* in the race for Una boats.

It is really most discreditable that the King of Sweden should be obliged to reside at an hotel during his stay in London. When the Prince of Wales visited Sweden a few years ago he was received with the most splendid hospitality, and everything was done to render his stay in the country enjoyable; but, although Buckingham Palace is standing empty (except one suite of rooms occupied by the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Germany), no invitation to take up his quarters there was forthcoming for the King of Sweden. Even if his Majesty had not been disposed to accept hospitality, it would have been well to offer it. The English Court has obtained an unenviable notoriety all over Europe for its miserably meagre hospitalities. Considering the large amount the Queen receives from the country, it is surely not too much to expect that proper attention should be paid to Royal visitors of distinction.

The Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Germany and their daughters are residing at Osborne Cottage during their visit to the Isle of Wight. They will return to Germany the week after next. Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg are at Kent House, another of the Queen's residences. The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, Lord and Lady Londonderry and their daughter, Lord Clifden, General and Mrs. Baker, Gladys Lady Lonsdale, the Duke of Rutland, Lord and Lady Charles Beresford,

the Danish Minister and Madame de Falbe (on board the *Chazalie*), Lord and Lady Pembroke, Lord and Lady Ailsa, Lord and Lady Ducie, Lord Wolverton, Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam, Lady Cardigan, General and Mrs. Baring, and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Smith are among the visitors at East and West Cowes.

On Saturday last the German Empress went to Homburg; she is expected to remain there for several weeks. Madame Nilsson left London on the same day for Carlsbad.

The Queen of Denmark returned to Copenhagen on Thursday from Gmünden, where she has been staying with the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland since her departure from Wiesbaden. Her Majesty was accompanied by the King and Queen of Greece, who have been staying at Ems, and who will probably come to England on a short visit before they return to Athens.

Princess Louise was staying last week at Osborne with the Queen; and, according to several of the papers, Lord Lorne was also there. As a matter of fact, however, he was cruising in the Forth of Clyde with the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, in their yacht *Columba*, and on Friday he was at Rothesay for several hours.

The following astounding story appears in a recent number of the German serial, "Deutsche Roman-Bibliothek," under the title of "The Road to the Altar":—

A younger son of the Duke of Argyll having become engaged to Lady ——, as in duty bound, asked his father's consent. The Duke, however, answered: "Since my eldest son, the Marquis of Lorne, married the daughter of the Queen, our Sovereign, he has become the head of our house. You must obtain his consent. If you get that, you may rest assured mine will not be refused." To the Marquis his brother accordingly betook himself; but from him he received the following answer: "As I am son in-law to the Queen, duty and respect require that the matter should be referred to her for her decision. I will at once lay the matter before her."

To the Queen goes the Marquis immediately, and informs her of his brother's wishes. The Monarch, however, replied: "Since heaven deprived me of my noble, ever-lamented husband, I have made it an inflexible rule to take no step in the affairs of my house without first referring the matter to my brother-in-law, the Duke of Coburg. I will write to him."

The Queen did as she promised, but from the Duke she received the following answer, instead of the consent she expected:—"Your Majesty, my beloved sister, is well aware that during the last four years, important political changes have taken place in Germany, in consequence of which, the centre of gravity has been shifted from Coburg to Berlin. I therefore consider it my duty to submit the matter to the Emperor William, for him to decide. I cannot take the responsibility on myself." To Berlin, accordingly, goes the Duke, begs an audience of the Emperor, and acquaints him with the object of his visit. After considering the matter within himself a short time, the Emperor said: "What I have fought for and attained for my country is well known to the whole world. People, however, have no idea how my heart is tortured by discord and disagreements in the circle of my family and among my Ministers. However, I must honourably confess that the Prince Bismarck is the wisest and most clear-sighted of my advisers. I give you the commission to refer the matter to him and let him decide." The Duke then directs his steps to the Wilhelmstrasse, and sends in his card to the mighty Minister. Being immediately admitted, he reads the Queen's letter, faithfully reports the words of the Emperor, and begs for a favourable decision. The Chancellor's answer was given without hesitation, "Why should the matter require any decision of mine? What have we to do with the Duke of Argyll or with his son? If the young fellow wishes to marry, let him do so, and be hanged to him."

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The usual exodus from Dublin to the Continent not having taken place this year, Kingstown, Bray, and other favourite sea-side places are very full. Tourists who visit Bray are amply repaid by its picturesqueness and the beauty of the neighbourhood, which affords innumerable charming excursions. Rambles in the Wicklow mountains, if not tempting to mountaineering ambition, are at least as invigorating and healthful as fresh breezes across acres of heathery stretches can make them.

Last week, the coming of age of Lord Clandeboye was celebrated on Lord Dufferin's property in the co. Down. Lord Clandeboye is at present studying for the army. Lord Dufferin will probably not visit England this season, but it is expected that Lady Dufferin and Lady Helen Blackwood will be here in the autumn.

Major Malone, 16th Lancers, aide-de-camp to Lord Spencer, was married last week to Miss Brooke. The wedding party was given at Somerton, near Dublin, the residence of the bride's mother, the Hon. Mrs. Brooke. The bride wore the traditional dress in one of its many modern variations; the bridesmaids (amongst them being Miss Fitzpatrick, Mrs. Cornwallis West's sister) being in the inevitable muslin and Valenciennes lace of this season. During Lord Spencer's Viceroyalty matrimony seems to have been quite an epidemic in his household. Amongst its members, "single-blessedness," usually the rule, is now remarkably the exception.

I hear that there is a hitch in the proposed marriage between Gladys Lady Lonsdale and Mr. Edgar Vincent.

Mr. Gladstone is to arrive at Dalmeny on a visit to Lord and Lady Rosebery on Wednesday, the 27th, and he will address two meetings in the Edinburgh Corn Exchange, the first on Saturday, the 30th, and the second on Monday, Sept. 1. Mr. Gladstone proposes to go north on Tuesday, the 2nd, to visit Colonel Farquharson, at Invercauld; and, before returning south, he will be the guest of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, at Haddo House, and will also visit Sir Thomas Gladstone at Fasque. He will be present with the Invercauld party at the Braemar Gathering on Sept. 4.

Lord and Lady Rosebery have a small party staying with them at Mentmore till next week, when they go to Scotland for some time. The statement that the Prince and Princess of Wales are to stay at Dalmeny "for a week" is incorrect. They are to arrive from Newcastle on the evening of Friday, the 22nd, and will go on to Abergeldie on Monday, the 25th. The Royal visit to the Forestry Exhibition is fixed for Saturday, the 23rd.

Last Tuesday Rear-Admiral Whyte and the officers of the *Agincourt* gave an afternoon dance on board that ship in Portland Roads. The Duke of Edinburgh, with Captain Britten and his flag-lieutenant, was among the guests.

A correspondent writes:—

I wish it could be intimated to the "red" Hungarians that the fact of their being very popular and excellent musicians does not absolve them from the obligation of behaving themselves with

decency and sobriety. The other night I went to a subscription ball a dozen or so miles from London. The Hungarians were in attendance, and, as usual, played admirably; though, to my mind, they are somewhat fond of forcing the pace for effect. In the middle of the evening, however, they insisted upon having supper, and we were left without music for about three-quarters of an hour. When they returned it was evident that they had indulged somewhat freely in the pleasures of the table. Their playing became faster and more furious; one or two of them were constantly leaving the room for refreshments, and at the end of the evening I left them reclining on sofas with their hats on, and in a very cheerful frame of mind indeed. These things do not, I fancy, happen when the Hungarians go out in London, but they are evidently spoilt by the fuss which has been made about them, and think that anything is good enough for those who live in the suburbs.

If a belief in the possession of a soul by dogs is to be evidence of insanity, as Dr. Semple seems to have thought in the case of Mrs. Weldon, I fear it will go hard with the inhabitant of a house not a hundred miles from Bryanston-square, who has erected, in a little garden railed off from the pavement, a white marble monument to the memory of a favourite dog called "Amie," on which appears this exquisite, if slightly deranged, epitaph:—

Faithful little soul!
Buried in this hole.
A hearse crushed her brains,
And ended her pains.

This dog is not only said to have a soul, but to *be* a soul, and this soul is said to be buried in a hole. If this is not insanity, it is certainly doubly-dyed heresy to make a dog a soul, and to talk of burying the soul in a hole.

An absurd story has appeared in many of the papers about Lord Rowton. It is alleged that directly after the House of Lords had rejected the Franchise Bill he went to Windsor and endeavoured to persuade the Queen to insist on a dissolution. This nonsense originated in the fertile brain of some imaginative "London correspondent." It is all pure fiction. Lord Rowton was merely summoned by the Queen, as on many previous occasions, to dine and sleep at Windsor.

The Duke of Edinburgh has been visiting Mr. R. B. Sheridan, at Frampton Court, Dorsetshire. H.R.H. obtained some excellent fishing in Mr. Sheridan's river, which always yields abundant sport.

Mr. Grant Duff is to return from India early next year, and in all probability he will then be raised to the peerage.

The house-party at Goodwood last week numbered thirty-five, exclusive of members of the family, and included the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Duke of Portland, Lord and Lady Cadogan, Lord and Lady Howe, Lord and Lady Zetland, Lord and Lady Bradford and Lady Mabel Bridgeman, Prince Soltykoff, Lord and Lady Westmorland and Lady Grace Fane, Lord Fife, Lord Durham, Baron Ferdinand Rothschild (who stopped at Arundel on his way down and visited the Castle), Lord and Lady Alington, Lord Calthorpe, Lord Langford, Sir F. Johnstone, Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Craven, and Major Boscawen.

Lord and Lady March received a small party at Molecomb, their residence in the park. The Duke of Westminster again occupied Boxgrove Rectory, and his party included Lord and Lady Ormonde and Captain and Mrs. Robert Grosvenor. Lord Leconfield had a party at Petworth, Lord and Lady Winterton at Shillinglee Park, and Lord and Lady Egmont at Cowdrey. Lord Ellesmere was at Lavant with a small party of men only. The Duke and Duchess of Hamilton were at Halnaker, Lord Hastings and General Owen Williams occupied houses in the neighbourhood, and Lord and Lady Fitzhardinge had a party at Bognor. The Duchess of Manchester and Lord and Lady Gosford were the guests of Mr. Sassoon, at Brighton.

The Duke and Duchess of Richmond leave Goodwood to-morrow for Gordon Castle, where they will reside till the end of October. They will receive a succession of visitors during the next two months. The Duke leaves the Castle on Monday for his shooting quarters in Glenfiddich Forest, a drive of about twenty miles.

Lord and Lady Zetland go this week to Upleatham Hall, their seaside place in the North Riding, where they will entertain large parties for the Redcar and Stockton race-meetings.

The Duke of Devonshire has been staying for the last month at Compton Place, his residence near Eastbourne. his Grace prolonged his annual visit to his Sussex property, as he found his health benefited by the fine bracing air of the South Down country. The Duke goes this week to Bolton Abbey, where he will stay till the middle of September. Lord Hartington, Lord and Lady Edward Cavendish, and Admiral and Lady Louisa Egerton will arrive at Bolton early next week for the grouse-shooting.

Lady Henry Somerset has taken Teaninich House, Ross-shire, for the autumn, and goes down there next week from Eastnor Castle, where she is now staying. Lady Henry has rented the Teaninich and Kinloch moors, and also the extensive fishings in the Alness river.

Lord Cranbrook, who has been taking the waters at Marienbad during the last month, is expected in a few days at Strathgarve, his shooting-quarters in Ross-shire, where he will stay till the end of September.

I hear that the Dowager Lady Conyngham has taken Oakley Court, the charming residence of the late Lady Otho Fitzgerald, on the Thames, above Windsor.

Lord and Lady Conyngham have left Bifrons for Dublin, on their way to Mount Charles, in Donegal. They intend to stay in Ireland till the middle of next month.

Lady Bath returned to Longleat last week with Lord Weymouth and the younger members of the family. Lord Bath and Lord Henry Thynne are expected back from Homburg in a few days.

Lord and Lady Folkestone are going abroad for a couple of months for the benefit of his health.

The Duke of St. Albans has hired Lord Richard Grosvenor's schooner, *Petrel*, for two months, and intends to take a fishing cruise off the south and west coast of

Ireland. The Duke's own yacht, the *Ceres*, is undergoing an extensive refit.

Mr. Sutton, brother of Sir Richard Sutton, has purchased the cutter-yacht *Dolphin* from Mr. Palmer.

Sir Thomas Brassey has rented the deer-forest and grouse-moors of Attadale, in Ross-shire, from Sir A. Matheson, and goes there as soon as he can get away. Attadale Lodge is on the shore of Loch Carron, and the scenery all round is very fine.

Nearly forty years ago, when the Queen was staying at Ardverikie, Sir John Ramsden's beautiful place in Inverness-shire (then occupied by Lord Henry Bentinck) her Majesty planted a spruce on one of the islands in Loch Laggan. The tree grew and flourished until quite recently, when it began to decay mysteriously, and in course of time it died. A careful inspection by the forester has revealed the fact that it was killed by the tourists who now infest the district, and a large contingent of whom had cut their initials deep into the bark. The tree had been literally "whittled" to death.

Lord and Lady Breadalbane are about to receive a large party at Taymouth Castle. The King of Sweden will be a guest early next week.

Wonersh Park, the family place of Lord Grantley, near Guildford, was put up for sale last week, but the house and park and surrounding farms were not sold. I hear that Lord Granville contemplates purchasing the residential portion of the property.

Lord Sefton has rented Lord Downe's extensive moors near Whitby, which are believed to afford the best grouse-shooting in England. There has been some talk of the Prince of Wales going to Danby Lodge for a few days, but H.R.H. has so many engagements during this month that it is unlikely that he will be able to go down to Yorkshire.

The famous Bayham Abbey herd of pedigree Sussex cattle, the property of Lady Camden, is to be sold off at the home farm on the 21st.

Lord Hampden is giving up his home farm at Glynde, and his fine herd of Sussex stock and his noted flock of Southdowns will be sold on September 17.

The famous Jersey cow, Coomassie, has just died at her owner's farm in America. She was sixteen years old, and only a few months ago Mr. Burnham was offered £4,000 for her.

I am rather surprised that no purchaser was found last week for the island of Herm. It is a picturesque spot, and one which I should have thought many people anxious for territorial aggrandizement would have jumped at. The great charm of it is, of course, the complete independence. The owner for the time being, though he pays a rent to the Crown, is as veritable a Sovereign as King Smith of Scilly, is independent of Parliament, the tax-collector, and the policeman, and is able to command his own society absolutely—for I believe no one can land on the island without his permission. For a quiet man of middle age, with an inflated sense of his own importance, a disposition to misanthropy, and a taste for boating, such a residence might be made a little paradise.

The Dowager Lady Seafield proposes to build a new mausoleum at Duthill, near Castle Grant, "for the reception of the coffins of her husband and her son, and, in due time, of her own." The minister of the parish has applied to the Court of Session for a decree to prohibit the erection of the building, which he alleges will interfere with the "amenities" of the manse, as it will be only sixty yards' distance. The minister, however, does not seem to have a very valid complaint, for it appears that the existing mausoleum of the Grants, which has been in use for centuries, is only forty yards from his house.

Lord Derby has been disputing with a Railway Company as to the amount of compensation he is to receive for fifteen acres of land on his property near Bury, which have hitherto produced only a small agricultural rent. The buyers offered £100 per acre, but Lord Derby demanded £200. The result of the litigation which has ensued is an award to the owner of £107 per acre.

I hear that a Company—with Lords as plentiful as blackberries—is about to be launched, the object being to buy, and sell in building plots under the local management of Captain Percival, some land which the late Duke of Albany bought near Cannes. The land, I believe, cost the Duke 1½ francs per mètre, and I confess that I do not well perceive how it is likely to sell for more, as land along the Riviera is far more easy to buy than to sell, for it was put up to a high price by speculators, and at present there are an unlimited number of houses, parks, and plots on sale.

A lawn-tennis tournament is to take place in September in the Bois de Boulogne. This is, I suppose, one of the many French traps that will be set during the next few weeks to catch English sunbeams, in view of the general repugnance among English people just now to going abroad.

Through carriages have ceased to run between France and Germany, in consequence of the cholera scare. Instead, therefore, of going without change from Paris to Baden or to Cologne, it is now necessary to change at the frontier.

At the quarantine station on the St. Gothard line the other day, the Italian officials were seen disinfecting two waggons full of disinfectants. At another station, a row of empty barrels were marched off into quarantine. Meanwhile, something very like cholera is breaking out owing to the abominable state of some of the lazarettos. Surely the Italians will laugh themselves out of their folly soon.

"Picturesque Wales," a handbook of scenery accessible from the Cambrian Railways, by Mr. Godfrey Turner, ought to be a useful little book to cholera-frightened

English men and women who have up to the present spent their holidays in making themselves miserable and uncomfortable abroad, but who are now anxious to know where to go "at home." There can be no doubt that some of the scenery in Wales is equal to any that can be found abroad.

Here is another letter about the refreshments at the Healtheries. Some explanation ought to be given by the Duke of Buckingham.

Sir,—With respect to the letter in your this week's publication, I can well endorse it. I, with my wife and another lady, visited the Healtheries on the night in question. Requiring some light refreshment, we ordered two cups of coffee, one brandy, two small pieces of cake, and three thin, wafer biscuits. Asking the waiter how much there was to pay, he demanded 3s. I said, "Surely this is not correct, especially the cake and biscuit which was charged 1s. 6d." (ordinary price, 5d. or 6d.) He said, "Perfectly correct, nothing less than sixpence this evening, profits given to London Hospital; if not satisfied, go and ask my superiors"—the man, apparently, speaking the truth. I, like thousands more, took no further notice, and dare say should not have done so if it had not been for the letter in your last week's number. To me it seems that this fête was not only for the benefit of the hospitals, but also for that of the refreshment contractors, but then some notice to this effect should surely have been given to the public.—Yours truly, W. Dowling.

I see that Sir Edward Watkin observed recently, when some guests were being "personally conducted" through the beauties of his "hole by the sea," that a Royal personage had informed him that "until he saw it, he could not believe it." This remark cuts both ways. It may have meant that he could not on mere report have believed that Sir Edward would have wasted so much money. But who was this Royal Thomas?

The boy who was drowned at Thorndon Hall—the school of Lord Petre—was caught in the weeds of the pond into which he had jumped. The pond is about one and a half miles down the house, and the lad had been in the water for nearly an hour before the alarm was given. Lord Petre himself plunged in, and would have been drowned, but for a rope with which he was drawn to the bank, covered with weeds. The boy was at length caught by the arms with a hook at the end of a rope, when the mass of weeds was such that nothing but one of the feet was visible when the body was brought to land.

Hanlon has been giving a gate-money exhibition on the Albert Park Lake, at Melbourne. In a sculling race, against three other oarsmen, he won easily, and he then rowed against a mixed eight of picked men. He made a gallant fight of it, and was eventually beaten by only about a length.

A Yachtsman writes:—

I had always thought that Yacht Clubs had sufficient regard for sport to so regulate their regattas as not to clash or interfere with one another's arrangements; but it has been reserved for the year 1884 to witness one of the worst displays of bad form of this kind in the manner in which the Royal Albert and Portsmouth Corinthian Yacht Clubs have combined to oust from its long-recognised position the fixture of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club. Yachtsmen should—regardless of the apparently gorgeous bait held out to them of £1,500 in prizes (it does not look quite so much when one examines the events)—show their sense of this infringement of yachting etiquette by simply ignoring the newly-established Portsmouth and Southsea week.

"Royal Charter" Champagne.—Wachter & Co., shippers to H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales by special appointment.

Mr. George Lane Fox is the master of the Bramham Moor Hunt. Last Friday the annual "puppy-walking" contest was held at Bramham Park. The proceedings commenced by a dinner, held in a marquee on the lawn in front of Mr. Fox's house, and after the meal he proposed the health of the Queen. The dinner and its accompaniments may possibly have been responsible for the fervour of Mr. Fox's observations, as he said: "It was generally considered right to drink the health of her Majesty the Queen, which was quite necessary in these days, when every man should be unmasked to see whether he was a loyal man or a Radical and a rogue." Later in the afternoon the health of this worthy M.F.H. was proposed, and Captain Fox responded. The gallant Captain avowed, amidst loud cheers, that "there was not one man, woman, or child in the Bramham Moor Hunt whose welfare the Fox family had not at heart." This may be true enough so far as Tories are concerned, but supposing that any man, woman, or child in the Bramham Moor Hunt had the audacity to be a Radical, and, consequently, according to Mr. Fox, a rogue, would the great Fox family still exhibit a tender interest in his or her fortunes? Probably the best way to meet Mr. Fox's observations would be for every "Radical and rogue" farmer in the neighbourhood to warn him and his hounds off their land until he has humbly apologised. I am by no means sure that, in addition to the apology, they ought not to insist that he should give a donation to some Radical demonstration against the House of Lords.

The Philadelphian cricketers have just concluded their tour in England with a drawn game against the United Service Club at Portsmouth. Though not up to our first-class form as a team, yet they have done right well in most of their engagements, winning eight matches, losing five, and drawing five, of the eighteen played. Several very large scores testify to the strength of their batting, and with better bowling they would take a lot of beating. They have played throughout as amateurs, the proceeds of their matches having in each instance been generously devoted to charity. Charity with them does not, as in certain other cases, begin at home.

In declining to continue the innings of his side after luncheon-time had arrived last Friday, Murdoch was clearly within his right, but it was rather uncourteous to the spectators to ask them to wait three-quarters of an hour to see eleven runs made, when five or ten minutes' further play would have settled the matter. However, if Murdoch was discourteous, the crowd soon showed that it could be so too, and it is impossible to censure too severely the rowdy persons who brought so much discredit upon the British cricketing public. The Sydney "larrikins," whose conduct towards Lord Harris's team some years ago caused so much bitter feeling and unfavourable comment among Englishmen, have been equalled, if not surpassed, in misconduct by the proverbial "Surrey crowd," and it will be surprising indeed if Australian critics do not doubly repay us in our own coin of abuse and sneering.

Of course, the Colonists had no trouble in beating so poor a team, Bonnor's hitting and Spofforth's bowling being the

only features of the match really worth recording. Ulyett certainly batted well; but none of the other Englishmen made the slightest pretence of play, with the exception of Peate, who, fortunately, does not know what "funk" is.

Alfred Shaw can claim to have established a new record by twice performing the "hat trick" in the same match (a first-class one, too,)—once in either innings. Gloucestershire supplied the victims. The Western County, however, in the absence of the Graces, is little better than a private school team.

There is something in the air during the Long Vacation which always seems to have an inspiriting effect upon Cambridge cricket. One or two of the tallest scores on record have been knocked up by the University and College Long Vacation Clubs. Last Wednesday Mr. C. W. Rock carried his bat through the innings of the King's and Clare L.U.C. against St. John's for 202 out of a total of 436, and almost eclipsed his batting performance by taking six wickets in eight and a half overs for six runs.

The Tercentenary Commemoration of Oakham School was celebrated with great rejoicings on July 29. The town was gaily decorated for the occasion, and the magnificent old parish church was thronged at the service which took place in the morning. The Bishop of Hereford, an old Oakhamite, was the preacher, and in an eloquent sermon he both gave a short history of the foundation and also impressed upon present boys the necessity of following in the steps of their learned predecessors at the school, some few of whom he mentioned who are well-known to most people, Charles and Sydney Smith, Charles and Andrew Frost, Ellicott, the present Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, Sherringham, the Bullivants, Dr. Wooley, and others. Among the "old boys" present were General Atlay, Dr. Wooley, Canon Sydney Smith, and Archdeacon Cheetham, and among the company who were entertained by the Head-master during the day were Bishop Mitchinson, Lord Burghley, M.P., G. H. Finch, M.P., J. W. Lowther., M.P., and many of the leading county gentry. The meeting was presided over by the hereditary patron, Mr. A. C. Johnson, and as a memorial of the happy event a swimming-bath has been erected at a cost of £500. By the exertions of the secretaries, B. Addington Adam, and C. J. B. Scriven, this sum has been nearly subscribed, but I am asked to inform old Oakhamites that there is still a small debt on it, should they wish to show their "dollar affection" for the old school.

Steps are being taken by some of the old pupils and past friends of the late Mr. E. R. Horton to found a memorial to him at University College School, for which he did so much. A strong committee, including Lord Kimberley (the President of University College), Prof. Huxley, Lord Justice Fry, the Master of Peterhouse, and several other well-known names, has been formed. The memorial will probably take the form of a Scholarship for a boy leaving University College School, tenable at any recognised place of education. The hon. secretary to the fund is Mr. Wolf Defries, 50, Tavistock-square, W.C.

The correspondence which has been published in the *Times* regarding Eton conclusively shows that the school is not one where Oppidans learn much beyond athletics. Probably, however, the parents of the Oppidans are aware of this, and simply send their boys there to hob-nob with the youths of the upper crust. With this end in view they give them an absurd amount of pocket-money—in fact, at this school of gentlemen *par excellence* snobbism is rampant. Another, and a far more ruinous, charge is brought against the school by the *Pall Mall Gazette*. From what I have heard in various quarters I am afraid that the charge is not without foundation.

Speech-day at Beaumont College passed off with more than the usual success on Thursday last, a large and distinguished company being present. The recitations were given with an elocutionary skill which fairly surprised some among the audience who had had most experience of such exhibitions, Owen Lewis, in the "Life-boat," and Campbell, in Macaulay's "Horatius," particularly distinguishing themselves. This Jesuit College, which now supplies the want long felt of a good public school for Roman Catholics, has again been very successful in the Matriculation Examination for the London University. Mr. Bernard Nicholl, son of Captain Nicholl, R.N., obtained seventh place in honours with third prize; and Mr. Francis Russell, son of the eminent Queen's Counsel, the fourteenth place—the latter carrying off the medal as first in the rhetoric class. Both of these successful pupils scored four prizes each. This year no other school, Protestant or Catholic, has taken two such high places.

The late Mark Pattison will probably be succeeded as Rector by the Rev. W. Merry, Fellow of Lincoln College. Mr. Merry is Public Orator of the University, and one of the preachers of Whitehall Chapel. He is well known to scholars by his edition of the "Odyssey," and to a wider circle by the amusing parody entitled "A Laye of ye Great Goe," written many years ago by him and the Bishop of Colchester. Lincoln College, being still under its old statutes, can only elect a clergyman; it is, therefore, fortunate for the College that so excellent a candidate as Mr. Merry is available.

I see that the *Church Times* is by no means satisfied with the arrangements at the consecration of the Bishop of Ripon, for not only is there a complaint that "the rubric was treated with the insolent disregard which is usual on such occasions," but "Dr. Boyd-Carpenter did his best to make the whole ceremony absurd"; and Mr. Flood Jones, the Precentor, was guilty of "impudence."

The enthronement of the Bishop of Ripon is to take place in Ripon Cathedral on Tuesday, September 9.

A Contemporary accuses Mr. Gladstone of having "steadily ignored" Canon Liddon's claim for high preferment. This is absurd. While Dr. Pusey lived, nothing would have induced Dr. Liddon to quit Oxford, and during the last two years there has not been a single bishopric at

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the Prime Minister's disposal which he could have ed to him, or which there would have been the least chance of his accepting. In all probability Mr. Gladstone will nominate Canon Liddon to the see of Salisbury, which will be vacant shortly, and which he might be induced to accept from his old associations with that diocese, and also because he would thoroughly enjoy carrying on the work of Bishops Denison, Hamilton, and Moberly.

The health of the Bishop of Lincoln has recently caused considerable anxiety to his friends; but I am glad to state that it is now somewhat improved.

There was a vast congregation at St. Paul's on Sunday afternoon—when Canon Liddon preached for the first time during his present residence—including an immense number of Americans, and a perfect Convocation of well-known clergymen. Among the lay notables were Lord Selborne, the Speaker, Lord Crewe, Sir Charles Forster, and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Quite a crowd of men were unable to obtain seats, and were content to stand throughout the service.

After the service there was a regular mob of well-dressed snobs of both sexes gathered outside the south-door, earnestly gazing at the interesting spectacle of Mr. A. B. C. Burdett-Coutts assisting his spouse to mount into an open carriage; and the geese remained staring with all their eyes until the vehicle and its occupants had driven out of sight. Mr. Burdett-Coutts was arrayed in a coat that would have shed lustre on a suburban race-meeting, but which was somewhat startling in a church. The coat, or rather the entire suit, was so light in colour that it appeared to be white, with a slight shade of blue in it; the Baroness, however, was dressed in the plainest and quietest manner possible, almost entirely in black.

The United Methodist Free Church is the youngest of all the Methodist bodies, and is probably the most advanced denomination in England with regard to church polity. The great fault, however, of the Free Methodists is that many of their leading laymen are vulgar, selfish, and ambitious, and much given to worrying their ministers, who, poor wretches, often have a rough time of it. It is almost impossible to go into any of their important meetings without seeing evidences of the mutual distrust existing between ministers and laymen. I heard the other day of a young minister who left them, and became a curate in the Established Church. Being met by one of the petty tyrants of his old church, who was a tailor, he was asked what he had gained by his change, and his reply was, "Well, I am not now badgered about by snobs and tailors." This hits off a weakness of Free Methodism.

How often people use words in writing and in conversation of which they do not know the real meaning! A peculiar instance of this occurred in a recent letter in the *Standard* from its correspondent in Rome. He speaks of "humanitarian sympathy." I draw attention to this, as a friend of mine having said that the word "humanitarian" was wrongly used in the letter, several highly-educated people present insisted that it was perfectly correct. When, however, they referred to a dictionary, they were all somewhat surprised to find that the only meaning given for "humanitarian" was "one who denies the divinity of Christ, asserting that he was a mere man." I wonder how many of my readers knew up to now the meaning of the word?

In presenting the prizes to the successful candidates at the final examination of the Fourth Form on board the *Britannia*, his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh "thought he might fairly place Prince George before them as an example of hard study in order to take the highest honours." Unfortunately, however, for the example, the Duke himself is a proof that promotion to the highest honours in the Navy does not always depend upon hard-study.

The official announcement of Captain Fullerton's appointment to the command of the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* has excited great and justifiable dissatisfaction in the service. The selection is a most unfair one to the other Captains on the list, for there are nearly a hundred who are senior to the favoured officer, and, of course, they ought to have been employed before him. Captain Fullerton was formerly commander of the Royal yacht, and when he left her he was promoted over the heads of some scores of his brother officers. Last year he was appointed to command the *Sapphire* on the China station, but this, I suppose, is not a sufficiently good thing for an officer who stands so well at Whitehall; so he is to return home to enjoy the best and easiest Captain's post in the service.

What adds to the discontent is the fact that as Captain Fullerton is so very low on the list he is likely to command the *Osborne* for eight or ten years to come, inasmuch as the command of the Royal Yacht is held till promotion; and, moreover, it counts as full sea time. That jobs of this sort should be so frequent and so flagrant under the Board of a Liberal Ministry must be grievously unsatisfactory and disheartening to all honest Radicals. For many reasons it is eminently desirable that the First Lord of the Admiralty should be a Member of the House of Commons.

Courts-martial and their practices are so utterly anomalous and illogical that one can scarcely feel surprised on reading of the singular proceedings which took place on the assembling of the tribunal selected to try Captain Pollard, of the *Defence*. A court of inquiry had been already held to investigate the collision between the *Defence* and the *Valiant*, and had reported that the *Defence* was solely to blame. Yet two of the officers who served upon the court of inquiry were summoned to the court-martial! This is, of course, precisely the same as if a Judge of First Instance were called upon to reverse his own decision, sitting in the Court of Appeal. The two officers were objected to and withdrawn, but it seems to me a scandalous thing that they should ever have been summoned.

The next item in the programme was even more striking. The prisoner objected to Rear-Admiral Curme, the president of the court, "because he had officiated as president of a former court of inquiry held on Captain Pollard, since

which time Captain Pollard and Rear-Admiral Curme had been on bad terms, and Captain Pollard has reason to believe that the mind of Rear-Admiral Curme is biassed against him." The court deliberated for two hours upon the objection, and finally decided to adjourn pending further instructions from the Admiralty. In the course of the afternoon a telegram was received from head-quarters, appointing Rear-Admiral Whyte as president of the Court-martial instead of Rear-Admiral Curme. The plain English of this, therefore, is that my lords consider Rear-Admiral Curme to be a man incapable of presiding over the court in an impartial and unprejudiced manner, and this being so, the natural conclusion is that Rear-Admiral Curme, whatever his other qualifications may be, is distinctly unfitted to act in any judicial capacity whatever. The incident affords a very remarkable illustration of the rottenness of the whole court-martial system.

The Admiralty propose to erect a large building at the head of Forton Lake, in Portsmouth Harbour, which is to serve as a torpedo depot and school in connection with the *Vernon*. It will cost about £35,000.

It may be hoped that the experiment of substituting the white for the blue helmet of Tommy Atkins will prove successful. The white helmet is much more comfortable than the blue; it is cheaper; it is not a sunstroke trap; and if it is not handsome in itself, it is certainly more sightly than the head-dress it replaces.

In the course of a prosecution at Sheerness police-court last Thursday evidence was given of a method of raising money by collusion between soldiers and tradespeople which certainly calls for inquiry. It was alleged to be the practice for a soldier to get an order for a new pair of boots by exhibiting an old pair to his major, and to take this order to a bootmaker, who, instead of supplying boots, would give cash for the order (of course, at his own rate of discount), and subsequently obtain the full value of the order from the military authorities. It was argued that this was no fraud on the Government, because the money would ultimately come out of the soldier's pay. Be this as it may, the system is clearly most objectionable. In the first place, it is equivalent to delivering Tommy Atkins bound into the hands of bill-discounters, and in the next, it will probably lead to his having to fight his country's battles barefooted.

Few people, except, of course, barristers and solicitors, will be disposed to disagree with Mr. Baron Huddleston's remarks at Stafford on the subject of appeals. The Judge considers that the multiplicity of appeals is the means of a "pernicious facility afforded to litigants, because it encourages a species of legal gambling which acts in a most disastrous manner." There is, of course, no doubt that the number of appeal courts not only causes an infinite waste of time and money, but forms a vehicle for the utter ruin of poor litigants and the perpetration of the grossest injustice. Railway and other Companies, of course, appeal as long as possible—in the first place, because money is no object, and in the second, because it discourages other people from sueing them. It is to be hoped that the next judicial reformers will effect a diminution in the number of appeal courts.

The remarks of the Judges last week in the case of an appeal which they had before them were not too strong, although their Lordships spoke of the defendant as one of the meanest and most contemptible of the human race. It would seem that he had refused to stand to a deed granting an annuity to a young lady when he had deserted her, on the ground that the consideration was an immoral one. The Judges ruled that it is not an immoral—and, consequently, an illegal consideration—to give such a deed, and that it can be enforced; but a majority decided against the plaintiff because of some irregularity in the pleadings, as she is now a married woman. To have put forward such a defence was as base conduct as well can be conceived, and I sincerely trust that in a subsequent action the lady will win. It seems to me that the consideration was precisely the reverse of immoral, unless we are to hold that it is moral for a man to leave a woman to starvation and penury after having seduced her. The plea can only hold when the consideration is given before, not after.

I recently drew attention to an interesting conversation that took place between the magistrates and the police authorities at Wrexham on the increase of drunkenness since the Sunday Closing Act had been in operation. I stated that, according to the Mayor, drunkenness had trebled since the Act came into force, and that a police-inspector admitted that "half the people he saw on the previous Sunday were drunk." A correspondent now writes and begs that I will "give our old town the benefit of the mitigating explanation that the drunkenness mentioned by the police inspector was not in evasion of the Sunday Closing Act, but was caused by the generosity of the Militiamen in treating their friends at the canteen." But how about the statement made by the Mayor?

A truly astonishing magisterial decision is reported from Darlington. Sir William Chaytor, Inspector of Factories, summoned Todd Brothers, of Darlington, at the Borough Police-court, for keeping two girls at work after ten at night. A member of the firm appeared, and pleaded guilty; but the magistrates dismissed the case, and refused to give any reason for their extraordinary behaviour. It is to be hoped that the attention of the Lord Chancellor will be drawn to these remarkable proceedings without loss of time.

A correspondent writes from the Isle of Wight:—

> I am sorry if Sir William Harcourt found it hard to obtain information anent the action of the Isle of Wight magistrates the other day, because the following facts are pretty well known:—The court on this day was a very crowded one, for it was the day on which game licences were to be, by law, renewed, and the poor people from the ends of the island had wasted a day to come in and obtain their licences. If, as they had to go away without them, their licences had lapsed, would an action lie, I wonder, against these stubborn two magistrates who would not sit with the Liberal colonel? I should much like to see it tried. Moreover, the clerk to the magistrates went and represented to the said two of the Great Unpaid that the court was waiting; but they would not come, and did not come, and the court was dissolved. I suppose the matter will be "burked;" but if there is any real desire for information, the Home Secretary can surely obtain it.

There are above twenty Conservative magistrates in the Isle of Wight, and only two or three Liberals on the Bench. So far from being ashamed of their impudent insult to a colleague and to the public, the former are openly declaring that they will renew the insult whenever they have an opportunity.

The retirement of Mr. Glasse, Q.C., after a practice of exactly half a century, is quite an era in the history of the Chancery Courts. For twenty years he had been the leading figure in the senior Vice-Chancellor's Court, and was indeed usually credited with having a good deal more to do with the judgments given in the Court than the Judge himself. When Sir Richard Malins died, though Mr. Glasse still kept a large share of practice, his glory had departed, and he has acted wisely in seeking a well-earned repose. In spite of the rough exterior and overbearing manner which prevented his ever becoming a Vice-Chancellor, he had a good heart at bottom, and was always a good deal more helpful to his juniors than many men with a more civil bearing. The generosity with which, when he had a house near Winchester, every barrister's son at the College was asked for "leave out," and tipped with a sovereign when he departed, showed he knew how to spend money as well as how to make it.

I have always thought that the idea of a husband obtaining pecuniary damages for the misconduct of a wife is of very questionable morality. If the "co" deserves to be fined, then the fine ought to go into the public exchequer. Such, however, is not the opinion of all husbands, and I hear that a case will, after the vacation, make its appearance in the Divorce Court in which the damages laid against the co-respondent are £40,000, the largest sum ever claimed. The respondent has been married over thirty years, and the "co" is an M.P. of a certain age, better known in the financial than in the political world. If I had any advice to tender to these middle-aged people, it would be to wash their dirty linen at home.

A poor woman applied to Mr. Hosack at Worship-street last week under somewhat curious circumstances. She complained that the registrar of the parish of Bethnal Green had refused to register her child, as he objected to the name given because it was not on his list as a proper one. Mr. Hosack said he could not assist her, but the obnoxious name did not transpire. I cannot, however, see why poor people should not be allowed to call their children what they like, without the dictation of the registrar. In France, the other day, a mother was, I believe, prevented from calling her child Lucifer Vercingetorix Beelzebub—but that is, presumably, somewhat an extreme case.

I hope that the Vigilance Committee now turning their attention to the condition of the London streets will not overlook the hawking of prurient literature, and, what is an even greater evil, the exhibition of objectionable posters. I am no friend to hushing up scandals in high places; but when, as happened to me last Thursday, I arrive at Charing-cross at mid-day, and have to pass, in company with ladies, through gangs of roughs bawling the indecent titles of their wares in stentorian tones, and thrusting offensive handbills into the faces of foot-passengers, I think the time has come when the police should interfere.

A London periodical for August contains an article entitled, "Americans as pictured by themselves." Simultaneously, the *North American Review* of Boston announces a contribution entitled, "Are we a nation of rascals?"

A correspondent sends me the following "curious coincidence." That it is a *coincidence* there can be, I take it, no doubt, as he has twice written to the Editor of the paper referred to on the subject, without receiving any reply:—

Sir,—Will you, through the medium of your valuable columns, assist me in publishing to the public at large the following:—

About three weeks ago, I, after careful searching through old volumes, discovered a selection entitled "Bless the Baby," in an issue for the year 1855.

I sought for a composition of that nature with a particular purpose in view. A weekly periodical, known as *Rare Bits*, offers prizes, to the amount of a few pounds every week, for such contributions as are deemed by certain judges worthy of awards. I spent some time in carefully transcribing my selection, and finally succeeded in filling several pages of tidily written manuscript. In reading this over to correct mistakes and properly punctuate, I discovered an omission of *three words*, but as the sense of the paragraph was not affected by such, I allowed the error to remain unaltered. Then, after closely reading the "conditions" under which the contributors to *Rare Bits* are placed, I fulfilled them all, and sent my manuscript to the office of that paper. In its next issue, a day or two after the date that my contribution must have reached the office, I saw that I had been unsuccessful, not even gaining the *lowest* prize. Then, a week after this, I was astounded to find that this same selection had been awarded *first* prize of £1, but subscribed with the name of a Welshman.

I carefully compared this with the journal of 1855 in the presence of two friends who were aware of the mistake that I had made, and found that the *identical three words* that were in error omitted by me had also in this prize paper been omitted.

Therefore, according to *Rare Bits*, a person in South Wales had, at almost the same time, discovered and transcribed from the same old journal of 1855 the same composition; and, still stranger, made the identical error that I had committed. On the same evening I wrote, asking for an explanation of the singular affair, but none has yet been granted me, although I have written a second time.

A. E. H.

With reference to a paragraph of last week, urging that some publisher should bring out a collection of Memoirs in cheap form, Messrs. Bickers call my attention to the fact that they have already published Motley's "Dutch Republic" and St. Simon's "Memoirs" in their "Crown Library," and that they intend to publish Walpole's "Letters" and other Memoirs. Motley's "Republic" is not a Memoir. St. Simon wrote French Memoirs. I would advise Messrs. Bickers to confine themselves first entirely to English Memoirs, and then separately issue a series of French Memoirs.

Rubinstein has finished his new opera. It is entitled "The Parrot," and the libretto, by Hugo Wittmann, is taken from an Eastern legend. The work is to be produced at Hamburg, in the City Theatre, on November 1.

I have received a circular—I know not from whom—explaining the excellences of oleomargarine as a substitute for butter. The circular says that it is manufactured in Vienna, New York, Holland, and Paris; and that in this way the sweetest portions of beef-fat are melted at a temperature of luke-warm water, from which the stearine is pressed out. The margarine which remains is then mixed with milk and olive oil and a small quantity of real butter. A long series of testimonials is appended, which go to show that this compound is infinitely better than ordinary butter. I believe that it is; indeed, I have always heard that most of the excellent "butter" which is to be found at Parisian restaurants is oleomargarine.

A correspondent writes *in re* the Army and Navy Stores:—

Here is a proof, if proof be wanted, of the enormous profits made on some goods. The society sell a cwt. of Patna rice, including the sack, for 20s., but they charge 1s. 5½d. for seven pounds of the same, or sixteen and two-thirds per cent. over and above the profit on the cwt., which cannot certainly be less than ten per cent. Upwards of twenty-five per cent. profit is a new reading of "lowest remunerative rates," which are the words used by the society.

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It is probable that when the Water Companies have taken a little more water from above Teddington, and when the water that will remain runs away more swiftly than it does now, owing to the removal of old Putney Bridge, which acts as a sort of dam, the alternative will present itself of either making a dam at Isleworth, or rebuilding Richmond Bridge. Already large London steamers, and even launches, are often unable to pass, and stick fast close by the bridge, and it is impossible to deepen the channel, owing to the piers.

The Richmond Local Board would do well to follow the example of the Twickenham Local Board, and use all their endeavours to bring home to the Conservators the serious state of matters. The former, however, seem to be wanting in energy, and to be only able to gaze with despair at the disappearance of their river, instead of seeking a remedy. Such a helpless, sleepy-headed set I have seldom come across.

I see that the Native Guano Company has offered to treat the sewage at Barking Creek, and to convert it into a pure effluent. If they are prepared to deal with the entire sewage, and to give security for so doing, I see no reason why their offer should not be accepted. On such conditions we can well afford to make any Company a free present of the sewage; but if they merely propose experimental works, and do not accept the sewage as a *quid pro quo* for outlay, then the proposal is merely one of a hundred similar ones, and should be refused. As, however, the Metropolitan Board of Works has declined the proposal, the Company might make it to some of the riverain parishes that still drain into the Thames. We are always being told that sewage is so valuable that it is a sin to let it go to waste. The answer to this is, Take it, and treat it, not at the cost of the ratepayers, who do not believe in this value, but at the cost of any Company that does.

The refusal of the Metropolitan Board of Works, on which I remarked last week, to give the details of its legal and parliamentary expenses seems to have had an object. At its last meeting the solicitor's salary was raised, with only one dissentient voice, from £1,500 a year to £1,750, and it will, no doubt, merely for the sake of round figures, be shortly made £2,000.

Any one who wants to know what a fever den is cannot do better than visit No. 6, Gray's-Inn-passage. The house, it seems, accommodates six families, comprising seventeen persons, and the water to flush the drain has to be carried down sixty-two stairs from a cistern at the top of the house. One child has just died from malignant scarlet-fever, and two others have been taken to the Fever Hospital. The coroner's jury found that the death was due to natural causes, accelerated by the defective drains. But why was nothing said about the landlord, who, it seems to me, had quite as much to do with causing the child's death as "nature"?

The landlord of this particular house is not, however, alone to blame; for the malignancy of the plague-spot is increased, it seems, by the unsanitary condition of the closets in an adjoining Board-school. As long as vestrydom reigns supreme, it must needs be that offences against public health will be common; but the School Board really ought not to set so bad an example.

We are always hearing now about the fall in the value of land, but the rise in its value in towns covers any amount of fall in the country. Here is a good instance. The freehold of No. 63, Lincoln's-Inn-fields was purchased in 1758 for the sum of £1,721. It was sold last week for £13,000.

A few weeks ago I alluded to the case of Roderick Graham, a crofter in the island of Lewis, whom I considered to have been very hardly treated by the agents of Lady Matheson. A house which he had erected on his croft without leave was pulled down, and Graham himself was sent to prison for resisting its demolition. Most people will be disposed to think that these proceedings ought to have sufficiently vindicated alike the majesty of law and the sacred rights of property. Lady Matheson, however, is apparently of a different opinion. Last week a number of policemen, accompanied by a sheriff-officer, proceeded to Borve, and arrested two women for having committed the horrible offence of "deforcement" on the 6th of May. One of them, the mother of Roderick Graham, was accused of having thrown dirty water on the officials who were engaged in demolishing her son's house. She was fined forty shillings, and, being unable to pay, was sent to prison for eight days. Now, considering that this poor old woman was upwards of seventy, and very infirm, and also that her crime, if such it can be called, was committed under a sense of a grievous wrong, I cannot help thinking that Lady Matheson has been guilty of an act of cruel and wanton oppression.

The late Sir James Matheson sat in Parliament for many years for Ross and Cromarty, and during his lifetime his agents professed to be as ardent Liberals as himself. His widow, however, is of a different way of thinking, and one of the same agents has just issued a notice to the electors of Ullapool, a village on the coast of Ross, couched in the following terms:—

> Lady Matheson writes me:—"While it is my wish to leave all over whom it may be supposed I possess any influence perfect freedom of action, I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that my own views are not in accordance with the policy that has been pursued for the last few years by the present Government either at home or abroad." James Munro, factor.

Mr. Munro is evidently an astute person, and would have made an admirable Vicar of Bray; but it would be interesting to know whether, in issuing this circular, he is acting on his own responsibility or with the knowledge and authority of Lady Matheson herself.

So the Manchester Ship Canal has been again thrown out! It is curious that when last year a Committee of the Lords rejected it, the Duke of Bedford was on the Com-

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Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers n Porcelain, South Audley-street Grosvenor-square.

mittee, whilst this year his son was on the Commons Committee that performed the same feat. What grudge can the family of Russell have against Manchester?

George Smith, of Coalville, is a remarkable man. He is the friend of the gipsies and of the canal-boat population. Mainly through his efforts, some very wholesome legislation affecting the latter class of persons has been placed on the Statute-book. Last Thursday, a Bill to amend this legislation passed the House of Lords, and will soon receive the Royal assent. Lord Wemyss threw a good deal of ridicule upon Mr. Smith, but his lordship might well have turned his humour to a better purpose. Mr. Smith's plan for reclaiming gipsies may not be the wisest that can be framed; but there can be no question that he is a self-sacrificing friend of the outcasts. I hope he will be appointed Inspector of Canal Boats.

Among other curiosities of the Civil List, I see that the Rev. Charles Southey has been granted £100 a year in consideration of the literary merit of his father, Mr. Robert Southey. As the pension has only been granted during the last year, I presume that Mr. Southey was found to stand specially in need of it. But, even if he were, his need must surely have been his own fault; and were it ever so great, I fail to see what claim he has on the public purse. Now that one poet has been made a Peer, is it in contemplation to apply the "hereditary principle" generally to Poet's Corner, for the benefit of the families of deceased Laureates and others?

Lord Petre will take his seat in the House of Lords during the autumn session. He will be the first Catholic Priest who has sat there since the Reformation.

So the German newspapers complain of Mr. Childers only speaking English at the Conference! and certainly it would have been somewhat Babelonic if each representative of a State had insisted on speaking in his own language. Latin used to be the language of diplomacy, then came the turn of French. I remember when I was at the Embassy at St. Petersburg we received a Circular from Lord Russell telling us that any communication from an English Envoy must be in English. We at once commenced addressing Prince Gortschakoff in this language. He replied in Russian. Finally, we agreed on both sides to go back to French.

The sort of terrorism which the Conservatives are inaugurating with regard to working men is exemplified by what has taken place at Teddington. There is a "Working Men's Club" there, a non-political association. Some of the members attended in their individual capacity at a Liberal meeting. The chairman of the club, Mr. Mullens, at once resigned, and withdrew his financial protection. "The working men of Teddington," this gentleman writes, "cannot make it convenient to consider a proposal which cost me some trouble to work out, and, if accepted, would have entailed a not inconsiderable money gift, under two months, though they can, at a few hours' notice, meet to hear Radical candidates advocate measures which," &c., &c.—that is to say, the working men must sacrifice their political principles if they are to hope for not inconsiderable money gifts from Conservatives. Subsequently, twenty persons met in a room of an hotel, under the auspices of the City Solicitor and of the aforesaid Mullens, and passed a resolution that the present Government has forfeited the confidence of the country, and that the twenty patriots—("we, the people of England")—approve of the recent action of the House of Lords.

A correspondent in the *Times* attempts to prove Lord Salisbury's statement, that in the exercise of the power of the Crown to dissolve Parliament, the Sovereign cannot abandon her will absolutely to her advisers, by quoting from Lord Grey's book on Parliamentary Government the following oracular observation:—"The Sovereign ought, by no means, to be a passive instrument in the hands of his Ministers; it is not merely his right, but his duty, to exercise his judgment on the advice they may tender to him." If a Sovereign were to exercise his judgment, and if that judgment were a sound one, he would, I am inclined to think, follow the advice tendered to him; for the basis of the dictum that the Sovereign can do no wrong is that he should politically do nothing. Power without responsibility is a contradiction.

"A happy thought strikes me! Let us be friends!" This thought, we are called upon to believe, suddenly dawned upon the minds of Lord Salisbury and Lord Randolph Churchill; so they ate their dinner without throwing the plates at each other's heads, and then drank each other's healths.

This admirably exemplifies the habit of Conservative politicians. The same happy thought occurred to Lord Salisbury and Mr. Disraeli. They had both reviled each other, they both differed probably upon almost every political issue; but when they fancied that they might aid each other in storming the Treasury Bench, they joined hands, for ambition had made them bed-fellows.

In days of old the Tories had a policy. When it was in the ascendant they became Ministers. At present they have none. The only tie that binds them together is that which binds together brigands. The Exchequer is the stage-coach that they want to pillage, and their unity of feeling on this point is truly touching. But are they more united than the Liberals? Hardly so. In the present great struggle all earnest Liberals are anxious that the House of Lords should be extinguished, but all Liberals who are not earnest deprecate any attack upon these janissaries of obstruction. These latter Liberals must understand that they must fall into line, or be left high and dry, like Mahomet's coffin, in mid air.

The resolution which I would recommend to all Liberal meetings is that of the Long Parliament in 1649:—"The House of Peers in Parliament is useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished." The Radicals of that day did not beat about the bush; they did not blow hot and cold. There is a plain straightforwardness about their words and actions which we should do well to imitate.

Some Radicals object to a creation of Peers in order to ensure the passing of the Franchise Bill in the autumn

session. Why should they? Individually a Peer is nothing. If it makes him happy to prefix to his name four letters, what harm does this do any one? They are objectionable collectively. But whether they are collectively 400 or 500 is a matter of absolute unimportance. It is clear that the "happy dispatch" will have to be preceded by a large creation, for it is not likely that their present lordships, if left to themselves, will perform that most indispensable of acts.

I RECOMMEND all to read Mr. R. T. Reid's article in this month's *Fortnightly* upon Egypt. Mr. Reid points out that the cosmopolitan creditors have been, and are, at the bottom of all the nonsense which is talked and written about our continuous occupation of Egypt, and that the—

"Fury of the Egyptian creditors at the prospect of these bonds being depreciated by the departure of the English troops, is one of the chief elements of heat in the discussion. Unfortunately, we have been, and they desire that we shall continue to be, tax-gatherers for their benefit."

"It is" (Mr. Reid continues) "intolerable that British bayonets should be used to enforce the payment of foreign creditors, while the remaining revenue is entirely insufficient to pay the necessary expenses of internal Government. If the other Great Powers are so unreasonable as to place us in this dilemma, the only course available is to find the money for, say, one year's further occupation; supplying for that year the annual deficit; to summon the leading men in Egypt, and inform them that in a twelvemonth we shall evacuate the country, and employ the remainder of that time in organising the best native Government that we can get together. This step should be accompanied with a further declaration that we shall not interfere further in Egypt, limiting ourselves to guarding the Suez Canal, and that we shall not allow any other Power to interfere either."

THIS is sound advice. We were fools ever to go to Egypt. If we must pay a sum for our folly, so be it, provided that by the payment we escape from further trouble. In the meantime, I renew the advice which I have again and again tendered to the National Party. Let there be a universal refusal to pay taxes until the land-tax is reduced to a "live and thrive" impost. Mr. Gladstone assures us that the Egyptians who refuse are not courbashed, and he promises that they shall not be. They cannot all be expropriated. They have, therefore, nothing to fear, if only they will act unitedly. They have before them the example of Ireland to prove to them how beneficial is this practical method of dealing with financial oppression.

M. WADDINGTON seems to have been entirely taken aback at Lord Granville's determination not to waste more time on the Conference, if the French only, as he said, adduced arguments in favour of Egyptian creditors. In this business the French have acted disgracefully. As usual, their statesmen have been the dummies of the financialists, and have had only one thought—to flog out of the fellahs enough to satisfy the greed of these Shylocks. As we were to do the flogging in the French scheme, it is not surprising that we should have declined to accept this position.

I HAVE received the following amounts towards Miss English's fund for boarding out poor and sickly London children in the country for two or three weeks:—A. H., £1; M. E. B., £5; Quail, £1; Well Wisher, £5; T. Y., £1.

SCREENS, with tea-cup shelf on each fold, from 21s. A large variety of screens in Japanese leather paper, needlework, stained glass, and hand-painted in all sizes and styles.—C. HINDLEY & SONS, 290 to 294, Oxford-street, London.

SCRUTATOR.

DOLLARS AND SENSE.

THE production of a new play has not materially altered the estimation in which the American comedians are held by all who can quickly recognise a new and original style of acting. As I said before, the actual play in which our latest visitors perform is to me a matter of the very slightest consequence. Perhaps "Dollars and Sense" is, on the whole, a happier effort in play-writing than "Casting the Boomerang," but I am free to confess that I laughed at both. Mr. Daly's latest comedy, derived I should say from the German, admits us into the *vie intime* of American men and women of the upper commercial classes. Now this is exactly what many of us desire to see. The Dutch players who came over here from Rotterdam showed us the village life of the sea-coast Lowlanders—their sports, their pastimes, their manners, and their customs—as clearly as in one of Mr. Boughton's pictures. We get a glimpse of the French shopkeeper, the speculator on the Bourse, the family-man, and the grisette in many a Palais Royal farce. As a rule, our plays in England are not characteristic of our life or manners. Our adapters make men on the Stock Exchange and dwellers in Belgravia, our suburban residents and domestic tartars strut about in ill-made Parisian clothes. Mr. Daly appears to have considerable skill in the trick of adaptation. No one much cares where a play comes from so long as the characters when they appear before us are flesh and blood creatures, and not puppets or caricatures. In an instant we are transported in "Dollars and Sense" to American home life. The anxious man who over-speculates and lives beyond his income; the homely Pennsylvanian who comes to Washington to see life, and rid himself of the fetters of his homely spouse; pure business people as opposed to shoddy aristocrats; the over-dressed sharp American girls, who are a match for the most astute and sarcastic barrister educated at the University; ambitious, affectionate mothers, fast wives, deceitful husbands, a tinge of Paris on the rouged cheek of New York—all these things strike the spectator as interesting. The play is clever, because it gives so many distinct types of character, and the American actor and actress are never so pleasing as when there is the slightest flavour of character in any part entrusted to them. It is because this is so little understood that Miss Ada Rehan still puzzles the studious and the critical. She is not seen to such advantage in this last play. The part is not so funny, and there is a slight repetition of the affected drawl which she adopted in the "Boomerang." Besides, with a daring that positively astonished the audience, Miss Rehan rushes pell-mell into a wild bit of pantomime, that most English audiences wil not understand or appreciate. The girl, who is of a wilful and ingenuous turn of mind, resolves to disgust an old German baron, who has been persuaded that she will be a suitable wife for his son. Suddenly she casts off her fashionable garments, arrays herself in an unbecoming dressing-gown, towzles her hair, exhibits her legs and

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ankles, and "goes in" for the wildest eccentricity. She is as unkempt as Nan in "Good for Nothing," and as *gauche* as Shakespeare's Audrey. She talks slang, and slobbers out her words. She dances and kicks up her heels, she tosses and tumbles, imitates the idiotic jingles of the nursery, and thoroughly unsexes herself. It is not an elegant performance; but, if the thing has to be done, I cannot see how it could be done better. Miss Rehan lets herself go, and in the end she changes disgust into appreciation. But people call her vulgar because she has to play a vulgar scene. They never can separate a performer from the performance.

A writer has recently had the courage to assert that English players have much to learn from their American cousins. It is a bold statement, for actors and actresses are notoriously sensitive. But in the main it is correct. Of course, when the point is argued, people will rush off at a tangent, and ask if Miss Rehan is better than Mrs. Kendal and Mr. Lewis as excellent as Mr. Hare. Nobody said they were: comparisons are odious. But when I look around me I find very few comedy theatres of the first class that contain such comedians as Mr. James Lewis, Mr. Gilbert, and Mr. John Drew. The two first are so good that all lovers of acting should make a point of seeing them. As to Mr. Drew, I wish we had more of his pattern in London. He has the French style without the affectation. I should like to see him permanently fixed at the Haymarket.

STAGE WHISPERS.

Burnand's "Black Eyed Susan" was reproduced at the Alhambra on Saturday last. It is hardly what can be called an Alhambra piece; still it lends itself to the introduction of any number of "ballet ladies," and therefore, perhaps, the management has been wise in their choice. It is rather like, however, setting a fine diamond in a gorgeous frame of gold—the brilliance of the stone is lost in the glitter of the surroundings. Burnand's dialogue is the genuine article. Paste would have been equally effective.

Fortunately for Arthur Roberts, who plays Captain Crosstree, but comparatively few playgoers of the present day remember F. Dewar in the part. Of course, the present actor gives a very comical rendering of a love-stricken captain. It is not, however, Captain Crosstree. This good fortune is still more applicable in the case of Miss Mulholland, who, as Susan, is a very long way behind Patty Oliver. She sings fairly well, but she has little idea of acting the part. I should have thought that Miss Kate Leamar, who plays Dolly Mayflower very prettily, would have made a better Susan. Mr. Danvers resumed his old character of Dame Hatley. This ancient dame does not seem to be a bit older than she was in the old Royalty days. Miss Bessie Bonehill was a lively William—though at times a little too demonstrative. The old May-pole dance was well arranged and executed, and the ballet on board ship was pretty and effective.

"Featherbrain" at the Criterion is going better than ever, now that Miss Rose Saker has resumed her original part. Regardless of what so many critics said of the play after the first night, I repeat what I wrote at the time—that it is a thoroughly Criterion piece, and that any one who wishes to insure good digestion after dinner cannot do better than spend a couple of hours in Piccadilly. By-the-bye, I wonder that Mr. Wyndham does not advertise the Criterion Theatre as the coolest in London. It is.

Mr. Joseph Derrick, the author of "Confusion," has afforded Mr. Righton, at the Olympic, an excellent opportunity in the "Twins" of showing his powers of making his audiences laugh. Mr. Righton doubles the part of a cleric and of a waiter, and gives "original originality" to both. Whether the "Twins" will prove a second "Confusion" in the matter of popularity, is, I should say, a little doubtful. Still, it is amusing, for which one ought to be thankful in these days of "drama elevation."

Miss Marion Terry has been playing Viola at the Lyceum for her vaccinated sister Ellen. She gives an imitation of her sister; in fact, she plays "Ellen Terry," not Viola. It is her misfortune, and not her fault, that the imitation is not a very good one.

HISSING.

In this month's *Theatre*, Mr. J. Knight, Mr. F. Marshall, and Mr. Palgrave Simpson protest against the modern habit of hissing, upon the first night's performance of a play, by those who do not approve of it. "There was a time," says Mr. Simpson, "when it was rare." "The practice of author-baiting," says Mr. Knight, "should at once be abandoned." "Hissing and groaning," says Mr. Marshall, "should be reserved for the condemnation of what offends against the laws of decency and morality." Now, all this would be very well were it not that managers have, of late years, taken upon themselves to crowd their theatres with their friends on the first night of a new play. These friends applaud it, whether it be good, bad, or indifferent, and when the curtain falls at the end, either the author comes forward to "bow his acknowledgments," or, if he be not present, the manager steps before the curtain, and announces that a telegram has been sent to him informing him of the success of his piece. So long as success is organised, it is not surprising that some persons should audibly resent it.

It is said that the hissing, too, is organised. The hissers probably would reply that they organise independence of judgment, and that their aim is to defeat organised applause when it is not deserved. It is clear, therefore, that if there is to be a reform, it should commence with the managers. It is true that sometimes a piece is unfairly hissed, but it is equally true that far more often a bad piece is applauded, and that this systematised applause is used in advertisements as a reason for urging the public to come and see a play. What is meat to one man is poison to another. One man may like a play, another may dislike it. So long as a verdict is demanded, each one of the audience has a right to express his opinion. So long as applause is regarded as legitimate, hissing must also be regarded as legitimate. Neither hissing nor applause makes or mars a play. Every one discounts both. "Hissing," says Mr. Marshall, "should not be employed in cases of mere incompetency." Why not? I regard it as a useful corrective on the conceit of authors and the humbug of managers. If I think it undeserved, I applaud; if I think it deserved, I join in it.

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NIGHT-MUSIC FOR THE PEOPLE.

I have before me an interesting address on Music for the People, by Mrs. Ernest Hart, which was recently delivered at Lady Brassey's. Whatever difference of opinion there may be about the ways and means, every one is agreed that good and cheap music for the people is a capital thing. The subject, however, is a very important one, and one that cannot be discussed off-hand, so I shall not now attempt to do so; but Mrs. Hart starts one suggestion, which is certainly well worth serious attention. Light up (she says) the parks with electricity, and set bands in them on fine nights to play for the people. At present, no doubt, anything more dismal (and, perhaps, worse than dismal—immoral) than Hyde Park at night can scarcely be imagined. There is air and space, and opportunity, and hard by, in back streets, is a seething and reeking population, crouching on door-steps and gutters, and gasping for breath out of windows, or crowding into the low "publics" at each corner of the alley, row, or court. Now if these people knew that within a few minutes' walk they could come upon a lighted space, lounge beneath real trees, tread soft grass, and hear sweet music, would not they save up for a tidy coat, mend their rags, wash their children and themselves, and step out for an hour? The parks for the people at night is not an extravagant demand. A given space, treated with a few electric lights, a regimental or volunteer band—if needful a vigilance staff of special constables—that is all that is required. I believe it would help the people to thrift and decency more than anything else, and send thousands to bed sober. The Health Exhibition shows how the outdoor lighting and music can be done for the rich. Can nothing in this line, therefore, be done for the poor? That is the question which Mrs. Hart puts before us. I should like to say distinctly "Yes!"

THE SCARCITY OF SILENCE.

Some kind soul has started a free library and reading-room, with additional accommodation for writing, at the Health Exhibition. It may seem churlish to look such a gift-horse in the mouth; but, while the donor was about it, he might have made his well-intended present worth acceptance. In some of the *salons de lecture* of that indefinite Paradise, "the Continent," will be seen, conspicuously elevated on a pedestal right opposite the door by which you enter, a figure with its forefinger on its lip, and, lest the significance of the marble should escape observation, the figure's name, Silence, appears below the plinth. I will gladly contribute my mite, as soon as called upon, to a fund for multiplying this sculptured hint, which ought to be placed in every room where books, pamphlets, pens, ink, and paper are the proper appurtenances. The reading-room at the "Healtheries" wants it badly. The chamber, or suite of chambers, is paved with stone or tiles, on which the clatter of chattering women in box-heeled boots sounds like a castanet obbligato to their loud and voluble praise of the place: "So nice and quiet, you know; so charmingly retired, and yet so convenient for meeting one's friends!" Of course, just outside the door, at all times, is "Monsieur qui siffle." Where is he not, in this delightfully self-governed country? I declare that the abominable practice of whistling, with dreary tunelessness, has done more than all other insular stupidities put together towards poisoning my cup of love for my dear native land. O England! O my country! Why whistle, when you can't? Why attempt the impossible? We are a nation of Nelsons and Wellingtons and Ben Caunts, and very fine fellows generally, but not of Von Joels. I am sorry to say that the enforcement of example is not directed by the courteous and obliging officials of the newly-opened library of the Health Exhibition to the suppression of speech. They talk many degrees above a whisper. That they should reply to questions promptly and politely is all right enough; but it would be well if, by subduing their answers to the lowest level of requisite audibility, they suggested the same abstinence of sound on the part of the questioners. When they aggravate their voices it should be in the accommodating spirit of Bottom the Weaver. Somebody is putting up some buildings close to the library, and the incessant chip-chip of the trowel-edge upon the bricks, and of the mason's chisel on the stone, may be pardoned as a necessity. Not so the preventable noises. And I would venture to submit, with all respect to science, that the telephone is not an unalloyed blessing when it is fixed in a library. The other day, while writing an abstruse treatise on the Differential Calculus, I was an unwilling listener to the near side of a painful conversation as follows:—

"Yes—Yes—Yes—No—Yes—No—What did you say?—Yes—Yes—No—Say that again—Oh no, not unless you get a letter telling you it's all right—Yes—Not at all—I think so—Precisely—You may try if you like, but I don't think he will—Yes—Oh, yes—No—Ask them again—Was it?—You surprise me—No—Were they, though?—I shouldn't have thought it—So I understand—She did, I believe—Yes—As far as I know, but I'm not sure—Is that all?—Good-bye."

A still more harrowing dialogue followed some minutes later, and I soon found that the telephone having one of its ends in the reading-room of the Health Library is, though a cheerful and communicative instrument, rather garrulous.

London is a victim to a noise pestilence. The dearth of a refreshing alterative in an artificial world of noise is a serious thing. Doctors tell you to keep the patient quiet, while a "piano-organ" of ten-pianoforte horse-power is crunching the bones of the "Men of Harlech," or pounding the "Last Rose of Summer" to a maddening pulp of variations. I have an important article to finish, and my next-door neighbour indulges himself and me with a German band. The church-going bell, tolerable in a valley, where the echoes are softened by distance, is an insupportable nuisance when clanging and crashing from a crowd of steeples within an audible radius. The day of rest, in fact, is about the noisiest of the seven; for the Booth family have severally and collectively decreed Sonorous Salvation by beat of drum, and we must be lugged out of Tophet by the ears. Not even as a luxury is silence now obtainable, though our dearest friend be sick unto death for the want of it.

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HOLIDAY PLANS.

With this week commences the holiday season, and there are few families in Great Britain who will not be more or less on the move during at least some weeks of the next two months. I can quite understand that people who live in London, or indeed in any town, are anxious to get away to the seaside, or abroad, or into the country at this season; but it is very remarkable that people who live habitually in the country should think it necessary to forsake their homes when their surroundings are most pleasant. It is, however, "the thing" for all "genteel families" to absent themselves from home for some time during August or September, and I suppose it is a silly vulgar pandering to this fetish which induces so many rustics to make a move when they would much prefer to stay quietly at home and enjoy the hot weather in their own gardens and under their own trees. It would surely be more rational if these people remained at home at this season, and moved away in such months as November or February, when, except to enthusiastic hunting men, the country is altogether intolerable.

It seems to be decided that the Continent is to be regarded as closed to tourists this year. Comparatively few people would go to Italy under any circumstances, only lunatics go to Spain at this season, and only barbarians to Paris. Germany and Switzerland are perfectly safe, and there is no enforcement of tiresome or useless sanitary rules in those countries. The fact is, however, that the object of the majority of English tourists is to accomplish the greatest possible distance in the shortest possible time, and to see as many "sights" as can be managed by dint of appropriating every minute of the tour that is not engrossed by eating and sleeping and travelling. What the enjoyment can be of this kind of rush in hot weather it is difficult to comprehend, but it must be admirably calculated to induce cholera and divers other disagreeable disorders. People who are going abroad would do very much better if they limited their tour to one district, the Rhine, or the Black Forest, or the Oberland, or the Lucerne country. A fortnight can be very pleasantly passed at Ems, Wiesbaden, or Baden-Baden, as there are plenty of amusements close at hand, if the weather is unfavourable; while, if fine, there is a beautiful and richly-wooded country all round each of these places, which affords endless excursions. In the Black Forest there are capital inns in almost every village, where you live most excellently at an incredibly small cost, though the *cuisine* is far superior to that found in nine-tenths of those tourist hotels in the large towns which are highly praised by Murray and by Baedeker. The air of the Black Forest, with its pine woods, is very invigorating, and there are charming walks in every direction from all the villages. Hollsteig, near Freiburg, Gernsbach, near Baden, St. Blasien, and Höchenschwand, both on the great road from Freiburg to Altbruck, are all places which may be recommended, but they contain no gaieties. People who come here must be content with their walks and drives; and the repose to many is most acceptable. Triberg is a very good stopping-place on the railway. It is the centre for many excursions, and has two large and excellent hotels. In Switzerland there are scores of well-conducted *pensions* close to fine scenery, and with pleasant walks in which there is not the bustle and noise which render the great Alpine hotels so odious and irritating.

There seems every reason to anticipate a tremendous rush to Scotland this autumn. To most tourists a "run through the Highlands" means the Trossach, Oban, Inverness by the Caledonian Canal, and back south by rail, stopping at Pitlochry or Dunkeld, or perhaps making a *détour* in order to see Loch Tay, which (like Loch Awe) is now desecrated by steamers. Scotch hotels have greatly diminished their comforts of late years, while the charges have been prodigiously increased. A year or two ago, I stopped for a night at a very "favourite" Highland hostelry on my way to a shooting-lodge in the vicinity, and the charges were higher than at the Hôtel Bristol, while the attendance was bad, the food most unsatisfactory, and the rooms very far from well furnished; and this is by no means an exceptional experience. Not so long ago you might rely on really first-rate feeding of the substantial sort; a thoroughly good Scotch soup, a fine piece of fish, with appropriate sauce, and so on; but now, whether at the *table d'hôte* or dining in private, you too often have merely a wretched make-believe of a good dinner, with detestable *entrées*, sauce made of potted lobster, and meat, out of which every bit of good has been ruthlessly extracted by baking.

There is plenty of fine scenery in our own country, although few people seem to be aware of the fact. A month could be very pleasantly spent in the Chatsworth and Haddon Hall country, and the hotel at the gate of Chatsworth Park is most comfortable. The Duke of Devonshire's park is always open, and there are endless walks all round, while Matlock, Buxton, and Dovedale can be reached in a short time by train.

There is a splendid country round Helmsley, in Yorkshire, and also round Barnard Castle. The Wye between Ross and Chepstow is most beautiful. From Kerne Bridge to Piercefield it greatly resembles the Moselle, and there is a lovely country behind the banks. Tintern is still a capital place to stay at for a week, although it has become dreadfully crowded since the railway was opened from Chepstow. The New Forest and the Isle of Wight are now quite overrun in the summer. Everybody knows the beauties of Lynton, and also of Clovelly, which last, however, is not a place to be visited after June, as the accommodation is very limited, and the Lake district is best seen early in the summer; while May and October are the most pleasant months for the grand coast scenery of Cornwall, Lizard, Land's End, and Boscastle.

It may be hoped that the cholera scare will benefit Ireland. Nobody ever yet went to Killarney, or to Bantry Bay, or to Glengariff without wishing to go again; indeed, there is no finer scenery in the world than is to be found in the south or west of Ireland, and the climate is delightful. The hotels, moreover, are very good, and most of them are not so pretentious and so abounding in shams as are those of "the favourite resorts" of Great Britain.

The idea that Ireland is "unsafe" is altogether preposterous. Nobody has ever yet heard of a tourist being

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meddled with, even at the worst times; and, as a matter of fact, the country is now perfectly tranquil. It is a great pity that some members of the Royal Family do not cross St. George's Channel for a few weeks. The Channel Fleet is going round to Bantry Bay and Galway in a few days. Why does not the Duke of Edinburgh have his wife and children over there to meet him? The presence of the Court on Deeside will fill every hovel round Braemar, and snobbish tourists will be content to pay high for discomfort and poor living merely in order to breathe the same air as Royalty. If Royalties would go to Killarney there would be thousands of tourists in Ireland in a week.

The papers have lately been full of advertisements asking for "farm-house lodgings." People who desire to be comfortable ought not to take up their quarters in rural apartments without the company of a servant of their own. If a farmer's wife lets her rooms it is very long odds that she will protest that she only takes lodgers as a favour, and that consequently the promised "attendance" will be most defective. Indeed, if the visitors require even the most ordinary service, "the trouble" is very likely to be resented. The idea that a sojourn in a farm-house necessarily implies an abundance of "country produce" is a complete illusion. It will be found that the cream, butter, eggs, and the best poultry all go to market, and can only be obtained sometimes after prolonged negotiations, and then at about the same price as would be asked in Bond-street. The meat at a village butcher's is never of the first quality, and the best joints are certain to be reserved for regular customers, while a kidney or a sweetbread cannot be procured for its weight in gold. Fish is unheard of, unless there is a town in the immediate vicinity, and then it will only be on one day in the week that there will be anything worth eating. If there be a river in the neighbourhood it will either be not worth fishing, or, if it does happen to contain trout, it will be strictly preserved. People who talk of the delights of passing a summer at a farm-house forget that there will be many days of rain; and what are they to do then? If the house be newly built it will resemble a suburban villa. If it be old-fashioned or picturesque, it may be assumed for certain that the water supply and sanitary arrangements will be unsatisfactory, and in wet weather this unpleasant fact will be forced upon the attention of the lodgers in a very decisive fashion.

Early dinner and a horrible indigestible cold supper are inevitable at all "summer quarters" of this description, as late dinner is unheard of. If people can really "rough it," this sort of thing is all very well; but if they are accustomed to good living and comfort, a stay in a farm-house will be a severe trial to their tempers, and it certainly will not be cheap. If any one really wants to go into the country, by far the best plan is to take a house for a couple of months, and remove servants, pets, and smaller household goods. This has long been the almost universal system in Scotland, and it is becoming more common in England.

Norway and Sweden will benefit greatly by the "scare," but people will do well to understand that in Belgium (Spa or Dinant are the nicest summer places), Holland (the only really pleasant and healthy place at this season is Scheveningen), the whole of Germany, Switzerland, and the Austrian Tyrol, they are as safe from cholera as they would be at Harrogate, Scarborough, or Oban.

CHOLERA AND ITS CURES.

Notwithstanding the favourable change at Toulon and Marseilles, there is reason to fear that the cholera is surely spreading. The most praiseworthy precautions, and even the greatest vigilance, may fail to avert a visitation here; and therefore, while I strongly deprecate panic — for panic would deprive us of half our chances of immunity—it may be useful to glance at what the doctors have to recommend by way of treatment. A convenient guide for this purpose is supplied by Dr. W. Domett Stone's "Epitome of Therapeutics," which, in the section dealing with cholera, sets before us an account of the treatment recommended by nineteen of the leading English, American, and Continental physicians.

From this it appears that the administration of opiates in the first stage—that of choleraic diarrhœa—is advised by more than half of the doctors whose opinions are cited. Dr. Brown-Séquard, indeed, says that of all means he has employed, none has given such favourable results as the use of opium in extremely large doses every twenty minutes, and he would even persevere in this treatment until slight symptoms of opium-poisoning appear. Such large doses should not, however, be given in premonitory symptoms; but even then he considers small doses to be the best remedy. Dr. Aitken, while enjoining a horizontal position and absolute quiet, commences at once with opium, with or without cordial stimulants, and he would also induce a copious perspiration. In this respect he is supported by Dr. Niemeyer, who, indeed, believes that energetic perspiration occasionally averts an attack. He, too, considers opium one of the most efficient remedies against choleraic diarrhœa. Dr. T. M. Lownds prescribes a stimulant antispasmodic, combined with opium. About fifteen drops of each, dissolved in three or four drachms of brandy, should be given in plain water or in an effervescing draught. Dr. Daniel W. Parsons advocates an astringent treatment in the first stage, and combines carbolic acid with the opiates. Dr. Austin Flint prescribes a grain of salt of morphia, administered by placing it dry upon the tongue; if rejected, another should be instantly given and repeated at intervals of half to three-quarters of an hour. It may also be given as an enema. The patient, he says, should be restricted to a very small quantity of water, or spirit and water, given at short intervals, or to small pieces of ice. Dr. Flint has repeatedly stayed the disease by this treatment, and when it is arrested before collapse, the recovery, he says, is unusually speedy. Dr. Gallaher has successfully used morphia hypodermically, while Dr. Patterson says that healthy reaction is more decided by such treatment than by any other. Dr. Blumenthal advocates

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hydrate of chloral, and Dr. Little gives mustard as an emetic, a mechanical aperient, and a neuro-tonic.

According to Dr. Aitken, the following formula is valuable for an anti-spasmodic pill in the early stage of bowel relaxation :—

℞ Pulv. opii ..... gr. xij.
Camphor ..... gr. xxx.
Pulv. capsici ..... gr. ix.
Spt. vini rect. ..... q. s.
Conserv. rosar. ..... q. s.
Misce et div. in pil. xij.

The following cholera mixture has also been found useful in many cases of diarrhœa :—

℞ Pulv. aromat. ..... ʒiij.
Tinct. catechu f. ..... ʒx.
Tinct. cardam. co. f. ..... ʒvj.
Tinct. opii ..... ʒj.
Mist. cretæ preparat. ad f. ... ℥xx.
Of this mixture the dose is one ounce.

The so-called Russian Cholera Drops, which Dr. Niemeyer says are particularly celebrated, are thus composed :—

℞ Tinct. valer. œth. ..... ʒij.
Vin. ipecac. ..... ʒj.
Tinct. opii ..... ʒj.
Ol. Menth. pip. gtt. m.v.
Take twenty to twenty-five drops every hour or two.

Although there is such a remarkable consensus of opinion in favour of opium in the first stage, its administration in the second, which is true cholera, does not receive much support. Dr. Niemeyer says that if, after repeated doses of opium, the diarrhœa continues, or grows worse, and the patient visibly collapses, the best results are obtained from cold compresses frequently applied to the abdomen, and from the administration of calomel (a grain every hour). The patient should also be allowed small quantities of ice-water or small pieces of ice to swallow at short intervals. Stimulants should be given from time to time as soon as the pulse becomes weak, the most preferable being champagne which has stood in ice. Dr. Lownds also advises a more sparing use of opiates in this stage; a dose or two of calomel, he says, may be given, whilst mustard poultices should be applied to the abdomen. A drink, consisting of 1 drachm of chlorate of potass with eight or ten drops of strong muriatic acid, and 1 or 2 drachms of dilute nitric acid to 24 oz. of water in 1 or 2 oz. doses, may be given at the will of the sufferer. As soon as the rice-water discharges appear, then cold beef-tea should be given. On the other hand, Dr. Daniel W. Parsons considers mustard poultices and turpentine stupes to be quite useless in this stage, while opiates, he says, are worthless. He advocates large doses (30 grs.) of capsicum, a drink acidulated with sulphuric acid, and friction or chloroform to relieve the cramps. He even urges the capsicum treatment when the patient is no longer able to drink medicine.

In the stage of collapse Dr. Hodgen injects sulphate of atropia under the skin; Dr. Lownds dispenses with all medicine but the chlorate of potass drink before mentioned; Dr. Parsons recommends immersions in a saline bath, or envelopment in sheets soaked in a solution of nitrate or chlorate of potash; Dr. Flint would give opiates, but not sufficient to produce narcotism; while Dr. Pepper recommends the use of bromide of potassium.

When reaction takes place—when, that is, the hot or febrile stage is reached—stimulants, says Dr. Parsons, should not be urged for four or five days, and a bland diet should be selected. Dr. Niemeyer gives diluted milk, meat broth, and biscuit; while the other sages are apparently guided by general principles.

Among those opposed to opiates is Dr. Johnson, who says that pure cold water will suffice for the cure of most curable cases. He would, however, under certain circumstances, administer castor-oil, and he might even give opium afterwards in small doses, for soothing purposes.

Dr. Edward Clapton says that in the cholera epidemic of 1854 the most successful treatment pursued at St. Thomas's Hospital was a hot-air bath, at 130 deg.; large mustard poultices to the abdomen and the calves of the legs; an ipecacuanha emetic, ice *ad lib.*, and iced soda water. Stimulants or opiates were prescribed in but few cases. Castor-oil was tried, but, proving unsuccessful, was at once abandoned. In nearly all the less severe cases, diluted sulphuric acid in half drachm doses was given every two hours, in addition to the other means before mentioned, with the result that the mortality was only one-sixth. The treatment by calomel, in frequent doses, gave a large mortality: fifteen deaths out of twenty. Creosote, in half-hour doses of one drop, was given to six patients, in addition to the other means; five of these recovered; while of two cases where quinine was given in large and frequent doses, one recovered. Dr. Alexander Smith also recommends quinia, which, he says, should be given hypodermically when the stomach is too irritable to retain it.

Dr. Menzies speaks highly of iced water *in small portions*. He found this treatment very successful during a six years' residence in Upper Bengal, both in early and late stages. Dr. E. Hodder has successfully practised the transfusion of milk, fresh drawn from the cow, into a vein in the arm; while in cases of collapse, Dr. Mapother has successfully employed the Calabar bean.

Lastly, Dr. Burg (or, more probably, Dr. Burq), advocates the copper cure, to which my Paris correspondent has referred. The particulars, however, may be useful. He recommends the salts of this metal, the black oxide (particularly for children, as it has no taste), and the double chloride of copper and ammonium, with which he makes a tincture. To adults he gives 5 centigrammes (a little less than a grain) of the double chloride every two hours, and 15 centigrammes (nearly 3 grains), as an enema, every six hours. The doses are proportionately less for children. For cramps and other painful phenomena, he urges that copper should be applied in its metallic form, a most convenient way being to connect copper coins together, so as to form a belt.

This epitome of medical opinion, it will be observed, only deals with the treatment of our dreaded visitor when it has effected a lodgment on our shores. Meanwhile, the excellent sanitary precautions adopted by the City Corporation should be extensively imitated; as these praiseworthy arrangements are evidence of a power for good which will have a larger field for exercise when that moribund body rises again as a purified municipality for London.

Pfungst's Extra Quality Champagnes.—Pfungst Frères & Cie., Aÿ, are now supplying their 1880 Vintage Champagnes, which are the choicest and most successful they have ever shipped. To be obtained of all Wine Merchants.—J. L. Pfungst & Co., Agents, 23, Crutched Friars, London.

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—A Timely Warning.

LET those who in language so flattering write
  Of the Offices soon to be raised in Whitehall,
And who hold that the plans make the best of the site,
  And only, in fact, for warm eulogy call;
Let those, we repeat, who in ecstasies fly
  Before the first stone of the building is laid,
Just think of the past, and 'twill quickly supply
  Good reason why hasty delight should be stayed.

For the past, they will find, if its records are scanned,
  A tale of most utter *fiascos* repeats;
And should they the proofs of the story demand,
  They have but to take a short walk in our streets,
To see sad examples of hopes unfulfilled,
  And that fatuous folly and merciless spite,
Which, when Mr. Bull makes his mind up to build,
  Seem ever his projects to hinder and blight.

Take a recent example—that edifice vast,
  Which, after delays so vexatious to bear,
Has now in the Strand been completed at last,
  At a cost which may well make economists stare.
Yes, look at that building, and what will you find?
  Why, mistakes and mismanagement rife from the first,
Till you well-nigh are led to believe 'twas designed
  That meddlers and muddlers might show us their worst.

For since the first day that the Judges sat there
  We've heard little else but their varied complaints,
As this one succumbs to a rush of iced air,
  And that one, o'ercome by asphyxia, faints.
Whilst *Punch* for his wit has found out a new field,
  By making the Law Courts a permanent butt,
With its windows (old English) hermetic'lly sealed,
  And its doors far too Gothic to open or shut.

And then there are corridors planned like a maze,
  Through which, without guidance, 'tis risky to pass;
And rooms which require, on the brightest of days,
  The use of that air-fouling luminant, gas!
And Courts whose arrangement continues to be
  The means of exciting the judges' just fury;
For if they by chance can the witnesses see,
  Their tones are inaudible quite to the jury.

In short, ever since the new pile was "completed" (?)
  The Office of Works has been tink'ring away,
And already re-benched, re-arranged, and re-seated
  The Courts, which at best are a makeshift they say.
If you need more examples to Westminster hie—
  Just look at "the House" there, both inside and out,
And then, at the Home Office block, please apply
  And ask for *its* story, if still you have doubt.

Well, seeing, then, what the past record has been,
  We think we have reason for asking that those
Who hail the new plans with a pleasure so keen
  Should not let excitement their judgment depose;
But rather we'd beg them join forces with us
  In asking the Government, ere they decide
Upon this plan or that, to first calmly discuss
  How the requisite building may best be supplied.

'Tis clear, that we cannot expect to obtain
  A building that's handsome, and yet fit for use;
Our architects, try as they may, try in vain
  So simple a union as this to produce.
So since style and utility deftly combined
  Can never be ours, let our strength be expended
That these offices new may at least be designed
  With a view to the purpose for which they're intended.

Let those who are fated to work 'neath their roof,
  Have something to say ere that roof is put on,
Let the practical men, hitherto kept aloof,
  Be permitted the plans to most carefully con;
For then we might venture to hope that the space
  Would not be all wasted on passage display,
And that though the *façade* might be lacking in grace,
  The drains would at least take the sewage away.

We might even expect that without alteration
  The windows would open and let the light through!
And that the new system of free ventilation
  Would not with the air admit sewer gas too!
In short, that although we might have to endure
  An edifice ugly as those of the past,
We might, by our efforts, contrive to secure
  A useful and practical building at last!

NOTES FROM PARIS.

CONSERVATOIRE GRADUATES.

THE Conservatoire examinations are over; the prize-winners are happy in the idea that they are on the high road to celebrity. Those who have obtained nothing are depressed or exasperated by defeat. If they are only the latter, they may soon overtake and get ahead of their successful competitors. A first prize of the Conservatoire shows undeniably some sort of ability. But it is not by any means a proof of the kind of talent for which it has been given. I know a *lauréate* who has come off with flying colours because she had a pushing mother who tormented friends of the judges to influence them. Auber always made arrangements to sleep in his box when he was foreman of the Conservatoire jury. The *lauréats* often obtain their crowns by fair means; but the feminine pupils as frequently win theirs by their pretty faces, seductive piquancy, and the favour of their teachers. High patronage goes a long way in throwing individual merit into relief. The Conservatoire is a good place for learning the *technique* of a musical art, self-possession, and obligatory stage conventions. But the two latter could be acquired better in strolling round the provincial theatres. I also believe that without the Conservatoire the dramatic and lyrical stages would be richer in good actors, and particularly actresses, for convention would no longer be substituted for the signs by which true emotion, mother wit, and sparkling cleverness are expressed. Those who gain laurels are for some time so puffed up as to disdain learning in the school of personal experience; and the poor beaten ones are often too utterly depressed not to sink down to a low stratum of Bohemia, from which, as things now go, they have hardly a chance of rising. The Conservatoire classes for thorough bass, harmony, and instrumental music are excellent, and enable native genius to express itself with more facility than it could have done in an uncultured state without many abortive attempts. But the classes for singing, tragedy, and comedy mar, I am persuaded, natural gifts Each passion, sentiment, and emotion is specialised. There are lessons of tenderness, of warm amorousness, of grief, fear, scorn, hatred, anguish, joyousness, irony, and drollery, in each of which the pupils are drilled to express a single mode of feeling. This, certainly, is not holding the mirror up to nature or speaking to the souls of pupils. No doubt the latter (who, possibly, have no souls to speak to) in studying these specialised emotions

Spectacles scientifically adapted to assist & strengthen the weakest sights by Mr. Laurance, F.S.S., Oculist Optician, 1a, Old Bond-st.

and passions are taught to open their mouths, to speak to the ears of distant hearers, to deliver a tirade without straining their lungs, to shake off the *appearance* of their native vulgarity, and to suit their motions to the narrow limits of the stage. After all, what more can the professor do? Mdlle. Fargueil, who wishes to have a class at the Conservatoire, reproaches the old actors who teach there with not addressing the souls of the young ladies who attend their classes. I am afraid they might reply, as the angel did when a patriarch he visited asked him to sit down, "Il n'y a pas de quoi," the celestial messenger being only head and wings. A "soul" is a fine compound, I take it, of sensibility, enthusiasm, imagination, with the addition of a mind to conduct the three. There is also something in it analogous to the magnet, which gives it an affinity for what's true. I should like to know which of the demoiselles who are drilled by Got and Regnier are thus compounded; and which of them has an aversion for what is in itself low, a devouring appetite for what is beautiful and great, and a capacity to assimilate whatever is fine and elevating in art and literature? The *grues* of the Conservatoire know hardly anything about the classic authors beyond the scraps which may have been forced upon them at school, and they care less. The ordinary *pensionnat des demoiselles* chiefly cultivates arithmetic, orthography, which in French is terribly complicated and hard to learn, and a memory for dates. Qualities which give "stuff" to mind and disposition get atrophied when they are innate. It is, perhaps, well for the young ladies of the Conservatoire that things are in this groove, this wicked world of ours having only thorny crowns to give to the soulful few. What the former chiefly aim at (fair readers, hold up your fans!) is to be *richement entretenues*. It does not matter whether the "entertainment" is provided by syndicates of young fools or by hoary-headed sinners. Toilettes are longed for that will make a sensation, and be described with gusto by reporters writing with scented ink and drying their "copy" with diamond-dust. It will be bliss indeed to outshine noble beauties at charity fêtes, to take from them before their eyes husbands and adorers, and to be pursued by photographers and interviewers. There are Conservatoire young ladies who, though not gifted with soul, have native talent. In the conflicts in their post-graduate phase, to which, on the one side, their greed, vanity, and insolence, and, on the other, the passions and so on of their "friends" of various categories give rise, they become familiar with situations in which the modern French drama abounds. On the stage they are therefore at home in them. Most of the heroines of Octave Feuillet, Dumas *fils*, and Sardou are neurotic from bad kinds of excitement, and bereft of *sens morale*. The most striking types in the plays of Augier and Théodore Barrière are courtesans, to whom *not* much will be forgiven, because they have never loved. The Conservatoire graduate of this class, if she gets herself well puffed, if she often cuts the tails of her frequently-changed lap-dogs, and has the luck to be talked about by the correspondents of foreign journals, may pick up crocks of gold in "starring it" abroad.

The exceptions to the categories I have been describing are generally actresses whose fathers and mothers have lived in obscure devotion to a fine art, or who have been connected with a theatre. Judic was reared in the *brioche* stall connected with the Gymnase, of which her cousin Montigny was the owner and manager. Jeanne Samary's father was an orchestral violinist. The Brohans come of a race of actresses. Rose Chéri, as a child, used to play in shows at fairs and markets. So did Rachel. I never saw Madame Dorval; but old Dumas, who used to weep in talking of her, and Victor Hugo told me that she was the greatest melodramatic actress they ever saw, and a woman of the finest genius. She was very ugly, and had a cracked voice. But these defects were made to intensify sensational passages. Like Mary Magdalen, she loved with all her heart, and died of grief because she lost a hunchbacked grandchild. I am not ashamed to own that in reading the records of her thoughts and states of feeling on the margins of an old Bible, a mass book and an "Imitation" which she took about with the deformed boy in her provincial tours, I had moist eyes. Her soul and genius were of such small profit to her that her last breath was spent in imploring Dumas to scrape together a thousand francs to purchase a burying-ground, in which she and the little hunchback would be eternally side by side. That good-natured soul begged and borrowed the money, and hastened to the dying actress, to thrust it into her hand. Madame Dorval was a Breton, and was born in the van of a strolling company. She was formed *dans l'école du Bon Dieu*, which is a fearfully hard school, but the best for bringing out genius. Mdlle. Mars was the daughter of Mouvel, the ugliest man of his time, and the most powerful actor of the close of the eighteenth century. Mdlle. Georges was the daughter of a German fiddler, who came to France to join an orchestra at Lille. Her special charms were her voice and the power and perfect symmetry of her statuesque head and frame. Her neck was as thick as a man's, but being in proportion with the trunk and limbs, it did not seem coarse.

It has sometimes occurred to me that the English stage, which is not by any means so far behind the French as the *sociétaires* of the Français imagine, was greatly injured by the eighteenth-century statute against vagabond players. The strolling company acting in a barn was of greater service to the minds and morals of rustics than the parson in the pulpit. All the great Spanish dramas were first acted in wayside inns and barns. Molière, before Louis Quatorze took him by the hand, was a stroller. Simple-minded folks like genuine broad comedy better than clever "chaff" and high-toned drama in which there is more than a spice of Quixotism. Virtue should be rewarded and villains punished. They don't understand refined feline naughtiness. One of my earliest impressions about theatricals was gathered from an old Irishwoman employed to weed a flower-garden. As she rested from her work, and smoked a short pipe, she told me of "Jane Shore" and "Richard III.," which she had seen acted in an out-house in her young days: all her betters about the place where she weeded thought plays sinful. Mrs. Siddons and her brothers acquired

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Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Goode's Depôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

their grand style in acting before unsophisticated provincial people.

I do not want you to draw any conclusion from the above, except in favour of a repeal of the law which puts down strolling players, and lets vagabond gipsies live. In France, despotic Governments have since the Revolution pretty nearly suppressed the itinerant company. Whenever I hear of one in a village, I hasten to enrol myself among its patrons. I have seen capitally-acted farces in French inns. But such spectacles are now very rare. They were more frequent before the Second Empire, which dreaded satirists.

We have been keeping holy the birthday of Diderot, another great genius formed in hard lines. His first hit when his father—a poor cutler—sent him adrift was in writing sermons for a bishop. Monsigneur was indolent, discerning, and a man of pleasure. He wanted courses of Advent and Lent lectures, and applied to the future Encyclopædist for them. An accident had thrown Diderot in his way. Writing for the pulpit brought the out-at-elbows genius in the direction of Voltaire. The fee given for each sermon was 3 f. ; Monsigneur's yearly income exceeded 300,000 f.

SPORTING NOTES.

THERE are complaints in some captious or ignorant quarters about "the tameness" of the sport at Goodwood. People ought to know by this time that when good horses are running it is useless to expect large fields. It is the same thing at Ascot and at Newmarket in "crack" races. People who think that the number of starters is the test of a successful meeting had better confine their sporting to Alexandra Park, and gatherings of that class, where they will find a dozen runners for a £100 handicap, and perhaps a score for an auction plate, winner to be sold for £50. Could anything possibly be more exciting, from a sporting point of view, than the races last week for the Sussex, Racing, and Drawing-room Stakes? and all the two-year-old events were well contested. If the Cup was a virtual walk-over, at least visitors were gratified by seeing the best horse in training and the winner of last year's Leger opposing each other. There were besides some really splendid finishes, which alone would have redeemed any meeting from failure, notably those for the Stewards' Cup, Queen's Plate, Drawing-room Stakes, and for the match on Friday. The smallness of the fields certainly did not diminish the anxieties and activities of speculation on the Leger, for the betting on that race was pretty well revolutionised by the results of the three-year-old events, and several heavily-backed animals have apparently returned to those forlorn odds from which they never ought to have been advanced.

When writing of the Goodwood Stakes, a fortnight ago, I warned my readers, in the strongest terms, not to trust to Florence, who was favourite from the moment that the weights appeared down to the fall of the flag; and I asserted that I would not take 100 to 1 about her. On what form Florence was fancied I am quite unable to make out, and it is simply impossible for any one to conjecture what there was in her previous running to justify her friends in their ridiculous anticipation that she would beat Corrie Roy at 5 lb. I have no prejudice against the mare, for I plumped for her for the Manchester Cup; but, in my opinion, her capabilities have been preposterously overrated of late. Besides, looking at all the work Florence has done this year, she must be a truly marvellous animal if she is not stale, and if she is sent to Baden to run for the Grand Prize instead of St. Gatien, I expect she will be well beaten. It is odds on the selected one of Mr. Manton's entries against her. Cosmos, who was backed for a lot of money by the silly, eager, greedy geese who *will* rush in directly the weights appear, was scratched, as I anticipated would be the case. He is favourite for the Cesarewitch, for which, by the way, Stockholm had been well backed. Some people have expressed surprise at his withdrawal from last week's race; but, having regard to the policy which the Duke of Hamilton has almost invariably pursued with his horses (his racing, like that of the majority of owners, having apparently degenerated from a sport into a trade), I am unable to discover any reason why people should pretend to be astonished at a result which they cannot but have calculated upon, if they had exercised any small wits with which Providence may have endowed them, for it was indeed inevitable, unless the Duke suddenly changed his system. It is said that Corrie Roy has run her last race, and that she was scratched simply because it was found impossible to bring her to the post. I took the liberty before Manchester of earnestly advising "Mr. Manton" not to knock the mare about uselessly by starting her in the Cup with a welter weight on very hard ground; but she ran, and it would seem that, like Isonomy, her race then settled her—as, indeed, it well might, especially as in the following week she ran two severe races at Ascot. Corrie Roy is unquestionably one of the best mares and one of the most genuine stayers of the last ten years, but from first to last she has been grievously mismanaged. Where would Foxhall have been in the Cesarewitch of 1881 if Corrie Roy had started with 5 st. 7 lb.? As to Stockholm, I have nothing to regret in her victory. I pointed out that she was literally thrown in on her French form, and I should have given a most unequivocal plumper for her, if I had not known that she was to start for the Leicester Cup. Moreover, I had reason to believe that she has not done much long work. As this is the case, why she was let off with 6 st. 8 lb. it would be interesting to learn, and many people would much like to know how her ignominious collapse at Leicester is accounted for by her friends. The stable won but little by her victory in the Stakes, but she literally walked in; indeed, she had the race in hand half a mile from home. It is her subsequent success in the Corinthian Plate that proves so forcibly that she ought to have been near winning at Leicester. Why she was not kept for the Chesterfield Cup is another mystery, as apparently she must have won. The Stewards Cup was one of the prettiest races that has been seen

The Bazaar of Oct. 28, says that Mr. & Mrs. B. Phillips, Manchester House, 36, Thayer-st., Manchester-sq., W., are the most Liberal Buyers of all kinds of Clothes, Uniforms, Jewellery, Gold, Silver, &c. Money orders sent for parcels. Appointments kept. Cash only.

Army and Navy Hotel, Victoria-st., S.W., is probably now the best Hotel in London. Table d'hote 6 to 8. Cookery excellent.

for years, as the field did not begin to break up till within a short distance from "home," and there seemed to be a dozen "in it" as they approached the rails of the enclosure. The result was entirely satisfactory, because both Sweetbread and Duke of Richmond are thoroughly exposed animals. Mr. Gerard's horse having been amiss for a long time, had not run since he beat Ishmael for the Newmarket Queen's Plate last October, and he was weighted up to his best form. Many good judges would not back him, fearing that he would be "chopped." He has never before won over so short a distance, his nearest approach to it being his victory here last year in the Mile Visitors' Plate. Duke of Richmond is a most unlucky beast to run second for three of the principal handicaps of the season; still, the Duke of Westminster has some consolation in the fact that his colt ran so game last Wednesday, For the future only idiots will denounce him as a rogue. It seems to me that the Kingsclere colt was very harshly treated, and the Duke might very well be disgusted at the way in which his horse was handicapped with Energy, who was to give him only 11 lb., which certainly was not enough, judging from the Ascot form of the pair in the Wokingham. Energy would certainly have won if he had done battle for Mr. Manton, who, however, may possibly have backed the winner. Messrs. Weatherby are getting as eccentric in their handicapping as the late Messrs. Frail and Merry. Rosie, at Newmarket, was a flagrant example of their milder mood. Lowland Chief was backed for a lot of money, and I rather think that he could have been third. Sir John Willoughby, in starting and backing Queen Adelaide, added another to his very long list of blunders in the management of that filly, who was backed for the Leger before the race for the best part of a "monkey" by Mr. Chaplin, who, in my opinion, may look upon his money as lost. I was not surprised at Whitelock's defeat, as she has been wofully messed about since the One Thousand; but if she keeps well she will win the Portland Plate or some good T.Y.C. handicap at the October meetings, and Paul (brother to Peter) ought to win some similar event before the season is over. Energy walked in on Friday for the Chichester Stakes, carrying 9 st. 5 lb. He was very heavily backed, and so was Lowland Chief, who carried 8 st. 12 lb., but who never looked like winning. The Kingsclere people seem to be floundering about without either rudder or compass. There was certainly no affinity to reason in their plunge on Geheimniss for the Chesterfield, as the mare has shown often enough that she cannot now stay this distance, and it was too much to expect her to give Prism a stone, as Lord Zetland's Irish-bred horse is now in great form. Thebais ran badly, and so did Quicklime. Royal Stag met with an accident, and had to be destroyed. He has been a perfect quicksand for "the talent."

The three-year-old running was even more important than usual. Harvester had nothing to beat in the Gratwicke, but next day he was easily defeated by Corneille (at 5 lb.) in the Drawing-room Stakes. An egregiously foolish policy was adopted with this horse, if it is supposed that he has any chance for the Leger, as nothing could be more desperately fatuous than to start him here two days running, especially when he was manifestly backward. In writing on the Sussex Stakes, I pointed out that Sandiway or Cambusmore must win at the weights to have any chance for the Leger. The mare represented Kingsclere, and was beaten very easily indeed by Hermitage (a bad second to Sir Reuben at Ascot). At Doncaster she will have 6 lb. the best of the weights, as compared with this running, but that would hardly enable her to turn the tables; and, after Hermitage's defeat by Duke of Richmond in the Racing Stakes, I should think her chance may be regarded as hopeless while half a dozen keep well. I have never comprehended the grounds for the craze for Sandiway. Before the One Thousand she was tried about a stone superior to Cherry, and in that race she stood still on the Abingdon Bottom. Her victory over Queen Adelaide at Ascot was worthless as a test of excellence in the estimation of practical men, inasmuch as Sir John Willoughby's filly was palpably jaded and out of form there. I should say that there is little chance of the Leger going to Kingsclere, unless Cambusmore can beat Sandiway easily at 21 lb. The mare gave Whitelock 7 lb. and a clever beating in the Nassau on Friday; but that proves nothing, as Lord Bradford's filly stands still after six furlongs. The two-year-old racing was the most interesting that we have yet seen this season. Luminary being in reserve for the Molecomb, which he won easily, and Match Girl not having recovered from the lameness which lost her the Chesterfield, Rosy Morn and Royal Hampton were the best of the public lot in the Richmond Stakes, and the former won very cleverly. Rosy Morn (by Rosicrucian out of Bonnie Katie) was bred by Mr. C. Gibson at Sandgate, and was sold as a foal to Mr. Chaplin for 450 gs. At last year's sale of the Blankney yearlings he was bought by the Duke of Portland and Lord Charles Beresford for 2,000 gs., and he has already won his price and keep in stakes, and looks like training on. He will now probably be kept for the Middle Park Plate. Cocoa Nut, for which Mr. D. Baird paid 2,500 gs. at Lord Falmouth's sale, made a most inglorious *début* in this race; and it is to be feared that he will turn out "a splendid failure," as in the Prince of Wales's Sweepstakes on the Cup day he was cleverly beaten by Glamour, a colt belonging to Lord Rosebery, which has no pretensions to be considered a flyer. By the way, the Prince of Wales's of next year will be the most valuable two-year-old stake of the season, as it will be worth £3,200. The Ham Stakes fell to Lord Zetland's popular colours with St. Helena, a really splendid filly by Hermit—Castelamare who will probably turn out to be one of the best of all the two-year-old runners of the summer. I understand that the next appearance of this filly will be at York, in the Prince of Wales's Stakes. She is very heavily engaged, having been entered in nearly fifty races. Kingwood, who won the principal stakes at the last Windsor Meeting, was

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UNIVERSITY

favourite for the Lavant, but could only get a bad third to Satchell and Lonely. The former, who beat Lord Cadogan's filly by a head, is by Galopin—Quiver, and was bought for the Duke of Portland by M. Dawson, at last year's Hampton Court sale for 210 gs. Petersham, who has won several races lately, was unplaced; and so also was White Nun, who made a successful *début* at Stockbridge. Another of the beaten lot was Sweet Willie, the colt by Hermit — Perfume, for which "Mr. Manton" paid 800 gs. last year. If there is anything in "running blood" he ought to turn out a flyer. The Halnaker Stakes (which last year gave us the first sight of St. Simon) was won easily by a colt by Kisber—Chopette, which cost Mr. Gerard 800 gs. at last season's sale of the Mentmore yearlings; but he cannot be anything very smart, as he utterly failed next day to give 7 lb. to Langwell, who at last won a race, though he is evidently a very long way from being as good as he was thought to be when he was brought out for the New Stakes. Peevish was favourite for the Findon, but the Kingsclere people were entirely out of luck, and she was beaten some distance from home, the winner turning up in the outsider of the five starters, Radius, by Hampton—Ray, who belongs to Mr. Legh, who gave 380 gs. for him as a yearling last December. The buyers of Lord Falmouth's extravagantly-eulogised two-year-olds do not seem to have much to congratulate themselves upon, as so far not one of them has won a race. For the Rous Memorial, Armida (half-sister, by Childeric, to Galliard), for which Lord Hastings gave 3,200 gs., was a great favourite, but she was defeated by Golden Ray, by Springfield — Sunray, who was bred and is owned by Mr. Houldsworth. I hope he will turn out better than Royal Fern. He wants time, and if his owner be well advised, he will not be again started before the October meetings. Dauphin, who brought backers to such fearful grief at Ascot, when he won the Triennial, was last here, so that his former victory was, no doubt, an arrant fluke.

MAMMON.

GLOBE TELEGRAPH AND TRUST COMPANY.

I HAVE on former occasions explained the nature of this "Trust," the establishment of which was one of the cleverest tricks of the "Cable Ring." Through it the shares of the competing Companies are bought up, and the voting power is thus secured—the shares of the rival Company having previously been forced down. I do not think, however, that the trick will be repeated in the case of the Bennett-Mackay Cable. The cable ring, I fancy, will be baffled in its attempts to compel this new competition to surrender. This will be a serious matter for the Globe Trust, for the market value of one of its chief assets, the investment in Anglo-American Telegraph preferred and deferred shares, to the tune of over a million sterling, is dwindling down to almost nothing in anticipation of the downfall of the monopoly. Pender, M.P., at the meeting last week, said that though the price of the stocks of the Anglo-American Company showed an important fall, "he did not think they had any reason to be dissatisfied with the dividend paid by the Trust, and he considered the future prospects of the Company encouraging." How any one in his senses can take in such a statement, I am at a loss to understand. The fact is, no dividend ought to have been paid, as it is clearly taken from capital. Of the investments of the Trust, ranging at cost, of £3,539,805 in the books, £1,031,946 are in Anglo-American Stock. I have taken the trouble of calculating the present value of the £560,170 in B stock and of the £557,170 in A stock, and find that at the market value of 57 and 7 respectively it works out at £418,000, showing the enormous deficiency of over £600,000. It is true that the amount held in Eastern Telegraph Stock was bought somewhat under present market price, but the difference is trifling, and I have always held that the Eastern Company's assets are worth only about a third of its nominal capital. The day, too, is probably not distant when competition will reduce that Company's extortionate rates to a reasonable level, and thereby also depreciate the stock of this much watered concern. In the meanwhile, the days of the Atlantic Cable Monopoly are numbered. In Mr. Pender's own words, spoken at the Direct United States Cable Company's recent meeting, "there is very little sentiment in commerce." The public will not pay monopoly rates to the old ring, when they can get cheap rates by the Bennett-Mackay cables. Whether the competition only begins when the second new cable is laid, in about two months, or at once, on completion of the first cable, it is evident that the cable interest, of which Pender, M.P., is the figurehead, has fallen on evil days. In the meantime, the Globe Trust Company will do well to alter their system of accounts, for with the present mode of taking credit for investments at cost, instead of market value, they will go on paying heavy directors' fees, salaries, and dividends out of capital, until one day they will wake up to the fact that they have no tangible capital left.

THE CONSOLIDATED TELEPHONE CONSTRUCTION AND MAINTENANCE COMPANY.

The report of the Committee of Investigation appointed by the shareholders of this Company is curious reading. It contains a number of statements implying irregularities on the part of the old directors, but it makes no direct charge. I am not an advocate of the Telephone "Ring," but, as most of the statements contained in the report were proved erroneous by the three remaining old directors, it is somewhat hard on the latter. Their colleagues had, one after another, forsaken them, while they stuck to their posts, without, however, drawing their fees. Of course, there has been gross mismanagement, but others appear to be chiefly responsible for this, and some of the prime movers were sitting very unconcernedly among the body of shareholders at the recent meeting. The bane of the Company has been the large sum paid to the promoter. Into that promotion every inquiry should be made. As to the chairman of the committee, Mr. C. L. W. Fitzgerald, he appears to look at the

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C.

John Shaw, Share Broker, Wardrobe-chambers, Queen Victoria-st. deals at tape prices at an inclusive commission of one-sixteenth.

situation very much "couleur de rose" since the chairman's mantle has fallen on his shoulders, but his must be a fairy wand indeed if it has, within so short a time, transformed the different concerns, which he previously had criticised so severely, into prosperous undertakings. However, the amount of directors' fees proposed by him for the Consolidated and its associated Companies, £2,900, appears excessive, considering their financial position. His colleagues seem to almost entirely efface themselves, so I should hope that independent business men will be associated with him on the new Board.

VAGARIES OF THE PROMOTER.

A number of new Companies were registered last week. Amongst enterprises of a somewhat risky kind, I notice the "City and Suburban Real Property Company," with a capital of £100,000. Surely we have enough land and building Companies, more especially as it is a matter of notoriety that these enterprises have fallen on bad times in consequence of the depression in the building trade.

As if there were not already sufficient competition in the steam shipping trade, another enterprise, the "Prince Steam Shipping Company," is about to be launched, with a capital of £250,000. The concern promises to become a good thing for a Mr. J. Knott, whose remuneration as managing director is to be £200 per annum in respect of each steamship of at least 500 tons register, and such sum as may be agreed upon by the Board in respect of smaller vessels; also 2½ per cent. per annum on the net profits of each vessel. The other six Directors of the Company, among whom I notice two grocers, will not be badly off with their fees of £300 per annum each.

The most extraordinary enterprise, however, which has, perhaps, ever come before the public is that of a Company just registered as the "Season Ticket." It proposes to "obtain for or advance money to customers or clients of the Company, for the purpose of their obtaining, purchasing, or procuring railway, tramcar, omnibus, steamboat, or other season or contract tickets, to be repaid by instalments." The projector and founder of this Company, as he is termed, a Mr. W. H. Atkinson, must be of a very sanguine nature if he expects a confiding public to furnish the proposed capital of £50,000 for this wild-goose scheme. It is difficult to take this enterprise *au sérieux;* but it may, perhaps, be useful to point out that the security on which it is intended to lend money is entirely illusory, the tickets, being made out to the name of certain persons, would be useless to others. The customers of the Company, too, would, doubtless, if it had any, be of a very "shady" description, for few but such would seek advances on season tickets. I wonder whether the enterprising Mr. Atkinson intends charging usurious interest to compensate for the risky nature of the business.

A NEW DODGE.

I wonder how many flats have been caught by the trick practised by an enterprising firm hailing from Crown-buildings, Old Broad-street. It has the advantage of novelty, and is well adapted to deceive the unsuspecting widow, or the speculative country parson, although even they should by this time have learnt the lesson not to trust too lightly. The Wye Valley Railway has not been a profitable investment for its shareholders, but Messrs. Wm. E. Whadcoat & Co. evidently mean it to be so for themselves. This unfortunate line is worked under an arrangement by the Great Western Company, which has guaranteed the Debenture Stock. No interest has been paid for years either on the ordinary or preference shares, the balance due for advances under the guarantee to the Great Western Company is increasing, and there is a debit to profit and loss of £12,305. The ordinary £20 shares, therefore, have very little chance of ever earning a dividend, and are quoted in the open market at 15s. To palm off these shares on the public at £5 would be a clever stroke, and Messrs. Whadcoat have set themselves to do this with an ingenuity worthy of a better cause. A formal letter of allotment is sent out with shareholders' acceptance letter, a proceeding which probably has conveyed to some of the recipients the false impression that it was a regular allotment by the Company. The payment of £5 for each ordinary share is to be made in four instalments, of which the first has to accompany the acceptance of the allotment. These documents are accompanied by a circular setting forth that "the completion of the Severn Tunnel will develop the great resources of traffic interest in the Wye Valley Railway," and puffing the concern by other meaningless phrases. To gild the pill, interest is promised to the allottee at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum for the first twelve months, on the £20 shares, "to allow for the completion and opening of the Severn Tunnel." Even supposing that the interest be paid, the transaction would still leave a profit of £3. 5s. to these impudent gentry. How many silly people have swallowed the bait will never be known, as they would probably not care to expose their folly.

THE LONDON FINANCIAL.

Mr. Harrison writes as follows:—

SIR,—In reference to the statement in your last issue, under this heading, that at the half-yearly meeting of the shareholders of this Company "there were some curious revelations," and that the chairman said, in reference to the late action against the past directors that, "Mr. Harrison, the solicitor of the Company, had brought it in conjunction with one director," allow me to state that I was present at the meeting in question, and to add that the chairman made no such statement. The imputation you made in your article upon me, and which is founded on the erroneous assumption, falls, and should be withdrawn. The facts themselves are the very reverse of what you have attributed to the chairman.

Perhaps you will allow this correction to appear in your next issue, so that there may be, at all events, in that issue some few lines to support the title you have adopted for your paper, and the motto from Cicero, which you placard at the head of each issue, of "Cultores veritatis, fraudis inimici."

I certainly read the remarks which I cited in a condensed report of the meeting. So far as Mr. Harrison, however, is concerned, it is obvious that he had the authority of the Board to take action, and it is a mere matter of detail whether the chairman was or was not overruled. The action has been very disastrous to the Company, and this seems to have been the opinion of the shareholders,

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who have appointed a committee to consider what will be for the best in future. I do not think that any one—looking to the facts that, although calls have been made, the shares are worth now less than before they were made, and that there is a further liability on them—can doubt that liquidation would have been the wiser course a few years ago, and that the sooner it takes place the more there will be to divide amongst the shareholders.

ANECDOTAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE LATE RECTOR OF LINCOLN.

IF during the last fifteen years any Oxford man had been asked who were the most remarkable characters among the heads of houses, he would have replied, without hesitation, the Master of Balliol and the Rector of Lincoln. The lots of the two men have been widely different. Mr. Jowett has been a fairly voluminous writer, but he has also been, first, the central figure round which raged one of those semi-theological squabbles which periodically recur in Oxford, and he has since presided with activity and success over a large and famous college. Thus his has long been the most widely-known name of any academic personage in England. On the other hand, Pattison was primarily a student; a large proportion of his writings were anonymous; Lincoln College is a small society; and when the turn for holding the office of Vice-Chancellor of the University came to Pattison, his failing health and disinclination for business led him to decline the duties, which were readily undertaken by Mr. Jowett. It is only within the last few years that his immense learning and intellectual force have become known beyond a comparatively small circle. Pattison's father was of Devonshire descent, and his mother belonged to a Yorkshire family. He himself showed the effect of both strains. He had all a Yorkshireman's love of horseflesh, and, till within the last few years, would often be present at a meet; while few things delighted him more than to listen to the racy sayings of some west country farmer. He was never at a public school, but went straight from a Yorkshire village to Oriel, and some years later was elected to a Fellowship at Lincoln College. The Tractarian movement was then at its height, and Pattison joined its ranks. For some time he officiated as Newman's curate. He was one of the favourite disciples who bade Newman farewell, and it is said that he would have followed the future Cardinal to Rome but for missing the omnibus to the Oxford station. His friendly relations with Newman continued throughout his life; and ten or twelve years ago, when Newman was endeavouring to purchase land in Oxford for the purpose of a Roman Catholic college, Pattison took an active part in the negotiation. It was either some remnant of his old High Church sentiment, or a weak digestion, which showed itself in a certain tendency towards asceticism. Lincoln College has for many years prided itself with justice on its fine cellar of port. Soon after his election to a Fellowship it became Pattison's function to see that the stock was duly kept up, and it was with dismay that the Common-room discovered at a subsequent period that this duty had been altogether neglected. About this time too, the ancient Common-room betting-book disappeared, some of the entries in which, it must be owned, were not of an altogether edifying nature; dark hints were whispered that it had been committed to the flames by Pattison. In 1851 Pattison was defeated for the Rectorship, after an angry contest, which provoked repeated appeals to the Visitor and a crop of pamphlets. Nine years later his name came prominently before the world as that of one of the contributors to *Essays and Reviews*. Pattison's own essay contained none of the passages which were impeached in the Ecclesiastical courts, but naturally enough great curiosity was shown to hear him whenever he preached after this event. However, his Yorkshire caution, and still more his philosophic breadth, stood him in good stead, and the most suspicious critic could never put his finger on a single sentence tainted with heresy. Yet Pattison's method of treating everything from a purely historical point of view was, perhaps, a surer solvent of anything like enthusiasm than the most violent invective. In 1861 Pattison was elected Rector of Lincoln. In some respects this was a misfortune for him. He could interest himself warmly in a struggling student, but his studious life, his ill-health, and his want of a public school education, all incapacitated him from a genial sympathy with young men. The college generally was well content to sacrifice the advantages of having a more social head for the dignity of being presided over by the most widely learned man in Oxford; but Pattison himself was morbidly conscious of his deficiencies, and too often this feeling hung like a cloud over his intercourse with Lincoln men. It was pathetic, as well as amusing, to find at last the great academical reformer urging a scheme which would permit the Rector of Lincoln to reside away from Oxford. In truth, he was seen to more advantage at colleges for the higher education of women. There the eagerness of the students appealed wonderfully to him. In Oxford it took all the energies of the Dean to get the Lincoln undergraduates to morning chapel, but at the Bedford College in York-place, breakfast had to be served at an unearthly hour in the morning to prevent the young ladies injuring their health by studying before that meal. In his zeal for female education Pattison resembled Professor Forth, in Miss Broughton's "Belinda," for which character he was said to have stood. Years before, when "Middlemarch" came out, it was absurdly supposed that he was depicted as Mr. Casaubon. The truth is, Pattison was forty-seven years old when he married the accomplished lady whose valuable studies in art criticism are well known both here and in France; and in the eyes of an undergraduate, to be over forty is to have attained the age of Methuselah. The story was told that, after the appearance of "Belinda," Pattison left a card on Miss Broughton, who lives at Oxford, inscribed with the name of Professor Forth. Another tale ran that the lady caricatured him in retaliation for his having once asked her at a dinner-party how so clever a writer as herself contrived to write such very bad grammar. But it was no mere pedant—it was a man of clear and sober judgment, as well as of wide and profound learning, that the world has now lost in Mark Pattison.

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QUEER STORIES.

A LUCKY ACCIDENT.

"I SAY, Charlie, you've done for yourself this time!" said pretty Doris Thornton to her adorer, Charlie Ringwood, of the Chalkshire Regiment, as they were sitting together after dinner in the conservatory attached to the pleasant river-side villa belonging to Doris's father, Mr. Thomas Thornton, of the Stock Exchange.

"Why—how, Doris?" asked the young man.

"By speaking as you did at dinner against steam-launches, and saying that the men who owned them and used them were cads," replied Doris. "Papa's just bought one, and, next to his fishing, has made it his great hobby."

"By Jove! that's unlucky," said Charlie. "Now, what's to be done? It's no use my going and telling him that I was only chaffing, because I spoke so straight."

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Doris, seriously. "You could hardly have made a more unfortunate mistake, for papa considers the real cads to be those who growl because others like to move fast without any trouble to themselves."

"On a crowded river, washing away banks, and kicking up no end of dirt and noise," continued the young officer. "Well, I'm awfully sorry, Doris, for the old boy's rather touchy, and it might influence his ideas with regard to you and me, eh?"

When the young people had returned to the drawing-room it was very evident that the "old boy" was disturbed. In vain Charlie sang his best songs; in vain he tried to inveigle the angry old gentleman into pleasant conversation; in vain he exerted every effort to show himself off to the best possible advantage. The blow had been dealt, and it rankled beneath the capacious waistcoat of the wealthy old stockbroker. He answered his guest in curt monosyllables; he made much rustling with the newspaper, and coughed inordinately during the performance of Charlie's songs, and finally, when it was time for the young man to return townwards, instead of offering him one of his famous Antonino Carunchos, shaking his hand heartily, and expressing a hope to seem him again soon, the old gentleman assumed a severe air, and said:

"Ahem—Mr. Ringwood, of course—ahem—a gentleman of your refined tastes could never—ahem—think of marrying the daughter of a cad who keeps a steam-launch! Ahem—good-night, sir!"

Charlie was staggered, and looked pleadingly at Doris, who, however, only shook her head slowly and significantly.

There were probably few more unhappy young men that night within the metropolitan radius than Charlie Ringwood as he turned slowly homewards and pondered that, in the terse language of Doris, he had done for himself.

The next morning brought him, instead of hope, a letter from his sweetheart which made him absolutely miserable. It was as follows:—

My dearest Charlie,—I have snatched a moment to write these few lines. Papa was in an awful rage last night after you had gone: called you an insolent puppy, and all sorts of things, which I should not have minded had he not wound up by forbidding me to hold any further communication with you, and saying that a man who would be ashamed of his father-in-law because he kept a steam-launch was not a fit husband for his daughter. What are we to do?—Ever your affectionate Doris Thornton.

"Aye!" muttered Charlie, when he had read the letter over for the twentieth time. "What are we to do? It's of no use arguing with this sort of old fellow; once he gets a notion into his head, no power on earth can drive it out. I wish to goodness I'd never said a word about steam-launches."

In the evening he went to his club, where he met with an old schoolfellow, Jack Raggles. Now Jack Raggles, although continually in difficulty himself, was famous for his ingenuity in getting other men out of their troubles. More than once Charlie had been obliged to have recourse to him for advice, and he had never regretted it. This was a far more serious case than any preceding one, but Charlie was simply desperate, and would have clung to the maddest device suggested, as a drowning man clutches at a straw. So he got Jack Raggles into a quiet corner, and there, over a sherry-and-bitters, he laid the facts of the case before him.

"Well," said Jack, when Charlie had concluded, "it certainly is an awkward case, and it would be deuced hard lines for you to have to chuck up all thoughts of marrying a nice and pretty girl like Miss Thornton for such a trifle. But I've got fellows out of far worse holes before now, and I daresay I shan't fail this time."

"You are a good fellow, Jack, upon my word you are," said Charlie, enthusiastically; "but, by Jove, if you get me out of this, you'll be a genius."

Jack was silent for a few moments and puffed vigorously at his cigar. At length he said:—

"I say, Charlie, isn't the old man a regular maniac for fishing?"

"Rather!" replied Charlie. "He takes a holiday about three times a week on purpose to fish. He starts off after breakfast with a big hamper and a jar of beer, and sits in a punt until evening. Still, now he's got this wretched steam-launch, I expect he'll off with the old love and on with the new. But what has fishing to do with the subject in hand?"

"Never you mind just now," answered his friend, "but you find out from Miss Thornton when her father next intends to go out in his punt, and where he's likely to be, and then send me a telegram to Clarges-street, and I'll tell you what to do."

Charlie had such implicit faith in Jack Raggles' ingenuity that he went home that evening in a comparatively happy frame of mind.

He wrote to Doris the first thing the next morning, and in the evening got a reply to the effect that Mr. Thornton was already making preparations for a long day's fishing upon the Wednesday following. He telegraphed immediately to Jack Raggles, and received the following reply—

"Keep close to him, but out of sight, at about six o'clock in the evening."

Charlie wondered what on earth his friend's scheme could be, but resolved to obey instructions. He knew very well that Mr. Thornton's happy hunting-ground was a secluded back water, famous for tench and perch, about a couple of hundred yards above the lawn of his house. Thither he repaired, stealthily, like a man bent

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upon an evil errand, at about five o'clock, and took up a position upon a rough river-side path, well-nigh hidden from sight by bushes and foliage, whence he could observe the enthusiastic old fisherman without being seen himself. The old gentleman was sitting like a wax figure in his punt, with a large cigar in his mouth and rod in hand, when Charlie arrived. So completely absorbed was Mr. Thornton in his sport that a regiment might have defiled behind him without attracting his notice. Charlie watched him until a distant church clock chimed the quarter to six.

He then saw the old gentleman take out his watch, look at it attentively, and after a few moments' hesitation, slowly and reluctantly begin to pack up his rod and line and put his paraphernalia together.

Charlie began to get anxious. Whatever plan Jack Raggles had concocted would have to be carried into execution quickly, or it would be too late.

At last Mr. Thornton had arranged his tackle and untied the punt-poles, and was pushing off into mid-stream.

Charlie's heart sank, but he crept swiftly forwards to a little promontory to watch the old gentleman faithfully, according to instructions, until six o'clock.

Mr. Thornton, being old and obese, punted slowly and with difficulty, and as the clock struck six he had not yet got out of shallow water. So intent was Charlie, however, in looking at him, that he did not perceive the dark outline of a steam-launch coming directly down upon the punt, and he was only made aware of the fact by seeing the old gentleman wave one arm vigorously, and by hearing him shout lustily, at the same time that he endeavoured to get his unwieldy punt back out of the way. But it was too late, the bow of the launch went gently against the punt, though with sufficient force to tilt it up, with which movement the poor old stockbroker was sent floundering into the water, yelling madly as he went.

Quick as thought, Charlie dashed in. The water was fortunately barely up to his waist, so he seized Mr. Thornton under the arms, and, after much splashing, and shouting, and fuss, got him first into the punt and then on to the steam-launch.

The first person Charlie saw on board was Jack Raggles, who, behind the rescued stockbroker's back was impressing silence and non-recognition by energetic gestures.

Directly Mr. Thornton felt himself firmly on his feet, he burst into a violent passion, which was in no way appeased by the approach of Jack Raggles, whom he did not know, with the most admirable expression of contrition in his face, and the words, "I'm sure I'm awfully sorry, sir," on his lips.

"Sorry, sir!" roared the old gentleman, "so you ought to be, sir! I consider it positively iniquitous and abominable that a man can't go out for a day's fishing without being run into by a lot of cockneys who have no more idea of handling a steam-launch than they have of handling a balloon! And I shall take the very earliest opportunity, sir, of laying the matter before the authorities in order that such unwarrantable interference with the liberty of the subject may be immediately put a stop to. It is abominable, sir, abominable!"

"Can I put you ashore anywhere?" asked Jack, deferentially.

"Yes, sir, you can, as soon as possible, and before I catch my death of cold," replied the old gentleman. "You see those steps, ahead, sir?"

"I do," replied Jack.

"Well, then, if you can see those steps, how the devil was it that you couldn't see me?" said Mr. Thornton. "But as you can see them, steer to them—that is, if you know how to. They belong to me, sir, to Thomas Thornton, Esquire."

As yet, the irritated stockbroker had given no thought to his rescuer, but as they were floating gently down the stream towards the steps, he turned and said:

"And to whom am I indebted for my rescue from a watery grave?"

Charlie stepped quietly forward and bowed. The old gentleman started back, and exclaimed:—

"Good gracious! Mr. Ringwood! Sir, allow me to shake your hand most heartily. You have performed an action to-night which shall not pass without recognition. You are a noble fellow, sir—a noble fellow!"

"I did nothing, Mr. Thornton, but what any other man would have done under similar circumstances," said Charlie, feeling himself to be a dreadful hypocrite in assuming the deprecatory air of a hero; "but now that we are here together I should like to express my extreme regret that I should have given you offence the other night by expressing my opinion about steam-launches a little more candidly than perhaps I should have done, but, believe me——"

Mr. Thornton interrupted him—

"Believe me, sir, you did not say enough. I am a complete convert to the opinions you hold. Steam-launches are an abomination, sir, and mine is for sale from this very moment."

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—We went on Monday afternoon to St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, to see Lady Lilian Paulet converted by means of the marriage service into Lady Lilian Wemyss. It was a pretty wedding, and the bride was fairly punctual. When she entered the church, the first thing we observed was her bouquet, which was composed in great part of lilies, in compliment to her pretty Christian name. But though we love these flowers, it was not the lilies, but the quite enormous size of the bouquet in question, which attracted our attention. I assure you, dear, that I do not in the least exaggerate when I tell you that it would have filled the largest wheelbarrow I ever saw. The bride's dress was a graceful composition of the usual ingredients, satin, lace, and orange-blossoms, and her veil was the loveliest old lace. Unfortunately, however, for us, the large flowers of which the design consisted almost hid her face from us. We could only see that she was young and fair. Quite enough, you will say, after some brides we wot of.

The four bridesmaids wore pretty costumes of muslin and lace. Is it not nice to find a bride who is contented with four bridesmaids? Their little white bonnets had no strings. You are aware, I suppose, that fashion has again robbed us of our bonnet-strings? I hope they will be granted to us again when winter comes. There are few

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things more becoming than strings of velvet or gauze, skilfully tied under the chin, with the underpart of the bows pinned back to the body of the string just under the ear.

Besides, when strings are gone, what are we to do with our lace pins? Lilla says she shall wear hers (she has one to match each set of her earrings) in the top of the jabot of old lace wherewith she always trims her neck. Her stock of lovely old lace is almost inexhaustible, and so, as she says herself, is her neck. It would have been just right in the days when the swan-like variety was in fashion, but now, when short little rounded dumplings are in vogue, hers needs a quantity of trimming.

Her lace ties are marvels of ingenuity. They always look fresh, and one day she told me the secret of their perennial spring. Her maid makes them, and washes them at home. The lace is pleated on a long double band of muslin, and this again is pleated on a foundation of stiff muslin. For the process of cleaning, the former pleatings need not be disturbed, but the stiff muslin is removed and a *fresh* piece used when the jabot is re-made.

Now, I consider that rather a valuable piece of information. Do not, therefore, forget to act upon it.

And now I must tell you about some of the dresses at Goodwood. The great majority were white or cream-colour, though quite a large number were black. One of the loveliest costumes was composed of white Rumchunder silk, the stuff you get at Liberty's, you know, with a crinkly surface, just like crêpe; indeed, the texture is scarcely more substantial than that of French crêpe, though every thread of it is silk. Well, dear, the gathered bodice was made of this, as well as the tunic, which was also gathered and caught up in paniers, very full indeed, over a skirt of mauve velvet. The folds were fastened with loops of velvet ribbon, some being pure white, like the silk, and others of the shade of the velvet, which had a pinkish tint running through the mauve. I have never seen so becoming a shade. The large lace hat was lined with this colour and trimmed with petunias of the precise tint. The sunshade was made of the Rumchunder silk, lined with mauve, and it had a large bow of velvet ribbon in the two colours on the ferule and another on the handle.

We saw another dress which is less difficult to describe, for much of the beauty of the last one consisted in the gracefulness of the draping and the softness of the folds into which this ideal sort of silk naturally falls. The second dress was of black velvet, and the skirt consisted entirely of wide panels, open up to the waist, and lined with white surah. These fell over a petticoat of soft, white satin, edged with a flounce of mingled satin and velvet, and covered with the most exquisite embroidery in grey, white, and black, the materials being chenille, silk, beads, and tiny spangles. Long, slender tassels of silk and beads depended from the hearts of the lilies which formed the design. The panels of velvet were edged with similar tassels, forming a deep fringe. The bodice had a waistcoat of white satin with similar embroidery, and a small, wired, laced collar, edged with shaded grey beads. The basque was edged with smaller tassels than those on the skirt. The bonnet was the smallest thing of the sort I have ever seen, and may be said to have consisted of a handful of beads and the business end of a feather. It was, however, extremely becoming, perhaps for the reason that it did not jealously hide too much of the lovely bronze-gold hair on which it was rather irrelevantly placed.

There was a grey dress worn by an imperially-beautiful woman, which was a triumph of art. It was like a mist or cloud, so soft and downy was the effect, but how this was obtained I am unable to explain. It might have been suggested by some pearl-grey morning, when one wonders if the vaporous atmosphere means coming rain or brooding heat.

Do you want some new and pretty valses? If so, you will find the "For Aye," by Gilbert Byass, a very good one. The "Thirza," by H. M. Lenz is also capital, and I like the "Beatrice," by F. Croft. The "Elysium," by Alyn Trueman, is both musical and danceable. No. 3 of this last set is really delightful.

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Lily saw some very pretty dresses at a large garden-party given the other day near Versailles. One, worn by the Comtesse de Bressac, was composed of a mauve-satin short skirt, veiled with white lace. Two violet velvet panels started from the waist on either side, and were tied in a loose knot at the bottom of the skirt behind; the bodice, high up to the neck behind, was of mauve satin, and open in front; a white-lace fichu was crossed over the bosom and tied behind at the waist. The elbow sleeves were of lace. The bonnet, with a very high crown, and a sort of pent-house aspect in front, was of white lace shaped by gold wire, and had cost the enormous sum of £11! On the pent-house was a huge cockade of violet velvet mixed with lace.

Another handsome and complicated toilette was composed of grey satin, and a sort of gauzy, silvery tissue, brocaded with pink roses. Two small *plissés* of satin bordered the short skirt, and above these was a deep box-pleated flounce of grey satin, secured in the middle by a *bouillonné* of ruby velvet; the tablier was formed of the brocaded tissue, over grey satin, which shone through the gauze. A grey satin tunic was caught up on the left side by a perfect shower of ruby velvet loops; and ruby velvet knots fastened it on the right side, which hung down quite straight. The bodice, of grey satin, was pointed in front, and formed a sort of postilion behind, turned up with ruby velvet. There was a small collar of the same velvet, and a waistcoat of the brocaded tissue; and on the left shoulder and on the left side of the chest there were ruby velvet knots. The sleeves (brocaded) finished at the elbow with ruby knots. The hat was of grey straw, with ruby velvet trimming and two pink feathers.

On her way to the garden-party Lily met a very pretty girl walking with her mother in one of the shady alleys of old Versailles. She wore a white alpaca dress, very simply but exquisitely made, and trimmed with white foulard; a very coarse white-straw hat, with white ribbon knots and lace; a white parasol, peau de Suède long gloves, and the prettiest little black-kid shoes with long bows, and open-work white silk stockings. Lily says she never saw anything so pretty as the fresh face of the girl enshrined in this freshest and purest of dresses.

Do you know of any poor little fatherless or orphan girl, whom it would be a charity to place in an excellent Institution called the Hambro' Orphanage for Girls? It is at Roehampton, on Putney Heath, and the object of the charity is to receive fatherless girls between the ages of four and fourteen, and to train them for domestic service. The payment for each girl is £12 a year, but this, of course, does not nearly cover the actual cost, as it would not be a "charity" if it did. The premises have recently been considerably enlarged, owing to the liberality of one of the founders, so that now for the first time in the history of the Institution there are one or two vacant beds. If you know of any child of the kind, you must write to the Hon. Sec., A. H. Bather, Esq., Redhouse, Roehampton.

Some of the lectures at the Healtheries are very interesting. Mrs. Fourstars is delighted with one given on Friday, on rearing infants by hand. She said it was so thoroughly sensible, and that the lecturer, instead of didactically laying down the law about doing this and not doing that, gave reasons for everything and carried his audience with him.

I have lately come across some fourteenth-century recipes, and think you will find the one I now send you amusing. It is for a tart to be eaten on Ember-day. I hope you will admire the mixture:—

Parboil onions, sage, and parsley; chop them small, then take good rich cheese, beat it in a mortar, and mix thereto eggs, beating

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it all together; add butter, sugar, raisins, currants, powdered ginger, and cinnamon. Mix all this well together, put on a crust, bake it uncovered, and serve forthwith.

I am now going to give you several cooking hints and recipes, as I have been spending two whole days in the kitchen with our new cook.

Having seen some time ago in the *Lancet* a suggestion that lettuce should be boiled and served as spinach, we tried them. The flavour is excellent, rather resembling that of seakale, but you would be surprised to see to what tiny dimension two or three lettuces are reduced in the process of boiling. About ten would be required to make even a small dish, for, say, four people.

As Papa cannot eat raw cucumbers, we cooked him some, and he was delighted with them, thanks to the sauce. I will let you into the secret, as few cooks know how to make cooked cucumbers palatable:—

Begin by peeling the cucumbers and cutting them into halves or quarters, according to size, then boil them; when nearly done, finish cooking them in good broth (you will have drained the water off), and keep them hot till the sauce is ready. Put a glass of broth into a saucepan, add a piece of crumb of bread, parsley, laurel-leaf, thyme, a little grated nutmeg, and a few mushrooms; boil the whole together till reduced to half the quantity. Pass the sauce through a sieve, put it again on the fire, and thicken it with the yolks of three eggs beat up with a spoonful of cream. Pour the sauce over the cucumbers and serve.

We next experimentalised with salmon *à la* Duchesse de Chartres, which proved a capital dish. Here is the recipe:—

Divide the fish into slices, and put them in pickle for half-an-hour, with salt, oil, slices of lemon, and parsley. Then half-an-hour before dishing up, place the slices on one or two well-oiled gridirons, and cook them on a slowish fire, moistening them occasionally. When cooked, place them on a large dish, shaping the fish as well as you can; and adding the head, which must have been cooked separately. Serve, in a sauce-boat, a *sauce hollandaise*, with crawfish and shrimps.

Matelotte d'Argenteuil was our next venture. This is "how it is done," as Dr. Lynn used to say:—

Pour the contents of two bottles of wine (claret or chablis) into a large saucepan placed on a good fire; add a spoonful of cognac, salt, pepper, spices, chives, a laurel-leaf, thyme and parsley. Apply a match to the mixture and let it burn as long as it will (at least a quarter of an hour). Then throw into the saucepan any fish you please, trout, eels, John Dory, dace, or trench—cut up into good-sized pieces; add a few mushrooms, let the whole cook for five minutes at the most; and then serve the fish on layers of bread toasted and fried. Thicken the sauce with a good-sized piece of butter.

The following is a good way of cooking a fowl:—

Cut up a fowl into joints. Take a large Spanish onion, cut it up small, put it in a stewpan with two ounces of butter, a little cayenne and salt. Let it stew for about an hour; until, in fact, it is a complete pulp. Half-an-hour before you want it, or more, if the fowl is a large one, put in the fowl and let it all stew together. When done, add a teaspoonful of garlic vinegar, or a squeeze of lemon.

You must not put any water, as the fowl makes its own gravy.

To finish with, I will give you a seasonable sweet, apricots *à la* Carolus Duran:—

Spread a layer of good fresh butter over the bottom of a silver or china dish which will stand the fire, and then put another layer of slices of bread buttered and covered with crushed sugar. The apricots (half-a-dozen or a dozen, according to the number of guests) must be divided and stoned, and laid quite flat on the bread-slices. Then spread some butter over them, and powder them with crushed sugar. Now put the dish into the kitchen, on a moderate fire, and take care that the contents are toasted, but do not burn. Serve hot, in the dish. A quarter-of-an hour's cooking will suffice if the apricots are ripe.

But there! I must not give you any more recipes, or else you will think the letter is from some "cook out of place," instead of from your loving cousin, MADGE.

As, in view of the large increase in the advertisements in Truth, *it has been found necessary—so as to give the same proportion of reading matter—to add to the number of pages, several of the recent issues have been over weight for the foreign post. It has been therefore decided to print, for the future, a* ***Special Edition on Thin Paper,*** *for circulation abroad. Copies of this edition can be had on application to the Publisher,* 10, Bolt-court, Fleet-street, E.C. *The question of weight does not affect the ordinary postal distribution of the paper throughout the United Kingdom for one halfpenny.*

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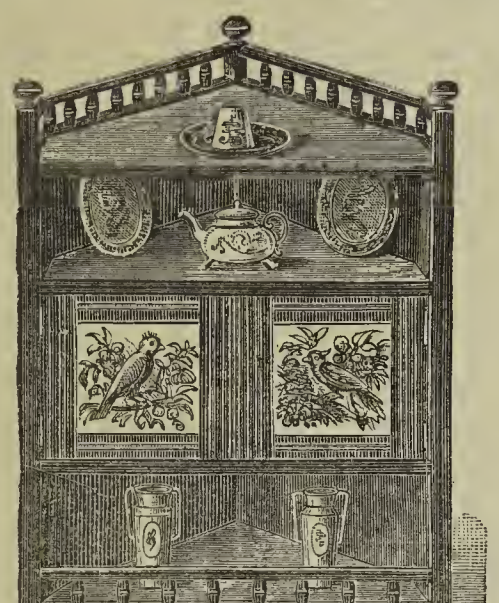

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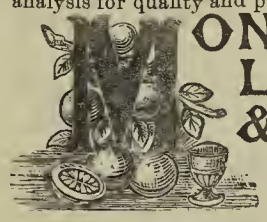

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INDEX.

The Fifteenth Half-yearly Volume of Truth was completed with the number published on June 26th, 1884. The Publisher of Truth will be happy to forward an Index to Vol. XV., free of charge, to any address, on application being made to him at 10, Bolt Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

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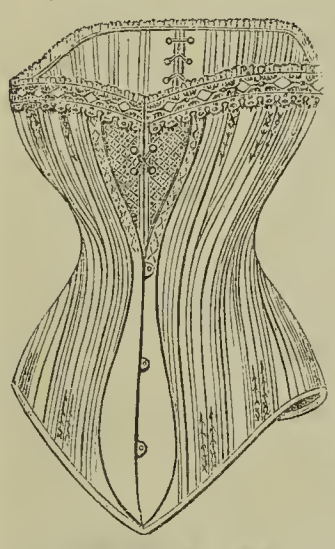

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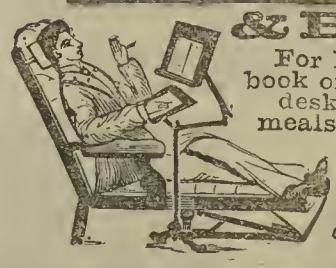

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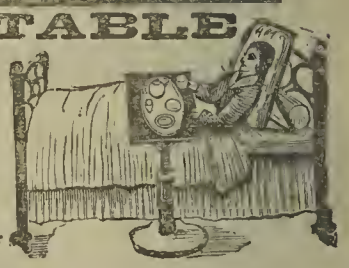

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This company has been established to acquire the Grand Hotel, Queen's-gardens, Broadstairs, and the grounds and arcade adjoining; also the Bath-Rooms and Assembly-Rooms therein, and the four villas known as 6, 7, 8 and 9, Queen's-gardens, and also the furniture, fittings, and effects in the hotel, and the goodwill of the business and licences belonging to the vendor. This valuable property is held on lease direct from the freeholder. The hotel is situated in the very best part of Broadstairs, commanding magnificeut sea views, and is specially adapted for more than the usual sea-side season's trade, because, besides its famous invigorating sea air, Broadstairs is protected by considerable woodland, which, in addition to affording shelter, imparts much picturesque beauty to the surrouudings. The undertaking has every prospect of the greatest possible success, as there has beeu during the last few years totally insufficient hotel accommodation there. This hotel has been fitted up and furnished at great expense by Messrs. Mapel & Co. A competent manager and manageress, and staff of servants, have been employed, and the whole is in full working order. The property stands enclosed in its own grounds of about three acres, which have been recently laid out, and in which there are facilities for lawn tennis, archery, croquet, &c. Building has been for some time past going on in Broadstairs, and it is the prevailing opinion that this town will rapidly develop into a favourite and select sea-side resort, and that investments in land there will be highly profitable. The company have powers to purchase and sell land, and to build, none of which, however, will be exercised without careful consideration on the part of the directors. No promotion-money has been, or will be, paid, except the usual brokerage and commission. The purchase-money to be paid to the vendor, and the preliminary expenses of formation, &c., will be the whole outlay for starting the company. The only existing contract is an agreement, bearing date the 23rd day of July, 1884, between the vendor, Mr. J. R. B. Dodsou, of the one part, and the company of the other part, for sale of the property. Prospectuses and forms of application for shares can be obtained at the offices of the bankers, solicitor, auditor, and at the hotel; and the memorandum and articles of association and copy of the contract can be inspected at the offices of the company's solicitor. Application will be made at the proper time for a quotation on the London Stock Exchange. If no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full.

THE SOUTHERN COUNTIES DAIRY FARM ASSOCIATION, LIMITED. (With which will be combined a School for affording instruction and information in matters connected with Dairy Farming and Dairy Management generally). Incorporated under the "Companies Acts," limiting the liability of Shareholders. Capital £50,000 in 10,000 Shares of £5 each. £2. 10s. per Share payable on application.

DIRECTORS.

Col. The Hon. Wellington P. Talbot, Glenhurst, Esher, Surrey (*Chairman*).
Major-Genl. F. Marshall, C.M.G., Broadwater, Godalming, Surrey.
Captn. W. S. Abbott, Naval and Military Club.
Leonard J. Williams, Esq., The Knoll, Beckenham, Kent.
S. P. Foster, Esq., Killhow, Cumberland.
G. Mander Allender, Esq. (*Managing Director*), "Solna," Roehampton, Surrey (Director of The Aylesbury Dairy Company, Limited).

BANKERS—London and County Banking Company, Limited.
SOLICITORS—Messrs. Frere, Forster & Company, 28, Lincoln's-Inn Fields.
AUDITOR—James Harris, Esq., F.C.A., Chartered Accountant, 8, Old Jewry.
SECRETARY—Mr. Walter Thomas.
EMPORARY OFFICE—STAMMERHAM FARM, near HORSHAM.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company hss been formed for the purpose of establishing a Dairy Farm, to be worked upon the system now recognised by the best authorities as that calculated to yield the maximum of produce with a certaiuty of *absolute purity*. The spread of infectious diseases, through the agency of milk and cream, having been so frequently proved, it is beyond doubt that any one, iudividual or association, who can give such an absolute guarantee, must command success.

It is proposed to combine with the Farm, a school for affording instruction and information in matters connected with Dairy Farming and Dairy management generally, coupled with the most complete sanitary precautions.

An Estate of 1,328a. 2r. 38p. has been acquired near the important town of Horsham. The Mid-Sussex, and the Guildford and Horsham lines of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, intersect the property from end to end for a length of more than three miles, affording a train service of nearly sixty trains per diem, and thus it is not only in direct railway communication with *three* of the principal termini in London, but, being only fifteen miles from the sea-coast, it is within easy reach of all the South Coast Towns, from Hastings to the Isle of Wight.

Mr. Jacob Wilson, of 5, Great George-street, Westminster, S.W., the well-known authority on all matters connected with land, both as a valuer and an agriculturist, and Dr. Voelcker, Consulting Chemist to the Royal Agricultural Society of England, have reported very favourably of the land.

430 acres are already in hand and advantage has been taken of the recent very favourable weather for preparing the land for the requirements of the Association.

A large herd of cows of the best milking breeds will be kept, the milk, cream, butter, &c., from which will be disposed of to the best advantage. Attention will be paid to poultry, and in addition, pork, fruit, vegetables, &c., will be raised. For all these products—of which there is a great dearth of the best qualities—there is not only a ready sale, but an ever-increasing demand.

Mr. G. M. Allender, who seventeen years ago founded The Aylesbury Dairy Company, accepts the office of Managing Director, and has subscribed for 1,000 Shares.

No promotion money will be paid in tho formation of this Association, and no unnecessary expenses incurred.

More than one-fourth of the Shares have already been subscribed for.

The full Prospectus, with copy of Memorandum of Association, &c., may be obtained on application to Mr. Allender, Solna, Roehampton, Surrey, S.W.

LONDON AND COUNTY ADVANCE AND DISCOUNT COMPANY, Limited.—Cash advanced from £10 to £500, without preliminary fees or deductions for interest, for short or long periods, repayable by easy instalments, at moderate rates npon approved security. Bills discounted. Forms free. Offices, 57 and 58, Chancery-lane, W.C.—JOHN STONE, Secretary.

MONEY.—UNION DEPOSIT BANK, No. 17, King William-street, Charing-cross, London, W.C.

Established 1867.—Capital, £225,000; reserve, £120,000.

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ROBERT P. HART, Manager.

N.B.—No fees. No sureties. First letter of applicant immediately attended to. Special terms for conntry loans. Distance no object. Easy repayments, and no genuine application refused. A gentleman sent from the bank to carry out all arrangements. Deposits received at three-and-a-half per cent.

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GRESHAM

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

ST. MILDRED'S HOUSE, POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.

FUNDS.

Realised Assets (1883)	**£3,351,200**
Life Assurance and Annuity Funds	**3,265,000**
Annual Income	**664,094**

The Directors are prepared to receive from Local Boards and Corporations applications for Loans upon Rates. The Society also grant Loans upon Security of Freehold, Copyhold, and Leasehold Property, Life Interests, and Reversions.

Prospectus, Reports, and Proposal Forms, on application to the Society's Agents and Branch Offices; or to

JOSEPH ALLEN, *Secretary.*

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For Cleansing, Beautifying, and Preserving the Teeth to Old Age.

THE DENTISTS' TOOTH POWDER insures the most beautiful pearl-like whiteness, makes the gums pink and hard, imparts a delightful fragrance to the breath, and cleanses and preserves the teeth to old age.

This Tooth Powder is prepared by dentists, which proves its superiority to any other preparation. In patent novelty non-spilling boxes, 1s. and 2s. 6d. per box, of all Chemists and Perfumers.

Eskell & Sons, Dentists,

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Cash Prices. No extra charge for time given.

Illustrated priced Catalogue, full particulars of terms, post-free.

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Established 1862.

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Possess a delicious natural aroma.
Have a round, full, yet mild flavour.
When smoked or inhaled do not irritate the throat or nostrils.
Are made ONLY from the finest Yenijeh (Turkey) Tobacco.
Are rolled in specially prepared paper, tasteless, and free from nitre; and
Are different from and superior to all others.

A Sample Box, containing 24, will be forwarded, free, to any address on receipt of 2s. 6d. in stamps or Postal Order, payable to FENWICK W. STYAN, *Manager.*

Can be had in air-tight tin boxes for sea and abroad.

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SOLE ADDRESS—

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Established 1879.

They give new life and vigour to the aged and infirm. To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic, and Mild Stimulant, these Bitters are invaluable, being highly curative, tonic, and stimulating, without intoxicating.

USE HOP BITTERS

Balmy sleep, good digestion, rich blood, and perfect health in Hop Bitters.

Cures Drowsiness, Biliousness, pains and aches.

It is no vile drugged stuff, pretending to be made of wonderful foreign roots, barks, &c., and puffed up by long bogus certificates of pretended miraculous cures, but a simple, pure, effective medicine, made of well-known valuable remedies, that furnishes its own certificates by its cures. The purest and best of medicines ever made.

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A Guarantee of Wear accompanies every yard of the genuine "LOUIS," from the cheapest quality to the best

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These Waters are Supplied

To the Queen.

Table Waters.

OUR PUZZLES.

RULES.

1. The sum of £2. 2s. will be given every week for the best Epigram, Conundrum, Lipogram, Bouts-Rimés, or whatever the announced subject of the competition for the week may be.

2. The Puzzle Editor reserves the right, however, of dividing the above sum between two or more competitors, or of withholding the prize, should exceptional circumstances render such a course desirable.

3. The decision and award of the Puzzle Editor must be considered final and irrevocable, and, for obvious reasons, no appeal from is critical judgments can be entertained.

4. In every instance the Prize will be given in money, subject to no condition whatever, except the publication of the winner's real name and address in this journal.

5. Competitors will be allowed eight days for the composition and despatch of their efforts; but all such communications must, at the latest, be received at the Truth Office by the first post on Friday morning in the week succeeding the publication of the subject for competition.

6. Not more than one Prize will be given in a Quarter to the same competitor.

7. All New Contributors are Required to Forward with their First Answers their Real Names and Addresses for Registration; such names and addresses will not be published except in the case of Prize-winners.

8. The *nom-de-plume* chosen by competitors should not exceed 12, and must under no circumstances consist of more than 14 letters.

9. Competitors must on no account change the noms-de-plume they have once assumed.

10. On the announcement of the Prize-winner's *nom-de-plume*, the successful competitor must write and make formal application for the Prize, stating the address to which the cheque must be sent. Any competitor failing to do so within three months of winning the Prize will forfeit all claim to the same.

11. No communications can be received on post-cards, by telegraph, or by hand. They must all be sent by the time named above, in post letters addressed—

PUZZLE EDITOR OF "TRUTH," Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, S.W.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 285.—SUGGESTION FOR NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC POSE.

Grosvenor (Thos. P. Burton, Esq., 71, Grosvenor Park, Camberwell) £2 2 0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 286.

As a further selection of Parodies is published this week, the prize will not be awarded until next week.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 289.

The subject for competition this week will be a repetition of a form of Puzzle which has on several occasions proved very popular. It consists in answering a given question in verse, and in including in the answer the one or more somewhat incongruous substantives mentioned for the purpose. The question asked on this occasion is, What do You think of the Season Just about to Close? And the Prize of Two Guineas will be given to that Competitor who

Best Answers that Query in a Six-lined Stanza of Eight-footed Rhyming Verse, in which must be introduced the Words, "Honeycomb," and "Toast."

To prevent all possibility of mistake, I give a specimen of the metre to be used:—

What has the present season been?
A joy or disappointment keen, &c.

Competitors will be at liberty, however, to vary it by finishing the lines with a double rhyming word, such as

You ask us to describe the season,
And give us a two-guinea reason
For trying, in a manner cheery,
To frame an answer to your query, &c.

I have purposely refrained from attempting to introduce either of the given nouns. The rhymed endings need not follow each other; all that is required is that each of the six lines shall rhyme with some other line. The two given word may be introduced in any part of the stanza.

Answers to Correspondents.

*** The real name and address of Charles Searle, winner of Prize No. 284 are Charles Searle, Esq., 106, Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, W.

Orchis.—I will make the correction, with pleasure.

Asthma and Mrs. Bloss.—Your suggestions were, unfortunately, too late.

Bob Ridley.—I will not lose sight of the point you urge in your letter.

E. C. D.—Your anagrams were a trifle too outspoken.

Orchis.—I will duly comply with your wish.

W. W.—Your parody was received too late for publication.

F. Ready.—Your anagram is a very old one.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 287. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

ANAGRAMS ON NAMES OF PEERS.

His Royal Highness Albert Edward, Prince of Wales—A splendid fellow; rare hosts cheering, bar his way.—Roggee Shurt.

Robert Arthur T. Gascoigne Cecil, Marquis Salisbury—1. Is a Tory ruler; such aristocratic quibblers gag men. 2. A real aristocrats' chum; urges quibbling Tory cries.—Roggee Shurt.

Robert Arthur Thomas Gascoigne Cecil, Marquis Salisbury—My choice aristocrat burns to quash us grim Liberals' rage.—Roggee Shurt.

Arthur Robert Talbot Gascoyne* Cecil, Marquis of Salisbury—1. Can base bigotry or silly autocratic bluster quash Reform? 2. Can silly autocratic Tory bluster quash a big, sober Reform?—Bandbox.

* Incorrectly given "Gascoigne" in "Dod's Peerage." The Directory and other references support my spelling.—B.

The Right Hon. the Marquess of Salisbury—Ah! brothers, highly questionable master for us.—Bobus.

The Right Hon. the Marquis of Salisbury—Faith, sir, he's only a thorough master quibbler.—Bobus.

The Marquis of Salisbury—O, if Liberty's arm quash us!—Malignant.

The Marquis of Salisbury—Ah! master of squibs, surely. A master, he, of surly sqnibs.—Sycorax.

The Marquis of Salisbury—I qnash reforms suitably.—Tan Tun and Legis.

The Marquis of Salisbury—I suitably squash reform.—Legis.

Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoigne-Cecil, Marquis of Salisbury—Squire's account. Ah! Bob it is a struggle to carry a Reform Bill.—Dora.

Robert Cecil, Marquis of Salisbury—Fie, sirs, calm or cure Tory squabbles.—Repealer.

Robert Cecil, Marquis of Salisbury — I, alias quibbler, scout Reform's cry.—Friar Tuck.

Lord Salisbury—Absurd or silly.—Noth and Pierre.

Robert T., Marquess of Salisbury—Ass! your quibbles start reform.—Cam.

Robert Arthur Talbot Cecil, Marquis of Salisbury—1. A strict, if rare, Tory quells a riot or calms hubbub. 2. A farcical Tory master quells hubbub, stir or not.—Mrs. Poyser.

Salisbury—Surly Bias.—T. B. R.

Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoigne Cecil, Marquis of Salisbury—To obstruct o'er our Franchise Bill is a beggarly act, Marquis.—Estrella.

Salisbury—Busy rails.—Whack.

Robert Cecil, the most Hon the Marquis of Salisbury—Lo, I, Isole, must try bar them franchise, bores! quoth C.—Wild Thyme.

The Marquis of Salisbury—Rush boss ram, if quail yet (apropos to cartoon in *Punch*).—Cartoon.

The Marquess of Salisbury—He sits famous by quarrels.—Colin Clout.

Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoyne Cecil, Marquis of Salisbury—Quite a rare Statesman, rigorously busy, rich—Bob Callcroft.—Nil.

The Marquis of Salisbury—His quality abus's reform.—C. Dick.

Alfred, Baron Tennyson—Elfyn bard, non senator.—C. Dick.

Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoyne Cecil, third Marquis of Salisbury—1. A gritty Tory Bt. to quash our Labourers' Franchise Bill. Cad's crime! 2. But a gritty cad or Tory's crime to quash Labourers' Franchise Bill.—Jober Khan.

Alfred Tennyson, Poet Laureate—A laurel of poesy—tenant-rented.—Jober Khan.

The Marquis of Salisbury—Muse first—quail, rash boy!—Rose Island.

Lord Rosebery—Sober, orderly.—Rose Island.

Earl Granville—Grin—reveal all!—Rose Island.

The Right Hononrable the Earl of Albemarle—Ah! let here be "hit" among roll, our able "father."—No Name.

The Right Honourable the Earl of Hardwicke—Wicked?—No; he hath to rule horribler hag, "Fate!"—No Name.

The Earl of Aylesford—Ah! He raffled! Lost ore!—No Name.

His Grace the Duke of Bedford, Charles Hastings Russell—Lacks to sell free—garden bed! Hush! Hush! for 'tis disgrace!—No Name.

Robert Lowe, the Right Hon. the Viscount Sherbrooke (speaking on England)—He brooks not the worst vice, or rebel thought in her.—Birch Rod.

His Grace the Duke of Bedford, Charles Hastings Russell—He lacks to sell garden—he bored. Hush! Stuff, sir! Disgraced.—Birch Rod.

Lord Salisbury—Rads or us, Billy?—Ellart.

Hugh Lupus Grosvenor, Duke of Westminster—1. Thus the Duke on turf grows sovereign plums. 2. Duke on turf, thus he grows sovereign plums.—Il Sien.

The most noble Henry Fitzalan Howard, Duke of Norfolk—Be known rank. From youth, led honest zeal for old faith.—Rosary.

Lord Brabourne—O ruler, born bad.—Pierre.

The Earl of Derby—Death for be-lyer.—Observer.

Earl Granville—All-erring; vale!—Observer.

Garnet, Baron Wolseley—Born general. Lo! we stay.—Observer.

Baron Tennyson—Nay, sonnet born.—Observer.

Anthony, Earl of Shaftesbury—Ah! busy for any, he falters not.—Skedaddle.

Charles John, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol—O, pass Franchise Bill through! One lord objects. (See late division.)—Crabstick.

The Earl of Northbrook—Look for another berth.—E. Churcher.

The Bishop of Winchester—Oh! wise strip of the Bench.—E. Churcher.

Edward Stanley, Earl of Derby—Fled away Ned's real Tory bred.—E. Churcher.

Primrose, Earl of Roseber(r)y—Rob Roy's real peer for me, sir.—Hat.

Archibald Primrose, Earl Rosebery—A Liberal sharper bores me. "Rod!" I cry.—Kathleen.

The Baron Silchester—Let earth be his scorn.—Cuckoo.

The Right Honourable Edward Viscount Cardwell—John Bull craved a great cure; down with the Lords!—Cuckoo.

The Right Hon. Baron Stuart, of Castle Stuart—Shout! for those truant brats can rattle.—Torfrida.

The Right Hon. Viscount Combermere—Come then, brothers, scout vermin.—Torfrida.

The Earl of Cairns—Cane for the liars.—Torfrida.

Edward Henry Knatchbnll Hugessen, Baron Brabourne—Dull hungry Barabbas, be keen match new red honour.—Lazybones.

Robert Cecil, Lord Salisbury—I curb, rebel, do ill sorry acts.—William Tyrrell.

Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoigne Cecil, Marquis of Salisbury—I obstruct or quarrel, it's safe. Go to, silly man, curb rag—hi! cab.—Lazybones.

Earl of Caithness—O, steal franchise!—Eclipse.

Earl of Donoughmore—Oh! la! go, no reform due.—Eclipse.

The Marquis of Salisbury—(1.) Quit fury, boss; a lie harms. (2) His salutary squib for me.—Eclipse.

Lord Bishop of Manchester—His bold chest apron for me.—Eclipse.

Lord Monteagle—Go, tell no dream.—Frivolous Monkey.

Lord Bolingbroke—Dog, kill no robber.—Old Daredi Stole.

Albert Edward Prince of Wales—Braw Callan prefers doit weed.—Guelder Rose.

Roundell Palmer, Earl of Selborne—Il Sien sends an anagram of above title, in which the words "Of all real Lords Peer number one," are arranged round a capital L. Thus, the whole reads, "Of all real Lords Peer number one" round "L" (i.e., Roundell).

Answers to this Puzzle have been received from Outis, F. Reading, Lex, and E. C. D.

[*Continued on next page.*

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 286. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

PARODIES OF "THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE."

*** I am glad to be able to publish a further selection of Parodies this week.—The Puzzle Editor.

THE MURDER OF A BEETHOVEN SONATA.

(Executed by Miss ———)

Such a strum was heard—not a single right note,
When to make you play every one worried;
Yet I would not discharge one satirical shot
As to the piano you hurried.

You hurried so quickly, 'twas scarcely right,
I knew not the piece you'd been learning;
But I saw by the flickering candle-light
Your cheeks were with nervousness burning.

No useless music encumbered the rest;
No pieces had any one found you;
But you played it by heart, no doubt doing your best,
Though the people would talk around you.

Dreary and long was the thing you played,
And we listened in suffering sorrow;
And I thought to myself that, if any one stayed,
You'd have finished, no doubt, by the morrow.

Lightly they'll talk of the piece when it's done,
And wonder whoe'er could have made it;
But nothing she'll reck if they let her strum on
At the piece till she's thoroughly played it.

When you'd made but some fifty mistakes, or more,
And no more such torture requiring,
I managed to get to the open door,
And succeeded in quickly retiring.

I've but one thing more in conclusion to say,
Though you no doubt will think it a story;
'Tis this, that no matter wherever you play,
You will get neither money nor glory!

Mozart.

Not a knell was heard, not a requiem note,
As his corpse to the churchyard we hurried;
Not a mourner had donned his sable coat,
By the grave where our pauper we buried.

We buried him quickly at shut of night,
The sods with our keen shovels turning;
By the closing day's last glimmering light,
And the lantern palely burning.

No oaken coffin enclosed his breast,
In a sheet for a shroud we wound him;
And he lay as a pauper should, taking his rest,
With his four deal planks nailed around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we shed not a tear of sorrow;
But we carelessly looked on the face of the dead,
And we heedlessly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down its green turf billow;
That haply a stranger would lay a wan head
To-night on his tenantless pillow.

Lightly they'll talk of the poor soul that's gone
At the "House," and maybe they'll upbraid him,
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where his parish has laid him.

But half of our thankless job was done,
When the cold sky grew sullen and low'ring;
And the rain drops came pattering one by one,
And soon all the heavens were pouring.

Swiftly and smoothly we sodded him down,
In his last bed of shame, gaunt and hoary;
We raised not a cross, and we scored not a stone,
But we left him to earth with his story.

Sefton.

"These gentlemen (the Tory party) can really get no sleep at night owing to their burning anxiety to enfranchise their fellow men."—*Vide* Sir W. Lawson's Speech.

Not a snore was heard, not a slumberous note,
For my Lords are too awfully worried;
Not a Peer but bewails the Bill's sad lot,
Tho' he feels that it mustn't be hurried.

They think of it sadly, at dead of night,
The thing in their mind's eye turning,
By the somewhat foggy, misty light
In their noble bosoms burning.

No useless logic confused their heads,
'Tis but little they ever heed it;
But they tossed and they turned on their sleepless beds,
And one and all they d——d it.

"Few and short were the prayers they said"—
The fact I record with sorrow;
They thought of the day when the Bill would be read,
And they wished there were *no* to-morrow.

They thought of the words Mr. Gladstone had said—
Each word was a thorn in their pillow—
Of laurels that still would encircle *his* head,
While they would be wearing the willow.

Nightly they burn for their brothers to be
Enfranchised, as they would have made 'em;
And little they'll reck, to the "rustic" be free,
Of how a cold world may upbraid 'em.

But half of the weary night was gone,
And my Lords were still busy enquiring,
"The deuce, now! the deuce! what IS to be done?"
And they found that the effort was tiring.

Slowly and sadly they laid them down,
And they murmured the old, old story,
"We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we MUST have a share in the glory."

Darby.

Not a sigh was heard, not a word of regret,
As the dirt on their mem'ry we shovelled;
Not a mark of respect did those feudal lords get,
Before whom our ancestors grovelled.

We toppled them over by broad daylight,
Nor rifle nor bayonet using;
In the breath of the people alone was our might,
And the peers of the people's own choosing.

We toppled them over like feather beds,
Nor with useless oaths we bound them;
But they went with their coronets on their heads,
And their peer-less robes around them.

Few and short were the prayers they said,
And they spake not a word of sorrow;
But the mischief they've done in the years that are sped,
Will not be repeated to-morrow.

And we thought as we floored him and sat on the head
Of Salisbury captious and clever;
No longer by *you* will their lordships be led,
We've done with *that* nuisance for ever.

Lightly they'll speak of their chief when he's gone,
And for his past follies upbraid him;
But little he'll reck if they let him rave on
In obscurity—where we have laid him.

For half of the heavy mischief was done
By his random and reckless firing;
The battle is fought and the people have won,
The peers all sullen retiring.

Short was the shrift of each as he said,
"I'll die, as I've lived, a Tory;"
We placed an extinguisher over his head,
And left him alone in his glory! Outis.

A MEMBER OF A DEFEATED CRICKET ELEVEN *loq.*!—

Not a ball was missed, not a catch uncaught,
As the course 'tween the wickets we scurried;
Not a fielder but was a famous shot,
At the stumps, whither, backward, we hurried.

We slogged the ball wildly with all our might,
The sods with our willow-bats turning:
But the leather was caught, and held so tight,
And our cheeks with shame were burning.

No useless figures my scoring blest,
Not in cut or in drive I found them;
But they lay like the egg of the duck in a nest,
With a line drawn all around them.

Few, too few, were the runs we could claim,
And we spoke many words of sorrow,
And we steadfastly gazed on the state of the game,
As we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we watched how our wickets fell,
And reckoned the meagre scoring,
That the foe and the stranger would thrash us all well,
And we, far behind them, deploring.

Lightly they'll think of the runs we've put on,
And o'er a cold luncheon upbraid us;
But little we'd reck if bad weather came on,
And the rain further playing forbade us.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for refraining;
And we saw by the distant and setting sun,
That the light was steadily waning.

Slowly and sadly did we disappear,
From the field of our shame-laden story;
We gave not a groan, we raised not a cheer,
But we left them alone to their glory.

Friar Tuck.

Not a hum was heard, not a cat-call's shrill note,
As its course 'neath the table they hurried;
Not a member discharged his parting shot
O'er the place where our lost Bill lay buried.

They buried it safely ere fall of night,
Its leaves with their cold fingers turning;
With the vainly-appealing beacon-light
In St. Stephen's lantern burning.

No useless binding did it invest,
Not in cloth or blue-cover they bound it;
But it lay in limp folio taking its rest,
With a ring of red tape around it.

Few and short were the words we said,
And we spoke less in wrath than in sorrow,
For tho' sorely we grieved o'er the Bill that was dead,
We triumphantly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we wished these dull Tories abed
(Some were using their arms as their pillows),
That these were the foes who had trod on its head,
And now nodded in sleep like droop'd willows!

Lightly they'll crow o'er the Bill they've out-thrown,
And o'er their cold venison upbraid it;
But little we'll reck if they'll let it sleep on
In the soil where blind Veto has laid it.

But half of our heavy work is done,
Yet we have not a thought of retiring,
For or ever our tenure of office be run,
There are other Bills passage requiring.

Slowly and sadly we laid this down
On the field of its fame, lost with glory;
We'll erase not a line, nor e'en soften a tone,
But we'll pass it yet, spite of the Tory!

Petrarca.

Not a sound was heard, nor a dissonant note,
But yet every one felt rather flurried,
As Lord Wemyss rose to support his vote,
In a speech that was calm and unhurried.

There frowned on him darkly from "front" and "right,"
Cadogan and Salisbury; burning
To enter the "lists" and engage in the fight—
They'd never agree on "Adjourning."

No useless twaddle composed his speech,
And though many there were to scout him;
He replied, like a nobleman, grandly to each,
With his *March*-al air about him.

Sharp and few were the words he said—
I hope the reporters all caught 'em;
And he steadily hit the nail right on the head,
When he spoke of a session in autumn.

A tempest of "Noes" is hurled at his head,
And he bends to the blast like a willow;
But the foe, who's the stronger, has stricken Wemyss dead,
And rolls towards the goal in a billow.

Loudly all talk, and "Division" takes place,
When Salisbury's done his up-*bray*-ding;
Though the Bill has been wrecked and disabled apace,
It may still prove a vessel worth lading.

Three hours have passed and the task is done,
And the Lords, with the rest, are retiring;
The Franchise is lost and the Peers have won
A victory scarce worth admiring.

Slowly and sadly I strolled alone
From that Chamber "too utterly" Tory;
I heaved not a sigh, and I raised not a groan,
For the Bill I'll see yet in its glory!

Crystal Palace.

THE CHOLERA.

What a cry is this? Not a nightmare nor trance
That comes home to us over the water;
Not a sound of joy, but the mourning of France
O'er the grave of a son or daughter!

No sword is this that has laid them low,
But death, without word or warning,
The cholera comes, and the dreadful foe
Gives no time for useless mourning.

Quickly and fiercely they hurry in flight
From their homes and the field of their labours;
What care they now? neither fear nor fright—
Their dead left behind to their neighbours.

Few indeed are the efforts they make,
Nor precautions take in their sorrow;
But what are we doing? Is England awake?
Shall we sit down and think of the morrow?

Lightly we talk of the men that have gone,
Think not of our drainage in London;
But little we reck, should the cholera creep on
How quickly our hopes will be undone.

How often we've watch'd at the turn of the tide,
Seen the sand swallow'd up by the surge;
How fast it approaches—no use to hide!
So it is with the fearful scourge. Old Skyblue.

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· TRUTH ·

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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ENTRE NOUS.

ACCORDING to present arrangements, the Queen and Princess Beatrice will leave Osborne for Balmoral on the afternoon of Friday week, the 22nd. It is possible, however, that her Majesty may prolong her stay in the Isle of Wight till the 29th, as the health of the infant Duke of Albany is causing much anxiety to his relatives, and arrangements have been made for the Queen's journey to Claremont at an hour's notice. The Duchess of Albany is to accompany the Queen to Scotland.

The Queen and Princess Beatrice went last Wednesday on board the *Canada*, which has been lying off East Cowes since she returned from the North American station, and inspected every part of the vessel. The *Canada* has since gone into Portsmouth Harbour to refit.

On Monday next, the Prince and Princess of Wales will terminate their stay at Cowes, when they will return to Marlborough House. On Tuesday morning their Royal Highnesses will leave King's Cross by the "Flying Scotchman" at ten o'clock for Newcastle-on-Tyne, where they will arrive soon after four, and they will go on to Rothbury by special train. The Prince and Princess are to visit Newcastle on Wednesday, and they will remain at Cragside, on a visit to Sir William Armstrong, till Friday, the 22nd, when they will go north to visit Lord and Lady Rosebery at Dalmeny Park. They will pass through Edinburgh without stopping, as there is a station within a short distance of Dalmeny House, on the South Queensferry branch of the North British Railway, which quits the main line to the north of Ratho. The Prince and Princess are expected to arrive at Abergeldie Castle on the evening of the 25th.

The annual club dinner of the R.Y.S. was held last Tuesday, and nearly sixty sat down. The Prince of Wales took the chair, and in front of him was the Queen's Cup. The guests, the King of Sweden and the Crown Prince of Germany, sat on either side of the Commodore. The covered platform outside the Castle had been converted into a dining-room, and the arrangement was a great success in every way. It was nearly nine when the company sat down, and it was a quarter to eleven when the Queen's health was proposed. The King of Sweden made a charming little speech when the Prince gave his health, and the German Crown Prince, who was afterwards toasted, also replied with much felicity.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will be the guests of Lord Fife, at Mar Lodge, during the first week of next month, and will attend the Braemar Gathering on the 4th. This festival had originally been fixed for August 28, but it was postponed for a week to suit the convenience of their Royal Highnesses, who are engaged to visit Aberdeen on that day, for the purpose of presenting new colours to the Gordon Highlanders.

One journal announces that Prince George of Wales has been appointed "to one of the vacant Garters," while, according to another, he "succeeds" the Duke of Albany. All Royal personages are extra Knights, of whom there is an unlimited number, so Prince George's creation has nothing whatever to do either with the ordinary vacancies or with the death of his uncle. The Queen had intended to make Prince George a G.C.B, and his unexpected promotion to a Garter has caused great surprise. The shade of George III. must be sadly disquieted if it is aware of the reckless profusion with which his favourite Order has been scattered about Europe by his granddaughter. There are about seven times as many Royal Knights as there were at the death of William IV. Last year the country had to pay about £500 for the expenses of admitting Prince Edward to his stall in St. George's, and I suppose there will soon be a similar demand for his brother. It seems to me, however, that when distinctions of this character are conferred upon Royal personages, the taxpayers ought not to be asked to pay the costs, and this is an opinion in which thousands who are not Radicals heartily coincide. "What I like in the Garter," said Lord Palmerston, "is that there is no nonsense about merit." And why human beings should like to have a wide piece of blue ribbon over their chest, which is a mark neither of merit, nor intelligence, nor any other quality, surpasses understanding.

Her Majesty has given one of the vacant "apartments" in Hampton Court Palace to Mrs. Hall, widow of Admiral Hall, who held a high post at the Admiralty, and who died in poor circumstances.

The "apartments" which were given a few months ago to Mrs. Moncrieff were too large for her, and she would have found it impossible to keep them up; so she has obtained instead a small suite in Kensington Palace, which was added to the Duchess of Teck's rooms a few years ago. I hear that Mrs. Moncrieff was only enabled to make this change by the personal interposition of the Queen herself, as the various officials who concern themselves with such matters were unable to find a precedent to justify the granting of such a favour, so they did all in their power to prevent her very reasonable wishes from being gratified.

The Duchess of Edinburgh, who arrived at Darmstadt on Sunday from St. Petersburg, returns to England this week; and after paying a short visit to the Queen, she will go to Birkhall, the Prince of Wales's place on Deeside, near Ballater, where the Duke will join her early in September, after the return of the Channel Squadron from its Irish cruise. The younger children of the Duke and Duchess have been staying since the middle of May at Abergeldie Mains, near Balmoral.

A correspondent writes:—

The Emperor of Russia has lately started racing in the park at Peterhof, his country residence near St. Petersburg. No pains have been taken to lay out the course, which is hard as adamant, and full of stones, so that, although the races have been run very slow, and over short distances, half the horses have broken down. The races are all military stakes, and the officers who ride do not wear colours, but appear in short white jackets, so that the spectators cannot distinguish one horse from another. The officers are wretched riders, and the horses are sadly deficient in speed. The stands, which cost an enormous amount of money, are most hideous buildings. Better things might surely have been expected, considering that the Emperor is familiar with Goodwood, Ascot, and Stockbridge. Polo has also been played in the park, and a strange sight it is, for the players are all mounted on chargers, and one Sunday, when the Cossacks played, it was like Bedlam let loose, and two officers were dangerously injured. On the following Sunday there was a startling change, for it had been intimated that any player would be sent to prison who either caused an accident or met with one, as the Imperial party had been distressed by the results of the disasters on the previous occasion.

The Duke and Duchess of Teck are staying at Gastein, and have been joined there by their two sons from England, the Princes Adolphus and Francis, who are being educated at the expense of the Duchess of Cambridge. The future plans of the Tecks are not yet settled; but the Duchess will certainly be in London next spring for the purpose of introducing her daughter to society.

Princess Henry of the Netherlands, the elder sister of the Duchess of Connaught, dined with the German Emperor at Salzburg last Tuesday. She was stopping there for a few days on her way to the Tyrol. This is the lady who, not long ago, was spoken of as likely to marry the Grand Duke of Hesse, but the Kalomine escapade put an end to any such project. Prince Henry did not (I think he could not) leave his fortune to his widow, but she enjoys a large jointure.

The Kalomine affair is by no means at an end. It appears that Madame de Kalomine (Countess Romrod) consented to join with the Grand Duke of Hesse in applying for a divorce on certain conditions, and these conditions, she maintains, have not been complied with. She has therefore engaged a well-known lawyer, of Mannheim, who is about to bring a suit before the Imperial Tribunal at Leipsic, for the quashing of the divorce decree which was recently prepared by the Grand Ducal Court of Darmstadt. There is no doubt that this new suit will be successful, as it is the universal opinion among German lawyers that the Darmstadt judge acted *ultra vires* in granting a divorce merely because the couple desired one, and for no other reason. The Countess, who is still residing at Dresden, was thrown out of her carriage the other day when she was taking a country drive, but she escaped with a shaking.

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The contemplated abdication of the Grand Duke of Hesse has been very strongly opposed by the Queen, whose influence has induced the German Emperor to advise him to retain his Throne, although his Majesty had previously expressed his approval of his relative's proposed retirement into private life.

I hear that the German Crown Princess, who is an accomplished artist, has just finished a large oil painting, representing a landscape in the grounds of Bornstädt, one of the Royal residences near Potsdam. Prince Heinrich, her second son, is also fond of painting, and he is now engaged on a marine piece—a man-of-war in a gale.

Count Karolyi has left the Austrian Embassy for Ems, and after visiting Ischl, he will go on to the family place in Hungary, to join the Countess, who went home about three weeks ago. They will not return to England before the beginning of December.

The Empress Eugénie has left Farnborough for Brussels, Cologne, and Carlsbad, where she is to take the waters for three weeks. She will remain abroad till the middle of September. The Empress will probably go down to Scotland in October, to stay for a short time at Abergeldie Castle.

It is definitely settled that Lord Ripon is to return from India early next year; and I am glad to hear that the strenuous efforts which have been made to secure the Viceroyalty of India for Lord Lorne have failed. It is probable that Lord Ripon will be succeeded by Lord Dufferin, whose appointment will meet with universal and hearty approval.

Sir Frederick Evans has resigned the appointment of Hydrographer to the Navy, and, in recognition of his "valuable services," the Admiralty have actually induced the authorities at the Treasury to sanction his being granted an extra pension of £450 a-year. It would be interesting, and also very desirable, to learn the precise nature of the "valuable services" which have induced such exceptional liberality. Before Lord Northbrook went to the Admiralty he was wont to denounce Sir Frederick as an obstructive.

From the "society" point of view, Goodwood was the one brilliant success of the year. The Queen, however, did not approve of the Prince and Princess of Wales going, although she did not go so far as to prohibit their attendance, and she was very angry that her relatives from Berlin should have gone down. The members of the Royal Family who are more particularly under the Queen's dominion were positively forbidden to be present. Prince Christian therefore missed the meeting for the first time for fifteen years, and Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg's project of receiving a small party at Sennicotts had to be abandoned.

There has also been a great fuss at Osborne about the regatta of the Portsmouth Corinthian Club. This *fête* has

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hitherto taken place in Osborne Bay, and not only has the Queen "patronised" it, but she has usually watched the sailing from the grounds. This year, however, her Majesty caused it to be intimated that she would not attend the regatta, and that, in consequence of the death of the Duke of Albany, it must not take place anywhere near Osborne. Indeed, a strong hint was given that the regatta had better be abandoned for the year. The Prince of Wales, who was appealed to, suggested that it should be held in Gurnard Bay, to the westward of Cowes, but this place was found to be unsuitable, so finally it was arranged that it should take place off Bembridge, which is one of the most picturesque places in the Isle of Wight.

The Polo Tournament in the Phœnix Park last week, when the All Ireland Challenge Cup was played for, was a brilliant success. Never before had such crowds assembled to witness the contests. The elect of society were largely represented, as well as those unknown to it, whilst the tourist element was in unusual force. The Cup was won by the 5th Lancers, amidst much popular enthusiasm, the regiment being Irish and "wearers of the green," the players displaying neckties of the national colour as distinctive badges. A bevy of fair matrons and maidens filled the Guards' coach, Lady Mary Trefusis, the Ladies Howard, Lady Gertrude Astley, and Mrs. G. Dawson-Damer being of the number. Lady Fingall wore a pretty pale blue costume. Cream-colour was in the ascendant, and sailor hats, the latter seeming to be in equal favour with both sexes.

Already most of the rooms in the principal Dublin hotels are engaged for the Horse Show week. The Exhibition is expected to be unusually successful, the number of entries exceeding those ever before made on a like occasion. In addition to the ordinary attractions of the week, the Zingari are to visit Dublin, and several cricket-matches are to take place at the Viceregal Lodge. Lord and Lady Spencer will entertain a large party of visitors.

I would again urge those who want an outing of a few weeks to visit Ireland. The western coast scenery is beautiful, the hotels are excellent, and the journey from place to place may be made either in the long public cars, which replace our coaches, or in smaller cars, which may be hired. Some reasonably short and reasonably cheap guide to Western Ireland, the tours that can be made there, the places best worth seeing, the mode of getting to them, and the accommodation to be procured should be published, and its circulation pushed. There is no other reason but fashion why Ireland should not become as crowded a holiday resort as Scotland.

When Edmund laments that people do not care to "float down" the Tweed, he makes it very clear to all who know that river that his own acquaintance with it is exceedingly limited. If he will betake himself to Melrose or any other town on Tweedside, he will discover excellent reasons against "floating down" to Berwick. It is absurd, though, for him to assert that people do not care to "float down" on lovely streams, as he would find out if he lived on the banks of the Severn, Wye, or Trent. I say nothing of the Thames, which is crowded and as noisy as Cheapside. It is also ridiculous to compare any of these streams to the principal German rivers (Elbe, Moselle, Rhine, and Danube), as these are readily accessible by constant and cheap steamers, for which our own rivers are too small. Again, it is too bad for Edmund to recommend people to go to Lundy and other islands where there is absolutely no accommodation for visitors; and as to the Orkneys and Shetlands, the hotels are rough and bad without being cheap. Who would go to Bath or Cheltenham in this weather?

The climax of Edmund's reckless statement is reached when he asserts that "thousands of Londoners have exhausted Switzerland and the Italian lakes." I would bet a good round sum that there are not a hundred Londoners who have "exhausted" any one district of Switzerland, much less the whole country. It is an odd Cockney illusion that Switzerland has been "done" by any one who passes a day or two on the lakes of Lucerne and Geneva, a week in the Oberland and Engadine, and a few odd days at Murren, Bel Alp, or Zermatt; but I should have thought that Edmund knew too much to be imposed upon by such "silly season" nonsense.

It has often occurred to me as being exceedingly absurd that, owing to insular notions about decency, ladies, in a great majority of fashionable English watering-places, are not allowed to bathe with their male relatives, and are thereby largely prevented from learning to swim. I am glad, therefore, to hear that at Margate and Ramsgate, at all events, different rules prevail, and that ladies are permitted, if they prefer it, to bathe in the company of their husbands, brothers, and acquaintances, and are not, strange to say, annoyed by the traditional crowd of grinning 'Arries. As the drowning season has now set in with undiminished severity, it is to be hoped that this sensible example will be followed elsewhere. A properly-made bathing-dress is not nearly so indecent as the garments in which British matrons of the most austere virtue array themselves for dances and dinner-parties.

Between "cubbing" and "hunting of the wild deer by moonlight," buying ponies in the morning, cricketing during the day, school-bazaaring in the afternoon, and dining at night, the New Foresters have been having a rare time of it. On Friday morning Lyndhurst, the village-capital of the Forest, was startled by the arrival of Lady Brassey, who, in a bright red frock and on the box-seat of a coach, was going to open and otherwise aid and abet the School Bazaar. Her ladyship may be said to have literally "taken the chair," for she bought a very handsome one of Lady Londesborough, whose stall became difficult of approach later in the afternoon. Mrs. Lascelles, who is a Forester born and wife of the Ranger, Mr. Gerald Lascelles, aided by the Misses Verschoyles and Miss Mylne, sold a vast quantity of refreshments, and Mrs. Compton, Mrs. Hargreaves, and Mrs. Powell were also

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very successful in clearing off their goods. Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell (Miss Braddon) were present and among the subscribers to a lottery for a stuffed and mounted dog-fox—not a "Vixen"—described as having been "accidentally" shot by a clergyman of the Church of England. Mr. Lionel Brough made everybody joyful by his capital songs and his comical exhibition of local curiosities. The bazaar was a great success.

At Rosneath, the Duke of Argyll's place on the Firth of Clyde, a bazaar was opened on Friday last, in aid of the fund for restoring the parish church. Princess Louise had promised to attend the ceremony; but it was announced that she has been ordered to a German bath, and that the state of her health will prevent her from visiting Inverary this year. The Princess sent a number of articles to the bazaar, including some choice specimens of pottery, and the Queen sent complete sets of cabinet photographs of the Royal Family and of the principal Royal residences.

The Duke of Northumberland invited the Prince and Princess of Wales to take up their residence at Alnwick Castle during their stay in the county; but the Prince thought that, under the circumstances, it would be the right thing to accept the invitation of Sir William Armstrong.

Lady Gort gave a very smart ball at East Cowes Castle last Wednesday, which, however, was hardly so crowded as might have been expected, as the excessive heat kept many people away, and the English Royalties are under demand to abstain from balls for the present; but the King of Sweden came, and stayed for some time. Dancing took place in the large libraries, the galleries and conservatories were all thrown open, and the gardens were charmingly illuminated. There was a capital supper, and the whole thing was thoroughly well done.

Mr. Lowell, who has been unwell for some time past, has been staying for a few days at Malvern, and has now gone to Whitby. He will not return to London till the beginning of October.

There is no foundation whatever for the report that Sir Arthur Hayter is to be raised to the peerage. The difficulty just now is to find any man of commanding talent to accept a peerage. There has been a talk of creating Mr. S. Morley and Mr. Philips peers, but it is doubtful whether these gentlemen would accept the honour.

Sir Richard and Lady Wallace have arrived at Inverlochy Castle, Lord Abinger's place in Inverness-shire, where they will reside for several weeks.

The Duke of Portland has arrived at Langwell, his place in Caithness, where he will stay with a shooting-party till the second week in next month.

Lord and Lady Tweedmouth are about to receive a large shooting-party at Guisachan, Inverness-shire, where they arrived last Thursday.

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster have left Cliveden for Eaton Hall, and intend going down to Scotland in a few days to their residence in Reay Forest.

Sir Charles and Lady Mordaunt have left Walton Hall for Glenfeshie Forest, Inverness-shire, where they will be joined, towards the end of the month, by Lord and Lady Brooke.

The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe have gone down to Floors Castle for the autumn. The Duke is this week at Byrecleugh, his shooting-box on the Lammermuir hills, near Dunse. The Duchess of Marlborough is staying at Floors, on her way north to Guisachan and Achnashellach.

I hear that the splendid forests of Glenmore and Abernethy, which were leased for many years by the late Lord Stamford respectively from the Duke of Richmond and Lord Seafield, have been sublet by Lady Stamford to Sir Henry Allsopp at a rent of £4,000 per season. The deer-stalking is unsurpassed in the Highlands, the average bag being about a hundred stags, and there is capital grouse-shooting and lots of roe-deer. Glenmore Lodge, which was much enlarged by Lord Stamford, is one of the best in Scotland, and lies near the foot of Cairngorm, surrounded by magnificent scenery.

The riparian proprietors of the Tay recently held an important meeting at Perth to consider the Tay Fisheries Bill, which is to be introduced next session. The provisions of this measure are all highly commendable. Nets are to be prohibited above Invernytie East March (eight miles above Perth). The annual close-time (for net-fishing) is to be abridged from February 1 to January 28, and from August 20 to 27. Angling will continue as at present till October 10. The weekly "slap"-time (when nets are off the river) is extended from thirty-six to forty-eight hours. It is further proposed to erect fishways at the Falls of Tummel, Garry, and Lochay; but unless this work can be accomplished without spoiling the scenery of those romantic spots, there will be a most vigorous opposition to this last clause. The fishing rental of the Tay was £17,773 last year, against £19,221 in 1882, £19,629 in 1881, and £22,518 in 1880.

Landed property, even of the most desirable kind, still continues to be a drug in the market. Last week, the Middleham estate, comprising about 1,870 acres in the North Riding of Yorkshire, Braithwaite Old Hall, and the ruins of Middleham Castle was put up for auction at York. The rent-roll of the estate is £2,800 a year, and it was at first offered as a whole. No one, however, could be induced to bid £60,000, and it was withdrawn. Subsequently the property was put up in separate lots, but not a single field found a purchaser. The Boscastle estate in Cornwall, which includes the whole town of Boscastle, was also offered for sale at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, but that too was withdrawn.

Anent a paragraph which appeared in last week's Truth respecting certain lands near Bray, belonging to Lord Derby, which were sold by arbitration to a Railway

Company, "One Who Knows" writes:—"The umpires' award gave Lord Derby an average price of £1,000 per acre. The low price at which the land had hitherto been let for agricultural purposes was due to its having for the most part been held under what is called 'life lease,' which prohibits the possibility of its being appropriated to building purposes. The public and not Lord Derby have hitherto had the benefit of the restriction."

The Ashton Hall Estate, which is situate on the estuary of the Lune, three miles from Lancaster, has been purchased by Mr. Jas. Williamson, of Ryelands, Lancaster. The mansion was formerly the residence of the late Duke of Hamilton. It was purchased in 1854 by the late Le Gendre Nicholas Starkie, of Huntroyd, and subsequently passed to his son, Mr. J. P. C. Starkie, who represented North-east Lancashire in the Conservative interest in the last Parliament. The new owner is a Liberal.

Vanity Fair is rather late with its news when it announces that Lord Churston has let his family place in Devonshire to Sir B. Samuelson. "Ruffler" is presumably unaware that Sir B. Samuelson has rented Lupton for nearly five years past.

There is likely to be serious trouble with the crofters in the Kintail country, in Ross-shire, in consequence of the arbitrary proceedings of Mr. Winans, the American millionaire, who rents fourteen different shootings, at about £20,000 a-year, which he has converted into one vast game preserve, extending over a quarter of a million acres. Mr. Winans has taken legal proceedings in the Court of the Sheriff of Ross-shire, to interdict the crofters from trespassing, or allowing their stock to trespass, on any portion of his ground. As the land which Mr. Winans desires to take exclusive possession of has always been at the disposal of the crofters, they are in a state of violent indignation, and threaten to retaliate by making a raid into his deer-forests. It is a shameful thing that any man should be allowed to deprive the public of so enormous a territory, and it is surprising and discreditable that an American should be so grasping and tyrannical. Were the crofters to slay all the deer, I hardly think that they would be morally to blame.

The most important shorthorn sale of the autumn will be that at Lathom House, on September 3, when thirty-two animals from the renowned herd of Lord Lathom will be put up.

Last week the Langton Hall herd of shorthorns, belonging to Mr. G. Elliot, M.P., was sold off at the farm near Northallerton. Excellent prices were obtained. Mr. Elliot has only given up the herd because he has accepted the Mastership of the Bedale Hunt, and he wants the buildings for his stud.

The Duke of Rutland, who has been cruising about the Channel in his yacht, the *Shark*, for the last two months, goes early next week to Longshaw, his shooting-box in North Derbyshire, where he will stay, with a small party, till the end of September.

The Duke of Cleveland is staying at Battle Abbey, and the Duchess and Lady Mary Primrose are cruising in the Channel in the Duke of Bedford's yacht, *Northumbria*. The Duke and Duchess go down to Raby Castle for the autumn in about a fortnight.

Lord Randolph Churchill goes down to Scotland to pass the holidays with the Duchess of Marlborough.

Very heavy scoring has characterised cricket during the recent hot weather, several matches having been drawn owing to this cause, notably that between Gloucestershire and the Australians. W. G. Grace made his third century against the present Colonial team, and J. H. Brain, of this year's Oxford eleven, also obtained the coveted distinction of three figures against Australian bowling.

In spite of its unexpected defeat by Middlesex in the second match of the Canterbury week, Kent is to be congratulated on the fine play of its representatives during that cricket carnival. To defeat the Australians by 96 runs was an achievement remarkable enough in itself, but all the more gratifying since no other county has succeeded in the task, though time alone, perhaps, prevented Sussex from so doing. Altogether, the Canterbury week of 1884 was one of the most successful ever known, the continuance of brilliant weather being unexampled since 1876, when W. G. Grace made his big score of 344 for the M.C.C. against the county.

Hampshire, who last year had the pleasure of fielding out at the Oval while Surrey compiled the huge score of 650 runs, the greatest innings ever recorded in a county match, avenged themselves upon the unoffending county of Somersetshire last week by compiling 645 in a single innings.

Now that the trustees of the old British Institution have been successfully "drawn" as to the accumulated balance of upwards of £20,000 remaining in their hands, it behoves every one interested in art to see that this large sum is devoted to the object for which it was subscribed by the original donors, and not frittered away among a number of more or less deserving objects connected with art, but very far removed from that so clearly laid down at the time the fund was established. Such a project as a new building for the National Portrait Gallery is certainly outside the intention of the fund.

The officious gentlemen who formed the "Fountaine Sale Syndicate" have, as was expected, decidedly burnt their fingers. I am by no means opposed to the purchase of works of art by the nation, but the Government "plea," (as the *Times* calls it) for refusing to take these gentlemen's purchases off their hands seems to me unanswerable. Both the British Museum and the South Kensington Museum had ample funds for the purchases, and would presumably, therefore, have bought the objects in question had they been thought worth acquiring. It would be absurd of the Government to let its hands be forced by private and irresponsible buyers.

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The late Lord Lytton's play, which Mr. Wilson Barrett is to produce next year, is a classical tragedy on the subject of Brutus. Among the shoals of papers at Knebworth is also a romantic drama founded on the "Captives" of Plautus. The present Lord Lytton has been actively engaged in writing a play during his recent sojourn at Sorrento and Capri. Doubtless Mr. Barrett will be "privileged" to produce this.

On August 7, only one theatre was open in Paris—the Comédie Française! This state of things theatrical is quite unprecedented in the "pleasure-loving city."

The long and interesting article on Bolingbroke which appeared in the *Times* last week was, I understand, written by Mr. Trevelyan, the Irish Secretary, whose breakdown at the end of the session has caused such general regret. What he suffers from is, I believe, inability to sleep soundly.

Mr. Wilkie Collins's new novel, "I Say, No," will be published in October.

I hear that Mr. Theodore Walrond has arranged to write the Life of Dean Stanley, a task which it was expected would have been undertaken either by Dean Bradley or Sir George Grove. It is a pity that Dean Vaughan could not have become the biographer of his brother-in-law. If the work be done in a candid way, and without the usual suppressions, it ought to be exceedingly interesting.

Balliol has scored more "wins" than ever in the competitions of the past academical year. The Derby scholar, Mr. Mackail, is a Balliol man, as are also not only the two Craven scholars, but the two next candidates, who were "honourably mentioned." In the "Greats" list, too, which came out the other day, Balliol is *facile princeps*, with six "firsts" and eight "seconds." New College comes next with four "firsts"; then Corpus and Trinity (3 each); Exeter and Christ Church (2 each); and Keble, Lincoln, Magdalen, and Pembroke (1 each). The only colleges which are not represented either in the first or the second class are Hertford and Jesus, and, of course, All Souls'. Only one "unattached" student figures in the list, and he is in the third class.

Mr. Ruskin, in his last (undelivered) Oxford lecture, returns to his charge against the weather, which he accuses of having deteriorated in the most shameful manner since he was a young man:

> My wind is turned to bitter north,
> That was so soft a south before;
> My sky that shone so sunny bright,
> With foggy gloom is clouded o'er.

Mr. Ruskin gives as evidence of this change the fact that whereas fifty years ago he could sketch comfortably out in the open air, he is now obliged to use a tent—so true is it that genius is no protection against rheumatism and the other evils of advancing years. But it is curious that there are people—both friends and foes—who take it all seriously, and attack or defend Mr. Ruskin's "studies in meteorology."

Some three or four years ago, during the progress of certain restorations in the cathedral of Santiago, excavations were undertaken under the apse by order of the Archbishop, who had a hope of finding the bones of the elder of the sons of Zebedee, the patron saint of the cathedral and the nation. The pious search was rewarded by the discovery of three well-preserved skeletons. The opinion of the Pope was then taken on the question of identity. His Holiness referred the matter to the Sacred Congregation of Rites, and that authority has at length pronounced the bones to be beyond doubt those of St. James the Great and two of his disciples. The announcement has caused great rejoicing in Santiago and throughout Spain. But did it never occur to the Sacred Congregation that the skeletons might have been those of the entire family group—Zebedee himself and his two children? This would have made the relics still more precious.

The Rev. Charles Heath, who was fined at the Aston Petty Sessions last week for knocking down a gentleman who entered the vicarage grounds for the purpose of picking up a tennis-ball, evidently belongs to the Muscular Christianity persuasion. But it strikes me that the High Priest of that cult would have repudiated the conduct of a disciple who first denied that he had the lost ball, and then threw it out after the complainants.

Mr. Alderman Davies is one of the members of the Swansea Town Council who supported the Sunday bands in the recent contest on that subject. Mr. Davies is also an ordained preacher in the Calvinistic Methodist connection. His action on the Sunday question was, therefore, unusually bold. Sunday bands and Calvinism are inconsistent facts, and as the result of his attempt to reconcile them, Mr. Davies has been censured by the West Glamorganshire monthly meeting, and called upon to explain his conduct before the South Wales Calvinistic Methodist Association, one member of which moved a resolution that Mr. Davies's action was "a direct public outrage upon the sanctity of the Lord's Day," while the Association almost unanimously expressed its "sorrow" at the obnoxious vote. Mr. Davies, whose harmless object, according to his own account, was to prevent people going to the Mumbles and getting drunk on Sunday, will probably henceforth stand forth as an example of the difficulty there is in a thoughtful and sensible man of the world being in the eyes of his brethren a good Calvinist.

The Rev. W. Cornforth, Wesleyan minister of Nottingham, has just resigned his position, his reason being that he cannot pledge himself to a "definite and positive belief in the absolutely endless suffering of the unsaved." He considers that the Scriptures do not bind him to such a belief, while the Wesleyan theological standards do. This incident is mainly important because it shows the tendency of thought among the Wesleyans. There can be no doubt that many ministers would follow Mr. Cornforth's example were they equally bold and honest. Not for a long time has the calm of Wesleyan Methodism been so agitated as it is now. The result must be either division or revision, or both. Probably, with their usual shortsightedness, the leaders of the body will permit a split to occur, and then revise their creed afterwards.

By the death of Mr. Robert Spear Hudson, Nonconformity has lost a generous friend. Mr. Hudson was very wealthy, and, unlike many Dissenters who become rich, he remained loyal to free church principles, using his money to aid in their propagation. To Welsh congregationalism he was a most munificent friend, and in the Principality he will be more missed, perhaps, than anywhere else. But English congregationalism was deeply indebted to him. A little time ago he gave £10,000 to the Jubilee fund of the Congregational Union, and another £10,000 for the extension of congregationalism in London, chiefly by means of mission-halls among the poor. He also gave largely to the Chester charities, and to the cause of the poor and needy throughout the country.

The Vicar of St. Margaret's, at Barking, is decidedly hard to satisfy. A child died in his parish the other day without having been baptised, and its parents wanted to give it "Christian Burial." Both are members of the Church of England, and the father, it seems, had actually been employed in mission work in the parish. This was not enough, however; and the vicar not only refused to bury the child, but had the churchyard gates closed in the middle of the service which the parents provided for themselves. I hope the reverend gentleman's Bishop will refer him to the text about suffering the little ones, and forbidding them not.

There is a very good programme for this year's Church Congress, which meets at Carlisle on Sept. 30; but it is a pity that the Church patronage question was not one of the subjects selected. Such threadbare topics as the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission Report and Foreign Missions might very well have been dispensed with.

The result of the sitting of Lord Ravensworth's Committee as to shipbuilding in the Navy was almost a foregone conclusion. The Committee recommend that the *building* of ironclads should be entrusted to private firms, and the *repairs* to the Royal Dockyards. The majority of the members of the Committee are private shipbuilders or shipowners. Hem!

It has been definitely settled that Prince Leiningen is to be appointed Commander-in-Chief at the Nore when Admiral Rice retires in October. The appointment is not one calculated to restore the popularity of the present Board of Admiralty in the service, especially as in all probability it will be followed in a few weeks by the nomination of the Duke of Edinburgh to the Mediterranean command.

The determination of the Admiralty authorities to conceal the shortcomings of our naval system is leading them into a course of action alike impolitic and tyrannical. It appears that the parents of officers serving in the Navy are debarred by the fear of official displeasure from publishing any portions of letters received from their sons on service. Lieutenant Saunders, of the *Starling*, wrote a letter to his father containing a narrative of the Niger expedition of last year. Extracts from this letter were injudiciously published in a provincial paper, and the Lieutenant was promptly called upon to explain his outrageous conduct! This is the sort of meddling tyranny which brings my Lords into public contempt and ridicule.

It seems incredible that the Lords of the Admiralty can be so utterly foolish and so scandalously wasteful of the public money as seriously to propose to expend nearly £800,000 on refitting obsolete vessels like the *Minotaur*, *Achilles*, *Agincourt*, and *Northumberland*. These ships would be absolutely useless in the event of a war. Their armour is ridiculously weak (4½ inches), they are terribly unwieldy, and they consume an excessive amount of coal.

Moreover, it has been pointed out that for less than the sum which it is intended thus to throw away, the nation could be supplied with three new vessels similar to the *Riachuel*, the ship recently built by Messrs. Samuda for the Government of Brazil, and which has been pronounced by experts to be the most perfect fighting vessel afloat. Her speed is sixteen knots, her displacement 5,700 tons, her armour is eleven inches thick, her length only 305 feet, and her armament consists of four 9-inch 20 ton breechloading rifle guns in revolving turrets, six 6-inch breechloaders, fifteen Nordenfelt machine guns, and a full torpedo equipment. She can run 4,500 miles without coaling. This vessel's guns would at once sink any and all of the antiquated ships which are to be patched up at such outrageous cost. The sooner a Royal Commission is appointed to examine into the administration of the Admiralty and the state of the navy the better it will be for the country; for jobbery, waste, and folly seem to be quite as rampant at the present time as in the days of Lord Chatham or Mr. Croker.

Altogether, the *Superb* must be a right pleasant ship to serve in. Not long ago the Captain thought fit to reprimand one of the Lieutenants, who refused to accept his superior officer's rebuke, whereupon he was "very severely reprimanded," and a memorandum was made in the log-book. The Lieutenant appealed to the Commander-in-Chief, who informed the Captain that he had no right to reprimand any officer. A few weeks later the Lieutenant was appointed to another vessel, and had orders to leave Malta by the mail steamer, starting the same evening. When he was in the middle of his packing, a party of marines appeared in his cabin, and by the Captain's orders bundled the whole of his property out into the steerage. This is a pretty episode, and one calculated to increase the respect of the ship's crew for the officers. The fact is that a spiteful superior officer can make a ship "a perfect hell" (to use the expression of a Captain of this type) to his inferiors.

The following letter dealing with the recent court-martial on Captain Pollard will doubtless be of interest to my sailor readers:—

Sir,—Truth and various other journals have commented on the recent Reserve Squadron collision and consequent court-martial, but to my method of thinking they have missed the point. During the last fifteen years I have served twelve in the Channel and Mediterranean, so claim to have some experience in seeing fleets manœuvred, and offer my views on the accident. The eight ships were in three lines; the number of ships in each line was three ships, three ships, and two ships; the distance between one ship and the next ahead and astern was 400 yards, and the distance sideways between the lines was 400 yards. This method of sailing was a purely fancy one (which neither I nor any one else have ever seen

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used except going in and out of harbour in broad daylight; but even then the ships were always in two lines). Of course, the Admiral in command has discretionary power to arrange his ships as he thinks fit. The nearest approach in the Admiralty Signal-book to the formation described is, "Ships in three columns of division line ahead"; but it is distinctly ordered that the distance between the lines is to be double the number of cables (a cable is 200 yards) that there are ships in the longest line. So the lines would have been six cables, or 1,200 yards apart, instead of 400; and an error in using the helm could not have caused collision. In any case, the distance between ships ahead and astern of each other is not very material, but the lateral distance is of vital importance. Fancy a squadron arranged as were these eight ships overtaken in a fog! Fancy some passing merchant ship puzzled with the mass of lights getting amongst the ships! It would be a regular case of God help us! My verdict is that the primary cause of the whole disaster was having the squadron arranged in an absurd and dangerous formation at night, such as no one in the Navy has even ever dreamt of before. Excepting for going in and out of harbour, the formation is not only dangerous, but senseless. It leads to nothing; it cannot teach any one anything; you could not form into line, sight your guns, or manœuvre in any way from it. It is simply the offspring of ignorance, objectless, and fraught with danger to the ships composing the squadron and the peaceful passer-by. I do not make these remarks to defend Captain Pollard; the evidence given before the Court showed he got his deserts. But it also showed that the action of the members of the court was most unwholesome, when they put a rider calling cause of collision "improperly performing a *simple* manœuvre," and never had the heart to make the slightest allusion to the real cause of the disaster—viz., the silly formation her Majesty's Reserve Squadron was sailing in. In fact, the whole thing is the topic and laughing-stock of the Navy. Every one knows that ships must be exercised, manœuvring in close order, and run risks of mistake and collision. But why court disaster?—Your obedient servant,

London, August. ———.

Captain Fremantle, C.B., late senior officer at Gibraltar, is to be appointed to the command of the *Dreadnought*, which he will commission at Devonport, for service on the Mediterranean station.

I am informed that the sick-list of H.M.S. *Superb*, of the Mediterranean Squadron, is an exceedingly heavy one, sixty cases having been sent to hospital in one day. The unhealthy condition of this vessel is, I understand, due in a great measure to the defective sleeping accommodation for the ship's company. It is one of the Conservative "scare-bargains"; and, being originally intended for Turks, is totally unsuitable for Englishmen. It is said that to alter it would prove very costly, but surely the health of our sailors is of more importance than the expenditure of a few hundred pounds.

The *German Military Gazette* has the following in many respects highly interesting article respecting the ironclad navies of the maritime Powers:—

England stands first with 25 modern line-of-battle ships, fulfilling all requirements of the present time, and 14 obsolete men-of-war, 9 modern and 6 obsolete ironclads for coast defence, and 3 ironclad cruisers.

France follows with 16 modern and 9 obsolete line-of-battle ships, and 7 modern and 8 obsolete ironclads for coast defence.

Next to these two most important naval Powers ranks Germany, with 9 modern (5 ironclad frigates, 4 ironclad corvettes) line-of-battle ships, fulfilling all requirements of the present day, and 3 obsolete ironclad ships (the ironclad frigates *Kronprinz* and *Friedrich Karl*, and the ironclad corvette *Hansa*), 11 modern ironclad vessels for coast defence (11 ironclad gun-boats all completed), and 1 obsolete vessel, the ironclad *Arminius*.

Austria takes fourth place with 3 modern and 7 obsolete line-of-battle ships.

Italy has 2 modern and 11 obsolete ironclad ships at her disposal.

Russia has only a single first-class line-of-battle ship and 7 obsolete ironclads, 2 modern and 16 obsolete ironclad vessels for coast defence, and 4 ironclad cruisers.

Denmark possesses 2 modern and 2 obsolete line-of-battle ships, and 2 modern and 2 obsolete ironclad vessels for coast defence.

Holland, 1 modern battle ship and 17 modern ironclad vessels for coast defence.

This shows that Great Britain still holds first place with her ironclad fleet; France, second; Germany, third; Italy, fourth; Russia, fifth; and Austria sixth place. France, however, is building at present 14 vessels of the most powerful description, and 8 similarly powerful ironclad vessels for coast defence against 7 line-of-battle ships and 5 ironclad cruisers building in Great Britain. In a few years, therefore, France will be able to dispose of 30 battle ships, of which 12 are of first-class fighting-power, and Great Britain of 32 battle ships, numbering, however, only a single vessel of about equal strength to the 12 French ships. Italy is constructing 5 battle ships of first-class power; Russia 3 battle ships, and 3 ironclad cruisers; Germany, 1 ironclad cruiser and 2 ironclad gunboats; Austria, 1 battle ship; Denmark, 1 ironclad for coast defence. Great Britian's pre-eminence on the seas is, therefore, most decidedly menaced by France, with the completion of the vessels building by both States. As Great Britian is obliged to employ a great portion of her fleet in the Mediterranean, and at many distant stations, it may be presumed that from 1887 or 1888 a French fleet of 42 ironclads would be opposed to an English fleet of, at most, 30 ironclads, including in the latter the vessels reserved for coast defence.

It is a pity that the Parliamentary Committee of Inquiry into the working of the commissariat and transport service in Egypt has not concluded its labours. The prolongation can serve no useful purpose. There seems to be some friction between the various departments of the War Office, and probably there are some points in the official machinery which might with advantage be readjusted, but is it necessary in order to secure this end that the department should wash its dirty linen in public?

I have received an intelligent and temperate letter from an Army schoolmaster, who complains that he only becomes entitled to the rank of warrant officer after serving for twelve years as a schoolmaster. Sergeant-majors, bandmasters, and others are made warrant officers on appointment. As a consequence, the schoolmaster finds himself superseded over and over again by men who have entered the service long after himself. Undoubtedly, he has a hard case. If, in the opinion of the authorities, the Army schoolmaster, by reason of his position, his duties, and attainments, is worthy of being raised to warrant rank, it is arbitrary to deny him the boon till he has served for twelve years. In all other instances, warrant rank is made to depend upon the position and duties of the individual, not upon his length of service; and I do not understand why an exception is made in the case of the schoolmaster, who is now so important a factor in the military system of this country.

How is it that military officers and non-commissioned officers find such difficulty in getting their grievances remedied, or, for the matter of that, in getting a hearing at all? My correspondent has a very proper and sensible case for reference; yet the rules, or rather the etiquette, of the Army do not admit of his making his representations in the natural way to his superiors. He is compelled to appeal to the press for justice. I am always glad to extend my help to deserving persons, but it is the duty of the military authorities to look into cases of this kind for themselves, rather than wait to be forced into action by criticism in the press.

The Army can no longer be governed in the arbitrary fashion of former days. Like other great public departments in the country it cannot be properly administered without the hearty and willing co-operation of all ranks. It is precisely this co-operation which the present system fails to secure. It should be the endeavour of the authorities to encourage in every way the representations and suggestions of their subordinates, provided they are made in a becoming manner. It is only by so doing that they can hope to secure the aid

Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street Grosvenor-square,

Sanitary Inspection.—Fee, 2 Guineas. Improvement works undertaken. The Sanitary Engineering Co., 115, Victoria-st., Westminster.

of that public opinion which is absolutely essential in these days for good government. I believe that much of the discontent which is now prevalent is due to the want of touch between the Duke of Cambridge (and his staff) at the War Office, and the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the Army.

As the French War Minister has introduced boxing into the French Army, our own authorities could not do better than return the compliment by encouraging the art of fencing, in which all Frenchmen excel. It is a fact that in many of our recent campaigns, when our men got to close quarters with a savage enemy, the officer who knew how to handle his sword found himself more than a match for several assailants.

Amongst the greatest sufferers at Toulon and Marseilles are the members of the different theatrical companies, for not only are the theatres closed, but the unfortunate actors and actresses cannot obtain engagements elsewhere, the managers in other towns being afraid they might bring the dreaded "microbe" in their clothes. It is to be hoped that their fellow-artists, who earn such enormous salaries in Paris, will extend towards them a friendly hand.

A correspondent sends me the following prescription for cholera, which was given to him some years since by an old Anglo-Indian indigo planter, who stated that he had seldom knew it fail if used in time. He had used it for over forty years.

Powdered opium, assafœtida, cayenne pepper, of each one grain. To be made into a pill; one to be taken every four hours.

Another correspondent forwards me a homœopathic remedy for cholera. He says:—

Rubini's treatment of cholera is the best in the world, because I have proved it. Spirits of wine rectified to 45 degrees, with as much camphor in it as the spirit will dissolve. To prevent infection, five drops of this mixture have to be taken three times a day on a piece of loaf sugar. If attacked with actual cholera, lie down, cover yourself up in blankets, and take five drops every quarter of an hour. In a severe attack, twenty drops should be taken every five minutes. To eat plenty of salt is good. To wear a thin sheet of copper over the stomach is also good.

The following letter from a medical man is important:

However much the opponents of cremation may object to that method of disposing of the dead, there can be no question but that in cholera epidemics it is not only desirable, but virtually important that such burning of bodies as shall anticipate the dangers of slow decomposition should be adopted. From the moment of death the dangers of infection become greater and greater, so that the whole process of ordinary burial is environed by danger to the living, and this does not cease because the corpse is buried and covered over with earth. The cholera may or may not reach us this year, but it is in the air of one part of Europe and next summer may see it spreading hither and thither with increased virulence and vitality. The medical experts of the Local Government Board will do well to combine with their laws of prevention, some approach, at least, to safe and speedy and effectual disposal of the dead.

Miss Florence Nightingale's opinions about the cholera, whether or not they are scientifically accurate, embody a truth of which too much can hardly be made. The disease, she says, according to her long experience in India, is not directly communicable from person to person, but arises and spreads by the pollution of "earth, air, water, and buildings," and "the only preventive is to put earth, air, water, and buildings into a healthy state by scavenging, lime-washing, and every kind of sanitary work."

The folly of some people is really astounding. A gentleman writes to the *Times* to object to impounding the land water of the Thames by a lock below Richmond, because land water is required below to flush the channel of the river. Does he really suppose that there is less water below Teddington Lock than above it on account of the Lock?

In the neighbourhood of Richmond the level of the water of the Thames has again fallen. Last Sunday it was lower than on any previous occasion. The Conservators are, no doubt, well-intentioned, but it really makes one despair of human intelligence that they should persist in supposing that if you take away one-fifth of the water from a river, the same quantity will remain in it. If the Water Companies abstract more water from above, and if the impediments, such as old Putney Bridge, are removed from below, it is evident that the level will fall still lower, and the stream will be even less able than now to cope with the mud brought up with the tide. To suppose that the tide flowing out scours the river is an illusion. The mud is left, and the water flows away. To scour a harbour or a tidal estuary, as every one knows, you must have a stream. I am really beginning to believe that, well-meaning as the Conservators may be, they are worse obstructives than the House of Lords. Practically they leave everything to one or two gentlemen, who start with foregone conclusions, and who, when facts are against these conclusions, either deny them or scoff at them. In the meantime, the Thames, after having undermined the health of thousands, will finally disappear. I am happy to think that things have pretty well come to a climax. A very little more fall in the level of the water will render it impossible for tugs and barges to pass under Richmond Bridge, whilst if there is further dredging the bridge itself will tumble in.

In order to protect the rabbits in Richmond Park the Park authorities have applied to the Kingston County Bench for summonses against two men for "being in the Park, in the parish of Ham, between sunset and sunrise, and not being there for the purpose of passing along a way left open to the public." The summons is taken out by a watcher and by a gamekeeper. But why are these men charged under the Parks Regulation Act? The Chief Commissioner has nothing to do with the rabbits, which are supposed to be the exclusive property of the Duke of Cambridge.

Bushey Park is even more wondrously managed than Richmond Park. It is divided into a number of paddocks for brood mares and their foals. The public pay for keeping up the Park, and for "stud" expenses; yet there is no evidence of their ever being credited with the value of the foals. What becomes of the money that they realise?

A lady writes:—

Yesterday I was driving in my carriage, when a man called to the coachman to stop. When he did this the man came up and said that he had often worked in my house, and would be glad if I would give him half-a-crown to go to some place where he had a job. I was going to comply with his request when it occurred to

Riding Habits.—Specialty of John Redfern & Sons. Ladies' Tailors by Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 26, Conduit-street, London, W. Also at Cowes and Paris.

me to ask him where I lived. He replied, "In Eaton-square." As I do not live there, I, of course, refused to give him anything. I think that this is a new departure in swindling.

Not a day passes without my receiving several begging-letters. They all commence in the same way: the writers do not know why they address me. It has occurred to them suddenly—in fact, it may be regarded as a sort of inspiration. Then, after requesting me not to throw the letter away without reading it, as "indeed I am no impostor," the writers detail a number of terrible occurrences. They are all ill; their wives are ill; and they have all many children. A trifle would be the saving of them, and, in order to ensure a reply, they either enclose a few pawn-tickets or a few vague letters from other people to them. I suppose my experience is that of others, and I suppose, too, that the writers are more fortunate with others than they are with me, otherwise they would not lay out their pennies on postage-stamps. It is about one thousand to one in favour of any one who sends money in reply to a begging-letter from an unknown correspondent being swindled.

If the following be a correct estimate of the chances of La Mascotte at the Boulogne Casino, it certainly seems a most profitable game for the holder of the bank. But is it not amusing to hear the French protest against gambling at Monaco, when the authorities at every French watering-place make a profit out of it?

Sir,—I think public attention should be called to the fact that the Corporation of Boulogne is now permitting the proprietors of the Casino there to hold against all comers a species of "roulette table" in which the chances are immensely in favour of the banker.

The game, which is called "La Mascotte," is played as follows: A large teetotum is fixed upon a pivot and is divided into thirty-nine compartments; a figure adjoining holds a whalebone sword so constructed as just to touch the bars forming the divisions of the compartments referred to. The croupier turns the teetotum with his hands, and the compartment at which the whalebone remains when the machine stops is the winning one.

The thirty-nine compartments are arranged as follows:—Six classes variously named, each containing six compartments; and three single compartments; the six classes are three red and three white (couleur), and the six sub-divisions in each are numbered 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7.

The three single compartments are variously named, are coloured blue, and bear no number.

The punters can bet on red or white, pair or impair, on any of the classes or on the blue compartments.

It is evident that if they bet on either of the first four, the banker's profit is three in thirty-nine.

In betting on the classes the banker pays as many times the stake as the number in the class at which the sword rests indicates; for instance if the sword stops at the compartment numbered seven of one of the classes, he pays seven times the stakes of the class; if at the one numbered two, he pays twice the stake. It will be seen from the calculation at foot that the banker's profit is six in thirty-nine.

If the punter bet on either of the three blue compartments, which are practically zeros, the bank pays thirty times the stake if it comes up.

The exact odds are 38 to 1. The tables are open from 2 p.m. until midnight, and I estimate that from 2 till 8 the aggregate amount per coup staked on the tables is as follows:—

Eighty francs on red and white.
Forty francs on classes.
Five francs on zeros.
Forty francs on pair and impair.

From eight till the close, the stakes are about doubled.

I have not timed the period occupied by each coup, but I should think forty per hour would be a low estimate.

On this basis, mathematically, there would be—

	Francs.		Francs.
Daily aggregate staked on pair and impair and on red and white	67,200.	Profit ...	5,169
On classes	22,400.	Profit ...	3,446
On zeros	2,800.	Profit ...	574
Total daily profit	—		9,189

Calculation of Profit on Class Betting:—

Theoretically, each compartment in a class will win once in thirty-nine coups.

A systematic backer of a class would therefore win six times, and his aggregate winnings would be $(2+3+4+5+6+7)=27$ times his stake, and his losses 33 times. Net loss, therefore, 6 in thirty-nine.

The only point in favour of the game is that the chances are so enormously against the punter that no one in his senses could be induced to play heavily. The maximum stake is five louis.

The game is extensively advertised as one of the attractions of the Casino, which is open to the public on payment of a small fee, or by subscription.—I am, sir, obediently yours,

A Loser with his Eyes Open.

I am told that many of the telegraph girls have to work over hours. They are not, it is true, technically obliged to do so; but if they do not, they fail to get on. Mr. Fawcett would do well to look to this. Eight hours a day is quite enough work for any girl, if mind and body are to remain healthy.

A "City" man writes:—

Postal orders are a great convenience, and so long as the amount was clearly printed *on the face* they passed freely from hand to hand like cheques, but the latest concession, viz., allowing postage-stamps to be affixed *to the back* of the order to make up an odd amount, is likely to lead to endless confusion, and gives the greatest trouble to bankers and others, who have to examine the back of each postal note, and count the stamps affixed before arriving at the nominal value of the order.

If such a concession is to be permitted, which appears very needless, considering the convenient sums for which the orders are issued, the extra stamps might surely be affixed to the face of the order, instead of to the back.

I find a curious item of intelligence in the *Richmond and Twickenham Times*:—"The master (of Richmond Workhouse) reported that shortly after the breaking-up of the Board, he found a letter at the lodge awaiting postage, addressed to the Duke of Abercorn. Having power to open any letter that he thought might be of an improper character, he examined this." The letter turned out to be a threatening letter; and the master further stated that the writer "gave him a diabolical look whenever he passed him, and seemed to pass his time in writing letters to the Local Government Board and to the newspapers. He was what he called an agitator."

Now, of course, it was as wrong of this "agitator" to write a threatening letter to the Duke of Abercorn, as it was to look diabolically at the master; but I very much question whether masters of workhouses have any right to open the letters written by their inmates; indeed, I was under the impression that no letter can be opened without the warrant of a Secretary of State. People in workhouses are not criminals, and, as regards letters, they have precisely the same rights as other individuals. If, however, they throw the postage on the ratepayers, the latter may insist that the correspondence be not excessive.

The Honourable and Reverend J. Courtenay Vernon is an odd sort of magistrate. At a Conservative Demonstration at Cranford, it would seem, according to the local press, that he designated some members of a peaceable and

The Belgrave Laundry, 194 & 196, Ebury-street, Belgravia
A laundry for high-class families.

Old Lace.—The finest collection in London at A. Blackborne & Co.'s, 35, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square.

orderly crowd as "scoundrels," and requested the by-standers to "knock off their hats." Surely this minister of the gospel and representative of the law must be aware that if it comes to knocking off hats, the Conservatives are not likely to have a monopoly of this amusement. Such Conservative Hamans are likely to create trouble.

Anent a case of suicide lately reported, a correspondent writes :—

Railway Companies are proverbially harsh in their treatment of their servants, but from all accounts there would seem to have been unusually hard measure meted out to the man Edward Mills, who recently committed suicide by drowning himself in the Thames. Mills had been in the service of the Great Northern Railway Company for the long period of thirty-one years, being employed in the Parcels Department at the King's Cross terminus. When the company started the private omnibuses about a twelve-month back, he was promoted to the office of foreman of the Omnibus Department, a post involving considerable responsibility. He appears to have fulfilled his duties satisfactorily until the other day, when one of the numerous orders for omnibus hire received by him escaped his memory. For this oversight he was degraded from his post, and sent back to his former work. The unfortunate man was unable to endure his disgrace, and found an escape from it in suicide. As he has left behind him a widow with a large family, it would be interesting to know if the Company have exhibited any practical form of sympathy in this very sad case.

Discussion sometimes arises nowadays as to the precise value of the title "Esquire." It is generally agreed that its use should not, if possible, be allowed to any gentleman worth, say, less than ten shillings a week, unless he be an office-boy, or otherwise "professionally" engaged. It has, however, been reserved for the Press to fix the exact worth of the title. A journal published in the town of Burnham, a small but popular resort on the Somersetshire coast, has the following note at the head of its "List of Visitors" :—

"The word 'Esq.' charged 3d. prepaid."

When will English parents understand that they are fools if they pay fees to any advertising firms who offer, in consideration of a premium, to find their sons situations in American firms? The *Los Angeles Daily Times* gives an account of a lad who arrived with the following contract :—

W. Taylour English, Los Angeles, Cal., May 22, 1884.

In consideration of the premium paid to Messrs. Chas. C. Murray & Co., 41, Finsbury Pavement, London, E.C., I hereby agree to provide a situation to the bearer, Mr. Arthur Langbourne, on a fruit farm in the State of California, where the said Mr. Arthur Langbourne shall be instructed in the business for the term of six months at a nominal salary of 5 dols. per month and board, provided he prove temperate, industrious, and physically able to do the necessary work. W. Taylour English.

The boy, says the *Los Angeles Daily Times*, arrived in this city a few days ago, and tried to discover Mr. Taylour English. He, however, had found it convenient to leave. "I may add," observes the gentleman who forwards me the extract, and who occupies an official position, "that there is no occasion for intending emigrants to pay any premium to be guaranteed a situation on arrival here. Men physically capable of doing fair work can readily get employment at twenty-five dollars per month and board. They will have, however, to work harder than they ever did in England. The persons in demand here are farmers, farm labourers, and domestic servants."

A curious correspondence between Messrs. Gedge, Kirby, & Mullett, solicitors, and Mr. Clarke, Q.C., is published in the *Solicitors' Journal*. Mr. Clarke seems to have been retained as second counsel in the case of the Lea Conservancy *v.* the Mayor of Hertford by Messrs. Gedge. In payment of fees, Messrs. Gedge allowed ten guineas per diem for refreshers. "I am entitled," writes Mr. Clarke, "to refreshers proportioned to the amount paid to the leading counsel, and as he has, I believe, received a refresher of twenty-five guineas a day, I must ask you to be good enough to send me a further cheque for the amount you have deducted with respect to refreshers. The rule is so well established that in dealing with a firm of your position my clerk, of course, did not think it necessary to make any special mention of refreshers." To this Messrs. Gedge reply: "You are aware that, under the new rules, ten guineas a day is the highest refresher which a counsel can charge, or which a solicitor can pay, without his client's special instructions. Therefore, as the refreshers were not marked day by day, all that your clerk had a right to assume was that the refreshers, according to the new rules, would be marked—say, ten guineas a day for the leader, and the proportionate eight guineas a day for yourself. It so happened that Mr. Bidder took the chief burden of the conduct of the action, and was in court almost without intermission from the commencement to the end of the hearing, and our clients therefore instructed us to pay to him not only the ten guineas a day to which he was entitled, but also the fifteen guineas a day extra which he had marked. You, no doubt, observing Mr. Bidder's close attention to the case, did not think it necessary to be there during a considerable part of the time, and our clients instructed us to pay to you, not the eight guineas which you would have received if Mr. Bidder had been limited to the ten guineas, but the highest refresher allowed by the rules, say ten guineas a day." To this, Mr. Clarke answers: "I am surprised, considering the position of your firm and the character of your clients, that you should be unable to induce them to act properly in the matter."

Now, it certainly appears to me that Messrs. Gedge are entirely in the right. Mr. Clarke is a very able advocate, and he obviously is justified in charging what he likes for his advocacy. But if he, or his clerk, do not make a special bargain, surely the rules of the Supreme Court with respect to counsel's fees hold good. To say that because a client chooses to give more than the rules award to one of his counsel, he is bound to give more to all his counsel, is clearly inadmissible.

Of all professional men, barristers are the most bound and fettered by obsolete and idiotic rules of etiquette. One of the most ridiculous of these rules which has become sanctioned by the law itself is that which prohibits a barrister from recovering his fees from a dishonest solicitor. In the Court of Appeal last week, Mr. Yeatman, a barrister on the Midland Circuit, sought to have a solicitor struck off the rolls because he had not paid him his fees. The Master of the Rolls said that the mere non-payment of fees, "though grossly irregular, was not such misconduct as the Court could entertain for the purpose of striking a solicitor off the rolls." Now it is an exceedingly common practice for solicitors to withhold fees

Rimmel's Toilet Vinegar, tonic, refreshing, 2/6. Aromatic Ozonizer, a natural air purifier, 1/. 96, Strand; 128 Regent-st.; 24, Cornhill.

Vanity Fair says :—"Mr. Benjamin is still the Prince of Ulster nd Stalking-Coat Makers." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

from struggling barristers, and the dictum of Sir Baliol Brett makes it evident that the latter have absolutely no remedy for this fraud. But what on earth did the Master of the Rolls mean when he said that he had always stood up for "the most minute and scrupulous honour of the Bar and of solicitors: that high standard of honour had been preserved by certain rules, and the first of these rules had always been that the fee of a barrister was not a debt"? To my mind, this rule seems admirably calculated to produce the very opposite effect, and to lead to all kinds of doubtful practices.

At Swansea Assizes last week Mr. Justice Stephen had occasion to complain of the annoyance caused in Court by the continued hammering on board a ship in the neighbouring dock basin. Having sent once or twice to request that the noise might be discontinued, the learned Judge despatched the High Sheriff to the scene of the annoyance, and he presently returned with the offending workmen. His lordship, after lecturing the men, told them that they must desist, adding, that if it caused them inconvenience to stop hammering, they must let him know. It must naturally cause working men inconvenience, and probably loss, to knock off work for an indefinite period in the middle of the day; and I fail to see by what right any judge can order them to do so. If the Swansea Courts are unsuited for their purpose, by all means let steps be taken to improve them; but not in this way.

The inquiry into the causes of the Baddesley colliery explosion, in which 32 men were killed, has just been concluded. The verdict of the jury is not very satisfactory reading. "We are of opinion," they say, "that John Parker, the manager, and Mr. Gillett are culpably negligent, and that the management of the pit was disgracefully carried out." And yet there is no assertion more frequently or more confidently made than that the condition of our colliers and factory operatives leaves little or nothing to be desired; and Mr. Burt has had the greatest possible difficulty in inducing the Government to appoint an extra half-dozen or so of inspectors.

At the Westminster Police-court, last week, David Butler was charged with assaulting Margaret Dibben, also with assaulting Mr. Edward Halsey, who interfered to protect her, and with biting a policeman's thumb. The prisoner knocked the woman down without the slightest provocation, and was proceeding to kick her, when he was prevented by Mr. Halsey. A policeman then came up and was bitten while taking the prisoner to the station. One would naturally have expected that Butler would have been sentenced to a few months' hard labour, but Mr. D'Eyncourt, with a leniency alike scandalous and inexplicable, fined him five shillings and costs for each assault. It is certainly not surprising that decent women are afraid to cross some parts of London alone, if this is the way in which magistrates treat their assailants.

Law, some one says, is nothing but a perception of differences. The Chancery Division gave a good instance of this one day last week, when a surgeon applied for an injunction against an undertaker who had set up a workshop just opposite the surgery. The undertaker's men were, it appears, hard at work preparing for doctors' patients from six in the morning to five in the evening; and the doctor urged that

> The thousand sights and sounds that broke
> In on him at the chisel's stroke,

were "an intolerable nuisance." He was lucky enough to get the Court to agree with him, but the Judge was careful to point out that not all noises were legal nuisances. "Continuous noises," it seems, one must bear with as one best can; it is only "intermittent" noises that come within the purview of the law. Church bells are clearly intermittent. Can we, then, stop them?

It is asserted that Dr. Semple will not have to pay the damages awarded against him in Mrs. Weldon's suit, as there had been an understanding that all contingent damages were to be met by Dr. Forbes Winslow, or by Dr. Winslow's mother. It might be well that some authorised denial of this report—if it be incorrect—should be published.

Considering the discomfort of the rooms and the heat of the weather, the attendance at the International Conference reflects great credit on the educational world. Lord Reay, in particular, was indefatigable, putting in an appearance and saying a few appropriate words in every "section" and on every subject. He has the great advantage in presiding at an International Conference that he is able to speak alternately as an Englishman, a Scotchman, and a Dutchman. The foreign delegates must have been a little puzzled at the almost entire absence of representatives of our public schools and Universities; but as a Conference like this has, so far as I know, no precise object or practical result, I can hardly blame them for not violating the sacro sanctity of their summer holidays or long vacation.

A truly remarkable story is told in the French papers of King Tawhaio and the enterprising Irving Bishop. The King was requested to think of an article, and selected a mother-of-pearl button, which he proceeded to hide in the presence of his attendants, but during the absence of Bishop. Bishop then returned to the room, and taking the hand of one of Tawhaio's suite, endeavoured to discover where the article was concealed. After considerable trouble he announced that it was hidden in the King's mouth; but this Tawhaio stoutly denied. Bishop insisted that it was there, but the King presently submitted to have his mouth opened and investigated. The button was not there; for the dusky Monarch, rather than be defeated, had swallowed it! I hope he accomplished this feat with greater ease than most people will be able to swallow the story.

One of the French papers has collected the choice flowers of language let fall by different speakers at the Versailles Congress. Here are some of the expressions which members have applied to one another:—"Set of burglar's tools," "manure," "corps de ballet," "débauchés," "pack of

Minton's (Limited). — Minton's China. A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century and a half.

Army and Navy Hotel, Victoria-st., S.W., is probably now the best Hotel in London. Table d'hote 6 to 8. Cookery excellent.

thieves," "menials," "dung-heaps," "fœtid mud," "hounds," "bandits," "parasites," "cut-purses." Here, then, is a vocabulary for Mr. Lowther to study.

The *Times* special correspondent in China, in a letter published the other day, as well as in some recent telegrams, speaks in very high terms of Ma-Kien-Chung, First Secretary to the "progressive" Viceroy, Li-Hung Chang. A gentleman who saw a good deal of Mr. Ma when the latter was in India, in 1881, on a diplomatic mission respecting the opium question, writes to me :—

I had a conversation with Ma-Kien-Chung on the subject of railways in China. He acknowledged that there was a deep-rooted prejudice against them, but that those officials who knew best had made up their minds that they were a necessity. I asked whether there was any truth in the rumour that the Chinese people objected to railways because they would, by running over them, "desecrate the bones of their ancestors"; and I remember well his answer. He said in effect, "That is the reason put forward at present, but when the proper time comes the authorities will know how to deal with the popular prejudice." Just about the time I met Ma-Kien-Chung, the trade between Bhamo, on the Upper Irrawady, and the Chinese province of Yunnan was assuming respectable proportions. I asked him whether he thought it would be safe and practicable for me to pay a flying visit to Yunnan in company with some of the traders, reminding him at the same time of the fate of poor Margary. He said that the Pekin Government had made their mind known so emphatically in regard to Margary that the authorities in South-Western China would take good care that a catastrophe of the kind did not happen again. Mr. Colquhoun's recent experience goes to bear this out.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Shaw Lefevre's scheme for the outer wall of Westminster Hall was not adopted by the House of Commons. Mr. Pearson is a very able architect, and unless in matters such as this we leave the decision to some one architect, there will be perpetual delays. Architects are faddists. It is enough for one of them to propose a plan, for others to peck at it; while, as for members of the House of Commons, what do they know about architecture? Nothing!

I would advise Mr. Lefevre to submit to a Select Committee a complete plan, including not only the cloister and the towers of Westminster Hall, but also the removal of the three or four houses opposite, which shut off from public view the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey. We should then have as fine an architectural *coup d'œil* as exists in the world.

A correspondent writes :—

I have good reason to believe that the Queen would gladly have paid the whole of the charges in connection with the Duke of Albany's funeral, except those which were defrayed by the Admiralty, War Office, and Office of Works; but it was represented to her Majesty that by doing this she would create a precedent which might prove inconvenient on future occasions. It seems to be the principal business of permanent officials to suggest difficulties whenever there is any deviation from the usual routine, even when such deviation is in the right direction.

Mr. Courtney was rather unfortunate in selecting the funeral of Princess Sophia for one of his precedents, for there was a good deal of scandal in connection with that ceremony, beginning with the battle which raged secretly when Prince Albert thought fit to object to the Princess's interment in the Royal vault at Windsor, and which ended in her being buried at Kensal Green. That the country should have paid £5,367 for the funeral expenses of the Duchess of Kent seems most monstrous and scandalous, for considering the amount that the Duchess had received from the public, and the fortune that she left behind her, such expenses ought certainly to have been defrayed by her family.

A new departure of a very startling nature seems to have been taken in the form of deputations to Members of Parliament. One evening last week a mourning-coach, accompanied by a brass band playing the Dead March in "Saul," arrived at Westminster. In the mourning-coach were half-a-dozen women with the same number of babies. Some alarm was created by this singular apparition, which however, was considerably allayed by the discovery that it was a demonstration against compulsory vaccination. The women and their interesting offspring subsequently interviewed Mr. Hopwood. The lot of an M.P. is not, even under present circumstances, a particularly happy one, but if the line cannot be drawn at babies, mourning-coaches, and brass bands, a new terror will have been added to Parliamentary life.

Lord Richard Grosvenor has raised his voice against any agitation for the abolition of the House of Lords. But, as Professor Beesly says, when you find that men are given to housebreaking, you do not beg them henceforward to be good enough to wear creaking shoes, and to use shorter jemmies and less deadly bludgeons, but you make them change their profession. Let Lord Richard appear at any Liberal meeting and propose a resolution in favour of the continued legislative existence of the hereditary Chamber, and he will find that hardly a hand would be held up in favour of it.

It is by no means surprising that the Manchester meeting on Saturday was unanimous. Entrance was by ticket, and I perceive that any one who, notwithstanding this precaution, objected to a single word said by Lord Salisbury was at once removed. Why the Conservative journals should say that there were 30,000 persons present, I do not know—or rather, I do. As a matter of fact, there were not 7,000 persons to listen to the orators.

The Tories have subscribed enormous sums to work this and similar meetings. They call them the spontaneous expression of public opinion!

For the nonce, Lord Randolph Churchill appears to have given up having any opinions of his own. He was, he says, against a Franchise Bill; but the Tories were in favour of one. So, as "they are wiser than I am," he gave up his own view. Later on, he was opposed to the Lords showing their love for reform by rejecting a Reform Bill; but, again, as "the Tories are wiser than I am," he supports them in the rejection. This "wiser than I am," is a comforting Tory doctrine. It saves all thought or discussion, and reduces all except Lord Salisbury and his immediate friends to the position of mere pawns.

Lord Salisbury and his friends bitterly complain that we should insist that the Lords rejected the Franchise Bill, and Lord George Hamilton says that it is blackguardly and cowardly to assert it. But when a legislative Chamber refuses to pass a Bill, surely this amounts to rejecting it. We wanted, they said, to see first the Redistribution Bill. But what did this mean? That unless Mr. Gladstone

Spectacles scientifically adapted to assist & strengthen the weakest sights by Mr. Laurance, F.S.S., Oculist Optician, 1a, Old Bond-st.

would consent to frame a Redistribution Bill that would meet with their approval, they would pass neither Franchise nor Redistribution Bill. Had he, however, done this, the latter would not have met with the approval of Liberals. The contention, therefore, of the Conservative Lords is this: We will allow the Liberals to lower the Franchise, provided that they allow us to so manipulate Redistribution, that it will give the minority a good chance of out-voting the majority. If in one place a few hundred thousands of Liberals return half-a-dozen members, in another place a few thousand Conservatives must return the same number of members.

It is estimated that at least 100 Peers would have to be created, in order to overcome the resistance of the Lords in October.

The real story of the Conference is that we took it into our heads to imagine that Bismarck would stand by us. Why we did this is inexplicable, for we had annoyed him in various little matters, and he never had concealed his irritation. The attitude of the German Representative at the Conference was hostile throughout.

I hear that all the boats that can be found are being laid hold of for service on the Upper Nile. Should an expedition be deemed expedient to the Soudan, it will be a boat expedition, the difficulties in the way of fuel for the steamers being so great.

What I have always failed to understand is why we do not open direct communication with the Mahdi. What must this Prophet think of us? We declare the Soudan to be independent. Mr. Gladstone goes out of his way to praise the Soudanese for defending their independence, and yet Gordon has established some sort of mysterious government at Khartoum, and is daily issuing forth to slay and destroy. I believe that the Mahdi would aid his departure with the greatest of pleasure, and very probably allow any persons in Khartoum who pleased to accompany him. We really seem to be perfectly demented in all matters connected with Egypt.

Is it, too, to be credited that it has been impossible to communicate with Gordon? I suspect that we never set the right way to work in order to do so.

After the testimony of Stanley, and the latest news respecting Gordon, there can be no reasonable doubt that it is open to the General to leave Khartoum whenever he pleases.

Gordon obviously has either acted contrary to his instructions or has misconceived them. In this age of humbugs and of selfishness one cannot help admiring some of his qualities; but he seems to me to be—so far as regards others—a sort of cross between Joshua, the son of Nun, and Balfour of Burley. All who oppose him, he looks upon as Canaanites; and he obeys a higher law than that of his employers.

I have received £1 from "G.," and £1 from "A. K." towards Miss English's Fund.

SCRUTATOR.

QUARANTINE IN A NUT-SHELL.

At the present juncture a concise statement of the quarantine arrangements made by various foreign Governments in Europe, in consequence of the outbreak of cholera in France and elsewhere, may not be uninteresting to shipowners and to persons who contemplate visiting the Continent. The various restrictions imposed in each country will be found enumerated below in alphabetical order.

Austria.—Vessels from French Mediterranean ports, Algiers, or Tunis, ten days' observation and twenty days' quarantine, if infected. Vessels, persons, and their effects coming from Italy subjected to a severe medical inspection before entering Austria. Free *pratique* for arrivals from United Kingdom with clean bill of health.

Belgium.—Vessels from French Mediterranean ports, after a voyage of not less than twelve days, twenty-four hours' observation and fumigation, if necessary. If the voyage has been less than twelve days, three days' quarantine and obligatory fumigation. In case of death or sickness on the voyage, five days' quarantine and fumigation, and further precautionary measures, if necessary. The station at Boel is supplied with disinfectants. Arrivals from the French frontier are examined by medical men in the trains, but not detained unless choleraic symptoms are apparent. Free *pratique* for arrivals from the United Kingdom.

Bulgaria.—Vessels arriving at Varna and Baldchick from French Mediterranean ports, with clean bills, have to undergo a sanitary inspection. Those with foul bills eleven days' quarantine, inclusive of period occupied by voyage. No quarantine against Great Britian or on the land frontier.

Cyprus.—Vessels from French Mediterranean coast, Algiers, and Tunis, repulsed at all ports in Cyprus, except Larnaca, where they are subjected to ten days' quarantine. Arrivals from Great Britain allowed free *pratique*.

Denmark.—All ships coming from or having been in communication with any French ports, as well as those which have received any person on board during the voyage from any vessel coming from France, are inspected by the Danish sanitary authorities, and must hoist a yellow or a green flag.

France.—Vessels from Toulon or Marseilles bound for Nice, Cannes, or Mentone, eight days' quarantine in Villa Franca harbour. Railway passengers from the infected districts, five days' quarantine at Var before entering Nice. Arrivals at Mentone are detained five days at the Hôtel de la Gare, close to the station. Passengers from Marseilles and Toulon were, until recently, fumigated on reaching Cannes. Algiers imposes five days' quarantine on arrivals from Marseilles, Toulon, and Cette. Twenty-four hours' observation imposed at Dunkirk and St. Nazaire on arrivals from French Mediterranean ports with foul bills. Free *pratique* with the United Kingdom on the French mainland. Medical Officers meet trains from infected districts, and are empowered to detain travellers who present suspicious symptoms.

Germany.—The precautionary measures adopted in Germany are more or less analogous to those in force in this country—viz., a medical inspection in suspicious cases, but there is no fixed quarantine. Persons arriving in Germany by land from France are subjected to a medical examination in the railway carriages, and those who present suspicious symptoms are detained for treatment in a building set apart for that purpose.

Gibraltar.—Vessels from France not allowed to communicate with the port, unless any unforeseen emergency arises, which the Board of Health will deal with according to its merits.

Greece.—Arrivals from Austria, five days' quarantine

Osler, 100, Oxford-street, W.—Crystal Glass and China Services; Minton's Worcester, Copelands, Wedgwood, and Crown Derby China, Chandeliers, Lamps and Wall Lights. 100, Oxford-st., W. Osler.

at Corfu or Delos; eleven days on merchant vessels from French Mediterranean ports and Italian Peninsula. Five days on arrival from French Atlantic ports. Free *pratique* for vessels direct from the United Kingdom, but all bills of health must be *viséd* by the Greek consul at the port of departure.

Italy.—The precautions taken in Italy against the introduction of cholera are extremely stringent. Taking the land frontier first, five days' quarantine is applied against arrivals from the Tyrol in the provinces of Brescia, Verona, and Vicenza. Arrivals from France and Switzerland have to undergo seven days, and entrance into Italy from Switzerland is only permitted at Chiasso and Luino. Travellers from France are detained at Bardonecchia, at the entrance to the Mont Cenis tunnel. An instance of the stringency with which this is carried out is afforded by the following incident which occurred recently. A certain Mdlle. Veuillot, who was going to visit a friend near Modane, fell asleep in the train, and only woke up at Bardonnecchia. On perceiving her mistake, she wanted to take the first train back to France, but the Italian officials took a different view. She was obliged to enter the lazaretto, where, for 23 f. *per diem*, she remained for seven days, after which she proceeded to her destination. With regard to ships, all vessels from the French Mediterranean ports, Algiers, or Tunis, have to undergo five days' quarantine, those from Toulon ten if they have had a clean passage of ten days or over; seven days those from Toulon; fifteen if the passage has been less than ten days; twenty days if there has been any cholera on board. Free *pratique* is allowed with the United Kingdom, Gibraltar, Malta, and the French Atlantic ports. In Sicily and Sardinia vessels from French Mediterranean ports and from Italy are not allowed *pratique* unless they have performed quarantine at a lazaretto in the kingdom or at the ports of Gaeta or St. Stefano. Free *pratique* allowed for arrivals from the United Kingdom.

Malta.—Twenty-one days' quarantine on arrivals from French Mediterranean ports. Arrivals from ports which impose less than twenty-one days' quarantine against infected ports shall be subjected to a complementary period of quarantine sufficient to make up the total to twenty-one days. Vessels which have had cholera on board not allowed to communicate at all. *Pratique* with United Kingdom free.

Morocco.—Arrivals from French Mediterranean ports refused admittance. The same measure applies temporarily to arrivals from French Atlantic ports and Algiers.

Netherlands.—Vessels from Toulon and Marseilles subjected to a sanitary inspection, and other measures of precaution if necessary, before being allowed to land or communicate with other vessels. No rags or soiled linen whatever allowed to be imported. Wooden barracks erected at Yjmuiden and Hollands Hoek for accommodation of cholera patients, if necessary. Free *pratique* for vessels from England.

Portugal.—The Portuguese authorities impose five days' quarantine of observation on arrivals from all "suspected" ports with clean bills of health *viséd* by the Portuguese consul, and the following places are regarded as so suspected:—Great Britain and British Mediterranean possessions; all French, Algerian, and Tunisian ports, as well as Germany, Holland, Belgium, Morocco, and Senegal. Vessels which have had cholera on board will not be allowed to land passegers or cargo under any circumstances whatever.

Roumania.—Arrivals from French Mediterranean ports are not allowed *pratique* at Soulina or Kustendje unless they have been subjected to quarantine before entering the Dardanelles. As regards arrivals by land in Roumania, a traveller by the Oriental express records his experiences as follows:—

At Verciorova there are three rooms containing nothing but chairs, one for passengers, one for the train officials, and the third for luggage. The passengers and luggage are left for ten or twelve minutes in these rooms, filled up with fumigating apparatus, and the former must then get into the train and not quit their carriage again. The luggage is then brought back into the van, the porters are fumigated, and the operation is over. It lasts about half an hour, and is not inconvenient, beyond slightly disturbing the passengers and giving some of them headache. But a portion of the station is being fitted up as a quarantine house, in the event, as the doctor told me, of the danger increasing. Such a measure, however, will scarcely be lightly adopted, for Austria, as the neighbouring State, would be the first to suffer from it, and would remonstrate. The intelligence, however, of the Roumanians, whether medically or politically, cannot be relied upon. From Verciorova to Bucharest the passengers are undisturbed, except that if they alighted at an intermediate station they would undergo a disinfecting process before passing through the station. At Bucharest they are sprinkled with disinfecting acids in a room fitted up for the purpose, and fumigated for half-an-hour in an old van containing the magical fire which is to suffocate the microbes that may have escaped the sulphuric vapour inhaled at Verciorova. The police watch jealously over the movements of the passengers, and the guards are not allowed to alight. Acids, however, have not been, as they were last time, scattered over the carriages and the permanent way. This seems to be too expensive to the Medical Council, which is doubtless anxious to make some little saving. At Giurgevo there is a third and last sprinkling for the passengers and fumigation for the luggage. On the return journey there is nothing of the kind. As long as the operation remains as at present it will be more ridiculous than annoying. But quarantine would be a serious matter; for the doctor spoke to me of seven days' detention at Verciorova; and though nothing has been settled, everything is possible in Roumania.

Russia.—Vessels from the French Mediterranean ports have to undergo fifteen days' quarantine in Russian Black Sea ports without regard to any quarantine they may have performed at foreign ports. In the Baltic a sanitary inspection is imposed on all arrivals from France, and if they come from an infected port they will be refused admission unless they have previously undergone quarantine elsewhere. Vessels arriving from foreign ports which are "in correspondence" with infected ports have to undergo twenty-four hours' observation on arrival in Russia. A special commission investigate any suspected cases arriving by land.

Spain.—The Spanish system is, perhaps, the most intricate and severe of any. Seven days' quarantine is imposed on all arrivals by land from France, at Irun and other roads; all baggage and parcels have to be opened and disinfected. Arrivals by sea from the following places are subjected to various periods of quarantine, according to circumstances. The United Kingdom and British possessions in the Mediterranean and West Coast of Africa, Germany, France, Italy, Holland, Belgium, China, Egypt, Arabia, and India. The periods are as follows:—Three days' observation at a lazaretto, irrespective of date of departure, on arrivals from ports of the United Kingdom and elsewhere. Vessels from Toulon, Marseilles, Genoa, or Porto Mauricio in Italy, ten days strict quarantine, and five more if cholera has broken out on board. Seven days from other parts of France *viâ* the United Kingdom, and from other Italian ports. Great inconvenience has been experienced by shippers, owing to there being only three lazaretto ports—viz., Vigo, Santander, and Port Mahon; but, according to instructions recently issued by the Madrid Board of Health — which it is to be feared have been honoured more in the breach than in the observance—arrangements have been made by which vessels may now perform their quarantine at the port of arrival if the necessary facilities exist for that purpose.

Sweden and Norway.—Vessels arriving in Sweden and Norway from the United Kingdom, Belgium, Holland, Germany, China, Japan, East Indies, Red Sea ports, Egypt, Syria, Smyrna, Fez, Mequinez, Morocco, France, and Brazil are considered *primâ-facie* as infected with cholera, and have to undergo an inspection. Any vessel which, during her voyage, or on arrival, has had cholera on board, has to undergo six days' quarantine, commencing from the date of arrival, or from the date of the removal of the last sick person, as the case may be. The quarantine station for Sweden is Känsö, twelve miles west of Gothenburg, and that for Norway is at Christiansand. Free *pratique* for arrivals from United Kingdom with clean bills of health.

Switzerland.—No quarantine is imposed in Switzerland, but medical men inspect each train arriving from France, disinfect effects, and detain the passengers if there are any suspicious symptoms.

Turkey.—The Porte alters its quarantine arrangements from day to day, but, according to latest advices, fifteen

Almond's Hotel, situated in the best position of the West-End and close to the theatres, parks, &c., is now re-opened. A spacious Salle à Manger and Ladies' Drawing-room have also been added, hot and cold baths and many single bedrooms. Special attention directed to sanitary arrangements. Clifford-street, Bond-street, W. —J. R. Roy, Proprietor.

days is imposed upon arrivals from France and Italy, and ten from all other places. This has to be done either at Beyrout, Smyrna, or Tripoli, in Barbary. Arrivals from Black Sea ports are quarantined at Kavak, at the entrance to the Bosphorus. Vessels from non-infected countries are allowed to pass to and fro through the Dardanelles and Bosphorus in quarantine, but may not communicate.

CITIZENS AT PLAY.

Any one who happened to be up in a balloon over London on Bank Holiday would get a really good idea of the value of parks, palaces, and other Healtheries for the people. I have been favoured by the experiences of a gentleman who took the opportunity to float over London yesterday week, and what seems to have struck him most was the comparatively deserted state of the streets, the concentration of black rings and masses at the Crystal and Alexandra Palaces, the South Kensington parks, and all "gala" places in the environs of London, and the long, black, wormlike trains converging towards the great centre from the sea-coasts and suburbs as the evening wore on.

This was the bird's-eye view. Those who descended into the fray were struck by other features. We are called a sad people, and we are supposed to take our pleasure sadly. I cannot quite agree with this. We are about as gay as other people when we get the chance. A few weeks of such weather as we have lately been favoured with seems actually to transform the national character. You suppose that only French and Italians care to sit out of doors, listen to bands, walk, flirt, dance in groves, or "legislate by picnic." I say, let the sky look blue and the sun shine for a month, and we are "all there."

Last Bank Holiday was a golden day for the people, in spite of the banks being shut. To see life properly on such a day you must get into a third-class carriage in the morning, and a first-class one in the evening. The companies make a set attempt to arrange people according to their tickets going out; but on the return journey the citizens and classes are indiscriminately mixed. "Put 'em in anywheres!" roars the inspector. "Jump in! All right!" and bang! bang! go the doors.

The development of emotion is, as the day progresses, a curious study. I have come to the conclusion that it obeys fixed laws, like everything else. The girls have on clothes of unaccustomed splendour; the men clean coats and new hats. These affect their conduct seriously at first. The consciousness of wearing good clothes is, perhaps, one of the most overpowering sensations of life, and until it wears off a little it has a tendency to paralyse the spirits and check the tongue. A rather pretty girl, rather gaudily dressed, with her young man, sat opposite to me. We were all bound for the People's Palace. She was quite silent for a long time, and then spoke only a few words in a reserved manner to Charles occasionally. At last she burst out laughing at a middle-aged lady who tumbled down on the platform in trying to catch the train, but for five minutes afterwards she kept restraining her hilarity until she had got quite prim again. I saw that young woman—she might have been 19—three hours later, romping a little wildly on the Crystal Palace slopes with "Charles," who was certainly by this time unconscious of his hat and more than indifferent to his clothes.

This is, as far as I have been able to judge, the order of the day. The crowds go out quiet and discreet; the morning fun, if any, only takes the form of satire. If a swell (suspected of being a pot-boy) steps in with a chimney-pot hat on, "He's a Dook!" will be whispered. If a girl is over-done with glass beads, "Mary, who gave you those diamonds?" is remarked; to which she will reply, "Who gave you your cheek?" and so forth. Arrived at the Palace, those who remain indoors walk about with the peculiar vacant stare of people who look without seeing. They are usually overheard talking, not about anything there, but about each other and home affairs; just as Mr. Ruskin found the little children who had a day in the country discussing the latest murder or orgie that had taken place in their own alley.

As a rule, I think that merely mechanical, ingenious appliances excite but little interest. But the mixed citizens will crowd round any living thing, or any one who will explain anything to them, or do anything for them, such as play the piano. The real want of our museums and big Palace-shops for the people is "Cheap Jacks." I would have—on gala-days, at all events—all down the nave of the palace—and out in the grounds, too—the regulation cart with a voluble man on the top of it haranguing the passers-by, and explaining any and everything connected with his stall or entertainment. He should not be buried, as he invariably is now, mumbling inaudibly to half-a-dozen, whilst the rest see and hear nothing; but he should be lifted up on high, seen and heard of the whole circle round his stall. I would have that sort of instruction and amusement combined with commerce waged freely in the morning, whilst the people are fresh. After lunch the citizens are certain to take to the gardens, and those who do not will have got tired of walking about the Palace, and will show a tendency to crowd into the theatres and peep-shows, or to patronise conjurers, spotted horses, and two-headed nightingales.

The first burst of real exhilaration takes place about half an hour after leaving the train. A large number of the mixed citizens and citizenesses always get out into the air as soon as possible. They will race and tumble and scream with joy, bless 'em.

"Go in, old croaker!—the scene is not for you. They are up to no real harm—their ways are not yours—perhaps you never sat (in public, eh?) with your arm round any girl's waist in your life, and you think it very shocking. Those young people are much more sober and sensible than you give them credit for; and *honi soit qui mal y pense.* They have been pent up for months, stitching in close rooms, or quill-driving in dingy offices; they are quite frank about their enjoyment; they have no sense of wrong, and they are probably much more innocent than you. If you watch those girls with the fresh colour coming into their rather pale cheeks, and those somewhat rough young fellows, you will see that in most cases they know very well where to stop, which is perhaps more than you do—croaker!"

I have seen a girl in the full tide of her boisterous fun, stop short and check her noisy companion in the most decided and unmistakable manner. I have seen him take the hint, and resume his attentions within the bounds

The Bazaar of Oct. 28, says that Mr. & Mrs. B. Phillips, Manchester House, 36, Thayer-st., Manchester-sq., W., are the most Liberal Buyers of all kinds of Clothes, Uniforms, Jewellery, Gold, Silver, &c. Money orders sent for parcels. Appointments kept. Cash only.

of the conventional propriety of their class. I have seen the repetition of a liberty after one such check punished promptly by something like a cut—the girl transferring her favour to some more respectful or more manageable swain. There are cads and libertines in every class; but the mixed citizens, I maintain, will compare very favourably with certain classes who pride themselves on being less mixed, without being better citizens.

As the day advances eating will tell on some, drinking on others. Activity subsides after lunch. 'Arry lies about the green slopes or under the trees, tended royally by the wood nymphs, now tired of play and ginger-beer. To sit and watch the slow inflation of the balloon seems now appropriate. The ropes are not kept very strictly, and the indulgent policeman, whose own tastes are essentially popular, views with lenient eye the stragglers who are periodically warned to keep outside the ropes. The aëronaut and his men, who look on the crowd as their natural enemies, are less forbearing. I watched the aëronaut in person at the Crystal Palace chasing a particularly bold bad boy, who settled, like a pertinacious gnat, again and again on the ballast bags around the balloon, and insisted on fingering the balloon ropes. After a fierce and final race the zealous aëronaut flung his stick at the intruder and caught him a sound thwack in the ribs just as he gained the ropes which guarded the sacred enclosure. The crowd cheered lustily, for there were few who had not envied and hated that boy for having stolen such privilege with such impunity.

Altogether, I must confess that whilst every crowd will contain shady elements, the mixed citizens, as they live and move and have their being on Bank Holiday, come to no great harm. It is a day to be remembered for a whole year. At the end of it they are healthily tired out, and not fresh enough, even if disposed, for much mischief. I saw one man mopping his head; he could hardly stagger to the station—not from drink, but from sheer fatigue; his wife, with two worn-out children, toiled after him. "Ye've 'ad a good day," says she, herself almost fainting with heat and weariness. "Oh, lor, yes, Maria; and *to-morrer*, you know, I shall feel the benefit of this." Poor fellow! he could not conscientiously say he did so at that moment.

THE ITALIAN OPERA COMPANY.

So this Company has gone into liquidation. I always expected that this would come sooner or later. Even in the palmy days of the Opera, it seldom paid its way, and depended upon the subsidy of some sanguine enthusiast with more money than caution. Of late, the Opera has ceased to be the rendezvous of fashionable society, and people go there, not to see and to be seen, but to listen to the music. The result is that they pick and choose their nights, and only pay their guineas when the prima-donnaest of prima-donnas is singing. During the past season, Mr. Gye made on the Patti nights and lost on the Albani nights. Of course, there were reasons why he should have wished to push Albani. They were natural ones, but he did so at the expense of his pocket. Comparison between Patti and Albani is out of the question—the latter is a very fair singer, the former is a phenomenal one. By Patti's contract, she might have been called upon to sing three times a week. But she never sang more than twice a week, and when she suggested this or that opera in which she had made her mark, she was told that she could not be permitted to sing in it. Sentiment and affection are very laudable qualities; but they are expensive qualities to the manager of an opera house. I hear that Patti considers that she has so much cause of complaint, that although she has sung at Covent Garden for twenty-four years, and was anxious to complete her quarter of a century, she has decided not to accept an engagement there next year. It is by no means improbable that she will sing at Her Majesty's Theatre. If she does, I would recommend three nights of opera there a week, and no off-nights with minor stars. Almost invariably these off-nights prove financial failures.

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—Cheap Bread or Dear Bakers.

"COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home;
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin.
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own Temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home!"

Thus the thankful accents ring
We shall soon be asked to sing;
Thus it is, with heart and voice,
Choirs will bid us soon rejoice;
And, in truth, the golden corn,
Which we saw the fields adorn,
Told, in upland and in vale,
Plenty's sweet, ne'er-tiring tale.

Wheresoe'er upon the wold,
Bearded grain had warmed to gold;
There, beneath the sickle fleet,
Thickly fell the swathes of wheat;
Big the sheaves were there they bound,
High were heaped the wains that wound
Through the lanes and past the mill,
To the homestead on the hill.

Bright, indeed, our prospects are,
Plenty smiles both near and far;
And wherever we may roam,
Come glad shouts of Harvest Home!
Why, then, is it we refrain,
From re-echoing that strain?
Why do tens of thousands fail
To repeat the happy tale?

Easy 'tis to tell, alas!
Why this silence comes to pass;
Why without a shout of praise
On this harvest good we gaze.
This the reason, well we know,
Though our Maker doth bestow
His most precious blessing thus,
Yet the boon is not for us.

Though the barns may burst with grain,
We must unrelieved remain;
All this bounty widely spread
Will not give us cheaper bread;
And the gift by Heaven designed
For the good of all mankind,
Will but swell the spoils undue
Of the Baker and his crew.

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Come, let us denounce them, then,
Bakers, Millers, Middlemen!
Who, by secret steps they take,
Splendid harvests useless make;
Who unite to baulk the plan
Nature schemes to succour man,
And to seize that plenty dare,
That 'twas meant we all should share.

This is why, then, silence reigns,
Where might echo joyous strains;
This is why men mutely stand,
Whilst, throughout the fertile land,
In a merry rustic mode,
Home they take the last huge load!
This is why we do not long
To upraise the Harvest Song!

This is why our heart is sad
Though all Nature's face is glad;
Well we know this golden spoil
Is not for the sons of toil.
Whilst they hunger and desire,
Dealers craftily conspire;
Whilst their scanty food they mourn,
"Corners" will be made in corn.

Speculators, as of yore,
Will divide the plentous store;
What should give us boundless bread,
Merchants will enrich instead;
Bounty which the poor should feed
Will but sate 'cute Traders' greed—
This is why we do not long
To upraise the Harvest Song!

When the Bakers plot in vain
Old war-prices to maintain;
When the Millers vainly strive
Famine rates to keep alive;
When just measures shall proscribe
Middlemen and all their tribe;
When the plenty Heaven hath sent
Everywhere shall breed content:

When, in short, a harvest good
Brings the people cheaper food:
Then our eyes, with joy untold,
Shall look o'er the fields of gold;
Then we'll raise a welcoming cry,
As the groaning wains go by;
And we'll fill the heaven's blue dome
With our shouts of Harvest Home!

NOTES FROM PARIS.

KING OSCAR'S COUSINS.

THE King of Sweden came here last week mainly to see the Exhibition of Meissonier's paintings. He refused to grant interviews, and instructed the porters of the Continental to say to all visitors, save four whose names he gave, that he was "out." They were Colonel Staaff, another Swedish gentleman, the Duke of Albuféra, and M. Grévy. The King's suite did not lodge in the same hotel with him. He told them to go their way and let him go his. Colonel Staaff, however, was morning, noon, and evening with His Majesty, who called on divers musicians and painters without any ceremony. He is very tall, and has an interesting physiognomy: age begins to tell on him. During his previous visits to Paris he was tormented with claims of kinship from poor Gascons. He does not mind admitting the relationship of the Clarys, the Grosbois, part of the Murat family, the Wagt am Bertiers, and the Albuféra-Suchets. They are related to him through his grandmother, and are too opulent to wish to receive pensions from him. His kindred on the Bernadotte side are poor and pushing. King Oscar is a musical enthusiast, and paints fairly well. His brother, the late King of Sweden, was nothing less than a pictorial artist.

What floods of water have passed under the Pont Neuf since the third National Assembly migrated from Bordeaux to Versailles! I can ill realise that only thirteen years have elapsed since I saw M. Jules Ferry in the *salle-à-manger* of the Hôtel des Réservoirs breakfasting on a March morning on cold boiled beef, and giving to the brothers Ernest and Arthur Picard, and in the hearing of Queen Isabella and Marfori, an account of his escape from the Mayoralty of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. His *cotelette* whiskers were then very long, of a dark natural colour, and his figure slender. The morning dew hung upon them and gave them a weeping-willow aspect. He was too much upset with the adventures that had befallen him to be conscious that he was eating. Towards the close of his repast he had an audience so large that the end of the room where he was sitting was blocked up. Ernest Picard kept his hands in his pockets and listened attentively. But his little, blue, piggish eye showed that he did not take the recital completely *au tragique*. Every three minutes or so, M. Ferry stopped to take a mouthful of the cold bouilli, and almost as often Queen Isabella said in a stage whisper to her companion, "Je trouve que c'est un beau mâle." The bouilli was the only available food in the hotel. As M. Ferry swallowed it he uttered such exclamations as "Nous sommes un peuple perdu!" or "La France est bien ruinée; elle est finie; elle ne se relevera plus. Ces canailles de Parisiens lui ont donné le coup de grâce." At last, Ernest Picard ventured to reply: "Pas si ruinée que cela. Elle à la vie dure. Peut-être bien, mon pauvre ami, ce n'est que toi qui est flambé." M. Jules Ferry had been Mayor of Paris, to which post he was, after the capitulation, named by Thiers in the room of Étienne Arago. When the Government fled before the Central Committee, he, with characteristic tenacity, held his ground. From the Hôtel de Ville he was pushed into the Mayoralty of St. Germain l'Auxerrois and besieged there. Beams of wood were used as battering-rams against the doors by the besiegers, who remembered that Ferry, at the head of the Breton Mobiles, delivered, in the preceding October, Trochu and his other colleagues from the talons of Blanqui at the Hôtel de Ville. When the principal door gave way, a ladder was thrown across from a window of the mayoralty to the roof of the adjacent church. Over this impromptu bridge M. Ferry walked. He was hidden by the sacristan in the belfry, and at daybreak next morning he was let down from the tower with the bell-rope into a garden which the mob had forgotten to guard. At that time there seemed little chance that he would again occupy a high position. Judging it well to be out of sight, and therefore out of mind, for a short time, he asked his friend, Jules Favre, who was Foreign Minister, to send him to Athens as Minister Plenipotentiary. There he won the gratitude of a French Company, which had had a quarrel

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with a Greek Company about some black-lead mines, and became the friend of influential Athenians, who served him here when Gambetta was all-powerful.

Le monde était renversé thirteen years ago at Versailles. Lord Lyons was among the few personages there who could manage to keep up a respectable appearance. He had a comfortable flat near the Réservoirs, his cook, a fair number of servants, and stabling for carriages and horses. Jules Favre occupied a hole close to the Rue des Chantiers. Dufaure was in a pavilion near the Prefecture, where Thiers stayed. The Bishop of Orleans (who was indifferent not only to luxury, but to comfort) was quartered in a beautiful château at Viroflay, on the verge of the Porchefontaine racecourse. He was the guest of a devout lady who placed a troop of cooks, scullions, and valets at his disposal. She supplied the viands the former prepared, and out of respect for the bishop's robe went herself to live in a pavilion of the park. He was entreated by her to make himself thoroughly at home, and to invite to the table which she furnished as many friends as he thought well to ask. Monsigneur was of sober habits. In his palace at Orleans, his table was scantily served. But at Viroflay there were daily the *trente-six plats* of the French gala dinners set before him. He ate and drank through all the courses from absence of mind, and used to come to the Assembly with his face like a peony from the congestion which too full living gives. The blood came with such force to his brain that, on the coldest days, he used to walk from the Château of Viroflay to the Assembly hat in hand instead of hat on head. The Duc and Duchesse Decazes were over a baker's shop in the Rue St. Louis. The *Journal Officiel* was brought out in the old kitchens of the château, where a knife-board did service to the principal editor as a desk. A stable for some days afforded shelter to Louis Blanc and his brother Charles; and Comte de Mérode, Don Amadeo's uncle, had a shake-down, before he got a more regular kind of lodging, under the counter of a milliner, who had let her parlour to General de Cissey. The Comte de Chambord was staying incognito at the house of a partisan, between the old market and the cemetery. At the Réservoirs anarchy prevailed. Waiters lost their heads, and cooks were unable to keep theirs. Incursions used to be made by guests from the *salle-à-manger* into the kitchens and larders. They snapped up and ran away with anything they could lay their hands upon. The Marquis de Talhouët and the Marquis de Tillancourt were daring foragers, and made raids in sporting style. When they had breakfasted or dined themselves, they foraged for their friends. The hurry, confusion, promiscuity, short commons, and miserable quarters brought out a spirit of gaiety. A happy-go-lucky mood became universal. I look back with pleasure to the Versailles hardships of 1871. Nobody could posture at such a time. We were all deeply thankful for any small mercies that fate granted us. Those Versaillais who had big rooms turned them into dormitories. Sheets on lines, with weights attached to the edges next the floor, served to partition one bed from another. Refugees from Paris were too glad to obtain shelter under a roof to show fastidiousness. The last thing that would have occurred to any one would have been to ask who slept to the right or left. Sleep was rather promoted than prevented by the rumbling noise of the second bombardment of Paris. To create a "moral effect" the Artillery firing was most active at night. Those who could not obtain tickets for the Assembly, found pleasurable excitement in looking at droves of Communists marching to Satory. Another *distraction* was afforded in the early morning executions there. These entertainments were varied with ecclesiastical spectacle. Thiers, to humour the Comte de Chambord, and keep him from the Orleans, allowed "the scarlet lady" to parade herself in the streets as often as she pleased. Bishop and Canons, with a military escort, walked from church to church and *reposoir* to *reposoir*, in solemn procession on the Corpus Christi Sunday and its octave, and on Rogation Sunday. When everything had settled down, and I came back to live in Paris, I found a normal existence unendurable. It seemed to me also that fifty years had been crowded into the winter of 1870 and the spring and summer of 1871. This feeling was general. A great need for expansion sprang up. It found satisfaction in those animated scenes at the St. Lazaire station, and in the daily rush to Versailles and back again. The harvest of great orators who had been formed in the old slow-coach days had not been yet reaped, and they put forth all their power in the debates of the Assembly. Nobody could tell what a single sitting might or might not bring forth. At the outset the ring-leaders of factions were honest. But when they had for a few years rubbed shoulders together they agreed secretly to dispute, only for the amusement of the public, and to privately become good friends. We shall see for what object. The White nobility of the Light-horse group and the intimate friends of the Orleanist Princes were soon up to the throat in the Dupuis-Tonquin affair and Tunis speculations. Bonteux was constantly in the lobby. *Donnant-donnant* bargains were struck between adversaries. "You vote the Bône-Guelma railway, and we will find pretexts for accepting the Republican form of Government," said financing Royalists to Opportunists, who answered, "It 's a bargain." Émile de Girardin gave ample funds to his fair squadron to buy war paint with, and all the means of seduction that should go with it. Gortschakoff's pretty agents became a feature of the Parliamentary train and tribunes, where also beautiful creatures, who never wore the same bonnets twice, attended to the affairs of Bonteux. We owe short street dresses to these charmers. They were obliged to go on foot at a rapid pace from the railway to the Assembly. At first they gathered up their trains, and then they cut them short.

The ladies who attend the sittings of the Congress are, for the most part, the wives of rich members. They lodge, to be away from the heat of Paris, at the Versailles hotels, and are too thoroughly respectable to be amusing. I see that a credulous correspondent has written to a daily London journal to say that they only differ from the women of the Revolution in not bringing their knitting with them to the Assembly. As I am fond of movement and of what is picturesque, I wish this were true. The

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hats and toilettes are very charming, but I should as lief see them on wicker figures as on many of their wearers. M. Jules Simon's daughter-in-law is among the élégantes. She is slender, piquante, and has *le génie du chiffon*, notwithstanding her many solid qualities.

SPORTING NOTES.

THERE has been a good deal of betting on the Leger during the last fortnight, and Scot Free and Superba are now firmly established at the head of the list. In my opinion Mr. Foy's horse would be at half his present price if he were in a "fashionable" stable, and if it had been put about that Archer was to ride him. Challoner, however, has not had a long experience in the art of training, and the horse is doing so much work that a good many people are afraid that he will be overdone. There is no doubt but that a great many horses are overtrained every season, but Challoner's critics will do well to remember that on the Two Thousand day he brought Scot Free to the post in perfect condition, and it may surely be assumed that he knows better than anybody else how to manage the horse, considering that he has had charge of him ever since he was put into training. Scot Free won the Two Thousand in a common trot—just, indeed, in precisely the same fashion as did his sire fourteen years ago. I do not atta ch any importance to his defeat a fortnight later in the Payne Stakes by Harvester, to whom he was giving 7 lb., because he had evidently gone off in the interval, and Mr. Foy acted with considerable consideration for his steed, and with "sagacity" in respect to his own interest, when he then and there decided to withdraw him from his Ascot engagements, and to give him a rest until it was time to commence his Leger preparation. Scot Free will be ridden either by Osborne or by Platt, who steered him in the Two Thousand, so that there will be no lack of skill in this respect, although neither of these admirable riders is what simpletons call "crack jockeys." I have reason to believe that Mr. Foy has not backed his horse, nor does he intend to do so until just before the race, thereby following the same rational policy as in the Two Thousand. Superba was backed for a great deal of money at Goodwood, but most assuredly there is nothing in the mare's three-year-old form to justify the sanguine expectations of her friends. I understand that the one great reason which accounts for her unduly exalted place in the betting is Archer's notion that he threw away the Oaks, and that if he were to ride the race over again he would beat Busybody. It would be interesting to learn Cannon's opinion of this theory, which strikes me as being what Lord Lyndhurst would have called "nonsense and rubbish" —a mere fairy tale. Under any circumstances it would be only Archer's opinion, and jockeys are not the very best judges in the world of such matters; besides, if there were really anything in the notion, it is not conceivable that it would have so quickly become an affair of Punchinello's secret. On the contrary, the matter would have been buried in profound secrecy. Besides, how can any practical man reconcile Superba's form at Epsom (as it is said it ought to have been) with her display at Sandown Park? If she could have beaten Busybody, then decidedly she ought to have lost Darlington, even allowing for the difference of distance. Harvester is third favourite, but, for my own part, I should be sorry to take 100 to 1 about this horse. At Goodwood, on the Wednesday *before* the race for the Drawing Room Stakes, suspiciously long odds were betted against him for the Leger, although he ought to have come to quite a short price after his ten-lengths' victory in the Gratwicke. To my mind, he looks far more like breaking down than anything else. At all events, it will be long before he thoroughly recovers from his very severe race with Cormeille, in which he was most ruthlessly "punished" by Archer. Sir John Willoughby backed his horse both before and after his defeat, but that goes for nothing, as owners of his calibre are very wild in their speculations, except when they are inspired by wiser and more experienced people. Queen Adelaide, who from first to last has been egregiously "messed about," does not seem to have much chance at Doncaster. This mare ought to have been given a long rest after the Oaks, instead of being knocked about at Ascot and Goodwood. In all probability Sir Reuben will be the best from Bedford Cottage, but he will have to improve very considerably on his Ascot form to have a chance, as there he was just the same horse as Hermitage. This candidate ran twice last autumn in selling races, and could have been claimed (for he was beaten both times) for a very small sum. Last year the Sussex Stakes showed us the Leger winner in Ossian, and, after Hermitage's victory over Sandiway, he seemed, on a superficial view, to be the best outsider in the race, but after his defeat by Duke of Richmond he looked out of it. However, it must be remembered that both these races were run over a mile, and it is absurd and silly to talk of Leger trials over any such distance. Hermitage is said to have done well of late, and he would certainly require to improve very considerably on his form with Kinsky during the July week, which did not look much like a sprouting Leger winner. It ought not to be forgotten, moreover, that in the Craven Stakes Scot Free lost Hermitage, who, however, holds Kingsclere safe on the Ascot form—as he beat Sandiway the other day, and he is better than Brest, who defeated Cambusmore at Ascot. The bet of eleven monkeys about the Duke of Westminster's pair, which Lord Alington was "rushed for" at Ascot, may be regarded as lost, unless Cambusmore has improved a stone since we last saw him. He might easily become a favourite with Duke of Richmond as trial horse, but we have yet to learn that the latter can stay the Leger distance, and a gallop with him might prove wofully misleading. Nobody fit to be at large will put a shilling on Busybody until the day. She is doing very little work, but that is nothing against her chance in the estimation of any one who remembers the career of Petrarch, her sire. I should think, however, that it is fair odds on her breaking down as against her starting. Lambkin is the great "place" tip, but on what form he is entitled to stand at 100 to 8 I am quite unable to understand. Cormeille was so thoroughly fit at Goodwood that he is far more likely to deteriorate than to improve during the next month, and, after all, his victory

over Harvester was no very splendid achievement, as Sir John Willoughby's horse was giving him 5 lb., to say nothing of other considerations. Waterford will apparently be the only representative of the Yorkshire stables. He has been backed (by the anserous) at 20 to 1, but has now retreated to 40 to 1, and on his public form it is all the odds. Spring Morn's two-year-old running was more than respectable, but she has not started this season, so nothing can be known of her present form, or of her capacity to stay the Leger course; and I am not aware that there is anything in Mr. Houldsworth's stable with which she could be tried; except, indeed, that disappointing wretch Royal Fern, and he would be utterly useless for such a purpose.

There will be a good race at Doncaster for the Champagne Stakes. Lord Zetland's splendid filly St. Helena (winner of the Ham Stakes at Goodwood) will run, and Golden Ray and Armida will fight their Rous Memorial battle over again. Royal Hampton, Albert, Glamour, and Langwell may also be expected to start. Lord Alington has scratched Match Girl. It is given out that £500 is added to the Champagne, but in reality only £125 is given, as the balance comes out of the pockets of the subscribers.

Keir is going to Baden to represent "Mr. Manton" in the Jubilee Prize on the 25th. The stake will be worth about £2,400, and I should think that he will have no difficulty in winning it, as Little Duck and Archiduc are not entered, and there are no flyers among the German lot. Florence may run, but she must be stale by this time; and, besides, she has been overrated of late.

The racing at Brighton never was of very high-class, but at least there used to be plenty of it; whereas, in these degenerate days, one finds only meagre fields of bad horses. We are afforded frequent and flagrant proofs that there are far too many meetings; but not often are the signs so clear as at Brighton. There was one handicap with £500 added, and five starters; while another, also with £500, only attracted three. Still more remarkable was the failure of the selling races, which, both here and at Lewes, were formerly as well contested as are those in the Houghton week. Quilt won the Brighton Stakes so easily, that I should think Sir George Chetwynd would have done better to trust her at Goodwood instead of Spectrum, although I do not for a moment believe that she would have beaten Stockholm at the weights. The favourite was Gilda, a filly belonging to Mr. Jardine, but she never looked like winning at any part of the race. There was a very fine finish for the Cup, between Dalmeny and Lucerne, and nobody could have anticipated that over a mile the former would have won running at 13 lb., but perhaps Mr. Rothschild's horse was suffering from his exertions on the hard ground at Goodwood. The popular "Bard's colours" were, however, to the fore in the Stewards' Cup, which Brag won in a canter, and it was a great performance, as he was giving 32 lb. to Modred and Vermilion, and 44 lb. to Whitechapel. After the recent ignominious displays of Antler, nobody could have expected to see him walk in for the Marine Stakes, beating a large field of speedy horses.

The Lewes Meeting is only kept in existence by the two-year-old stakes. The handicaps are merely the ghosts of their old shadows. Not so many years ago the De Warenne was a second Stewards' Cup, and the Lewes Handicap took high rank among the summer events of that class, but of late years both have sunk into utter and hopeless contempt. Despair won the De Warenne in a canter, and it was a very creditable performance, as he was giving Antler 29 lb. If anything can be more wonderful than the original gross imbecility of the Lewes authorities in having two important two-year-old races on the same afternoon, it is their senseless pertinacity in persevering with that most idiotic arrangement, instead of strengthening the beggarly Saturday programme. Luminary was sent from Kingsclere to run for the Astley Stakes, and, of course, he was favourite, but he was beaten a long way from home, and there was a splendid finish between an outsider, Risingham, by Bertram, who was bred and is owned by Mr. Barclay, and the second favourite Cora, who beat Rosa Morn at Manchester. Lord Alington deserved his defeat for ignoring the injunction to be "merciful to his beast." Luminary has run six races in two months, and some of them very severe ones; and at Goodwood he was palpably stale, so that he ought to have been allowed the rest which he has certainly earned. I understand that he will not be kept for the Middle Park Plate. The Breeders' Stakes was won for R. Peck, by Lady Beatrice, by Muncaster—Blue Bell, who cleverly defeated Pepper and Salt, who was very heavily backed. Fordham reappeared in the saddle in this race, and he was loudly cheered as he went down to the post.

The only event of interest on Saturday was the Priory Stakes, which was won for Lord Cadogan by that useful filly, Lonely, who gave 5 lb. and an easy beating to Hurry, who was the better favourite of the pair.

The conditions of the principal stakes at Redcar and Stockton are well worthy of the attention of owners, whose interests are impudently ignored in favour of the breeders. The total stakes of £600 has only £400 for the owner of the winner, while the breeder gets £100, and £100 is divided between owners and breeders of second and third. Besides, instead of £600 being added, only about £180 is really given, as all the forfeits go to the fund. In the Redcar Plate of £400, the owner of the winner gets £250, the breeder £100, and the rest goes between owner and breeder of the second. Here nothing is given, as the forfeits will bring in more than the amount which is ostensibly added. Queen Adelaide and Gordon are entered for the former event, but I should think that neither will be sent so far for so paltry a stake, which will no doubt be won by something from Middleham. It is equally unlikely that Golden Ray, Cora, Royal Hampton, or St. Helena will be sent to Redcar.

The Great Northern Leger at Stockton is another entirely preposterous race, for although £450 is added (really about £220), the winner only gets £275, as £100 goes to the breeder; but the climax is reached by giving the owner of the second £25 and its breeder £50! Waterford should have no difficulty in winning the stake, if it be thought worth running for. The conditions of the principal two-year-old stakes are precisely the same—£500 added (about £350 being contributed by the subscribers)—and the owner of the winner to get only £325. It is high time that this new and most objectionable system of plundering owners by pandering to the insatiable cupidity of public breeders was stopped by the Jockey Club.

MAMMON.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

THE poor Anglo shareholders rose in open rebellion at the meeting last week, and, considering that the value of their investment is daily decreasing, while the chance of future dividends is becoming more remote in consequence of the threatened competition of the Mackay-Bennett cables, this is not surprising. There is no denying the fact that the days of the Anglo-American Company as a dividend-paying concern are numbered; and even the chairman, Lord Monck, could not present the Company's prospects in very rosy colours. I cannot, however, share the view of the strong minority of shareholders who voted in favour of a reduction in the sum of £75,000, which is set aside by the directors for the renewal fund. This fund only amounts to £640,000, while, as the chairman stated, if a cable like the French one had to be renewed, it would cost from £800,000 to £900,000. This means, therefore, that the renewal fund does not even amount to a sufficient sum to replace the cable which is most likely to go first. Information based on experience as to the probable life of a cable is not as yet available, but as the chairman remarked, several of the Company's cables may go together. What would the position of the Company be then? To my humble mind it seems that its very existence would be jeopardised. There is more reason in the suggestion made by a shareholder of a reduction of capital. If dividends are to be distributed henceforth, this step will have to be resorted to, for the Company's present capital of seven millions sterling is only represented by antiquated cables, which are worth certainly less than two millions. It is rather amusing to notice the manner in which the directors discuss the Mackay-Bennett competition. They are at a loss to comprehend that "two persons could be found able and willing to embark so large an amount of capital as is required in such an enterprise as the laying of two Atlantic cables, and to accept the risk, anxiety, and responsibilty incidental to their working and maintenance, without any reasonable prospect of profit." I should say that Messrs. Mackay and Gordon Bennett have a very different prospect with their new cables, constructed on the most improved system and at a much reduced cost, to that enjoyed by the Anglo-American Company, with its heavy capital burden and its enormous annual charges for repairs.

LONDON BANKING.

Mr. William Abbott, of Tokenhouse-yard, has sent me a copy of his Analysis of the Joint-Stock Banks of London. The figures representing the capital and total working reserves of the ten banks are shown in one very comprehensive table; another deals with the working expenses, the profits, and the return to investors; and the third gives a comparison of the principal items, with the corresponding figures of the previous half-year. Taking as a basis the dividends for the last two half-years, the best-paying investment to shareholders at the present market price appears to be the Imperial (£6. 1s. 7d. per cent.), the next best the Union (£5. 19s. 7d. per cent.), and the worst the Central Bank (£4. 13s. per cent.),—a rather curious difference. The total subscribed capital of the ten banks is £56,500,000, of which only £11,045,000 is paid up. The unpaid liability is large enough to make one wonder how much of it would be forthcoming should it ever have to be called up, and on how many people such a step would bring absolute ruin. Shareholders, however, never condescend to think of such trifling details. The total working resources of these banks, including deposits and acceptances, figure up to the magnificent total of £128,500,000. Doubtless the utmost care is taken in lending out and investing this splendid accumulation of wealth; yet some weak points must, I presume, arise in its disposal. I notice that at the meeting of the London and South-Western Bank, a shareholder, rejoicing in the significant name of "Pike," made some apparently very inconvenient inquiries as to the amount of £747,000 standing in the books for loans and advances. He wanted to know whether all these loans were paying interest, and at what rate; how long they had been standing in the books of the Bank, and whether they were all good debts and easily recoverable? The figures, he said, were exactly the same in 1878, which was indeed a remarkable coincidence. Mr. Pike, who facetiously called his lengthy tirade "a solo played in the interest of the shareholders," was not supported in his musical efforts by any one of his fellow shareholders—I suppose from a very natural wish on their part not to injure the credit of their property. I do not pretend to know anything about the affairs of the Bank in question. It strikes me, however, that it would have been wiser if the chairman had vouchsafed some information on the point raised.

A GIGANTIC ENTERPRISE.

This is the time for gigantic gooseberries, and, therefore, for gigantic ventures. At least, that must be the opinion of the originator of a scheme which is to be started with the modest capital of ten millions sterling, while power is taken to increase it to thirty-five millions. To that figure the "Indo-European (London to Bombay) Railways Company," just registered, appears to aspire. Railways are to be constructed from Tangiers, in Morocco, through Tunis, Tripoli, Egypt, Turkey in Asia, and Persia to Kurrachee, not to forget a tunnel from Gibraltar to Morocco. The whole scheme is cut and dry; for an enterprising French engineer has been prospecting, and will, against the modest allotment of £2,625,000 in fully paid-up shares, provide and maintain at his own cost an efficient engineering and surveying staff. He has also very generously consented to act as engineer-in-chief at a salary of £4,000 per annum for seven years, exclusive of his reasonable travelling expenses. Two and a half per cent. on the estimated cost price of the railway is also to be added. M. Jean Baptiste Bouville is evidently so very modest a person, that there can be no doubt that both he and his proposal will be received with open arms by the British investor. By the

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way, there is a president's berth of £1,000 a year. I wonder what lucky sprig of nobility will occupy it?

THE PRINCE STEAM-SHIPPING COMPANY.

I have received the following letter :—

Post Office Chambers, St. Nicholas-square,
Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Aug. 8, 1884.

Sir,—Your publication of Truth for Aug. 7, 1884, has been handed to me, and my attention has been directed by Mr. James Knott and other directors of the "Prince Steam-Shipping Company" to a paragraph on page 223. The paragraph appears under a heading calculated to place the public under the impression that there is something irregular in relation to this Company or its board of directors. My clients have every reason to believe their Company is likely to prove a great success, as their object is not to add to the competition undoubtedly existing in the steam-shipping trade by increasing the number of vessels already afloat, but to acquire at the present exceedingly low market values steam-ships which have been left upon the builders' hands, and consequently forced into the market for sale.

My clients in no way object to fair criticism; but such is clearly not the object of the paragraph in question. It is an attempt to damage, in a very covert way, a Company which is beyond suspicion, and the objects of which are perfectly honourable, straightforward, and businesslike.

Mr. James Knott, the managing director, is one of the most successful managing owners we have in the North, and his remuneration is in no way excessive, but, on the contrary, is considerably less than is paid in the majority of cases.

You very unfairly omit to state that the remuneration to which you refer includes the providing of an efficient staff, with offices for the Company, and other things which are attended with considerable expense. The latter portion of the paragraph is absolutely incorrect and misleading. Instead of each director receiving £300, the maximum sum divisible annually amongst the whole body is not to exceed that amount, and this will be a very trifling remuneration for the numerous duties the directors have taken upon themselves. I am not aware that a grocer is in any way disqualified from being a director of such a Company; but I may say the two gentlemen to whom you refer are both successful business men of standing, and already largely interested in shipping property. My clients desire no litigation; but it is clear the paragraph to which I have referred will produce a false impression, and should at once be corrected.—I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

W. Mark Pybus.

I do not precisely see of what this solicitor complains. If all the directors are to receive £300 collectively, so much the better for the Company. If the solicitor thinks a grocer a good director for a Steamship Company, he is entitled to his opinion. If the solicitor thinks that £200 per annum in respect to each steamship of 500 register, and 2½ per cent. on the net profits of each vessel, is not a large salary for a managing director, I think that it is. If the solicitor thinks that a Company founded at the present time to buy steamers and trade with them is likely to prove successful, I do not. If he supposes that to buy steamers "left upon the builders' hands" and to carry goods in them, is not to increase competition, what does increasing it mean? Let us, therefore, agree to differ, or if "my clients" prefer litigation, let us litigate, when the point will be fully established that, whenever solicitors, or directors, or promoters ask the public to take shares in a Company, any individual has a perfect right to tell them that in his opinion they will be wiser if they do not.

QUEER STORIES.

A CHOLERA SCARE.

MR. TIMOTHY FOX was an old bachelor of comfortable means and unsocial ways, who for many years past had lived entirely for himself and by himself. He was even more selfish than old bachelors usually are; and he had, as they invariably have, a monomania. His monomania was the fear of disease. Though brave enough and sensible enough in other respects, nothing could persuade him to go near any one suffering from an infectious disorder, or convince him that, if he did so, he could possibly escape the infection. He would walk a mile out of his way to avoid passing a house where there was sickness; and he admitted that he would rather suffer penal servitude than venture into those slums where fever and small-pox add to the misery of vice and poverty.

Accordingly, when in the early summer he heard that small-pox was becoming epidemic in London, he immediately determined to leave town. At first, as certain business matters necessitated his being near London, he only went to a western suburb; but directly these matters were arranged, and there remained nothing to interfere with his freedom, he decided to go to some seaside place. After a good deal of careful consideration he chose Dover; but he had not been there three weeks when, to his horror, the cholera made its appearance at Toulon. To most persons it would appear that the distance between Toulon and Dover is such as to preclude any serious chance of contagion; but to Mr. Fox it did not seem so. On the contrary, he was firmly convinced that before long that seaport must become a hotbed of the fearful epidemic. It was, he reflected, on the high road between England and France; what could be more likely, therefore, than that some Frenchmen, flying from the plague-stricken towns in the south, should carry the contagion to Dover? This thought made him feel extremely uneasy. If he had not contracted for his lodging for the whole summer he would have left at once; but having done this, and being of rather a parsimonious disposition, he resolved not to leave until the cholera reached, at least, Paris. But once it appeared there, no matter what it might cost him, he determined that he would take refuge in some quiet country place.

While he watched with anxiety and alarm the progress of the disease in France, and traced each day its movement northwards, he thought it would be as well to make all necessary preparations for an immediate departure, should that become desirable. This gave him but little trouble, for at Lilyburn—a little village about fifteen miles from Dover—resided a nephew of his, a farmer with a large family, who, on account of his poverty and children, was very deferential to Mr. Fox, in view of his wealth and childlessness. To him Mr. Fox wrote that probably before the summer was over he would pay Lilyburn a long-promised visit. The nephew replied by return of post that he would only be too happy to have the pleasure of his uncle's delightful company. Then, having settled this to his own satisfaction, Mr. Fox awaited the approach of the cholera with more equanimity.

One morning, when wandering up and down the Admiralty Pier he encountered Charley Reckless—a young acquaintance of his, and the son of an old friend. In reply to Mr. Fox's inquiries, Charley, who was a medical student, told him that, having been "plucked" at his last examination, he and a friend who had suffered the same fate had come down to Dover to spend the summer and to study for their next attempt. It immediately occurred to Mr. Fox that, as medical students, they were likely to know more about the great subject of all his thoughts—cholera—than ordinary persons; and so, though he was not

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fond of young men's company, as it generally entailed expense, he invited Charley and his friend, Mr. Bold, to spend an evening at his house. They at once accepted the invitation.

When they came they soon discovered the reason of the old gentleman's hospitality; but, as he gave them free run of his wines and spirits, they did not object to the position, and told him all they knew about the cholera, and a great deal more besides. They made his blood run cold and his hair stand on end by the terrible anecdotes they related to him about the sufferings and misfortunes of cholera patients, all of which anecdotes were, of course, evolved from their own brilliant imaginations. Mr. Fox was horrified, but still he was fascinated, by these accounts. He again and again invited the youths to sup with him, and every time they came he insisted on turning the conversation on the old topic. The young men were always equal to the occasion, and they seldom left him without having placed before him something more unspeakably ghastly than anything he had heard before.

But at length their power of invention began to fail them, and they got tired of the old gentleman's company, which was not, at the best of times, particularly entertaining, and of late it had been less so to them as he had been considerably more stingy with his wine. The novelty, too, had worn off of frightening him; in fact, the young medicos wanted some change in the entertainment. One day, however, Charley Reckless, who was of an inventive turn of mind, hit upon a happy idea. "Would it not," he said to his fellow-student, "be great fun to call late one evening on Mr. Fox, tell him that the cholera had appeared in Dover, and induce him to get into a cab to go over to Lilyburn, and then to spend half the night driving him to his nephew's?" They could easily, he maintained, when he had been there two or three days, write and tell him it was a mistake, and that the cholera had not appeared. The suggestion was no sooner made than agreed to; and they determined to put it into immediate operation—both chuckling over the old gentleman's rage and indignation when he found that he had been made a fool of.

Late the next evening, Charley Reckless and his friend called at Mr. Fox's lodgings. When they were shown in, he at once noticed that their faces bore a very serious expression. He anxiously inquired as to its cause.

"The fact is, Mr. Fox," said Charley, in a solemn voice, "the cholera has appeared here."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Fox, turning pale with alarm. "You don't mean in Dover?"

"Yes, I do," answered Charley. "The authorities are trying to conceal it, to prevent panic; but they can't. There have been nearly a dozen deaths already; and it's said there are over a hundred persons attacked. There's a terrible panic in the town. Every train that leaves is simply crammed."

"My gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Fox, in a helpless tone. "What shall I do? I wonder whether I could catch a train to-night for Lilyburn?"

"Don't try that," said Bold. "Very risky business, travelling in crowded carriages. Possibly your next neighbour has got infection. You should drive."

"Yes, yes, I will drive! It's only a few miles. Could one of you get me a cab, while I pack up some things? I thought I had everything prepared; but then I did not expect so sudden an outbreak as this."

"Yes, certainly," said Charley. "Harry, you run out and try to get a cab. They'll hardly all be hired yet. I'll help Mr. Fox to pack."

Bold started off at once; and Mr. Fox and Charley began to hastily pack a portmanteau. They had just finished their work when Bold returned with a stout hack and a closed fly, but without any driver.

"All that's left," said he to Mr. Fox. "No driver—all bolted."

"No driver!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "What on earth shall I do?"

"Never mind," said Bold; "Charley or I will drive you; in fact, we'll both drive."

"I'm so much obliged to you, Mr. Bold," answered Mr. Fox, a little doubtfully. "But I couldn't think of putting you to such trouble. I can surely get some one; I'm ready to pay anything."

"No use," said Bold; "no one to be had for money. It's no trouble to us."

"Not the least, my dear sir," interposed Charley; "not the least, I assure you. Just give me your portmanteau."

And before Mr. Fox had time to protest, his portmanteau was thrown on the top of the cab, and he himself was bustled inside. The young men then jumped on the box, and lashed the horse into almost a gallop.

For a few minutes Mr. Fox was inclined to accept the situation without objection, so glad was he to get out of Dover; but, before long, the pace became so great that he felt bound to put his head out of the window and remonstrate with the drivers. He might as well have remonstrated with the wind; they never paid him the slightest attention. So after screaming himself hoarse, he had to sit down again, exhausted and scared. He expected every minute the cab would go over, and he was surprised to find himself, at the end of half an hour, still uninjured.

As for Charley and Bold, they were enjoying the joke immensely. It was true they had carried it a little further than they intended. Instead of the quiet drive they had decided upon giving old Mr. Fox, it had turned out a wild gallop. But in their excitement they thought little of this. In fact, instead of wondering whether they had not gone too far, they began to consider whether they could not go a little further. "How would it do to upset the cab?" suggested Charley. Before he had well spoken, Bold, who held the reins, turned the horse into the ditch by the roadside, and, in a second, the cab went over, and Charley and Bold were flung head-over-heels to the ground.

Charley fell into the ditch, and was not much hurt. He immediately sprang to his feet and caught the horse, which, not having fallen, and being frightened by the shock, was plunging about in a dangerous manner. Then a glance round showed him his friend Bold stretched insensible on the road, and bleeding from a wound on the head. The cab, with one shaft broken and all the glass smashed, lay against the hedge. What had happened to Mr. Fox he could not say, but he was glad to know, by the cries coming from the inside of the cab, that, at any rate, he was alive. The serious state of affairs brought Charley to his senses. He now saw the folly of which he had been guilty in its true light.

As he was trying to calm the frightened horse in order to leave its head to assist Mr. Fox and to see to Bold, a man came running up.

"Upset, sir?" he inquired.

"Yes; give us a hand," answered Charley, thankful for the unexpected assistance. "Help the gentleman out of the cab."

"All right," returned the stranger, setting immediately to work.

In a few minutes Mr. Fox was on the road. He was considerably shaken, but not otherwise injured; and Charley was delighted to see that he seemed to have no idea that the upset was due to anything but pure accident. Bold was next attended to. He was suffering from a cut on the forehead, which, though severe, was, as Charley's surgical knowledge enabled him to see, not dangerous. He was soon restored to consciousness, and then was able to stand without support.

But the upset put them all into a difficulty. They were still seven or eight miles from Lilyburn, the cab shaft was broken, it was too late to look for another conveyance, and Bold was too much injured to walk far. Under these circumstances, things might have turned out very awkwardly if the man who came to their help had not, with rustic generosity, offered to give them the shelter of his roof for the night. This they all at last decided to accept, and the stranger conducted them to his house.

It was a neat little farm homestead, at no considerable distance from the scene of their mishap, at a pretty little place called Whitfield. Bold at once went to bed, and Charley remained with him. They both, however, were very hungry, so the farmer kindly took them a substantial meal up in their bedroom. Mr. Fox had a little refreshment with his host, and then also retired to rest.

Charley and Bold did not wake up very early the next morning; and when they did so, they didn't feel particularly well. Considering what they both had gone through the previous night, it would not have been wonderful if they were neither of them very sprightly. But they were worse than could be accounted for by anything that had happened. They were both deadly sick. Charley noticed that Bold's face was of a pea-green colour, and when he arose and looked in the glass, he found his own was the same. They felt so weak that they could hardly summon sufficient energy to put on their clothes. Neither of them could suggest any possible cause for their sickness.

When they left their bedroom, their host asked them to have some breakfast, but they both declined. The very sight of the rashers and eggs almost made them sick. They naturally, however, inquired after Mr. Fox, when the farmer told them, to their surprise, that their friend had left—having had an early breakfast, and started to walk over to his nephew's. They therefore decided to get back as quickly as possible to Dover, more especially as their host (who refused to accept anything for his hospitality) was by no means pleasant in his manner. He kept looking at them in an inquisitive and not over pleased way, evidently struck by their ghastly appearance.

"You both look extremely ill," he at length said.

"Yes," answered Charley, with a sickly smile, "we don't feel quite as well as we could wish."

"I've got your cab into workable order," said the farmer, "so I hope you will drive back at once to Dover and consult a doctor."

"Oh, we're not so ill as that," answered Bold, in a weak voice.

"I don't know," replied the farmer, in gloomy and almost sulky tones; "but at any rate, I should feel greatly relieved if you left as soon as you could. I don't want any more sick strangers in my house. I have had trouble enough that way lately."

"Of course, we'll leave at once," said Charley. "We've trespassed on you long enough already."

"Don't mention that," answered the farmer. "I'm sorry I have to appear so inhospitable. But only four days ago a Frenchman, whom I never saw before, while coming along the road, became suddenly ill. I was foolish enough to bring him here and send for a doctor. He died next night in terrible agonies in the very room you slept in; and the doctor said it was cholera. You may guess what a scare that was for me. Now I don't want to frighten you, but you have just the same look in your faces now as he had when I took him in."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Bold, turning a shade greener than before. "I knew there was something frightful the matter with me."

"You ruffian!" shouted Charley. "Why didn't you tell us that last night. Oh! my goodness," he moaned, "I'm dying; I know I am."

"Well, if you are, you're not going to do it here," cried the farmer, angrily; "I'm not going to have any more of that. Here, get into your cab, both of you. One of my men shall drive you home."

"You scoundrel!" began Bold, but he was too weak to say more, and, without making any opposition, he allowed himself to be put into the cab. Charley, in a similar state, was soon beside him. Then a labourer mounted the box and drove them rapidly towards Dover.

Every yard they went on their way to Dover they felt, or imagined they felt, worse, and, by the time they reached their lodgings, they were almost unable to move. In fact, it required considerable exertion on the driver's part to get them out of the cab and into the house. Once they were there, the landlady was instructed to send immediately for a doctor.

Before the doctor arrived, the postman knocked at the door with a letter for Charley. When that youth saw by the post-mark that it came from Lilyburn, in spite of his illness, he tore it open and read it.

"What a confounded old devil!" he exclaimed, in a tone so energetic, and so different from the one he had lately been speaking in, as to at once attract Bold's attention.

"What is it, Charley?" moaned that sufferer.

"Read that. Instead of our fooling him, he has fooled us."

Bold read the letter. It ran:—

My dear Charles,—I take the earliest opportunity of writing to thank you and your friend for the kindness and earnestness you both displayed in assisting me to escape from Dover. I trust the unfortunate *accident* did neither you nor the cab much damage. I should be sorry if you were put to any inconvenience or expense on my account.—Yours, &c. TIMOTHY FOX.

P.S.—Did the farmer tell you about the cholera-smitten Frenchman? He should have, because I paid him to do so. And how did your supper agree with you? T. F.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—I must begin this week by telling you something amusing. Mrs Fourstars' cook, having been given a week's holiday to spend with her friends in Yorkshire, a charwoman was engaged to fill her place for the time. This lady appeared on the scene dressed in ruby velvet, and with a bonnet trimmed with old gold feathers! What do you think of that? We lunched there the other day, and then went in a body to see the sanitary and insanitary houses in the Healtheries. These are substantial-looking brick buildings, both arranged upon precisely the same plan. The defects in the insanitary one are various, including many details with which I need not bore you; but the sanitary house is really delightful. Each room is supplied with an "inlet ventilator" for admitting the fresh air from without, as well as with an outlet one, for permitting the egress of the bad air. Each gas-bracket is provided with a pipe, placed above it and piercing the wall, through which the product of combustion is carried out of the house. This prevents the air inside the room becoming vitiated by the gas. The water-cistern, instead of being stowed away in some dark corner, where its condition cannot be closely and readily inquired into, is here placed in a dear little room, the whole of one side of which is window. Any one can, therefore, see at a glance if there be anything in the cistern which should not be there.

Mrs. Fourstars was delighted to find that the paper on the sitting-room walls was precisely like that she has just had put up in her drawing-rooms—a slightly-defined leafy tracery in a pale, warm shade of salmon pink on a deeper ground of the same colour. It is really so pretty that one grudges the space covered by some of the pictures. We came to the conclusion that in selecting what are known as "art designs" in paper, we are safe from the arsenical wall-papers. Those in the insanitary house are all of the most dreadful old patterns. One, for instance, has a series of diamonds arranged diagonally. In each diamond is a bunch of flowers tied with a flowing ribbon; just the sort of thing that exerts a horrible fascination over the eyes. One feels impelled to count the wretched diamonds, and even if one closes one's eyes, the pattern dances up and down and sideways before them. Another room has the most awful little blue sprigs dotted over it. In the sanitary house the papers are all harmonious in design and subdued in colouring.

The floors are polished, a design resembling parqueterie taking the place of a carpet, and a border running round the whole. It looked quite as pretty and as finished as a carpet, but would not be so cosy in winter, I should think. However, one could then have rugs scattered about, which could readily be lifted and shaken free of dust.

The electric light is recommended, instead of gas, as consuming no oxygen; but papa says it is as yet much too costly a business to get it supplied to a private house. He is, however, of opinion that it is the light of the future, and that posterity will regard us with pity and some contempt for having ever used such an atrocity as gas in our dwellings.

I do not care a scrap what posterity thinks, do you?

But I must not forget to tell you that the paint used in this sanitary house is non-poisonous; that the fireplaces are all tiled, and that the windows are made with what is called a deep "bead" on the window-sill. This is a piece of wood like the rest of the frame, but it comes up two or three inches in front of the lower part of the window. The object of this is to admit of the lower sash being raised without causing draught. The room is thus ventilated by the air filtering in through the slight aperture between the upper and lower sashes. This, however, is by no means a novelty, as we have for a long time had several of our windows fitted with a similar contrivance, which has the merit of being both effectual and inexpensive.

We walked round the Exhibition, and had some milk at Welford's dairy, where we invested in some Maisonnette cream cheeses, on Mrs. Fourstars' recommendation. They really are delicious, and I am sending you a tiny basket of them by this post. They are made by a lady, a Mrs. Boyle, of Ingatestone, and you know that when an educated gentlewoman does work, she puts some intelligence, as well as thoroughness and conscientiousness into her labours, besides a sort of dainty neatness which is a desideratum in the preparation of food. The cheeses are made from the cream of the Jersey cows, and there is a fresh "creaminess" about them that your refined palate will immediately appreciate. Do not forget the name—"Maisonnette."

Lilla writes from Cowes:—

Weather perfectly delicious, and *such* frocks! There is a girl here with a magnificent figure. I would give the world to know who is her corsetière.

(So like Lilla! She never gives Nature credit for anything.)

She wears the loveliest white dresses—always white, and in every possible material, ranging from poult-de-soie down to Indian muslin. Many of them are made with a sort of loose drapery from the right shoulder, crossing to the left hip; but these, of course, are only those of thin fabric. One of her mantles is made of white surah, lined with blush pink, and trimmed with Valenciennes. It looks a trifle dressing-gowney, but is *so* becoming. Up to dinner-time we are all severely nautical in our serges or Galateas. My Redfern is just the thing. I notice many perfectly plain skirts, with just a tiny pleating to throw them out from the ankles. An American girl appeared the other morning in a gown of navy blue serge, consisting of plain skirt, plain tunic very little bunched, and plain bodice. It suited her style, for she has a good figure and what Fred calls fine action. Some of the French hats are too preposterous. They look like market-baskets overturned, with their contents clinging to them. Especially absurd are they when worn by middle-aged women. One of these wears a hat crowned with a sort of small rosary, and Fred calls her "roses and wrinkles."

I am so sorry I got a housemaid dress. I cannot wear it, Madge. The most extraordinary persons have adopted it. Go as soon as you can to Russell & Allen and get them to send me down a sprigged muslin, of a rich, warm cream-colour, looped with bows of wide, tawny, orange-brown velvet, and with a velvet belt. The hat must be lined with the velvet, and must be something new. I don't care what, so long as it is *new*. You will know the sort of shape that suits me—quite straight over the eyes, and then curving upwards on each side just a little, little bit.

One of the prettiest frocks I have seen is of sulphur-coloured cloth, very light and fine, draped high over a skirt of striped brown and sulphur-colour. I will tell you more about the dresses in my next; but I don't want to lose this post, I am in such a hurry for the sprigged muslin.

I have sent her the sweetest thing you can conceive, which, whilst being deceitfully simple, is elaborately artistic. I can see Lilla from here, trying it on and dancing a *pas seul* of delighted appreciation before the glass.

Papa and Charlie dined at the Chinese Restaurant at the Healtheries the other evening, and their joint account of the repast is deliciously amusing. The Chinese music, as I know to my cost, is the most excruciating thing you can imagine. It is a series of ear-scraping discords, without a vestige of melody or a scrap of tune. A chorus of cats could produce no more awful sounds, and the solemnity of the performers is so delightfully inappropriate as to bring tears of laughter to the listener's eyes.

But Charlie told us that in addition to the other amenities of the performance, one of the musicians went through a sort of sea-sick pantomine, aided by his instrument—hardly pleasant at any time, but especially disagreeable when one is dining off strange things. The birds'-nest soup, he says, is tolerably good, and papa liked the "Fish-maw à la tortue" pretty well; but when he was telling us about it, he said, quaintly, "I can't think how I came to be dining off such incomprehensible messes as birds'-nests and fish-maw."

It seems, the only substantial dishes were "Pigeon de Bordeaux, farcie à la gelée" and "Crépinettes de porc aux Léchées de Madère;" but they were given in such very small portions that our hungry diners had two of each. The Shashsing wine was served warm, and was simply detestable. The colder it became, the more awful it was. One dish, they both agreed, was unmistakably seaweed. Another, called "Sharks' fins à la Bagration," might have been chicken, or frogs, or, in fact, anything. The salad was served warm, as well as the wine. Charlie says it was the most eccentric meal he ever indulged in, but that the fun of

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watching papa's face made up for everything. There were Chinese as well as English waiters, and the former are very quick, quiet, watchful, and neat-handed.

The unfortunate couple came home as hungry as if they had not had anything to eat, but we soon, thanks to our knowledge picked up in Mortimer-street, at our beloved School of Cookery, set some delicious cutlets before them, dressed à la Grévy, and a lobster mayonnaise. We were rewarded by being praised in Chinese, a slight knowledge of which they had picked up during their experiment of a dinner. They pronounced the cutlets to be "Hing ha" (very good), and cried "Etz hong" (encore) to the bottle of sparkling Burgundy.

The parlour-maid, who was wonderfully alert during such an unusual meal as an impromptu supper (you know how servants enjoy any break in the routine) was complimented in the mysterious words, "Pinghol Cēsāre" (good attendance), and thanked in the Chinese formula "Thusiana." You can fancy how she stared, and blushed up to her pretty cap. Should you ever be tempted to try the Celestial repast, you may like to know that the chop-sticks are called "Guardser," and that the two-pronged fork (a much more serviceable instrument than the sticks) is a "Fourdser." You must remember, however, that the spelling of these words is phonetic, and so might be considered by the Chinese to be slightly amateurish and arbitrary if you wrote them down. Content yourself, therefore, by using them verbally.

Maud and I tasted the Thé Impérial one evening, and though the flavour is peculiar, we agreed that we should soon like it, and it was certainly refreshing.

We are off to-morrow to spend a week with the Greys, and then on to Brighton for awhile. London is frightfully hot, so we shall be glad to get away.

Poor Evelyn got back last week from Rome. She had to undergo quarantine on her way there, and her account of the "brutality" of the Italian officials, and of her sufferings, is really piteous. She says she had to sleep on a bed that she would consider too bad for a dog, and that the odours were quite unspeakable. Her room was shared by a Frenchwoman and her children, all of doubtful habits, and the suffocating smell of the disinfectants added to poor Evelyn's wretchedness. She declares she never wants to leave dear old England again. Henry did not suffer so badly, as he was allowed to smoke as much as he liked. Evelyn said she quite envied him, and longed to be able to enjoy a cigar herself.

You would never guess what Maud is doing at this moment! She is positively writing to the *Times*, suggesting that the people who leave town should board out their cats or make some provision to prevent their dying of hunger while "their family" is away. At the Dogs' Home at Battersea, they are taken in for a small weekly payment, and can either have a separate room, or can live *en pension*, with a general *table d'hôte*. We have sent our cats there (Mrs. and Miss Kitty Molony, named after our laundress, who presented us with the elder individual), and as they are not ambitious of social distinction, nor exclusive in their habits, they are going to live *en famille*. Tim, our terrier, goes with us, having a general invitation from the Greys and their dogs. His airs of superiority over the cats, because he is taken and they are left, have been amusing us during the last day or two. Only that Mrs. Molony is of so calm and equanimous a disposition, and her daughter too much of a romp to mind anything so subtle as Tim's insults, there would have been wigs on the green.

A friend writes word from Trouville that the eccentricities there in head-coverings are great. Amongst other monstrosities huge sun-bonnets are worn, made of all kinds of materials. Inside them you perceive the face of the wearer at a long distance; and the roof of the edifice is crowned with lizards, beetles, toads, and any repulsive-looking animal you may like to suggest.

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The Princesse de Sagan goes about here in a Pierrotte hat. A very high crown, peaked at the top, is made of Manilla straw. In front the brim advances rather over the face, and behind it is turned up, and lined with poppy-coloured tulle. A regular shower of bows and ends of scarlet and blue ribbon forms the trimming. With this very becoming hat the Princess generally wears a costume composed of dark-blue mohair or delaine and scarlet foulard; the tunic is of delaine, caught up on the side with silver olives. The long pelerine of mohair is lined with scarlet foulard. The hood is lined with foulard, and a cascade of ribbons hangs from its point.

The old-fashioned game of battledore and shuttlecock has lately been revived in the environs of Paris, by a few of the great ladies, such as the Princesse de Sagan, the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld, and the Vicomtesse de Trédern, at their garden-parties. It is undoubtedly a graceful exercise, especially for slender people, and has the advantage of being less heating and violent than lawn-tennis. The battledores are ridiculously elaborate, and have plush handles, round which some fantastical motto is embroidered. The woodwork is of rose or sandal wood, the shuttlecock being of the same colour as the plush of the battledore.

For this exercise, it is necessary, of course, that the bodice of the dress should be as loose as possible. Here is the description of a very pretty toilette worn by a fair, slender girl at a recent party of the kind. It would be the very thing for lawn-tennis also. The bodice, quite loose, was of cream-coloured foulard, with sky-blue flowerets, and was gathered in at the waist by a blue silk sash tied at the left side. A sailor's collar of the silk was attached to a jabot of the same, and confined by the sash. The bodice had a basque divided behind from the waist downwards and turned up with blue. The sleeves, rather full, were finished off with small "sashes" of blue silk. The skirt was of foulard, over which was a second skirt, cut into panels, consisting of blue silk, the foulard appearing between the panels. In front was a plain tablier of blue silk, with wide strings which tied behind under the basque; and on each side were two deep slashes, bound with foulard. A becoming sun-bonnet of foulard, with blue silk trimmings, was worn with this toilette.

A most eccentric harlequin's hat was worn at the same party by a pretty woman. It was, of course, white straw, lined with very fine straw, and exactly in the shape of a harlequin's hat, well turned up in front, and coming down in two points at the sides. A regular cockscomb of scarlet velvet formed the only trimming.

There seems to be nothing which the cholera scare will not induce people to do. The last preventive measure taken in France is for men to trim their moustaches with carbolic acid, so as to keep the microbes away. It is said that even ladies are using carbolic acid; but that I can hardly believe—unless, by-the-bye some thoughtful "perfumer" has succeeded in preparing "carbolic rouge." This would, doubtless, be very popular.

During the hot weather, one of the most refreshing beverages I know is composed of a spoonful of currant wine or raspberry vinegar, a spoonful of kirschwasser, a lump of ice, and a glassful of soda-water, or of plain water.

For people who do not give themselves airs, and who are not too fastidious to eat rabbit, here is a most appetising way of cooking that little white-tailed animal:—

Bone the thighs and legs, replace the bones by pieces of bacon, sew up the openings so as to put the limbs in proper shape again, and having rolled the rabbit in buttered paper, put it on the fire in a saucepan with slices of bacon, small onions, carrots, thyme, parsley, a bay-leaf, and some stock. Let the whole cook for two hours on a slow fire, then strain off the stock, and serve the rabbit, cut up, on spinach, or else on stewed endive.

The Duc de Chartres is said to be particularly fond of the following dish, which rather needs some such aristocratic warranty:—

Take a calf's liver, whole, lard it well, and let it remain in pickle for several hours, then wrap it up in buttered paper and put it on

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the spit. When nearly cooked, take the paper away and allow the liver to brown. Served with tomato sauce it is said to have a delicious taste.

The following recipe for devilled liver results in a delicious little *plat*, just enough for a *tête-à-tête* dinner :—

Take the nnderdone liver of a roast or boiled fowl or Turkey; mash it smooth on a hot-water plate; add a little butter, some mustard, salt, and cayenne, with a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce or mushroom catsup. Spread on toast, and serve very hot.

You will find devilled almonds, prepared as follows, very good for dessert :—

Bleach four ounces of sweet almonds, and fry them with one ounce of fresh butter; drain them over a sieve; and then strew over them some salt, and cayenne mixed with a very little mace. Serve *very* hot.

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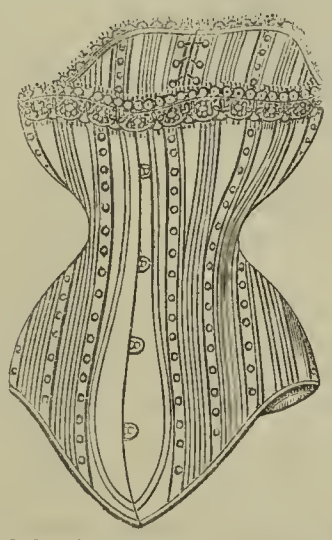

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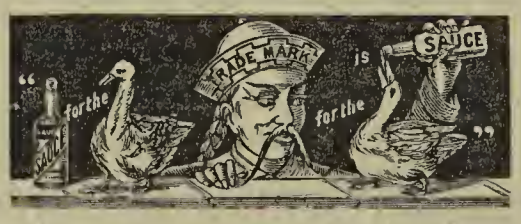

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OUR PUZZLES.

RULES.

1. The sum of £2. 2s. will be given every week for the best Epigram, Conundrum, Lipogram, Bouts-Rimés, or whatever the announced subject of the competition for the week may be.

2. The Puzzle Editor reserves the right, however, of dividing the above sum between two or more competitors, or of withholding the prize, should exceptional circumstances render such a course desirable.

3. The decision and award of the Puzzle Editor must be considered final and irrevocable, and, for obvious reasons, no appeal from his critical judgments can be entertained.

4. In every instance the Prize will be given in money, subject to no condition whatever, except the publication of the winner's real name and address in this journal.

5. Competitors will be allowed eight days for the composition and despatch of their efforts; but all such communications must, at the latest, be received at the Truth Office by the first post on Friday morning in the week succeeding the publication of the subject for competition.

6. Not more than one Prize will be given in a Quarter to the same competitor.

7. All New Contributors are Required to Forward with their First Answers their Real Names and Addresses for Registration; such names and addresses will not be published except in the case of Prize-winners.

8. The *nom-de-plume* chosen by competitors should not exceed 12, and must under no circumstances consist of more than 14 letters.

9. Competitors must on no account change the noms-de-plume they have once assumed.

10. On the announcement of the Prize-winner's *nom-de-plume*, the successful competitor must write and make formal application for the Prize, stating the address to which the cheque must be sent. Any competitor failing to do so within three months of winning the Prize will forfeit all claim to the same.

11. No communications can be received on post-cards, by telegraph, or by hand. They must all be sent by the time named above, in post letters addressed—

PUZZLE EDITOR OF "TRUTH," Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, S.W.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 286.

The parodies on the "Burial of Sir John Moore" were in many cases interesting. It was curious to notice, in fact, how ingeniously some of the competitors invented a subject for their parody. The invention thus shown was in several cases, it must be said, considerably superior to the skill with which the notion was metrically carried out. It was only natural that a political tinge should have been imparted to many of the parodies, owing to the circumstance that the Franchise Bill had been shelved in the Upper House, and that the agitation against the House of Lords had just commenced at the time the parody was given as a subject for competition. The result was that about half of the parodies dealt with either the Burial of the Bill or of the House of Peers. One fault which was found in several otherwise good parodies was the failure to keep up the dissyllabic rhyming endings of lines 2 and 4 in each verse.

The relapse into monosyllabic rhymes spoilt the swing of the verses, and should have been avoided. The difficulty in awarding the prize has been to find a "Parody" in which the general notion, the rhyme, the metre, and the style are all good. The more mechanical features of the competition, though not quite so important perhaps as the other points referred to, are of considerable moment; and the prize could not be given for a composition in which a glaringly bad rhyme or false measure occurred. It has been finally determined, however, to divide the prize between Jane Kennedy and Sefton, Orchis and Garryowen Jack being next in order of merit; and at the same time I would select for special commendation, with regard to all or some of the points which a good parody should contain, the following competitors—viz., Daleth, Guinea Pig, Observer, Yebrap, Hookwood, Bob Ridley, Estrella, Daphnis, Nestor, Mozart, Friar Tuck, Petrarea, Crystal Palace, and Autis.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 287.

Good anagrams speak so readily for themselves that it is unnecessary for me to point out in detail all those published last week which deserve special attention. There were several which, I think, it will be admitted, were exceptionally apropos. Very excellent, in fact, were those made by Roggee Sburt, Tan Tun, Legis, Dora, Bobus, Sycorax, Malignant, Repealer, No Name, Il Sien, Observer, Skedaddle, Crookstick, Cuckoo, and Eclipse, whilst many of those not named display considerable ingenuity. Estrella's Anagram would be very nearly the best of the collection, but for one fault, which is a rather serious one. She reproduces in her anagram, without alteration, the word "Marquis," which forms part of the original title she selects for her purpose. Any exact reproduction even of a much smaller word in an anagram is considered a decided flaw. A curiously apropos anagram, as it turned out, was "E. Churcher's" on "The Earl of Northbrook." This anagram, "Look for another berth!" was made and sent in some days before even the Cabinet had decided to send the First Lord of the Admiralty to Egypt. The coincidence is, to say the least, remarkable. But the best anagram of all, and consequently the one for which the Prize will be given, is the first of those sent in by Bandbox. The name and title taken is "Arthur Robert Talbot Gascoyne Cecil, Marquis of Salisbury," and the resulting anagram, "Can base bigotry or silly autocratic bluster quash Reform?" Bandbox's other anagram is also excellent, but the above is rather the better of the two. I had my doubts at first as to the spelling of "Gascoyne," but the authorities quoted by Bandbox, and the result of my own independent research on the point, convince me that "Gascoyne" is, strictly speaking, the more correct form of spelling the word.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 290.

The exceptionally hot weather shows no sign of breaking up as I write, and I am sure I shall be suiting the general wishes of the readers of Truth in taking for this week's competition such a practical subject as the following:—The prize of Two Guineas will be given to that competitor who sends in

The Best Recipes for Two Cold Dishes, one of which must be a "Sweet."

The paucity of cold dishes suitable to this torrid temperature has been demonstrated only too clearly during the past few weeks; and it is with a view of adding to the limited number of such *plats* that this competition has been decided on. It should be remembered that preference will be given to novel recipes, and that it will be useless to send in quotations from any well-known modern cookery-book. One of the recipes may relate either to an *entrée* or to any other dish suitable for dinner or supper, for a race-luncheon, or a picnic party, &c.; whilst the other must, as has been said, be some kind of "sweet." Any "recipes" likely to be new to the majority of Truth's readers will be acceptable. The whole prize will not be given to one competitor unless each of his recipes is the best of its kind, but may be divided equally between two. Let the recipes, please, be as brief as is compatible with their intelligibility.

Answers to Correspondents.

*** Several answers are unavoidably held over until next week.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 288. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

NOVEL SUGGESTIONS FOR THE FANCY FAIRS OF THE PERIOD.

Have the hall set out as an ordinary English home. In the kitchen sell articles of use in kitchens, with the fair vendors attired as cooks. In the nursery dressed as nurses, some as children, or sell articles of use in nurseries. So on through the house.—Borderer.

Let it represent a *fête* at Scheveningen. Cover one side of room with a sea scene, and the other with a flat shore scene, with white, red-tiled houses, &c., hired from the nearest theatre. Place in one corner a raised stand for band, and dot about the room a number of imitations of the large chair-huts seen on the Schevening beach, with a tray or board in front of each, covered with goods for sale. These chair-huts are shapedli ke gigantic bee-hives, with the fronts cut off, about 4ft. across and 6ft. high; they can easily be made of laths, covered and lined with canvas, painted to imitate basketwork; a small flag on the top of each could show the name of owner, &c. The stall-keepers might wear fancy bathing costumes, small woollen caps, white jerseys, plain skirts reaching nearly to the ankle, showing loose trousers, and flesh-coloured stockings, and bathing-shoes.—Cimiés.

1. Let it be called "The Picture Gallery," each stall being attended by the representatives of well-known pictures. Let a frame be placed in suitable position (curtained off, of course), and, at intervals, let the stall-holders, in turn, group themselves after the picture so chosen. An extra charge being made to see the picture. 2. Have the stalls arranged each to represent the reign of an English King or Queen, introducing its personages of note. Let a procession be arranged of all taking part. 3. Take the scenes and characters from a well-known novel or poem, such as "Vicar of Wakefield," "Idylls of the King," each stall reproducing a scene chosen from poet or novelist.—Gluttenshaugh.

1. The best way is to send attractive small boys and girls to collect purses of five pounds, and to say that if they collect a certain number no bazaar will be held. People will be sure to give them. 2. If money is no object, fit up the stalls inside cheaply-constructed balloons; cars to form stall or entrance. 3. Arrange plants, shrubs, &c., round a pound, and let the fair sellers dispose of their goods out of boats in form of gondolas. A canvas awning round edge of pond, and fireworks at night from centre, out of punts.—Veni.

Represent the Nijni Novgorod Fair.—Metz.

Hold it in a palace and tents imitating, as far as possible, those in the "Field of the Cloth of Gold." The palace was 328 ft. square, lined within with richest silks and tapestry, and divided into numerous halls, state-rooms, &c., sumptuously furnished. The ceilings were covered with silk or richly painted; the floors decorated with Turkey carpets, and in the plain around were pitched 2,800 tents, many of them large and magnificent, covered with cloth of gold or silk. The opening ceremonial might be made very magnificent.—Roggee Shurt.

Let it represent a wood, with 6 stalls, introducing the four seasons and day and night, with May-pole in centre for refreshments. Spring: A prettily-arranged fernery, with perfumed fountain, nymphs dressed as spring flowers, with Vertumnus in attendance. Summer: Flower-stall; Flora presiding, attendants in white, with wreaths of seasonable flowers and fruits. Autumn: Pomona and her nymphs in russet-brown, with wreaths of autumn leaves, grapes, &c. Winter: Father Christmas and Santa Claus, with a band of fairies, woodcutter, and two tiny boys dressed as robins. The Day and Night stalls could be similarly worked out.—Freckles.

To represent a sea-side resort, say a French watering-place. The stalls to be held in bathing-machines, stall-holders being in correct bathing costume. Instead of wells, or lucky tubs, there can be pools amongst the rocks. Concert by "sea-side serenaders." Sea-*weeds* can be sold as choice cigars. The bathing woman can, as usual, take money at door. An aquarium (on the Arts Gallery principle), and fishes all and oyster-bar could be introduced.—R. Gofton-Salmond.

Let the stalls be fitted to represent ice-caves in Lapland, the stall-keepers being dressed as Laplanders. The fittings or linings to be of sheets with bits of wool sown all over them, and then steeped in dissolved alum, which will give the appearance of icicles.—Magnet.

Arrange it as a Greek temple, with the stall-holders as gods and goddesses dressed in the ample drapery of Greek costumes, arranged to resemble marble.—C. Dick.

Have an open-air pantomime. Ladies as fairies and ballet-girls, gentlemen as clowns and pantaloons.—Lazybones.

Let the stalls represent the different centuries, from the first to the nineteenth, each presided over by people in costumes of the period, and stocked with goods appropriate to the respective ages. Each stall to be appropriately draped, and with surroundings as far as possible in keeping. The first century stall should be at the entrance, and the others in rotation.—Archibong.

1. Let stalls represent houses made of cards. Stall-holders dressed in character of court cards. 2. Gipsy encampment for stalls; tents, cauldron, with blue-lights for lucky dips. All stall-holders in gipsy costume. Fortune-tellers, basket-sellers, &c. 3. Represent a flower garden, each stall being a bower of flowers, and attendants in each personating different flowers. Centre stall thus—Floor green to represent grass, with shrubs, &c., round to form a parterre fountain, with gold and silver fish in centre, and at end of parterre a bower made of festoons of flowers, presided over by Flora, selling bouquets. 4. Refreshment-stall of trellis work, with green creepers, rustic tables, and seats. 4. Winter scene.—Let stalls represent houses or huts covered with snow (cotton wool, &c., frosted). Stall-holders in white tulle, with trimming representing icicles, ivy, holly, mistletoe, &c. Large frosted Christmas tree and snow pudding, presided over by Father Christmas. Ceiling to represent the heavens; moon and stars visible.—R. M. E.

Represent a winter scene in Holland or England, with a skating-rink (canal or lake scene), the houses to be covered with cotton-wool snow. At night the building to be lighted, only from the interiors of the cottages (stalls), some of the lamps to be covered with red and yellow, to produce a warm appearance. A band, with sleigh bells and a few polar bears (skins), promenading, would add reality.—Edward Wittmall.

Represent the interior of a theatre, with stage, and orchestra in usual place, playing low music the whole time. The sale-stalls to be arranged like boxes round the room. The bazaar to open with a well-known play, performed by the stall-holders, who will retain their costume when they begin to sell. The play might be repeated, with extra charge, at the end of the evening.—Vol-au-Vent.

Make it represent the four places of abode of the gods by dividing the room by suitable scenery, and having stall-keepers to represent the various deities, &c. Suitable tableaux could be arranged at the opening of the show. The chief feature of the above is its adaptability as to numbers, scenery, &c.—Charon.

Fit it up as the interior of a Baronial Hall. A property Old English fire-place with dogs, &c., for the logs; walls decorated with stag's heads, casques, pikes, cross-bows, *et hoc genus homne*. Tables placed lengthways for the stalls; ladies in Elizabethan costumes; a groom of the chambers with wand and chain round the neck, &c. 2. Fit it up like one side of a street in Paris, with cafés with awning stretched from the door across the pavement, and orange-trees in tubs to represent the trees on the Boulevards. 3. Fit up room to represent the deck of a man-of-war. For this purpose bulwarks should be built up enclosing the space. All male officials to be dressed as officers and able seamen; ladies in yachting costume. —Philbirene.

1. To hold a regatta of all nations on enclosed water. Boats of all nations to engage in races and aquatic sports. Sales, &c., to take place in tents on banks, or on house-boats and launches. There should be small boats for hire by visitors. 2. Representation of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, to be held in a wood or riding school, with sham tournaments, &c.—Eurydice.

Monster fungus, of different forms and tints, arranged as fairy ring. A stall or something under each, and name of fungus over. The stall-keepers could represent fairies, goblins, &c. Huge open-mouthed toads serve for lucky bags or as seats in the shade of a large sham leaf.—Kerry Pippin.

Reverse the situation. Let the stall-holders be in morning costume, and the visitors in fancy dress. Admission to be double in case of the rule being infringed.—Rita.

Have a fairy grotto made principally of Virginian cork, covered with tinsel; decorated with ferns and exotics (in hanging baskets, &c.), and lighted by fancy lanterns. The stalls to be in nooks or alcoves in walls of grotto. Stall-keepers to be in gauze dresses, with gauzy wings on shoulders and electric stars in hair.—Colin Clout.

Let the stall-holders with their stalls be made to represent well-known old nursery tales, with surroundings suitable to each, such as "Beauty and the Beast" in a rose bower, "Bluebeard" and his many wives, "Thomas Thumb," "Valentine and Orson," &c., &c. Scope for Oriental splendour would be given by "Ali Baba and his Forty Thieves," and other of the "Arabian Nights."—A. E. H.

Let each stall represent a nursery tale or familiar story, with articles for sale appropriate. Thus: "Jack Horner with Bran Pie"; "Alice in Wonderland," with stalls for pets; "Jack and Jill," a dairy; "Blue Beard and Fatima," an Oriental stall; "Polly and Susie," of kettle fame, would serve hot tea and coffee; the "Queen of Hearts," a refreshment buffet; "The Jackdaw of Rheims," to tell fortunes; "The Little Man and his Gun," a rifle saloon; "Mary quite Contrary" and "Beauty and the Beast," flower stalls; "The Ten Little Niggers," a musical entertainment —Wits.

Potiphar Peabody makes a similar suggestion as to Nursery Tales, and also proposes the representation of mythological personages, such as Ceres surrounded by corn, &c.

P. M. G. also proposes realising as many Nursery Rhymes, &c., as possible.

Have a large ship where the fête is to be held, made as on the stage; articles for sale could be hung on the lower riggings; stalls to be made round deck; refreshment on the poop; the whole decorated with banners. The walls could be hung with scenery of sea, and little rocky caves could be arranged; boys dressed as sailors might go about selling things, and there might be a Neptune and Britannia, also a light-house in one corner of the bazaar might serve as a stall.—An Australian Girl.

If in the open air, let bazaar represent the upper-deck of a man-of-war, with awnings, flags, &c. Tents to be named after wardroom, midshipmen's berth, &c. A grog tub to be fished into. The boatswain's, carpenter's, and gunners store-room could be utilised. If held in a covered space, fit up like the lower-deck, with messtables for stalls, &c.—Sewleybac.

Let the room be rigged out as the deck of a ship, or let a fête be held on board a ship, stall-keepers being dressed as sailors. The *jolly*-boat would, of course, be the refreshment bar; the fishponds over the side. Entertainments might be given—such as the dancing of a hornpipe to the tune of a fiddle, or crossing the line. At the beginning, of course, the boatswain should pipe all hands to make sail (sale).—Friar Tuck.

Let it represent a modern man-o'-war, having the walls fitted up like the compartments and cabins, and with all the articles in use on shipboard, and with the marine engines used by our Navy, and models showing the mode of building, armour-plating, rigging, &c.—Niobe.

Let it represent a village fair, with the sellers dressed as gipsies, and the stalls like fair booths, with a few caravans about. Afternoon tea might be sold, the kettle being boiled in gipsy fashion, and there should be fortune-tellers.—Esperant.

Let the stall-holders represent historical celebrities of any period or country, the construction of stalls agreeing as far as possible with character of stall-holder; as for instance, Joan of Arc, whose stall should represent her tent in the French camp; Cleopatra, with stall arranged in Eastern fashion, &c.—Poodle.

1. The stalls should resemble gipsies' wagons camped out and filled with goods, with ladies dressed as gipsies presiding. Some one dressed as the gipsy king, to declare the fête opened. There should be a gipsy queen, a fortune-teller, and a large pot, to act for the lottery. 2. The interior of a room converted into a ship, with masts on which goods could be suspended. A deck on which stalls might be erected. Gentlemen dressed as sailors waiting on saleswomen. Galley amidships for sale of refreshments.—Athalie.

A gipsy encampment and stall-holders and attendants—brunettes preferably, and neat-footed—to be clad *à la Tsigane;* stalls to be arranged as longitudinal sections of caravans; fortune-telling a special feature; tableaux from "Il Trovatore"; in anteroom gipsy queen, surrounded by her princesses, to hold levée, and award floral decorations to her débutants; music from guitar and zither.— Poodle Sec.

Mark out the place secured for the Fête as in enclosed plan (which cannot be reproduced here), viz., in islands, rivers, and garden; the rivers could be made like canals, the water being in troughs, deep and wide enough for small rowing-boat or gondolas. The islands must be raised by making a mound in the centre, with wood planks nailed together and covered with green cloth and moss, to form a slight slope down to the floor of room, pots with trees and shrubs, &c., might be used on the islands, on which stalls and tents could be arranged. One island should resemble a gipsy encampment, with gipsies, fortune-tellers, a large canldron of penwipers, pincushions, &c. Another island could furnish refreshments, a bigger one having stalls from Venice. A fourth might be arranged as the frozen world, with blocks of ice, artificial icicles, huts covered with snow, iced drinks, ices, iced coffee, &c. One island could be a garden, with various fruits and flowers. At end of the room a fountain, maze, and grove could be arranged with seats and summer houses. Each passenger crossing a bridge should pay 1d. The boats should be on hire to take people from island to island.—Seivad.

Hibon sends an amusing suggestion in rhyme, for which, unfortunately, space cannot be spared. Her plan is to have a fête at the "Healtheries," at which the Queen and Royal Family should all assist. Mr. Gladstone would be there selling chips made with his own axe; Lord Tennyson would give readings from "The Cup"; famous actors and singers are also to take part. In short, could Hibon's proposals be carried out, her Fête would inevitably be the one of the season.

Let twelve stall-holders each have a well-bred pony with their own or assumed colours. A field of four acres or six acres, round which the ponies could run, having a valuable prize in the event of either pony winning. Prize to belong to the persons who may have drawn name of winning pony. The stall-holders to be gentlemen, with lady helpers in jockey get-up. The stalls to be under canvas in centre of field. A grand stand of small dimensions, well made, with a heavy entrance fee. To be held in a horsey county.—Lord Alan.

T. H. M. sends a suggestion which, though certainly novel, is, I fear, altogether impracticable.

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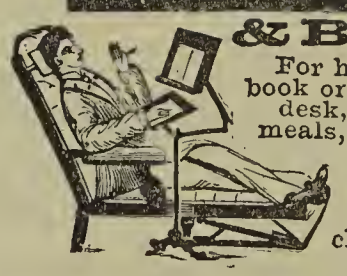

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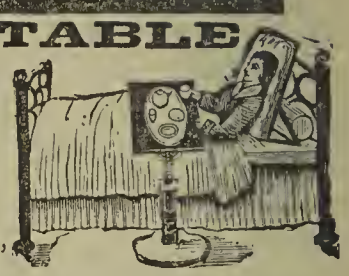

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No. 399. Vol. XVI. Thursday, August 21, 1884. Price Sixpence.

ENTRE NOUS.

THE Queen's removal from Osborne to Balmoral has been postponed, and it is now doubtful whether her Majesty (who will be accompanied to Scotland by Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Albany) will leave the Isle of Wight before September 5.

I HEAR, however, that the Queen's medical advisers have been anxious for her speedy migration to Balmoral, as Osborne is a terribly hot place at this season, and in really summer weather the Isle of Wight is so relaxing and enervating that it does not suit her Majesty nearly so well as the fine, bracing air of Deeside. Besides, at Balmoral it is always possible to go for a long country drive in the cool of the evening, however hot the day may have been, and no degree of heat there ever produces the stuffy feeling that is so common at Cowes in August when there is no breeze.

THE Queen has pretty well recovered from the accident to her knee, although she cannot walk like she did, and the loss for so long a time of her usual active exercises has, of course, had an unfavourable influence on her Majesty's health. Of late, moreover, she has been more than usually overwhelmed with "affairs," to use Lord Beaconsfield's expression, and public matters and private business have both been very heavy indeed, a great deal of the latter not only being of the last importance, but of a nature to cause much anxiety.

APART, too, from the shock and the grief of the Duke of Albany's death, the Queen has been horribly annoyed (in the widest sense of the term) by some most grievous and vexatious private matters connected with certain members of her family, which have greatly worried her. It may be hoped that a lengthened stay at Balmoral will prove beneficial to her Majesty's health, and also to her spirits.

IT has been stated by several papers within the last week that the Queen had "assured" the Claremont property to the late Duke of Albany "for life." This is quite untrue. Claremont was simply lent to the Duke of Albany; and, as I have before said, the housekeeper and several of the servants were in the employment of the Queen, and were paid by her.

SINCE the Queen bought Claremont "outright" she has spent at least £10,000 on the place, and most of the outdoor expenses have been defrayed by her Majesty, who was always exceedingly liberal to her youngest son. The gardens at Claremont are almost as extensive and fine as those at Frogmore. The Duke of Albany insisted that to keep up Claremont thoroughly, with a suitable establishment, would cost every shilling of £20,000 a year, so it is manifestly impossible that the Duchess of Albany can continue to reside there unless the Queen is to make her an allowance of £12,000 a year. Economical reforms of all kinds have been carried out during the last three months by Sir John Cowell and Sir R. Collins, but one would think that the Duchess would be far more comfortable in a place more in accordance with her comparatively limited income. It is, however, probable that she will reside with the Queen for some months in each year, and she may be expected to pay frequent visits to her family in Germany.

THERE are now no fewer than three Garters to be given away; but I presume that in accordance with the custom which has prevailed of late years of always keeping one stall empty (as a mark of respect to Lord Beaconsfield!) only two of these vacancies will be filled up. Lord Northbrook will certainly get one, and, as to the other, it lies between the Duke of St. Albans, Lord Rosebery, and Lord Sydney; unless, indeed, Mr. Gladstone thinks that Lord Cowley should be succeeded by a diplomatist, in which case Lord Dufferin will get it.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales and the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Germany had a very pleasant day's cruise in the *Aline* last Thursday. They went first to Yarmouth, where they landed, and, after exploring the town, they drove over the hills to Freshwater Gate, where they rejoined the yacht, and came back to Cowes round the Needles. I hear that the Prince has been much annoyed at the intolerable manner in which he has been mobbed at Cowes this year. It is utterly impossible for any of the Royalties to obtain a moment's peace when ashore; and the people who are most obtrusive and annoying are "society" persons, who certainly ought to know how to behave themselves.

THERE is no foundation for the statement, which has appeared in several journals, that the Prince of Wales proposes to attend the German autumn manœuvres next month. The Prince is to remain in Scotland till the beginning of October.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales are now in Northumberland, on a visit to Sir William Armstrong, at Cragside Hall. They will go from Rothbury to-day to visit Newcastle, and to-morrow they are to go to Tynemouth. The Prince and Princess will leave Rothbury on

Friday morning for Edinburgh by special train, and they are to arrive at the Waverley Station at two o'clock. They will visit the Forestry Exhibition in the afternoon, and the public are to be excluded between two and six. The Royal party are afterwards to be received at the City Chamber by the Lord Provost and other local notables, and later they will drive out by way of Barnton to Dalmeny Park, where it is understood they will stay with Lord and Lady Rosebery till the following Thursday morning, when they proceed to Aberdeen to present new colours to the Gordon Highlanders, after which ceremony they will go on to Abergeldie. The arrangements, however, have already been considerably changed, and it is quite possible that they may be again altered. There will be only a small party at Dalmeny to meet the Royal guests.

During the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Cragside, it is the intention of some farmers in the neighbourhood of Rothbury to present four black ewe lambs of the famous Cheviot breed to the Princess and her daughters. H.R.H. has accepted the proposed gifts, and intends to send the lambs to the home-farm at Sandringham.

Princess Louise finished her visit at Osborne early last week, and, after staying a couple of days at Kensington Palace, left on Thursday evening, accompanied by Count Gleichen and Countess Feodore Gleichen, for Cologne, on her way to Marienbad. The Princess will remain abroad for five weeks. Lord Lorne, who has been in Scotland for the last three weeks, left Inverary on Thursday, with the Duke of Argyll, in the yacht *Columba*, for a cruise among the Hebrides. They go in the first instance to Tiree.

The Grand Duke of Hesse and his son, Prince Ernst Ludwig, and the Princess Irene are coming over from Darmstadt next month to visit the Queen at Balmoral. Her Majesty is exceedingly anxious to bring about a reconciliation between her son-in-law and the Court of Berlin.

On Monday the King of Sweden arrived in Leith Roads in his yacht, and on Tuesday he left her and went north to visit Lord and Lady Breadalbane at Taymouth. He reached Aberfeldy at six o'clock, having travelled by special train from Perth, and he was met there by Lord Breadalbane. There was a large crowd of tenants in front of the Castle when the King arrived, and they gave his Majesty a hearty reception. The party at Taymouth included the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe and Lady Sarah Churchill, Count Adlerberg, Lord and Lady Sandhurst, Mr. and Mrs. R. Milnes, Mr. and Lady Margaret Campbell, and General Bateson. On Wednesday the whole party went up Loch Tay to Auchmore and Killin in Lord Breadalbane's yacht. On Thursday there was shooting over Urlar moor, near Aberfeldy, and forty-three grouse and six hares were bagged by the King in a few hours, although the birds are very wild. On Friday there was a grouse drive and a hare drive at Tombuie, but the weather was so unfavourable that the sport was a failure. Large dinner parties were given at the Castle on Wednesday and Thursday, and on Friday there was a very brilliant ball in the Banner Hall, to which most of the neighbours and shooting tenants were invited.

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Several French papers announce that the real object of the King of Sweden's visit to England is to settle the preliminaries of a marriage between his second son, Prince Oscar, and the Princess Louise of Wales. It has lately been rumoured in Germany that the hand of the Princess will be solicited by the Crown Prince of Baden, whose engagement to Princess Hilda of Nassau is said to have been broken off. This Prince has been singularly unfortunate in his wooings, as he was once talked of for Princess Beatrice, and he was refused by Princess Elizabeth of Hesse, and also by another German Princess. All such stories about the young Princess Louise may safely be regarded as mere "dim-dams" of the silly season.

Prince and Princess Hermann of Saxe-Weimar have left Shanklin, where they have been staying for the last five weeks, and go this week to Baden-Baden, for the races at Iffizheim. Prince Hermann is President of the Baden Race Club.

Some particulars of the German Emperor's establishment at Gastein show that although the hotel-keepers have nothing to complain of, yet the Imperial household is managed very economically. Of the fifty-four rooms occupied by the Emperor and his suite, thirty-four are at the Badeschloss, ten at Straubinger's, and ten at the Schwaigerhaus. For these fifty-four rooms the Court Treasury pays the sum of £166. 13s. 4d. a week. Besides early breakfast, the Emperor takes two meals—*déjeuner* at eleven or twelve, and dinner between five and six, to which some ten or twelve people are generally invited. The menu consists of soup, fish, two entrées, róti, pudding, confectionery, and fruit. For this dinner the landlord is paid 12 florins a cover without wine. The Imperial *ménage* brings the wine for the Emperor's own use from Berlin.

The Queen sent a box of grouse last week to the German Emperor at Potsdam, and another to the Empress at Homburg.

People must be sick and tired of reading the inevitably stereotyped paragraphs about grouse-shooting. The truth is, that so far from its being "a splendid season," it seems likely to turn out just about the same as last year; and that this would be the case was known to all who were able to see the private reports of keepers to their employers, which were in great contrast to the mendacious announcements in the daily and weekly papers. There is very little disease, and birds are plentiful and in good condition, but they are unusually wild, and if there is another storm they will at once begin "packing." Up to the present time there have been no big bags. It has been quite the exception to hear of a party killing a hundred brace in a day. Although grouse can be shot till December 10, yet practically the moors are deserted after September 1, so probably each bird that falls costs the tenant the best part of a sovereign.

It is often asserted, as a matter beyond doubt by those who understand Celtic nature, that, if the Irish only had the chance, the enthusiasm of their loyalty, in the sense of personal attachment to members of a Royal Family, would far transcend that of their more staid and matter-of-fact Scotch and Saxon brethren. To this the Duke of Edinburgh could possibly bear witness. His visit to Galway last week was eminently successful; in fact, everything but the weather smiled on it. Hospitality reigned supreme, and was none the less pleasant from its necessarily impromptu nature.

Lord and Lady Spencer returned last week to the Viceregal Lodge, after little more than a month's absence in England. Lord Spencer has been busily engaged at the Castle since his return. His courteous letter to the Archbishop of Tuam with regard to the case of the Maamtrasna informer has given much satisfaction, his Excellency undertaking personally to investigate the matter.

Ireland is very full just now. The tourists, however, are not the only strangers visiting it this year, for there has been an unusual influx of noblemen and landowners, who are rarely represented in the country except by their agents. In many cases those who neither toil nor spin are now first making acquaintance with those through whose hard labour they are enabled to enjoy a privileged idleness.

It is long since there has been such a tourist season in Killarney. The hotels are crowded to the fullest extent, the elect of society being represented in an unusual degree amongst the visitors. Lord and Lady Kenmare, with their family, are expected next week at Killarney House, their residence on the shores of the lakes. They have not resided there for the last three years.

I suggested last week that some reasonably short, and reasonably cheap, "Guides to Western Ireland," should be published. A correspondent writes me from Dublin :—

"For the information of tourists, permit me to say that there is no lack of Guide Books for every district in Ireland, and at prices to suit every purse. I was recently made aware of the wealth of books on this subject and found that Longley's Penny Guides, Black's Handbooks in sections, at 1s. each, and his more complete 5s. Guide to Ireland, Ward & Lock's Guides to Connemara, Dublin, and Wicklow, Bradbury's Guides to Killarney, Connemara, &c., at 1s. each, Guy's Guides to South of Ireland, Mr. Murray's larger complete work at 10s. or 12s., and a more recent guide by Wakeman at a few shillings, many of which can be seen on Smith & Sons' Bookstalls at Dublin Railway Stations, all amply supply the wants of the most penetrating tourist.—I am, sir, yours truly,

J. D.

Another correspondent writes :—

Your recent suggestion to tourists not to leave Ireland out of their programme has been read with great pleasure. May I point out that a useful and handy guide, price 2s., has been published by Mr. Wakeman, a most competent authority on the subject? Also that each of the large Railway Companies, notably the Midland, furnish very full particulars of their special routes; and that the Northern Counties Railway Company have opened at Portrush a large hotel, and in connection therewith run a special express service from Belfast, which is meeting with deserved success. Killarney just now is full, and the favourite road to Glengariffe by Kenmare is again pretty well frequented. But let me suggest that visitors to the North will be well repaid by a trip round the Antrim coast to the Giant's Causeway.

A truly singular method of preserving historical ruins has been discovered in Ireland. On the Case Hill, near Belfast, there was a short time ago an ancient castle. In order to protect its ruins from the ravages of time and of passing vandals, some local antiquarians determined to surround it with a wall, and employed a contractor to execute the work. The wall was finished in due course, but when the antiquarians came to admire the castle it was gone. The contractor had used the ruins for building material, and not a stone of the castle remained!

The Granville at Ramsgate is flourishing, to judge by the run upon it. The hotel itself is a monument of reckless expenditure by that Early English architect, Mr. Pugin; but this, of course, is to the benefit of those who use it. The food, which used to be so-so, is now excellent, and the air is so fresh and crisp, even during this spell of hot weather, that eating is a positive pleasure. On Saturday there was a concert in aid of a much-needed new dormitory in the Good Shepherd Refuge at Hammersmith, and the Good Shepherd must have netted a considerable sum, for the great Hall was crowded by charitable people, who, no doubt, took a deep interest in the "much-needed dormitory." Most of the performers were, with the exception of the Duchess of Newcastle, well-known amateurs, but she carried off the honours of the evening, not as a Duchess, but as a songstress. I was much troubled about her dress. It was deep black, and I could not make out where the sleeves began and ended. There seemed as much material in them as in the skirt. The effect was peculiar, and she looked like Donna Anna in the opera. Mr. Farren and Lady O'Hagan played a scene from the "School for Scandal." It is odd that amateurs are so fond of playing Lady Teazle, for the part is so difficult a one—although apparently easy—that it is a saying in the profession that no one can do justice to it without a theatrical experience of at least forty years. Not one actress now on the stage is able to do it justice, so far as I have seen their attempts.

At Ramsgate it seems to be thought that it is sinful to wash after ten o'clock on Sunday, for no one after that hour can bathe. This is all the more singular, as nine out of ten of the bathers are not of the Christian persuasion.

Why is it that Englishwomen insist upon making such strange objects of themselves when disporting in the waves that lave their native shores? A stout and a thin lady with a wet, clinging garment of dark hue are equally removed from beauty. It is not as though this garment were a necessity of the situation, for at any Continental bathing-place a woman manages to make herself a very engaging object when bathing.

A correspondent writes :—

Shanklin is simply crammed this season. There is not the traditional "room" to swing the traditional "cat." The German Royalties have all left, but in their places a very fair sprinkling of good people and a large caucus of the "middle classes" help to swell the hotels and crowd the lodging-houses. The visit of the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany to Prince and Princess Hermann of Saxe Weimar the other day had an amusing finale. They came in the *Alberta* and stayed at the Spa Hotel a long time, so long, indeed, that the tide had receded, and in order to reach their "gig" they had to accept the intermediate hospitality of a

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The Bazaar of Oct. 28, says that Mr. & Mrs. B. Phillips, Manchester House, 36, Thayer-st., Manchester-sq., W., are the most Libera Buyers of all kinds of Clothes, Uniforms, Jewellery, Gold, Silver, &c. Money orders sent for parcels. Appointments kept. Cash only.

bathing-machine, which took them into water sufficiently deep for the *Alberta's* boat to get alongside. That circumstances ought to be amusing enough for a Royal Diary by and by!

Another correspondent sends the following :—

Ryde, not to be outdone by Southsea, of which it is very jealous, has introduced Sunday bands. On Sunday last the band of the Norfolk regiment played a selection of sacred music in a rather indifferent fashion. It was half-an-hour late in commencing, which ought not to be. Why should people be kept waiting thirty minutes while the musicians regale themselves in the refreshment room? Very few of the *élite* of the town were present, most of the auditors being working-men and their wives and children, and the rest middle-class people who are staying in the place. The weather was delightful, and the people present seemed to greatly appreciate the entertainment. I believe the bands are to be continued through the season.

The annexation of Switzerland by the English goes on apace, and there, as elsewhere, it is marked, of course, by English churches. The last one is on the Bel Alp, Professor Tyndall's Alpine home, above Brieg. Foreigners are given to smile at the insularity of the English, who take their churches with them even up to the top of the mountains; but, personally, I think those churches are a very good thing. No one need go to them who does not want to; whereas, the other alternative—an English service in the *salon*—interferes with everybody.

Wiesbaden seems to have become the Patmos of retired German officers, as there are no fewer than 289 who are now domiciled there.

A word of warning :—

Dear Sir,—The *World* gives a list of visitors at "the excellent" Bellevue Hotel at Andermatt.

I had last month a week's experience of the extortion and incivility which characteriso that inn, which I have since had abundantly confirmed by other sufferers, and I think it right to protest against any recommendation of the place. My chief complaint was the flat repudiation of my arrangement for the "pension" of a party of five, and the substitution of charges which doubled the amount; other impositions, and abuse, being thrown in.

My "arrangement" was identical with that which I had made at those truly "excellent" hotels, the Thunerhof at Thun; the Jungfraublick, at Interlaken; and the Waldstätterhof at Brunnen.

I have thought it proper to write to Baedeker, a thing which I had not done during thirty years' holidaying in Switzerland.

I enclose my card for your satisfaction. Traveller.

I imagine that the well-meant attempt of a correspondent in the *Morning Post* to make out that the Italian quarantine is really rather pleasant than otherwise will hardly induce the average British tourist to face the ordeal. Indeed, as far as I can make out from his description, a day in the hotel at Luino closely resembles a rowdy "wine" at the Universities; and a "wine" drawn out for a whole week would pall even on the most playful "young barbarian."

The Duc and Duchesse de Chartres are making a tour of the Engadine, with several members of their family.

Prince Orloff arrived in Paris last week from Germany, and after staying a couple of days at the Hôtel du Rhin, left for Fontainebleau, where he intends to remain for the next six weeks, with his son.

The Duke of Cambridge has abandoned his proposed visit to Germany, as pressure of official business will render it inconvenient for him to be abroad during the autumn. The Duke has gone to pay some visits in Scotland, and since Friday he has been the guest of Lord and Lady Breadalbane at Taymouth Castle.

Count Münster and Countess Marie Münster, who have been staying at the family place near Hanover during the last fortnight, are going to Norderney for a short time. They will return to England towards the end of next month, after the visit of the German Emperor to Münster, which is fixed for September 21.

I hear, by the way, that Count Münster will shortly publish a treatise on European cookery, in preparing which he has been engaged for a long time past. The Count is a firm believer in the theory of that Duke of Norfolk who declared that there was as marked a difference between beefsteaks as between faces, and that a man of proper taste would find as much variety in a dinner at the Beefsteak Club as at the most plentifully-served table in London.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone will leave Hawarden next Wednesday for Dalmeny, where they will be the guests of Lord and Lady Rosebery until the following Tuesday morning, when they go North on a visit to Colonel Farquharson, at Invercauld, near Braemar. Mr. Gladstone will address two Liberal meetings in the Edinburgh Corn Exchange, the first on the afternoon of Saturday week, and the second on Monday, September 1. He is to visit the Forestry Exhibition on the afternoon of the 28th.

The fancy fair got up by the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe in Broxmouth Park, her beautiful place on the East Lothian coast (where the Queen stayed for two days six years ago), was the best ever held in Scotland. Over £2,600 was taken, the object being the restoration of the fine old parish "kirk" of Dunbar. The fair was opened by Lord Haddington on the first day; by Mr. E. Marjoribanks, M.P., on the second; and by Lord Elcho on the third. The Queen sent down a number of unpublished prints of members of the Royal family, and of interesting domestic events in her reign, which, of course, fetched very high prices. Princess Beatrice sent a very pretty fan, painted by herself; and the Duchess of Edinburgh contributed some beautiful Russian embroidery and other desirable articles. Princess Christian also sent several articles. The Duchess of Roxburghe's principal contribution was a large and very handsome fire-screen, worked by herself, which was purchased for the Queen by her Majesty's special order.

General and Madame de Bülow are coming to England next week from Denmark for a couple of months. They go first to visit Sir Henry and Lady Cotterell, at Garnons, Herefordshire.

Lord Shannon is staying with the Duke of Edinburgh on board the *Minotaur*. His lordship was also the guest of the Duke for several weeks during the recent Mediterranean cruise of the Channel Squadron.

The appreciation accorded by the highest circles during the last sixty years to Jewsbury & Brown's Original and only Genuine Oriental Tooth Paste proves the efficacy of this refined toilet luxury. It is compounded of rare and fragrant herbs in an especial manner known only to the sole proprietors and manufacturers, Jewsbury & Brown, Chemists, of Manchester. Its use keeps the teeth and gums in a state of preservation and soundness to old age, while its rare aromatic properties render the breath always exceedingly pleasant. It retains its invaluable properties in all climates, and can be obtained through all perfumers and chemists at home and abroad.

The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland received a large party at Alnwick Castle last week, including Lord and Lady Aberdare, the Bishop of Carlisle, and Mrs. Harvey Goodwin, the Bishop of Bath and Wells and Lady Arthur Harvey, Mr. Beresford-Hope, and the Dean of Chester and Mrs. Hudson. After the Royal visit to Newcastle and Tynemouth the Duke and Duchess are going to Kielder Castle for a few days.

Sir Henry and Lady Selwin-Ibbetson have started from Salisbury on a five weeks' coaching tour through Dorset, Devon, and Cornwall.

Lord and Lady Cowper are staying at Homburg for a few weeks.

Sir Watkin and Lady Williams-Wynn will receive a large party at Wynnstay next week for the marriage of their only daughter with her cousin, Mr. Williams-Wynn, of Cefn, which is to take place next Tuesday, in Ruabon Church. There are to be great rejoicings in the district, and Miss Williams-Wynn has already received numerous proofs of the immense popularity of her excellent father among his neighbours and tenants.

The Hon. Luke White and his bride have been staying for the last ten days at Aboyne Castle, Aberdeenshire, on a visit to Lord and Lady Huntly.

It is a fact that Lord Feilding is engaged to be married to the Hon. Cecilia Clifford; but the story set afloat by the *World*—which, like *Vanity Fair*, cannot spell the patronymic of the house of Denbigh correctly—is less correct. Lord Feilding had some time since planned an expedition to the Rocky Mountains, on which one of Sir Charles Clifford's sons was to have been his companion; but this was, of course, given up when the engagement became an accomplished fact. Very probably his resignation of his commission will be withdrawn—under influential pressure, I hear; but the influence is not, as the *World* imagines, that of the future Lady Feilding.

Whitby was, last week, honoured by a visit from the Marquis of Normanby. Judging, however, by the following, Whitby had to suffer no little inconvenience from the honour:—

Sir,—This afternoon on going down to meet the 5 o'clock train from London, in order to look after part of my family, I found a small company outside the station doors, being kept out by two officers of police. In vain did I and others appeal to be allowed to go in, as usual. We were told to go round to the other door. On doing so, we were there again confronted by policemen, who insisted that no one was to go on the platform—"Them's our orders." It eventually turned out that these high-handed proceedings were taken because the "Marquis of Normanby was coming by that train!"

Surely this fact need not and ought not to have called for the expulsion of the public from the platform.

Lord and Lady Alington are staying at Crichel with a family party, and will remain there until September 8, when they go to Yorkshire for Doncaster week.

Mr. Bright has been staying during the last week at Misarden Park, Gloucestershire, on a visit to Mr. Leatham, M.P.

The Belgrave Laundry, 194 & 196, Ebury-street, Belgravia A laundry for high-class families.

Lord and Lady Thurlow are entertaining a large party at Dunphail, Morayshire, including the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mrs. Childers, who arrived on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Gye (Madame Albani) have gone to Scotland for the autumn. They are staying at Old Mar Lodge, near Braemar, which has been lent them by Lord Fife.

Lord and Lady Leconfield have taken Fenton Tower, the residence of Mr. Lambton, M.P., in North Northumberland, for the autumn, and will reside there till they return to Petworth for the hunting season.

The Bishop of Manchester and Mrs. Fraser have been staying at Bath, on a visit to some relatives, during the last week.

I regret to hear that Lord Wilton is not progressing favourably towards recovery from the effects of the very severe operations which he has recently undergone, and his condition causes very great anxiety.

Sir Henry Lopes has recovered from the illness with which he was seized while on circuit, and has gone down to pass the long vacation at Heywood House, his place in Wiltshire.

Mr. Gilbert Farquharson, who has been down with scarlet fever for several weeks, is now pronounced well enough to go to Westgate-on-Sea to get up his strength.

My poor Edmund, what a terrible hash you make of it when you comment on, and try to correct, me! Last week, you were exercised about one of my paragraphs referring to the poor lad who was drowned at Lord Petre's school. To speak of the grandson of the brightest wit of our time, and the son of a well-known author and dramatist, as "the boy who was drowned," you opine is in execrable taste. But what had the talents of his father and of his grandfather to do with the sad accident? Death is the same to the son of the poorest rag-picker as to the son and grandson of the greatest wit and author. It makes all the world akin. Thornton Hall, you continue, is no more the school of Lord Petre than Taymouth Castle is Lord Breadalbane's establishment for young gentlemen. Here again you are in error. Lord Petre is a Catholic priest. Before he came into his title, he had opened an educational establishment. Since he has inherited his peerage, he has continued it. The body was, you go on to say, not covered with weeds, and Lord Petre himself took his young guest out of the water. All this is inconsistent with fact. And now, Edmund, take a long breath, for I am about utterly to confound you. My paragraph was taken from a letter written by Lord Petre himself to a mutual friend. This gentleman thought it as well that the real facts should be told, and requested me to do so with the letter before me.

Screens, with tea-cup shelf on each fold, from 21s. A large variety of screens in Japanese leather paper, needlework, stained glass, and hand-painted in all sizes and styles.—C. Hindley & Sons, 290 to 294, Oxford-street, London.

That the second Duke of Wellington, who died with such appalling suddenness at Brighton last week, might, had he been so minded, have played a distinguished part in life, was well known to those who enjoyed his intimacy, who had received some of the admirable letters which he wrote previous to the loss of one of his eyes, and who were familiar with the ease and versatility of his conversation, with his astounding memory, his power of repartee, and his many gifts as a *raconteur*. But the Duke was five-and-forty years old when his illustrious father died, and from that father neither he nor his younger brother, Lord Charles Wellesley, ever received justice. Whatever the Iron Duke's merits may have been—and I have no wish to decry them—he was neither a good husband nor a good father. He regarded his sons as youths of very mediocre capacity, and gave them no encouragement to enter public life. "He always treated us as duffers," his eldest son has often been heard to exclaim.

The second Duke used to tell a story which shows what the great Duke thought of him, and how little paternal affection he showed towards him. When Lord Douro was in the Rifle Brigade, his regiment was quartered at Dover. The hero of Waterloo was, as everybody knows, Warden of the Cinque Ports, and resided a great deal at Walmer Castle. It was his habit to invite to dinner all the officers belonging to regiments quartered at Dover, and the Rifles received the customary invitations, with one exception—that of Lord Douro. The regiment being about to change quarters, the following letter was addressed by the latter to his father:—"The Marquis of Douro presents his compliments to F.M. the Duke of Wellington, K.G., and would be glad to know why, alone among the officers of his regiment, he has not been invited to dinner at Walmer Castle." By return of post the answer arrived:—"F.M. the Duke of Wellington, K.G., presents his compliments to the Marquis of Douro, and begs to inform him that the reason why he has never been invited to dine at Walmer Castle is that he never called there."

By the way, the dailies are wrong in stating that the late Duke passed his military service in the Rifle Brigade. He was not appointed to that regiment until August, 1831. He commenced his military career, such as it was, in the Royal Horse Guards (Blue).

It is greatly to be regretted that the second Duke would never consent to allow one of his trusted friends to take down from his mouth some of the stories (many of them very instructive, and others very amusing) in which his father figured. The late Duke was constantly pressed—and by no one more than by Lord Wolseley—to call in a shorthand writer, and to repeat all that he knew about his father. "No, no," he invariably replied, "it shall die with me." Neither would he consent to have the vast mass of correspondence addressed to and written by his father examined. His Grace's old and intimate friend, General Charles Foster, of the India Board, often begged to be turned loose among the papers and letters of the first Duke, but he was always met with a steady refusal. It is to be hoped that the third Duke will not withhold them from the world. They are believed to contain revelations as piquant and as instructive as the Talleyrand Memoirs, which have not yet been allowed to see the light.

The second Duke's chief friends were, among ladies, Lady Dorothy Nevill, to whom he was engaged to pay a visit a few days after the week which saw his death; and among men the Rev. W. R. Gleig, and General Charles Foster. The Rev. W. R. Gleig, now almost a nonagenarian, is the oldest living author who still wields a pen. Mr. Gleig was present at the Battle of New Orleans in 1815, and saw General Pakenham killed, and some of the picked regiments of the British Army defeated by General Andrew Jackson and a few American backwoodsmen. Mr. Gleig, who subsequently took orders, and became Chaplain-General, wrote a spirited description in his "Subaltern," of the engagement at New Orleans, and having started as an author in 1815, he has quite lately contributed an article to *Blackwood's Magazine*. His mind and memory are still entirely unshaken. He was a great favourite with the Iron Duke, whose regard for "the Subaltern" descended to the second Duke.

Altogether, the loss sustained by society in the latter's death is far greater than is generally supposed. London contained few more agreeable or entertaining men. The late Duke retained, despite failing health and eyesight nearly extinguished, the spirits of a boy to the last. His latter years were devoted almost entirely to whist, and, when the weather was fine, to fishing in the Hampshire streams. About forty years since, the Duke—then Lord Douro—was a frequent visitor at Goodwood House. Lord George Bentinck persuaded him—as he endeavoured to persuade everybody—to buy and to train a few race-horses with John Kent. The venture was not successful; but, to this hour, Lord Douro's name will be found by those who turn back two score years and search John Kent's books.

I trust that great care will be taken in filling up the vacant Lord-Lieutenancy of Middlesex. Both the late Duke of Wellington, and the late Marquis of Salisbury who preceded him as Lord-Lieutenant, made use of their position in order to convert the Magistracy into a means of promoting the interests of Conservatism. The Metropolitan counties contain very few large-acred squires. They are the chosen haunt of the man of business, who buys a little villa, and whose desire is to be "genteel." In order to rise, as he fancies, in the social scale by appending J.P. to his name, there are very few things that he would not do. By dangling, therefore, the hope of being a Magistrate before the villa population of these counties, a powerful Conservative engine has been worked.

I see no reason why a Lord-Lieutenant should almost invariably be a Peer. Such a person is generally out of touch with public feeling. Even if he calls himself a Liberal, he is but a faint-hearted one, and he plays more or less in his appointments into the hands of the Conserva-

Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers n Porcelain, South Audley-street Grosvenor-square.

"Liberty" Arabian Furniture and Decoration. A new Sketch. book post-free. Liberty & Co., Chesham House. Regent-street, W.

tives. At the present moment it would almost be an insult to his followers for Mr. Gladstone to appoint a Peer Lord-Lieutenant of Middlesex. There is not—so far as I know—one single Lord-Lieutenant who is a Radical. I trust, therefore, that the occasion will not be let slip to appoint a thorough-going Radical as Lord-Lieutenant of Middlesex.

Lord Lauderdale was a man quite unknown to "society," but in his own country he was much esteemed, and he was very popular among his tenants, as he was a generous and considerate landlord. He had made liberal abatements of rents during the last few years, and he was the first landlord in his district to grant permission to his tenants to kill all ground-game. Lord Lauderdale was by no means in love with the hereditary high Tory politics of the Maitland family, but he took no part in public affairs. He liked a country life, and he was an ardent sportsman of the old-fashioned sort. He took a keen and practical interest in everything tending to benefit his neighbourhood, and he was most munificent to the poor about Thirlestane Castle. Lord Lauderdale was in the army in early life, and afterwards he served for several years on an English railway, first as guard, and later on as station-master. It was not till he was nearly fifty that it became probable that he would succeed to the titles and estates.

The late Duke of Buccleuch has left two wills; the one executed in December, 1857, deals with his property in Scotland; and the other, which was executed only eight months before his death, deals with his English possessions. The two deeds extend over 120 folio sheets. The total personal estate amounts to about £950,000. The Duke bequeaths to his eldest son the whole of his estates in Scotland, which represent over 435,000 acres, with a rental of £230,000. The present Duke also gets Montagu House, Whitehall, and a variety of bequests. The Boughton estate, in Northamptonshire (18,000 acres), goes to Lord Walter Scott, and Beaulieu, Hants, to Lord Henry Scott. The whole of the family are very liberally provided for; and the Duchess, in addition to her settlement and to certain specific bequests, has the use and benefit of the Ditton Park property for her life. The late Duke inherited the property of three families—the Buccleuch (Scott) estates, the Queensberry (Douglas) settled property in Dumfriesshire, and the Montagu estates in Bucks, Hants, and Northampton (worth nearly £40,000 a year), which came to him from his uncle, the last Lord Montagu.

The Burnley Hall estate in Norfolk is for sale. There is a special interest attached to this property, inasmuch as for many years it belonged to the late Joseph Hume, who, as an advocate of public economy, and an exposer of jobs, was far more consistent and energetic than any member of the present House of Commons.

Mr. Alfred Morrison's flock of Hampshire down sheep was sold off at Fonthill last week, when prodigious prices were obtained. Several two-teeth ewes fetched £16. 5s. per head, and ewe lambs went as high as £7 per head. The average for 1,350 ewes and lambs was about £4. 12s.

Two of the most silly things a person can do are to swim across the Channel and to cross it in a balloon. The former is an instance of misdirected muscularity; the latter has not even this to be said in its favour. Colonel Burnaby paddled his own balloon, but since then every few months we have a foolish person, eager for notoriety, hiring a balloon and an aëronaut, and trusting to a favourable wind to waft him over to France. His intention is announced in the papers. Later on there is an account of how the balloon was filled with gas (as though generally they were filled with sand), and then at last a telegram comes in hot haste to inform the world that the balloon has come down in a French village. This in its turn is generally supplemented by a recital by the passenger of what he thought and what he did when up in the clouds. It is invariably the same. The ships look very small; the balloon rises, then it falls, sometimes it remains still, and it hovers over the French coast. The passenger thinks that it is going again out to sea, but it does not; the French villagers are surprised, but eager to render assistance; the balloon bumps; finally, it is packed up, and passenger and aëronaut find their way to a railway-station and return from whence they came. If this trip amuses an individual, by all means let him cross and recross the channel in a balloon every day, but it is about time that we should cease to be bored with the name of every ass who prefers ballooning to other modes of progression, and with the most uneventful details of his experiences with the sea below him.

M. Edmond Blanc's large steam-yacht, *Nubienne*, has returned to Havre, after a two-months' cruise to Quebec and New York. The *Nubienne* was bought by her present owner from the executors of the late Lord Lonsdale, for whom she was being built on the Tyne at the time of his death. She was then known as the *Cambria*.

Mr. Edgcumbe, who has resigned the Mastership of the Stratton Hunt, which he has held for twelve years, was entertained at dinner last week at Stratton, when he was presented with a large silver goblet and other testimonials of regard. Mr. Bone, of Trevalgass, will hunt the country next season.

The usual opening picnic meet of the Devon and Somerset staghounds at Cloutsham was abandoned for this year in consequence of the recent death of Mr. Fenwick-Bisset, and the season commenced last week with a meet at Holmbush Gate, just above Porlock Weir. There was a comparatively small field for a first meet, but the air was so close, and the heat of the burning sun so intense, that it is wonderful that any man in his senses could come out on such a day. The sport was an utter failure—as, indeed, might have been expected under such circumstances. It is preposterous to attempt hunting on a day when the thermometer showed 75 degs. in the shade at eight o'clock.

A leading sporting paper in America states that some of the horses which run in the name and colours of a prominent member of the English Jockey Club are really the property of a well-known money-lender.

Army and Navy Hotel, Victoria-st., S.W., is probably now the best Hotel in London. Table d'hote 6 to 8. Cookery excellent.

The comparative success of the Australians at the Oval may be taken as an instance of the power of superstition, so common in relation with the national pastime. Cricketers have a great belief in luck, and especially in connexion with different grounds. It is no uncommon thing to hear of a batsman, "Oh, he never makes any runs at Lord's," or at the Oval, or some other specified arena. As far as Anglo-Australian cricket is concerned, there is certainly a fatality at the Oval against the English side, and the balance of matches played on that ground has been distinctly in favour of the Colonists, whereas their record at Lord's is anything but good. Setting aside luck, however, the Australians are certainly entitled to a great deal of *kudos* for their splendid score of 551, and though they could scarcely hope to twice get rid of the strong eleven opposed to them, in the time that remained at the termination of their own innings, they can congratulate themselves on having distinctly the best of the drawn game.

The batting of Murdoch, McDonnell, and Scott was certainly the finest display yet given in England by Australian batsmen, and Murdoch's 211 is a long way the largest score hitherto made in a representative match between England and her colony. It is doubtful, though, if Scotton's innings was not the most intvinsically meritorious in the whole match, though it did fall ten short of three figures, while for brilliancy Read's display far exceeded anything on the other side. For a man to go in last but one and score 117 in a little over two hours was indeed surprising. By the by, we heard nothing of a collection being made for Scotton, but, considering how talent-money has been flying about lately on the cricket-field, it is certainly to be hoped that the deserving professional obtained some more substantial reward than the deafening plaudits of the spectators.

I see that the discussion as to the destination of the Duke of Marlborough's pictures is renewed in the *Times*, and it is suggested that he should put them up to auction. Were he to do so there would be a knock out. The representatives of the various countries, or individuals anxious to purchase this or that picture, would agree not to bid against each other.

I take it that the only criterion of the price of a "great gallery" picture is what it will fetch. So few are ever on sale that an average is impossible. Take, for instance, Raphael. Whenever one is on sale, if a *chef-d'œuvre*, it is snapped up for a public Gallery, with this result, that before many years are over there will never be any in the market; for what a Gallery buys it keeps. The market value of these pictures must, consequently, increase, owing to the increasing difficulty of acquiring one.

Franz Lenbach, the celebrated portrait-painter, arrived on Thursday evening in Berlin, from Munich, and started immediately for Varzin, being commissioned by Pope Leo XIII. to paint a portrait of Prince Bismarck, which is to be placed in the Vatican gallery.

Notice.—Sale at great reduction for two months, previous to rebuilding premises, of Old French, Italian, and Spanish Furniture. Oak Panelling for Rooms, Old Tapestries, Bric-a-Brac, &c. Duveen, 181, Oxford-street.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne, having resolved to settle down in America, writes in a letter which has been published in the New York papers:—

> I would fairly have been stifled at the idea of having to spend my life in England. No American can live in Europe unless he means to return home—or rather, at any rate, to return here in mind, in hope, in belief.

I suppose this "butter" may be regarded as bread cast upon the waters.

This week, in Dublin, the composer's native town, the Carl Rosa company bring out Dr. Villiers Stanford's "Canterbury Pilgrims." By a curious coincidence, the soprano, tenor, and baritones taking part are all natives of Dublin. The Irish capital is keeping up, without doubt, the Celtic musical reputation.

Canon Knox Little is to preach the sermon at the opening service of the Leicester Musical Festival, on September 7.

Beaumont College loses a very popular rector by the removal of the Very Rev. Father Cassidy, S.J. One part of the Jesuit system is that the ablest officer should not be left too long in the same command; and, though Father Cassidy's rule at Beaumont has been singularly successful, he is not exempted from the law of the Society. His successor is the Rev. Frederick O'Hare—an excellent appointment, I understand.

Whatever the shortcomings of Ritualists may be, they are not afraid to let the people have a voice in the direction of Church matters, and it is, of course, through Ritualistic influence that the Secretary of the "Church of England Working Men's Society"—a body consisting, it is said, of 7,500 *bonâ-fide* communicant working men—has been asked to speak at the coming Church Congress at Carlisle. To see and hear a genuine Ritualistic working man will, no doubt, be a new excitement for the grave divines and their disciples who will meet for the "interchange of opinion" at Carlisle; and as Mr. Powell's subject is to be "the Sequel of a Parochial Mission," it will be worth while to hear what so obedient a son of Holy Church has to say for the enlightenment of his spiritual guides.

The *Church Times* soars far into the future when it praises the people of Bristol for having raised £60,000 with which to endow their revived bishopric. It need not, however, trouble itself just at present to speculate as to the appointment which will be made. Only £20,000 has, so far, been promised, and nearly £60,000 more has to be raised before the See will exist. I fear that between these two conditions there is as wide a gulf as that which separated Dives from Lazarus.

Dr. Gray, whose palace was burned by the mob in the Reform riots of 1831, was the last Bishop of Bristol, before the See was united to that of Gloucester. This prelate, who displayed considerable pluck on the occasion, was the father of the combative Bishop Gray, of Cape Town, who excommunicated Bishop Colenso, and grandfather of the no less combative vicar of Helmsley, who, on occasion, is more than ready to try a fall with his diocesan, the Archbishop of York. So great is Mr. Charles Gray's hereditary

talent for rebuke, that he once went so far as to take the late Archbishop of Canterbury to task, but Dr. Tait was not unequal to the occasion.

The death of Bishop Claughton places the Archdeaconry of London at the disposal of the Bishop of London. This office is worth £1,000 a year, as a residentiary stall in St. Paul's Cathedral is annexed to it by Act of Parliament. It may be hoped that the Bishop will make it his business to select a forcible and eloquent preacher, as the Archdeacon occupies the Cathedral pulpit on Sunday afternoons during three months in the year. The post of Chaplain-General, which is worth £800 a year, is in the gift of Lord Hartington, who will doubtless appoint one of the senior chaplains.

Bishop Claughton was an accomplished scholar, and one of the kindest and most charitable men that ever lived, but he will principally be remembered in the Church for his almost supernatural capacity for work; and there can be no doubt that his untiring zeal tended to shorten his life. The Bishop had acted ever since his appointment to the Archdeaconry of London as coadjutor to the Bishop of London, and he accomplished the greater portion of the heavy routine work of the diocese. He was for ever rushing about Middlesex to fulfil his numerous engagements, and not only was he a constant traveller on the Metropolitan Railway, but he was, perhaps, the only prelate who regularly patronised omnibuses. The Bishop's work was much increased by his appointment as Chaplain-General, which, at first, was by no means popular, as he had never served as military chaplain; but, in course of time, his activity and geniality quite conciliated the opposition that had been manifested. For the last thirteen years of his life he was certainly one of the hardest working men in the country, and previously he had been known as an efficient Oxford don, an admirable parish clergyman, and later as one of the most successful of the colonial prelates.

The following letter refers to the alleged burial scandal at Barking. I am very glad to find that "both the Vicar of St. Margaret's and his curates have an absolute loathing for bigotry in any form whatever." I wish their example were a little more generally followed:—

Sir,—Though I have not seen it myself, I am given to understand that there is a paragraph in your paper this week concerning the Vicar of Barking and an alleged "Burial Scandal." Will you allow me to state that there is not one single word of truth in the whole allegation? The Vicar was never asked to bury the unbaptised child, consequently he never refused to do so, nor, had he been asked to bury it, would he ever have dreamed of doing anything else but accede cheerfully to perform a service over it.

Both he and his curates, of whom I am one, have an absolute *loathing* for bigotry in any form whatsoever. To comfort and to soothe those who have lost their dead, not to worry and annoy with foolish ecclesiastical narrow-mindedness, is our duty, as it is also our great and exceeding privilege. The whole accusation is a tissue of foolish misrepresentations, not to give it a harder and more merited name. By inserting this, or the explanation therein contained, you will greatly oblige, Sir, your obedient servant,

Raymond Blathwayt, Curate of Barking.

Why should it be said that Baptists will be honoured by the elevation of Sir A. Lusk to the peerage, Congregationalists by the elevation of Mr. S. Morley, and Wesleyans and Presbyterians by the elevation of somebody else? Do Nonconformists really believe that their leading laymen will be in any way made better by being turned into barons or viscounts?

Captain Durrant, of the *Canada*, has been created a G.C.M.G. for his services as "Governor" to Prince George of Wales. Why this special distinction should have been selected for Captain Durrant it is difficult to understand, seeing that the Order of St. Michael and St. George is above all things a colonial order; and that the Captain's services in looking after Prince George were in no respect services to any of the colonies, nor had they anything whatever to do with colonial interests. It is certainly not an appropriate honour, and, considering how very careful and precise the Prince of Wales has always been in such matters, it is rather strange that he should not have interfered to prevent such an absurdity.

The citizens of Londonderry have arranged to give a ball to the officers of the Channel Squadron on Monday next.

I hear that the Horse Guards people have under their consideration a scheme of aërial warfare, which, after having been referred to a committee, has been reported upon favourably. Practical experiments upon an extended scale will be shortly proceeded with, probably at Aldershot. The inventor of this new man-killing machine is a German-American, who has given the subject much study, and claims to have discovered a system which will revolutionise modern warfare.

In view of the adoption of khakee uniform for English troops on active service, the opinion of the late principal medical officer of the Soudan Expeditionary Force is surely entitled to serious consideration. In this officer's report, which appears in the Appendix of the Army Medical Department volume for 1882, just published, it is stated that although the khakee uniform worn by the troops from India looked cleaner and cooler, it is more than doubtful if it is as suitable even for a very hot climate as the grey clothing, particularly when men have to bivouac. It may be hoped that Lord Hartington will consider this objection before finally giving orders for the general issue of khakee.

It is to be hoped that sanction will be given to the request which has been made by the Committee of the Royal Artillery Institution that the "reorganisation of the Royal Artillery" may be the subject of the prize essay for 1885. The Horse Guards authorities will be badly advised if they refuse the application. But, if they do refuse, cannot the Institution choose its own subject for discussion without reference to Pall Mall?

The German Consul at New Britain recently reported to the Colonial Secretary of Queensland the following exploits of Captain Davies, of the "labour schooner," *Stanley*, on the authority of the Government agent on board that vessel. A German trader, named Tetzlaff, having, "by false representations to the King," prevented Davies getting a satisfactory cargo of natives at one of the Laughlan Islands, a boat was sent on shore, and, as Tetzlaff took to the bush, his house and store were burnt, with everything in them. Subsequently Davies found that eight of his "recruits" had deserted. Upon this he made a fresh expedition to the shore, burnt down the King's village, and, not being able to find his deserters,

captured eight other natives, whom he kept as "hostages." It seems a little inconsistent, to say the least of it, that we should display our righteous indignation against the slave trade in one part of the world while this sort of thing is going on under the British flag in another.

Mr. J. E. H. Gordon has circulated a letter from his brother in Fiji, which throws a new light upon the labour question. His brother says that the Polynesians go to other colonies, because in Fiji only £3 per annum is allowed to be paid. There are, however, he continues, plenty of men willing to work in Fiji, but they are prevented from doing so by the chiefs. "They are absolutely their slaves; everything they have on which money can be raised is seized and sold by the chief; they are unwilling to work on a plantation, for their wages will be taken from them by their chief. What we want is that a native should be a free man; free to work and earn money if he wishes to; free also to spend it or keep it, when he has got it. Under the present regulations, no man may leave the district in which he was born; no matter how barren the land may be, or how scarce food, there he must stay, and live and die working for his chief and taxes, no matter what wages he can earn or how plentiful food may be in another district."

To kill a man in order to eat him is most improper, and to eat a man who has been killed by some one else, or by an accident, is a very nasty proceeding; but I am surprised at any one blaming the associates of Lieutenant Greely for having saved themselves from starvation by devouring the flesh of those who fell victims to the hardships of the Arctic Expedition. I am glad to think that I never was exposed to this dire necessity myself, but I suppose that human flesh is much like any other flesh; and, most assuredly, were I starving with the corpse of a friend by me, I should regard myself as very foolish were I to allow myself to die of hunger.

At the present moment London, though to all appearance blissfully ignorant of the fact, is within measurable distance of a water-famine.

The obvious lesson to be learned from the present state of things—not only in London, but throughout the country—is that we should take more care of the water when we have got it. Living in a country where the superabundance of water is a more common evil than the want of it, we are naturally slow to learn this lesson, and it might not be altogether an unmixed evil if we could have it gently brought home to us that a prolonged drought is quite within the manifold possibilities of the English climate. If it were once understood that the water supply of London is not even inexhaustible, there would be less difficulty in getting the public to appreciate its other defects.

I see that a correspondent of the *Glasgow Herald* says that, though "the Thames is bad, it is real rose-water compared with the Clyde," and that he "was nearly poisoned with the frightful sewage smell of the river from Glasgow to Govan. It was truly sickening, and it was not until we were well below Greenock that the sewage odours were lost." I am not a good judge of the comparative merits or demerits of smells, but anything worse than the "real rose-water" of the Thames I cannot imagine.

A friend living in the south of London recently sent me the wrapper in which he had received, ostensibly by post, a prospectus of a Vienna lottery. The wrapper bore an Austrian three-kreutzer postage-stamp, with the postmark, "Wien," in the usual form. It was addressed, in an unmistakably British hand, as it might be thus:—"Mr. John Robinson, 25, Maple Grove, Clapham Rise," without the addition of London, or even England; and to make the thing still more transparent, there was no English post-mark nor any other beyond the Vienna mark on the stamp. Obviously the thing emanated from London—probably from the immediate neighbourhood—and had never been through the post. I should not like to say whether the party who gets up and distributes these things puts himself within the reach of the English law, but the question might be worth the attention of the police.

They are odd people at Slough, to judge from some printed matter which has been forwarded to me. I gather that it has been determined to build an "Albert Institute" there. A letter from Mrs. Fanny Benyon Charsley is published, in which she says:—

> Mr. Elliman, one of the members of the Local Board, having promised to subscribe £500 towards building a Hall in Slough, but having refused to give a penny if this Hall is attached to an "Albert Institute," assuming that he is a Democrat, my husband at once cancelled the invitation to him to join his Committee, and told him that his Committee would not accept any subscription from one holding such disloyal opinions. I therefore venture to suggest that the ladies of the town of Slough and neighbourhood should take up the matter, and show, by subscribing this £500, their loyalty to her Majesty.

To this Mr. Elliman replies in a handbill:—

> Mr. Charsley having, in the bitterness of his heart at the defeat of his Upton Royal scheme, and his late attempt to induce Slough to put him into a position to obtain a knighthood, induced his wife (poor woman) to publish a letter with a view to hold me up to scorn as a disloyal subject of her Majesty, I beg to give Mr. Charsley the lie direct, and to say that there is no foundation for his assertions respecting me, and to intimate that I regard him as a foolish and malicious old man.

What an "Albert Institute" may be I do not know, but it strikes me that, as it in all probability would be as valuable were it dubbed some other name, it is silly to refuse £500 rather than give it another. The idea, however, of angling for a knighthood, by hooking the word "Royal" to villages, and insisting upon Institutes being called "Albert," is amusing.

Stylographic and anti-stylographic pens are the bane of my existence. I have tried them all. Each new one that comes out writes well at first, then something goes wrong. Vainly I bang the pen against my arm; vainly I put pins up it; vainly I refill it. There is something invariably wrong about these instruments, which either causes the ink to cover my fingers, or makes illegible lines or huge blots upon the sheet of paper. Surely this must be the result of sufficient care not being taken in making them.

I wonder that it has occurred to no one that Shakespeare has, in "Twelfth Night," anticipated the modern system of examination into soundness of mind. The incidents of the examination are almost identical. The feigned name and the catch question are present in

both cases; even the subject of question is the same, only in "Twelfth Night" *dis*belief in the transmigration of the soul is held conclusive proof of madness.

Clown: "What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?"
Mal.: "That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird."
Clown: "What thinkest thou of his opinion?"
Mal.: "I think nobly of the soul, and in no way approve his opinion."
Clown: "Fare thee well: remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits," &c.

At all the London police courts, with one exception, persons who are brought before the magistrates as wandering lunatics are examined in private, so as to avoid the unpleasant scenes and disturbances which these poor creatures occasionally cause. At the Mansion House, however, they are charged in open court, and placed in the dock, and it is consequently not an unusual circumstance to see some lunatic held by two policemen, and afterwards carried out of court cursing and screaming in a horrible manner. Two instances of this sort of thing occurred last week. It is to be hoped that steps will be taken to prevent a further repetition of such unedifying proceedings.

I am glad to see that Mr. Alderman Isaacs, who has frequently displayed an amount of common sense sadly uncommon in persons in his position, has fined half-a-dozen roughs for causing an obstruction in the streets by thrusting objectionable pamphlets in the faces of passers-by. I hope that other magistrates will follow his example, and put down a custom which has become an intolerable nuisance.

Last week I commented upon the case of a rough who was fined five shillings for a brutal assault upon a woman. Here is another of the same description. At Greenwich Thomas Young was charged with biting his wife. A medical certificate was handed in showing that a third of the woman's ear had been bitten clean off. As it was proved, however, that both parties had been previously convicted of drunkenness, Mr. Balguy "thought they were probably as bad as each other," and bound the prisoner over in £5 to keep the peace. Are we, then, to understand that because a woman happens to get drunk, she is to have her ears bitten off with impunity? It would really seem as if some magistrates were possessed with the idea that women are an entirely inferior creation, and that their lords and masters are perfectly justified in maltreating them to their hearts' content. I notice that the next case before Mr. Balguy was that of a woman named Parker, charged with being drunk and disorderly. She was sentenced to a month's hard labour.

I recently noticed a very stringent order made against the High Bailiff of the Macclesfield County Court, who had kept a bankruptcy in which he was trustee open for some ten years, and never accounted for a penny of what he had received from the estate during that period. Last week a similar complaint was made against this same gentleman, who rejoices in the somewhat appropriate name of "Loose." In this case Mr. Loose had kept a bankruptcy alive since 1872, and in the interval had received and retained £150. It is a little incomprehensible why none but civil proceedings have hitherto been taken against Mr. Loose. Unless, like Mr. Justice Manisty, he is independent of the Crown, the Lord Chancellor, and Parliament, it is certainly time that some one interfered to check his career as High Bailiff of a County Court.

I referred some time ago to the hard measure which had been dealt out to a widow on the Yorkshire property of Mr. Sotheron-Estcourt, M.P., who was evicted from the holding of her late husband because "it is a rule of the estate" that widows shall not remain tenants. The eviction itself was hard enough, but what was worse still was the attempt made to confiscate the poor woman's property. The matter was referred to arbitration, and Mr. Estcourt has just been ordered to pay £191, and, moreover, he is condemned to pay both his own costs and those of the tenant.

It is by no means strange that the recent debates of the French Assembly should have been of an exceptionally violent and acrimonious character, for it appears that the heat of the weather had induced so great a thirst among these legislators that in six days they consumed over 2,000 quarts of beer, 500 quarts of brandy, and more than 3,000 quarts of "miscellaneous" drinks, all more or less alcoholic. The consumption of these liquors was assisted by 2,600 lb. of ice.

Writing last week of the Tory meeting at Manchester, I said it was not surprising that it was unanimous, as entrance was by ticket, and that any one who, notwithstanding this precaution, objected to a single word said by Lord Salisbury, was at once removed. I now see by a letter in the *Manchester Examiner and Times*, that shilling return tickets to Manchester were issued, and that these tickets included free admission to Belle Vue after the meeting. As the correspondent remarks, "seeing that the charge for admission to Belle Vue is 1s. after five o'clock, it follows that a free pass was given to some thousands of those who attended the demonstration," and he adds that he "says nothing of the significance of a meeting got together on these terms." Nor do I.

For any one who wants a number of days in the country, I would recommend him to become the honorary secretary of a Conservative Association. This happy being is conveyed in special trains to the parks of the nobility, where he is feasted. The only consideration is that he should listen—or pretend to listen—to a few wishy-washy speeches. One of these gatherings took place last Saturday at Highclere Castle, under the auspices of Lord Carnarvon. The guests were informed by his lordship that they had "broken open the fountains of constitutional feeling," and that if they only took to heart "the fable of the bees," they might rest satisfied that a "signal victory is in sight." Then Lord Boston wished "to say a word, as a member of the Upper House." This hereditary legislator, of whose very existence few were aware, was "sorry to say that Ministers of the Crown had attacked the House of Lords," and this was all the more wicked because "the Upper House is fighting the cause of Conservatism." Then rose Mr. Alfred Austin, who, after the somewhat unnecessary preamble that "we are all Conservatives here," informed his hearers that never in his

experience had "Conservatism been so stirred to its depths," and that they came forward to "meet menace with menace, defiance with defiance, and agitation with agitation." The account of this picnic winds up with the announcement that "there was a plentiful supply of refreshments, to which ample justice was done;" and that this was so, I make no manner of doubt.

About two months ago, it was announced in Truth that Colonel Walker had agreed to become the Tory candidate for Westbury. I have now to state that he has withdrawn from the contest. He found that, under any circumstances, there would be a hard battle to retain the seat, but that it would be utterly hopeless for any one without local interest to make the attempt, especially as the Liberals have secured a very strong local candidate. I have reason to believe that the Tories will now endeavour to induce Lord Weymouth to come forward, unless Mr. Phipps will consent to stand again.

It was a little letting the cat out of the bag for Colonel Smith to have informed a Buckinghamshire audience that Ministers, high and low, and all who want to stand well with Ministers, must not attack the House of Lords, except in regard to their treatment of the Franchise Bill. We may, I presume, ascribe this to the fact that many Ministers are Peers, and that some who are not look forward to become Lords temporal. But the country is in no humour for fighting their enemies with the gloves on, and if all who address public meetings adopt this restriction, there is little doubt that the Conservatives will win the day. Is it to be supposed that we are going to expend time and trouble in protesting against one particular act of the Peers, and to leave them in possession of the power to stultify and nullify Liberal legislation whenever it pleases them? The issue is not whether the Peers are right or wrong in insisting that reduction of the franchise and redistribution are to go together; but whether Lord Salisbury, whenever his party are defeated in the country at an election, is to be able to force on a dissolution. To my thinking, the existence of an Upper Chamber composed of hereditary Tory landlords is so monstrous an absurdity, that I should as soon think of arguing as to its advantage or disadvantage as about the advantage or disadvantage of a mad bull in a china shop.

Mr. Gladstone cannot be expected at the close of his career to inaugurate an agitation for the extinction of hereditary legislators. He has done much good work, and for this we are sincerely thankful to him. But if either he or any of his colleagues suppose that Radicals are prepared to put off this issue he is mistaken. The amendment which ought to be moved at every Liberal meeting is the resolution of the Long Parliament:—"The House of Peers in Parliament is useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished."

The Franchise question will, I suppose, sleep for a week or so. We must remember that the real issue is whether the Conservative leaders have a right to force a dissolution whenever it suits their purposes against the wishes of the Executive and of the House of Commons. If so, they possess a power greater than that of the Crown and of the people. Whenever a Liberal Ministry is in office, and the Conservatives fancy that it is for the moment unpopular, their leader in the Lords will precipitate a dissolution, and carry it out by the votes of the poor, silly coroneted sheep who obey his bell.

The people in Egypt who have obtained awards for property destroyed during the Alexandria fire, are exceedingly indignant at not being paid. Three-quarters of these "victims" are swindlers, who have managed to get an award for a sum far in excess of the value of what they have lost. But where is the money to come from? This Levantine tag-rag cannot really imagine that the British taxpayer is going to pay them. Egypt cannot, unless the interest on the debt be reduced. They are in the position of people who have obtained excessive damages against a bankrupt.

Our best plan is to leave all Egyptian creditors to stew in their own juice. We are pledged to effect a reduction in taxation, and to suppose that interest on indebtedness can be paid, and all administrative requirements ignored, is tantamount to saying that a railway can earn a dividend by carrying passengers without buying coal for its engines. If, so long as we are there, we make administration the first charge, and only give creditors what remains after this charge has been met, we shall soon have creditors urging the French Government to come to some permanent arrangement with us, for half a loaf is better than no loaf. As for the French Government supposing that we are going to flog out of the fellahs enough money to satisfy the greed of their clients, the cosmopolitan usurers, this is, of course, out of the question—we are not Shylock's taskmasters!

It would be by no means a bad plan to pay, for the present, all indemnity claims and all interest upon bonds in paper. They would be convertible into money whenever there is a surplus over necessary administrative expenditure. The French could not complain of this, for it is precisely what they did themselves, as a result of their struggle with Germany.

In acknowledging the following amounts, Miss English wishes me to thank most heartily the various subscribers for the liberal assistance they have given her, and to state that she has now ample funds in hand for all expenditure on this year's boarding-out of the children. Miss English has carried on the work from the early spring until now, in the face of severe opposition, as the people at Lyndhurst had a horror of small-pox, and looked upon every London child as a source of infection; but, so far, no case of illness has arisen from the presence of the little strangers. A friend who has been at Lyndhurst tells me that she has seen the children playing about, and talked to them; and adds that they are as a rule bright and intelligent, know how to amuse themselves harmlessly, and that, without exception, the various "dames" give them excellent characters.

A Father	£5	0	0
Mrs. Dalley	0	10	0
Mr. Barclay	20	0	0

SCRUTATOR.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

THE attractions at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts are not likely to languish under the direction of Mr. A. G. Crowe. Next to Mr. Crowe and the Coldstream Guards, the most telling thing about the management is a never-ending bar, with white tablecloth, extending the whole width of the stage, and jutting out as far as eye can reach on either side of the orchestra, served, you may rely upon it, by persons of experience and vivacity.

Mr. A. G. Crowe gives plenty of variety and some novelty. A charming valse by Delibes, *lente e pizzicati*—that is, not too fast, and plucked on the violins with the finger—has had a great success, having been already repeated "by desire."

A pleasant gavotte, by Kottaun, was heard last week for the first time, and encored with enthusiasm. Enthusiasm is the prevailing tone at these concerts—even when the audiences are thin, they applaud. Those who want seats come early (there might be more free seats in the pit) and sit it out, attend to everything, and applaud most things. Even such stupid songs as Manzocchi's "If wishes were horses" are encored; but this is doubtless more a tribute to Mr. Barrington Foote, who is singing in fine form this year, than to Manzocchi—one of Patti's old masters, I am told. Miss Anna Williams—always good in a ballad or a heavy oratorio song—is less successful in her rendering of dramatic opera scenas like "Roberto, o tu che adoro;" nor are these operatic *pièces de résistance* as a rule relished off the stage nearly so much as a ballad with a story. I notice that Mr. A. G. Crowe does not neglect his own compositions. His new "See-Saw" waltz, with vocal accompaniments, has been very favourably received, and already repeated several times; an extra programme puff, however, about "unprecedented success" might lead one to suppose that Mr. A. G. Crowe himself doubted his popularity. Let me assure him that no such "heel up" is needful. His Gavotte in D has also been twice given. I advise him to get out a series of Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Schubert, and Wagner nights without delay. If he has the courage to attempt a Liszt night, all the better, as he is sure, in that case, to get a following, though, perhaps, a rather critical one.

By the way, the weak point of the Wagner selection last week, otherwise very popular, was a certain want of vigour in the conducting, which comes, no doubt, from inadequate rehearsal, and consequent uncertainty on the part of the band. The "Tannhäuser" selection, made by Hamilton Clarke—clever, but crude and unscrupulous—was inadequately presented, the band being undecided in some places, and regularly out at others; but the whole was redeemed by the splendid solo-playing allotted to Dubrucq (oboe), Barrett (flute), Hutchins (bassoon), Mann (horn), and Howard Reynolds (cornet-à-pistons). Amongst the singers who have appeared I may mention Miss Rose Hersee and Mr. Santley. Most of the staple vocalists seem to be out of town. All the more chance for those who remain. Why does not Mr. A. G. Crowe go down and see Madame Sainton-Dolby and ask her about Miss Moody? I suppose we shall have Tito Mattei before long. I am positively pining for Bottesini. He has been great at Promenade Concerts from the time when, as long ago—ah! well, soon after the Great Exhibition of '51—he struck awe and bewilderment into Jullien's band at the Surrey Gardens, and thrilled the listening crowds—to the other day, when his nerve was quite up to his youthful vigour at Princes' Hall. He went to Naples after playing at the Philharmonic, and giving his two concerts on the same day in London this season. He promised to return this autumn; if so, Mr. A. G. Crowe had better look out and secure him as a popular sensation. Perhaps, in another week or two, I shall have a little more to say about the Promenade Concerts.

The Worcester Festival bids fair to be brilliant and attractive. People are not at present flocking abroad, and hundreds will be glad of an excursion to Worcester from the various over-crowded healtheries in Wales. The days are September 7, opening service in the Cathedral; Tuesday, the 9th, Gounod's "Redemption" and a miscellaneous selection at night; Wednesday, the 10th, a Mass of Cherubini's, and "Elijah" at night. On Thursday, Dvoràk, who made a sensation at the Philharmonic this year, will conduct his now celebrated "Stabat Mater;" and on Friday there will be the "Messiah," and the closing service at night in the Cathedral. The singers are popularly strong: Albani, Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Anna Williams, Miss Enriquez, Madame Patey, Messrs. Lloyd, Boulcott, Newth, Brereton—the famous new bass, gradually becoming *the* bass—and Santley. That will do nicely, I think. If I get decent seats, I shall very likely go; if not, I shall stay at home and read the accounts.

AN EXCITING CHASE.

I have just witnessed a most exciting chase—not a boar but a boy hunt. It has sent me home thoughtful, perhaps a little sad. It took place on the muddy banks of the Thames, between the Chelsea and the Battersea Bridges. The sportsman was a "Bobby," the game consisted of bathing boys. They were all small and inoffensive, and they were out of sight of houses, and some distance from passers-by. The tide was low, and the pursuit was fierce. I confess my sympathies were with the fugitives. I quite agree with what the *Pall Mall Gazette* said last week about the indecency of riparian bathing, but I also sympathise with every one of the qualifying remarks. Boys will bathe, and should bathe. Then why not arrange some portions of the river, with shelters easily accessible—especially in the neighbourhood of Battersea Park—and let the boys bathe?

The scene I witnessed was finely characteristic of the stupidity of "Copper"—so they called the policeman—and of the quickness and resource of the scampering urchins who outwitted him. They exactly gauged his abilities, gave him one or two points, and beat him. They saw him watching from the bridge;

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when he moved, they came out and began leisurely putting on their shirts; he was down a little too quick for them, so, catching up boots and garments, the group fled—mostly naked. I followed the flight from the embankment. Over the rough, stony strand went the fugitives, with bare, and soon with bleeding, feet. After them strode "Copper." He had on boots; they none. He had on clothes; they none. He was one; they many. Surely he will catch one, even if it be only a little one!

Let us see. The pace is not rapid. I can keep up with the boys in a brisk walk, as my vantage-ground above on the embankment is smooth. I admire the skill and coolness with which they dress in full retreat, one arm in a shirt, one leg in trousers, a waistcoat half on, then a run. The representative of the law strides after the smallest, who lags behind. He seems barely six. The poor little fellow bursts out crying and drops his boots; but as "Copper's" hand is almost upon him, his companions in front set up a bitter yell, and he darts off with the velocity of terror, leaving his boots and stockings behind him.

"Copper" pauses—shall he take those boots into custody?—He misses even that point. He has already lost ground, but he pushes on again. Some of the fugitives have now scrambled up the embankment. "Pull up Tommy," shouted one, "or 'Copper' will have him! We must get him up!" Tommy is rescued, and "Copper" trudges on amid jeers from the embankment. The half-naked ones in front seem a little done up. They pause—their feet are much cut about—they stray into the water to cool them, and "Copper" gains ground. "I'm nearly fagged out!" says one little chap. "Pull on!" says his brother; "Here's 'Copper'!" A new spurt enables them to rest for a moment. One sits down and puts on a boot—only one boot; another gets on his breeches. The bare bodies gradually get covered, and the heat is beginning to punish even "Copper." There are but four left now. They near the railway bridge. I am up with them. They see exactly where they can scale the embankment, and though "Copper" is close upon them, they complete their toilet.

One by one they now dart up the slope. I wait for them at the top. They look breathless and fagged. "Are those your boots," I say, "down there?" "Yes, they be," says the little chap. "Look sharp, then, and you'll get them." "Copper" is off the scent. The boys have dodged him behind some barges before scaling the embankment, and he does not know they have all landed safely, bag and baggage. I see him in the distance, standing at bay, wondering what has become of them. At last he thinks they must have gone on, and he pushes forward.

The victory is won! Even the little chap gets his boots back, and by the time "Copper" is a mile away, the boys have actually returned to their original bathing-place, and, inconceivable as it may seem, are already beginning to strip once more! This masterly retreat and subsequent re-occupation had been effected, I am bound to admit, against heavy odds—bare foot and baggage-impeded—in full front of the enemy, but without the sacrifice of a single boot! After this, although I am the friend of order, I was almost willing to admit that the boys were entitled to one more dip in their beloved mud—in spite of "Copper."

A SUMMER CONTRAST.

It is three o'clock in the afternoon of a sultry day in August, and I am looking out of an upper window that commands an uninterrupted view of one of the finest garden enclosures in London. It is situated in the very heart of the most squalid, dirty, and deplorable districts in the metropolis. St. Giles', Clare Market, Great Wild-street, the frowsy courts and alleys of Holborn, pour their accumulated capital of children into the wide space that intervenes between me and the protected trees. I do not know what they would do without this free playground of rugged stones and hot pavement. On Sunday afternoon, when the wealthy solicitors are drinking their claret at Catford or Chislehurst under the trees in some lovely garden, and when the solicitors' clerks are playing with their children in a back garden at Homerton and Wood Green, the boys of the neighbourhood take free possession of these legal fields. There is never much traffic here on week days; there is none at all on Sunday. So they have cricket-matches on the battered stones; they engage in noisy contests of rounders; they play puntabout, and practise drop-kicking with huge india-rubber balls, and they revel in the precincts of the Law Courts when attorneys are away, and policemen are conveniently blind to the pranks that are indulged in on her Majesty's highway in the very centre of busy London. Once admitted behind that outer circle of beautiful trees, once provided with a key that will open that old tumble-down rusty gate, you would scarcely believe how peaceful and retired it is in this great London garden. The grass is thick and plentiful, the flowers flourish, there is a cool pagoda in the centre that shelters from the sun, and there is no Act of Parliament in force to prevent ball-games and lawn-tennis. The housekeepers of the various sets of chambers send their children to play under these fine old trees, tennis-players come here from the adjacent streets of Holborn and Bloomsbury; but keys are scarce, and permission to enter is grudgingly given, even in summer time. But it is with the outside, rather than with the inside, of London legal gardens that I would occupy attention this burning afternoon. London is played out; business is at a standstill for the next few weeks. Those who are compelled to remain in town have drawn faces, and there is no elasticity in their gait. In the winter they walk briskly; but now they crawl dejectedly. The fine, wide-spreading branches of the trees overshadow the pavement that surrounds the square, and this favoured spot is chosen as a fitting place for an afternoon siesta. Half-ragged men stretch themselves on the stones and indulge in the luxury of sleep. What must be the dreams of these wretched outcasts? No work to-day; no chance of it to-morrow. A cheap lodging-house one night; the casual ward the next. The unreflecting passer-by may imagine they are drunk, and that they

Riding Habits.—Specialty of John Redfern & Sons. Ladies' Tailors by Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 26, Conduit-street, London, W. Also at Cowes and Paris.

Almond's Hotel, situated in the best position of the West-End and close to the theatres, parks, &c., is now re-opened. A spacious Salle à Manger and Ladies' Drawing-room have also been added, hot and cold baths and many single bedrooms. Special attention directed to sanitary arrangements. Clifford-street, Bond-street, W. —J. R. Roy, Proprietor.

are sleeping off the result of some pot-house debauch. He will sigh over the depravity of the poor, and pass on. They are not drunk, my dear sir, but only weary, sick of life, broken in heart, with no prospect, no hope, no home. In the busy streets surrounding them they cannot rest. They may not sit down for a second. They must not interrupt the traffic, but are ordered to move on. How they must thank God for the shelter of these trees, and that they are able to hide here on this shaded pavement, dreaming of a country they may have seen and of a happier life they may have known. As the afternoon wears on these sleeping beggars, stretched out on the narrow pavement, are joined by a few wretched-looking women who come out of the Clare Market courts and sit on the stone coping of the iron railings. They, too, delight in the shelter of the trees, and, once seated, bury their heads in their hands and are lost in reverie. How will they manage to get over the time until the hop-picking season begins? How can they contrive to keep peace at home in their garret these hot nights, when the "vitriol madness flashes up in the ruffian's cheeks," and the "shrill-edged shriek of a mother divides the shuddering night." London has gone out of town. London is in the country and at the sea. But the outcast men are left asleep on the pavement, and the heart-broken women have come out to the fringe of shelter given by the London trees to try and find some comfort in the whispering branches, and to fancy, poor souls, that life is not so hard as it seems to be. This is the chief oasis in the London desert. No policemen kicks up the prostrate man or shakes up the bowed woman. They are comparatively hidden here, and are at peace.

But the children—how about the children who swarm here on a summer afternoon? I have been watching them carefully these many hot days past. They know from experience that there is little use in hanging about the gates of the garden, or in looking piteously when some one passes inside with a key. There is a beadle within who carries a cane, and they have no desire to dispute with him the right of entry. I have seen them before now climb the railings and sneak amongst the bushes, hiding there until it was safe to venture out into the open; but the game is scarcely worth the candle, and a cane stings horribly on an ill-clad back. So the children "play at country" in a different fashion. In front of each of the fine houses in the legal fields is a paved courtyard, protected by open gates. These courtyards, the few remaining vestiges of the old London of the days of Inigo Jones, are unevenly paved, and between the stones have sprung up a few scattered green weeds. The traffic is not large enough to disturb these weed-covered courts, which are claimed as the privilege of these imprisoned children. I have watched them all day from my upper window. They make up little parties, and come and picnic among these weeds. It is the only grass they have seen or are likely to see this year. With feverish fingers they grub up the green that springs up between the worn stones, and carry it away in triumph to their homes. The anti-sentimentalist protests that it is all romance; that London children delight in making mud-pies; that they would grovel in any kind of mould; that a pure spirit of mischief impels them to make a mess wherever they are permitted to do so; that they love dirt and to play in dirt. But I venture to think that the love of green, the instinctive passion for nature, the secret longing that they do not understand, prompts these urchins to play havoc with the very weeds of the old stones of cruel London. There are sights infinitely touching to be seen any day in London by any one who cares to look for them. But to my mind more pathetic than the gazing groups of children who surround the cabs and railway omnibuses of the fortunate when they are just off for the country, more touching than the imploring faces of the beggar children who stand about the gates of the London squares and enclosures and cannot gain admittance, is the sight of a London child playing with the weeds that are left among the London stones, and carrying them away as a prize to its wretched garret.

It is ten o'clock in the evening of the same day on which I watched the weed-gatherers from my upper window. Seven hours have passed since I saw the dreaming beggars on the scorching pavement, and the weary women waiting and hoping under the shadow of the London plane-trees; since I watched the ragged, shoeless urchins grubbing up the weeds, and bearing them home on their naked little breasts. The noise and roar of London are gradually fading from my ears. After all the tempest and confusion of a year, after the hurry and stress of daily life, after the perpetual scenes surrounding me of wretchedness and misery and drunkenness and privation, after the jostling of cabs and perpetuity of traffic, those clattering vans, and all the aggressive force of London life, I cannot understand the equal force of this tremendous quiet. I am leaning over the gate of a farm-house, within two hundred yards of the sea. In front of me, through the sails of a mill perched on a grassy eminence, a moon almost at the full shines down upon countless acres of ripened wheat. Everything about me I can see as clearly as in the day: the narrow roadway white with dust; the open gate leading up to the corn-fields; the hedges with their countless wild-flowers. Before me is the speechless silence of the land; behind, the everlasting moaning of the sea. Across the hills, at steady intervals, comes the bright flash of the lighthouse at the cliff's edge. The rest is silence—silence so deep and penetrating that there seems to be some awe in it. The garden, shut off from the lane by the white gate on which I am leaning, is heavily scented with rare old English flowers, almost richer in perfume by night than by day. A bed of stocks, hedge after hedge of cabbage roses, lavender and thyme and marjoram fill the night air with their scent, whilst star-like amongst the sleeping flowers stands out the evening primrose, guarded by a row of sentinel hollyhocks, ranged in long ranks along the farmhouse wall. Amidst the silence by the sea, under the moonlight and among these flowers, with acres and acres of green around me, in a quiet corner of the world, almost at the end of the earth, was it not natural that one's thoughts should silently travel back to the women and men I had left sleeping and weeping on the pavement, and the children I had seen getting up the harvest of the London weeds?

Moral. There are societies of good women who board out ill and helpless children at country farms. There are hundreds of good people who are begging almost on

their knees just now for funds in order to send the London urchins from the weeds to the flowers. It is but a little that they ask; it is so much that we can give. How much more happy must a holiday be with the added reflection that only one London child has seen for an hour what our children would think themselves ill-treated if they did not enjoy for a week! To share is the blessed privilege of all who understand the beauty of life. It is sometimes more blessed to give than to receive. If others had seen what I saw that August afternoon, when the beggar children went home comforted with the weeds they had torn from the London pavement, or had felt the after-silence of the seaside farm, there would be little need to beg for the charity of human sympathy or for the noble almsgiving of silence and of peace.

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune—"Rich" by Merited Reproof.

THE sun is bright: the clear, warm air
  Conduces much to leisure;
And men are thinking everywhere
  Of playtime and of pleasure.
None care for riches or renown
  In temperature so torrid;
The thought of staying still in town
  Becomes supremely horrid.

All nature smiles, gay Phœbus shines,
  And 'tis a pleasant duty
To haste by one of London's lines
  To gaze on scenes of beauty;
But as we muse which route to choose,
  And whither we had best turn,
We hear a voice exclaim, "Oh, shun
  The London and South-Western!"

Yes, yes, at last, the voice speaks out,
  The truth we long have hinted;
And that there may be now no doubt,
  Its warnings have been printed;
And those who run may read at length,
  With wondering excitement,
Each damning fact, in all its strength,
  Of that deserved indictment.

At last th' official truth is told,
  And that long silence broken,
By words that years ago, we hold,
  Had better far been spoken;
For then, perchance, they had availed
  To save those killed but lately,
Who died because Directors failed
  Egregiously and greatly.

But they are gone and past recall—
  But we can take the warning;
So let us heed the words we read,
  Nor treat its truths with scorning;
But vow we will that line avoid
  Which Colonel Rich disparages—
On which weak engines are employed
  To draw defective carriages.

On which old-fashioned coaches run,
  On weak and ill-laid metals,
And where, if no collisions stun,
  The shaking one unsettles.

On which bad coupling-up makes worse
  The faults of bad construction,
And extra speed is bound to lead
  To danger and destruction.

A line of which the Management
  Mis-manages most sadly;
Which little does by one consent,
  And does that little badly.
Too weak and too effete to warm
  At vehement reproaches;
And seemingly as past reform
  As one of its own coaches.

But seeing 'tis the Board of Trade
  Upon its sins enlarges,
We p'rhaps shall find it more inclined
  To listen to their charges.
In fact, the letter Calcraft's penn'd—
  Suggestive appellation!—
May even fossils cause to tend
  To tardy reformation.

For now they know, if they defer
  To offer due facility
For great improvements, they'll incur
  A grave responsibility!
And they are warned, in earnest tones,
  That their persistent shirking
Must baulk no more, as heretofore,
  The Railway's proper working.

They're ordered instantly to make
  Their rolling stock effective;
And for their lines, that shift and shake,
  To find a fit corrective;
To sell those ancient "coaches" off,
  That now their name's disgracing;
And engines, now the public's scoff,
  To set about replacing.

They're also bid at accidents
  No more to be conniving,
By using faulty instruments,
  And winking at fast driving.
In short, they're ordered to assent
  To instant reformation,
Or risk that serious punishment
  Demanded by the nation!

No line, indeed, has ever had
  So sharp a castigation;
But, then, what Board has been so bad
  As this weak Corporation?
Most lines improvement make their end,
  Nor to a public pest turn;
But who is there that can defend
  The London and South-Western?

NOTES FROM PARIS.

GEORGE SAND AND HER STATUE.

I DON'T think George Sand would have been pleased with her apotheosis at La Châtre, were it possible for her to have witnessed it from the planet to which she desired and hoped to go—a planet in which eyes would be so eloquent, gestures so expressive, volition so far-reaching, and sympathies so keen, that pens and printing-presses would be quite needless. She hated pomp and display, was quite unpretending, and in some

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Goode's Depôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

Vanity Fair says:—"Mr. Benjamin is still the Prince of Ulster nd Stalking-Coat Makers." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

respects as plodding as an ox. In the whole course of her life she never wore out a dozen pairs of gloves. Her hands, she felt, were made to be active, and not to be muffled up until they became useless. They were small, brown, plump, and firm, and ended in polished fingers and almond-shaped nails. Her manual dexterity was remarkable. She had to the end of her life a sweet, full, and rapid finger as a pianist, and was fond of playing the piano in the evening. Her musical taste was German. She liked solemn better than light music. An exception was made in favour of Chopin, with whom she spent, when he was in a consumption, a winter in Majorca, along with her two children. In her wildest free-love experiments she did not lose sight of Maurice and Solange, whom she used, when they were little, to take about in paniers on a donkey. The heritage she derived from her grandmother was left intact to the son and daughter. Their father found means to evade the Code by endowing his cook with all that he possessed.

George Sand's figure was never elegant, and she had the good sense to understand that tight lacing would not improve it. Perhaps if she had been tall and graceful she might have sacrificed to fashion, and submitted to the tyranny of a corsetière. Her neck was short and powerful, and the shoulders were in proportion. This plastic defect, which is common to persons of genius, is not shown in the statue. Lest the proposition I have just enunciated be called in question, I shall observe *en passant* that Shakespeare wore a flat collar when ruffs were à la mode, and that, because short-necked, Voltaire, Napoleon, Victor Hugo, and Balzac would have probably done so too, had they been his contemporaries. The statue, however, expresses the external tranquillity of George Sand, who was not only exempt from vanity, but from ordinary ambition. For thirty years her chief aim was to ascertain in what spirits masculine were superior to spirits feminine. To this end she surrounded herself with the former, and out of the £44,000 she earned with her pen, she spent all but £800. This sum was invested about ten years ago to enable her family to pay her doctor's bill and funeral expenses without trenching on the grandmother's Nohant estate. In her old age she was a dear, obliging *camarade*, and a model family woman. In youth she demanded more of her lovers than heaven gave them; and when each in turn failed to satisfy her ideal, she cast him off in sullen silence. Her rare feminine friends were the Countess d'Agoult, who ran away with Liszt, and was forsaken for the more musical Baroness Meyendorff; Madame Dorval, the actress; and Madame Adam. As a mother-in-law she had no parallel. It was her settled resolution to take the part of Madame Maurice Sand should her husband quarrel with her.

I never saw George Sand until her face was that of an old woman, so that I cannot say to what extent her statue resembles what she was at forty. To the end she had fine eyes. They did not express what she felt, but conveyed the impression that there was behind them a camera obscura where impressions were stored up silently, and re-acted upon by some occult power. George Sand was a night bird. She wrote best when every one else in her house was asleep; she liked to ramble alone in the moonlight, and had a preference for the flower which the French call *belle de la nuit*. In company she stared and seemed to mope, seldom talked, and if she ever laughed it was internally. There was much in her that was akin to the tranquil patient steer. Were there such a thing as a winged cow in the Nineveh remains, it might have answered as her symbol. Her letters in her old age are greatly superior to her novels, many of which teem with eloquent fustian. They are, however, studded with aphorisms, which deserve to be classed with the noblest "thoughts" of Pascal. No other French author paints a landscape with so much grace or truth. She had also a healthy sympathy for the peasant, who repaired all the mischief done by ambitious and greedy "statesmen" and saviours of society.

Doctor Burq did not long enjoy his triumphs over the Mandarins—as Clémenceau termed them—of the Academy of Medicine. The day on which he died I received a specimen of the antiseptic flannel which was prepared according to his directions by the Marquis de Tilly at Rheims, with which Burq said those who had reason to fear cholera "might advantageously bastion themselves" by making it up into shirts or other inner garments. I gave a friend who was troubled with a heat-rash enough of it for an under waistcoat, which he only wore two days when the eruption disappeared. The colour—a delicate *vert d'eau*—reminds me of that employed in the hangings of Madame Emile de Girardin's boudoir, which so well set off her fair complexion and golden hair, but was so trying to undecided blondes and sallow brunettes. It is a hue that would go well with many-tinted needlework embroidery. Curtains of this stuff would not be receptacles for moths and microbes. By wearing clothing of this flannel, hospital servants would not spread or perpetuate contagious diseases. Instead of poisoning ourselves with "mitigated viruses," it would be better to seek protection in steeping the invisible sides of floorings, wainscoting, the under parts of chairs and tables, and the shelves of presses with green-copper solution, and donning antiseptic flannel. The latter should be washed with the best white soap in cold or tepid water. Doctor Burq was to have given me for publication the recipe for dying stuffs which he sent to the Marquis de Tilly. It may be asked why the Academy of Medicine and the Board of Health were so hostile to the deceased doctor. Simply from shop motives. There are very few professors of the faculty who have not written books in which students up for examination for diplomas are sure to be taken, and bound, under pain of being "plucked," to believe in. Whenever a new discovery is made, the professors band together to fight against it, if they find it in contradiction to their works. In short, they form a trade union, which affects to set aside every consideration that is not purely scientific. It also happens that princes of science are frequently sleeping partners in pharmaceutical establishments, and have heavy interests in the sale of various medicaments.

Rowland's Kalydor cools and refreshes the face during hot weather and eradicates Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, &c. Of chemists.

Sanitary Inspection.—Fee, 2 Guineas. Improvement works undertaken. The Sanitary Engineering Co., 115, Victoria-st., Westminster.

Apart from shop motives, there is corporative Toryism. An average Fellow of the Academy of Medicine thinks he cannot do better than to remain in the groove by which he rose to membership. Most persons also who are *forced* to learn a great deal through books and lectures in youth are lazy-minded in their prime. On the score of scientific truth, they are like jesting Pilate. What chiefly concerns them is, how to keep the *pot au feu* going.

The Duc d'Aumale has been the guest of the King of the Belgians at Ostend. I hear that he went to propose a match between a daughter of the Comte de Paris and a son of the Comte de Flandre. A necessary condition would be a large dowry, which the Royal owner of Chantilly is in a situation to guarantee. Not that the Royal Family of Belgium need money. They are immensely rich. But prudence is one of their hereditary virtues, and appetite comes in eating. The first Leopold received from England, up to the date of his second marriage, with the Princess Louise of Orleans, no less than £1,320,000 as the widower of the Princess Charlotte. The entire direct profit he derived from his English match was £1,960,000. Most of the income that John Bull allowed him after he went to Belgium was saved, and so judiciously invested that he was able to leave each of his three children upwards of a million sterling. The share of the ex-Empress of Mexico will be eventually divided among her brothers. As her establishment does not cost more than a few thousands a year, the accumulated interest of her fortune is already enormous.

SPORTING NOTES.

THERE is a considerable falling off in the number of entries for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, but I should think that nobody will be astonished that this is the case; and, indeed, there has of late been a decline in the number of subscribers to every species of stake, from the Derby downwards. However, the decrease is not sufficient to disquiet the sordid souls of the rulers of Newmarket, as, instead of their having to add £600 to the two handicaps, there will be a net profit on the transaction to the Jockey Club of £54, thanks to that beautiful system of entrances which Mr. Chaplin introduced at Newmarket, on the advice of the late Mr. Frail.

The most remarkable feature in the entries is the absence of St. Simon, who had been very freely backed by the gullish herd, as it was thought that it would be impossible to weight him out of either handicap. I am glad that the Duke of Portland has been wise enough to listen to the advice of his neighbour, the Duke of St. Albans, in this matter, and has decided that St. Simon shall not be knocked about recklessly in handicaps. It would indeed have been the most desperate folly to let this horse "take his chance" in the Cesarewitch or Cambridgeshire, for, with judicious management, he looks like keeping on his legs for any reasonable amount of time; and in addition to the Cups, there is the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown of £10,000 waiting for him in July, 1886, and next year he is already in the Rous Memorial and the Hardwicke at Ascot, which, together, will be worth over £4,000, and I do not see what is to beat him in either. During the autumn we shall no doubt see him winning the Doncaster and Jockey Club Cups (it may be hoped that Archiduc will also be started for the latter event), and the Select Stakes over the R.M. on the day after the Cesarewitch, in which he may meet Busybody (10 lb. ex.), Cormeille, Superba, Duke of Richmond, and Queen Adelaide. This may turn out to be one of the most interesting races of the year, but I must reprehend the folly and absurdity of inflicting penalties for such races as the One Thousand, the Prince of Wales's at Ascot, and the Great Yorkshire (all of which are held to be equal to the Derby or Leger), while winners of the Ascot Cup get off without any extra weight.

Among the notable three-year-olds which are entered in both handicaps are Lambkin, St. Gatien, Archiduc, Hermitage, Scot Free, Sir Reuben, Harvester, and that ghastly impostor, Talisman; while in the Cambridgeshire only are Reprieve, Sandiway, Duke of Richmond, Spring Morn, Cherry, St. Médard, and Queen Adelaide. Cosmos, who has been the "summer favourite" for the Cesarewitch, has been entered by the Duke of Hamilton, and so has Ossian, who cannot have a 500 to 1 chance, as he has turned roarer. "Mr. Manton" is, as usual, a very liberal subscriber; and, in the Cesarewitch entry of this nomination, I am pleased to find the name of Corrie Roy, whose racing career, it was supposed, had finally terminated. This mare is tolerably certain to be top-weight, and it may be that she has been entered with the object of making sure that the original weights shall not be raised. Keir (who will probably win the Grand Prize at Baden next week), Royal Angus, and Macheath, are also entered. Mr. Manton has entered Thebais for the Cambridgeshire; and also her brother Clairvaux, who has not started this year. The names of Hackness and Primrose were sure to be found; and another which has been talked about is Brave, the 2,500 gs. brother to Barcaldine. Don Juan, who won the Cesarewitch so easily last year, is in both races, and so is Master of Arts, who is supposed to have been kept for these events. Jennings, undoubtedly, threw away the Cesarewitch when Stockholm was sent to Goodwood, and he will be more lucky than such egregious stupidity deserves if he can find a substitute; but it is tolerably certain that Regain will be "followed." Mr. Jardine has an immense entry of horses which have been running badly, and I believe that Borneo is a strong tip for both races, although 200 to 1 would be a short price if taken on his public form, even if he were bottom-weight. Fulmen, another "fancy," is in the Cambridgeshire. Lord Bradford has entered Quicklime for both races, and another Stanton entry is Mr. Chaplin's Magdalen, who ought to be a "flyer" if there is anything in "running blood," as she is by Hermit—Vaga. Florence is in both races, and I should think that when Messrs. Weatherby come to her name they

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will wonder what on earth she can have been about in the City and Suburban when she was unplaced with 6 st. 12 lb. Victor Emmanuel is in the long race, and so are other ancient names, such as Limestone and Battlefield (both casts-off from Lord Bradford's stud), Boswell, Shewsbury, and Fortissimo. Tonans appears in every important handicap, whatever the distance. Highland Chief is in both events, but it is a silly *bêtise* to enter Prince for the Cesarewitch. Geheminiss is in the Cambridgeshire. Two years ago, when Hackness walked in, Geheimniss was certainly second best, with 8 st. 7 lb. on her back, but her staying powers appear to have diminished as she grows older. St. Blaise, who is almost certain to be favourite when the weights appear, is, of course, entered, but in their management of this horse I fear that Lord Alington and Sir F. Johnstone have been under the influence of the fairy Guignon; they were blest with chances they knew not how to make use of, or they made use of them at the wrong moment. Blue Grass is another on which the random affections of "the public" are firmly fixed. This time last year there was not 3 lb. between him and Ossian; but *then* Ossian was a really good horse. The people who back what may be termed "established" horses for the Cesarewitch at very long odds cannot come to any serious harm, for it is a fact beyond dispute that not more than one-third of the animals entered (and this is a very liberal estimate) could possibly stay this course in a fairly-fast race. People seem to be under the delusion that horses will acquire stamina by being trained over long distances—a notion which reminds one of the story of the German Baron who was in the habit of jumping over chairs and tables in order to acquire vivacity. Let an animal be tried over all distances, but when once it has proved its inability to stay (as so many of the Cesarewitch entries have done repeatedly), let its efforts be confined to a T.Y.C., or a mile, or whatever may be the limit of its capacity. There is a story of a wry-necked Prince of Condé, who fell in the hunting-field, and came to himself just in time to stop the workmen who had picked him up in a well-intended attempt to pull him straight. It is just as dangerous for addlebrains to try to convert an animal which is smart over short distances into a stayer; for it certainly will not acquire stamina, and it is almost sure to lose its speed, so that in the end it will neither stay nor go fast. It is earnestly to be hoped that the weights for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire will be very much more carefully adjusted than has recently been the case with handicaps from Messrs. Weatherby's office. They seem to have taken the very few bad leaves which were to be found in Admiral Rous's book, and the result has always been most unfortunate, for it has never failed to remind competent critics of the fable of the ambitious frog, and of "all the contortions of the Sibyl," without one particle of her inspiration.

The *Sportsman* of Friday last informed its readers that when Sandiway ran at Goodwood she was "altogether amiss." I have the highest possible authority for contradicting this statement, which is pure fiction. If the filly had been amiss in the way indicated by the imaginative *Sportsman*, the Duke of Westminster certainly would not have allowed her to start. As a matter of fact, Sandiway was perfectly well, and there was no excuse whatever for her defeat by Hermitage. The *Sportsman* bolsters up this sinister invention by adding that in the Sussex Stakes, Sandiway "ran without a semblance of that dash which has been conspicuous in her previous performances." This is utter balderdash, for there was very little "dash" in her running in the One Thousand, when it was declared by the Kingsclere people that she could not be beaten. In the Coronation Stakes, at Ascot, the filly beat nothing, for Queen Adelaide was manifestly all to pieces, and might as well have been in her stable. The *Sportsman*, with a refinement of imbecility, goes on to declare that Sandiway's defeat of Whitelock in the Nassau Stakes "shows pretty clearly that her previous form must have been all wrong." I should think that any one who is not absolutely an idiot knows by this time that Whitelock is no good over a mile. The result of the Nassau simply proved nothing whatever in connection with the running with Hermitage. There seems to be a disposition to bonnet Sandiway, who ought never to have been backed for a shilling for the Leger while half-a-dozen were on their legs. The last sensation in connection with the Leger has been the crazy rush on Busybody, but anybody who backs this filly for a farthing until the numbers are up deserves to be at once consigned to Bedlam. Should any one have been beguiled by the blundering nonsense of the *Sportsman* into backing Sandiway, he had better get out of the bet, as it is very likely indeed that she will be kept for the Parkhill Stakes on the Friday, and that only Cambusmore will carry the Duke of Westminster's colours in the Leger.

The only event of any interest at Kempton was the Breeders' Foal Stakes, which was won by Doncaster Cup, who was backed in the spring for a lot of money for the Two Thousand and Derby. This is his first victory, and although he cost only 350 gs. as a yearling, and the stake was worth £830, yet there can be no profit, even apart from bets; for, to say nothing of the expense of training and racing during the last two years, he began last season with over thirty engagements. The Windsor sport was mere plating, and that, too, of a poor and squalid sort. The three-year-old stakes at Redcar produced no fresh Leger outsider; for Beauchamp and Pizarro were the best runners of that age. The principal two-year-old stakes were won for Mr. J. Lowther's very popular colours by King Monmouth, by King Lud, for whom a successful future was predicted when he made his *début* at York last May.

The York August meeting has to mourn a good friend in Lord Falmouth's retirement, for he was as firm a supporter of the meeting as the late Mr. Henry Savile, whose lamented death was a very serious loss. Mr. Houldsworth likes to see his colours at York, and surely Royal Fern will be able to win him the Biennial; and if there is any shadow of a justification for the backing of Spring Morn for the Leger she will have to walk in for the Oaks, for which Busybody certainly will not start; and the Duke of Westminster will hardly care to send Sandiway so far for so poor a stake, especially as she would have to

Osler, 100, Oxford-street, W.—Crystal Glass and China Services; Minton's Worcester, Copelands, Wedgwood, and Crown Derby China, Chandeliers, Lamps and Wall Lights. 100, Oxford-st., W. Osler,

give Spring Morn 7 lb. The Ebor Leger may be left to Mr. Jardine's selected one, and the Great Yorkshire Stakes (which will be worth £1,400) has Harvester, Busybody, Borneo, Waterford, and Talisman, and I should think that Osborne's horse ought to win. The conditions of the Convivial Stakes are gross in their unfairness and preposterous in their absurdity, and it is no wonder that this formerly important race has sunk into utter contempt. The Prince of Wales's Stakes has St. Helena (winner of the Ham Stakes at Goodwood), Cora (who beat Rosy Morn at Manchester, but was beaten at Lewes in the Astley Stakes), Risingham (winner of the Astley Stakes), Albert (who has won several races in the North), Golden Ray, and Armida (the latter would have 15 lb. the best of the weights, as compared with the running at Goodwood), Cocoa Nut, and, indeed, all the "cracks" from Lord Falmouth's stud. To cool people, who remember how extravagantly these two-year-olds were eulogised when they were sold, it must be rather diverting to reflect that, so far, not one of them has won a shilling, and not only have several of them failed in public, but others are understood to have grievously disappointed their new owners in private trials. I know nothing about the Ebor Handicap, which has wofully degenerated, and had better be left alone.

MAMMON.

CANADA NORTH-WEST LAND COMPANY.

IT will be remembered that the report of the Committee of Investigation into the affairs of this Company was at the last meeting withheld from the shareholders by the action of the directors. It has now been published, together with remarks thereon by the Board, but the directors' reply in no way improves their case, or disposes of the charges brought against them. The report fully confirms my former remarks as to the outrageous and unjustifiable expenditure incurred by the Board. The members of the committee have evidently been at great pains to sift the whole matter; and, notwithstanding many difficulties, they have fairly succeeded. Their verdict, that "the directors have not manifested in the management of the Company's affairs anything like the care and caution which prudent men ordinarily show in the conduct of their own," sums up the past history of the concern very concisely. The large capital with which the undertaking was started appears to have formed a pretext for all kinds of extravagant expenses, and stockbrokers, lawyers, accountants, and officials have all come in for big slices of the cake. As to the directors, it seems from the committee's report that they actually drew the enormous sum of £5,318 in fees and other remuneration for the last disastrous year. This is charging a heavy price for mismanagement of the grossest kind. Some of the facts disclosed are rather startling. Thus the committee point out that a sum of £13,226 has been paid to stockbrokers for placing the shares of the Company, and from the amount stated it appears that even on independent applications somebody has pocketed a commission of a shilling per share. The directors' contention that this is the usual charge cannot for a moment be entertained. As a sample of exorbitant remuneration, the sum of £315 for auditing the accounts of the year is very properly criticised by the committee. But what can be thought of such financing as to pay seven per cent. interest for an advance of £500,000 to a Canadian Bank, the loan being accompanied by an ample deposit of securities? The rate of expenditure is illustrated by the statement of the report, that for the year ending March 31, 1884, the sum of £22,892 was spent in earning £7,689. Another feature to which the committee point, as showing the neglect of the Directors of their most ordinary duties, is the fact that calls to the amount of £60,000 applicable to shareholders in Canada are in arrear. Of these, £25,000 are now stated to be bad and unrecoverable, the holders of the shares being "men of straw." Calls upon shares representing something like £16,000 more have been voluntarily cancelled by the Canadian directors, acting, as they say, by the authority of the London Board; in fact, altogether, the Canadian shareholders appear to have had a good time of it. It must have been strange legal advice, under which the directors seem to have always acted, and for which they paid so handsomely. I should like to know why so much indulgence was shown to the Canadian shareholders, and whether the directors are not legally liable for any loss accruing from this course? No satisfactory explanation of the writing back of £30,000 on account of non-completion of contracts for the sale of farm lands is forthcoming. Why were these contracts not enforced? The salary of the general manager in Canada, of £1,500 per annum, is entirely out of proportion to the Company's position. Surely "integrity and ability," as the directors express it, are to be had at a lower price, even in Canada. The emigration and colonisation schemes hatched by some of the directors are very properly discountenanced by the committee, who are evidently afraid that the present Board might incur fresh obligations. With the recommendation that "in view of the personal disagreements existing amongst the members of the present Board and their well-known difference of opinion regarding the future policy of the Company, the present directors, both in this country and in Canada, should be requested to resign," I fully agree. They have made enough out of the unfortunate concern, and should make room for others who are able and willing to introduce the reforms so urgently required. It ought not to be difficult to find capable men amongst the shareholders, ready to accept office from no desire of fees or personal gain, but from the extent of their holding, and consequent interest in the success of the Company. Six directors should be ample instead of the present excessive number of sixteen, and I hope that the suggestion of the committee that the fees should be reduced to £500 will be adopted.

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C.

Profitable Investments, Trust, Mortgage, and Investment Companies, paying from Five to Ten per Cent. Further Fall in the Value of Money. Reduction in the Rates allowed on Deposits. See Abbott, Page, Co.'s Special Issue, Stockbrokers, 42, Poultry, London, E.C. Complete Copy, with Monthly (August) Circular, sent, post free, on application.

A NEW TRUST.

The facility of resource of the promoter, anxious to float his concern, is illustrated by the following letter, which I have received :—

You frequently do a good turn to would-be investors by exposing some of the numerous traps set by the wily promoter for the innocent capitalist; but, in even your wide experience of matters financial, I doubt if a case more impudent than the enclosed has come under your notice. It is right for me to premise by stating that I am personally quite unknown to the writer of the enclosed as he is to me, yet he not infrequently writes to me in quite a friendly tone, the bulk of said letters being left unanswered. In the present case, the letter being in print, it has probably been spread broadcast about, together with the prospectus accompanying same.

To calmly ask a perfect stranger to sign his name to a paper applying for two hundred £10 shares, thereby entailing on oneself a liability of £2,000, for the barren honour of being a director of his precious Company, is—— well, yourself and readers will probably form your own opinion on same, as I have done already. But, the worst of it is, that the paper is so worded that many men not quite up to business ways—half-pay officers, clergymen, and quiet country gentlemen trying to make a small income go a long way—may very possibly sign it without realising the enormous risk they are taking on themselves by so doing. If my letter is successful in warning any such from the web of this pleasant spider, its object will be served.

A Simple Fly.

The undertaking in question is nothing more nor less than a new Land and House Property Company, and the documents enclosed are a prospectus of the "Metropolitan Properties Trust," marked "suggested prospectus, fourth proof," and a printed circular to the following effect: "At the meeting held at Cannon-street Hotel on the 1st August, 1884, it was decided that I should proceed to complete the Board. If you are disposed to join the Directorate, please signify your intention of so doing by signing the annexed form, and returning the same to me at your earliest convenience, so that your name may be placed before the meeting of the first shareholders for election." This is certainly a very cool proceeding, and although it would have no chance with an experienced business man, it may unfortunately have the desired effect in some cases.

The Company is brought forward as "a secure 7 per cent. investment," on the plea that the vendor guarantees a dividend of 7 per cent. for the first year on the first issue of £65,000. The success of certain Land Companies is pointed to; but no mention is naturally made of the depression through which Land and Building Companies are now passing. The vendor proposes to sell to the new concern certain property in different parts of the suburbs at £61,728. The terms are, we are told, highly favourable, and the prospects of the Company are described with the usual clap-trap of the promoter. The properties are stated to have been valued by architects at £66,000, and yet the generous vendor will accept £4,000 less for them, besides defraying all charges and expenses incidental to the formation of the Company. Such generosity is somewhat uncommon in these matter-of-fact times, and investors with a taste for directorship will, I venture to think, do well to make a few inquiries before undertaking the suggested liability of £2,000.

John Shaw, Share Broker, Wardrobe-chambers, Queen Victoria-st. deals at tape prices at an inclusive commission of one-sixteenth.

QUEER STORIES.

A HOLIDAY MYSTERY.

Mr. Joseph Battledore and Mr. Samuel Newell were old friends and cronies, and, what was really wonderful, their respective wives had rather cemented the intimacy by becoming violently attached to one another. The consequence was that the two families lived on the closest terms of friendship and goodwill, and not unfrequently went to the same holiday resort for their summer vacation. This year they took adjoining houses at Eastbourne, and, according to custom, Mr. Battledore and Mr. Newell remained in town on the plea of business, running down to the seaside from Saturday to Monday, and occasionally staying for a few days at a time. The fact was, that these old gentlemen made business an excuse for a little mild dissipation in the absence of their excellent helpmates. The ladies naturally viewed the arrangement with some uneasiness, and each had an uncomfortable suspicion that the other's husband might lead her spouse astray. But nothing ever transpired of the old gentlemen's proceedings which was calculated to disturb domestic harmony, though they were both subjected to a rigorous and searching cross-examination during their periodical visits to their families at the expiration of each week spent in town.

Mr. Battledore and Sam Newell—for it would be affectation to speak of him as Mr. Samuel Newell, since everybody called him Sam, though he was well past sixty—were seated after dinner enjoying their wine one Monday evening, having returned from Eastbourne in the morning, when Mr. Battledore remarked :—

"I'm not sure they haven't got the best of it down there," nodding vaguely over his shoulder in the supposed direction of Eastbourne. "It is rare holiday weather—much too hot for town."

"Precious slow at the seaside," rejoined the other, as he sniffed at his claret.

"Well, yes; certainly," acquiesced Mr. Battledore.

"Jolly in Paris, though, I expect," suggested Sam, insidiously.

"Hot," ejaculated Mr. Battledore, with an abstracted air.

"Pooh! It was hotter than this when we went together three years ago, and yet we contrived to enjoy ourselves."

Mr. Battledore coughed uneasily and helped himself to wine. The occasion referred to called forth mingled reflections. He and Sam Newell had crossed the Channel for a short trip with the full consent and approbation of their wives, and had had what the Americans call "a high old time." But after their return Sam Newell, through undue appreciation of his own claret, had suffered himself to be beguiled into making unguarded admissions of rather an awkward nature, which he endeavoured, with only partial success, to explain away the next morning. The wives accordingly laid their heads together, and though no unpleasantness ensued, it was tacitly understood that an edict had gone forth which effectually banished from the

Rimmel's Toilet Vinegar, tonic, refreshing, 2/6. Aromatic Ozonizer, a natural air purifier, 1/. 96, Strand; 128 Regent-st.; 24, Cornhill.

breasts of the delinquents the smallest hope of ever being again allowed to visit the Continent without an escort.

"I feel very much inclined to run across," said Sam Newell, tentatively.

"I couldn't get away," returned Mr. Battledore.

"Why?"

"Oh! business, of course," answered Mr. Battledore.

"Won't do, Joey. Won't come the humbug over me," said Sam, with a wink.

Mr. Battledore frowned slightly, and then suffered his features to relax into a smile. He was rather a pompous and dignified old gentleman, but he knew from experience that it was no use being pretentious with Sam.

"My wife wouldn't hear of it," he said, after a pause. "I'm sure yours wouldn't either."

"Why should she?" inquired Sam, with another wink.

"Eh!" exclaimed Mr. Battledore, starting.

"Let us go and say nothing about it. We could start to-morrow morning and come back on Friday night, in time to go to Eastbourne as usual. We should get three clear days over there."

Mr. Battledore leant back in his chair, fairly amazed by this audacious proposal. Had he been staying at home, the suggestion would have appeared impracticable on the face of it, but he had been fortunate enough to let his house, and was for the time Sam's honoured guest. Now, Sam's household were devoted to their master, who did not disdain to bribe them to hold their tongues about his abnormally late hours when his wife was absent. Sam might, therefore, safely leave for a week without fear of being betrayed, and this circumstance removed a great danger. There would be no difficulty as regarded his office, for Mr. Battledore had an easy and accommodating partner, who could safely be trusted to keep his secret. There remained only conscientious scruples about deceiving his wife, and these, sad to relate, vanished like snow beneath a noonday sun, as Sam proceeded to expatiate upon the attractions and gaieties of the French capital.

The upshot was, that Mr. Battledore and Sam Newell started for Paris the next morning, and enjoyed their brief trip amazingly—in an innocent fashion enough, no doubt. They returned to London on the Saturday morning as arranged, and were relieved to find that no communication awaited either of them from their respective wives. In the afternoon they took their usual train to Eastbourne, as though nothing had happened, feeling tolerably easy in their minds. Sam Newell certainly did, but then he was the more hardened sinner, being a member of the Stock Exchange. Mr. Battledore's misgivings were chiefly attributable to a blister on his nose, caused by exposure to the sun, and this troubled him a good deal, especially as they approached their destination.

"What shall I say if my wife notices it?" he inquired, gazing apprehensively at himself in the polished case of his watch.

"Oh! she won't notice it," said Sam in his off-hand way.

"But supposing she does," insisted Mr. Battledore, a little irritably.

"Tell her you've been smelling a flat-iron to cure a cold," suggested Sam.

This was all the assistance Mr. Battledore received from his companion, and he worked himself up into quite a nervous state lest his blistered nose should give rise to awkward questions. Fortunately, however, Sam's opinion turned out to be correct, for the truth was that the disfigurement was really very trifling. Mrs. Battledore made no comment upon her husband's appearance, and was so entirely unsuspicious of what had happened that she hardly referred to his supposed sojourn in town. Sam Newell's wife made no suspicious inquiries either; and the conspirators took an early opportunity of secretly congratulating one another upon their happy escape from detection.

Somewhere towards the small hours of the night, however, Mr. Battledore was aroused from his first doze by an ominous question from his wife, who inquired, rather meaningly, as he imagined, whether he had received a letter from her?

"A letter! What letter?" he asked, taken aback.

"The letter I wrote to your office on Tuesday," said Mrs. Battledore.

It would have been perfectly simple, and also perfectly true, for Mr. Battledore to have answered in the negative. The next moment he bitterly repented not having done so. But somehow or other, when the question was asked, he was seized by an unreasoning panic, arising from a guilty conscience, and the idea flashed across his mind that if he said he had not received the letter, his wife would instantly suspect he had been absent from the office. An instant's reflection would have convinced him of the foolishness of such a notion, but he replied hastily and thoughtlessly, inspired by secret uneasiness and his evil genius.

"Oh! the letter. Oh, yes. Certainly," he said, burying his head in the pillow again.

"Well?" said his wife, interrogatively.

"What?" mumbled Mr. Battledore, pretending to be dozing off again.

"You ordered it, I suppose?"

"Ordered it! Eh! what? Oh! of course, of course!" answered Mr. Battledore. "What on earth made you write to the office?" he added, by way of changing the conversation.

"I thought it would be more convenient. You would only have to step round to the shop," replied his wife.

"What the deuce does this all mean?" thought Mr. Battledore, with a groan.

"I hope it will be ready in time. Joseph! Joseph!" cried his wife, emphatically, as he feigned to slumber. "Will it be ready in time?"

"Of course," said Mr. Battledore, shortly, trembling with apprehension.

"What colour did you choose, Joseph?" demanded his persistent spouse, little suspecting his mental perturbation.

"Colour?" murmured Mr. Battledore, faintly.

"Yes, I left that entirely to you."

"I think it was a sort of bluish-green," said Mr. Battledore with desperation.

To his unutterable relief his wife appeared satisfied with this answer, or, more probably, she became drowsy herself at this juncture. At all events, she asked no more, and Mr. Battledore was left to reflect upon the conversation.

To all who Shoot or Travel.—Visit Ulster House, Conduit-street and see B. Benjamin & Son's Specialties. Pamphlet on application.

By this time he had realised that he had made a fatal mistake in pretending to have received the letter, and a greater mistake still in feigning to have executed some mysterious commission. He tossed about restlessly as he perceived how foolishly he had walked into a dangerous trap. Should his wife now discover that he knew nothing of the letter, and had answered her at random, her suspicions of something wrong would be immediately aroused; and Mr. Battledore was haunted by a dismal foreboding that the smallest clue would lead to the discovery of his recent escapade. He dared not anticipate the scene that would ensue when his wickedness and deceit stood revealed, for the truth was that he was afraid of his wife, and though pompous and self-important in the world, he was pretty severely henpecked at home.

However, it occurred to him that the case was not absolutely hopeless, for Sam might find out through Mrs. Newell what the letter was about, and by putting him on his guard enable him to avoid sinking deeper into the mire. Accordingly, next morning, having previously arranged with his friend to have an early dip in the sea, he started off before his wife was awake, and confided his trouble to his faithful companion. Sam scoffed at his fears, and undertook to find out the necessary information from his wife without delay. Fortunately Mrs. Battledore made no allusion to the subject during breakfast, and after that meal, being excused church on the ground of overwork at office during the week, the friends seated themselves on the beach and threw pebbles in the glistening water which rippled musically at their feet.

But to Mr. Battledore's dismay it transpired that Sam had failed in his mission. His wife pretended to know nothing about the letter, and had in her turn questioned him quite sharply about it.

"She put me in a corner," said Sam, rubbing his nose with a perplexed air, "by asking what you had told me about it, and why I was putting questions to her."

"What did you say?" inquired Mr. Battledore, breathlessly.

"I said I only asked for fun. That was a little weak, wasn't it? But I don't think she twigged I was disconcerted," said Sam. "She seemed more curious to know what you had let drop about the letter."

"Yes, yes?" murmured Mr. Battledore.

"I said I had forgotten, but believed you had mentioned something about light green, turned up with blue or some other colour. Evidently Maria didn't know what to make of my answer."

"Then she will go and speak to my wife, who will be at me again," moaned Mr. Battledore.

"I shouldn't wonder. I say, Joe, what an ass you've made of yourself!" said Sam, revealing a little uneasiness on his own account. "Who knows what your stupidity may lead to? It may turn out to be the little cloud no bigger than a man's hand. There is no trusting you. You would let out everything if you had a chance."

Sam Newell had much more reason to be afraid of his wife than his friend had of his, but he was animated by a bolder disposition. Nevertheless, he shrank from the ordeal of having to confess to the Paris trip in the face of distinct prohibition, and, in a minor degree, he began to share his friend's depression. Mr. Battledore's nervousness gave him just cause to fear that he would betray them both on the smallest provocation, and he rather jumped at the suggestion that they should return to town that evening, instead of waiting till the morrow.

"I think we had better, and then you will be out of harm's way all the sooner."

"That will put an end to the difficulty, for I shall no doubt find the letter somewhere about the office to-morrow, and can set everything right," said Mr. Battledore, eagerly.

Accordingly, these two dissemblers shirked their families as much as possible all day, and then created considerable surprise and consternation by unexpectedly announcing their intended departure by an early evening train. Business was, as usual, the excuse put forward, and after an uncomfortable afternoon they started back to town, consoled by the reflection that the danger was happily over.

On the following evening, however, Mr. Battledore greeted his friend with a very rueful countenance.

"The letter is not to be found anywhere. Those idiots at the office must have mislaid it."

"Or else it miscarried," suggested Sam, with an exasperating grin.

"But I said I received it! Now, what am I to do? What is it I'm supposed to have ordered? It might be anything, from wall-paper or curtains to a pair of gloves or a drawing-room sofa," exclaimed Mr. Battledore, quite tragically.

"It is certainly awkward; but if I were you I should pretend to forget all about the thing when next we go down. Ten to one your wife will then mention what it is," said Sam, in his confident way.

Poor Mr. Battledore plucked up heart a little at this suggestion, but he continued to grow more and more uneasy, especially after receiving a post-card from his wife a day or two later, enjoining him to remember her commission, and to bring it down with him on Saturday, without fail—the last two words being liberally underscored.

"How can I pretend I've forgotten it after that?" said Mr. Battledore, peevishly, as he threw the post-card on the table.

"You will have to. It's your only chance," said Sam, looking quite serious.

"Why couldn't she have mentioned the article, instead of saying 'it'?" exclaimed Mr. Battledore, tearing the card viciously into small pieces.

"I'll tell you what, old fellow. I shall take Mrs. N. a bracelet or something when we go down on Saturday," said Sam, thoughtfully. If there should be a row, it won't do any harm, and it may enable me to assist you to ascertain what you wish to know."

Mr. Battledore's apprehensions reached to a dangerous pitch when his friend announced his intention of adopting such a precaution. But a little calm reflection induced him to follow Sam's shrewd example, and the result was that both gentlemen the following Saturday carried with them propitiatory offerings to be sacrificed on the altar of conjugal affection.

On reaching Eastbourne they were met by their wives in the carriage, and Mr. Battledore, at all events, felt by no means grateful for this little attention. However, he and Sam took their seats opposite the ladies, trying their best

to look as if they had nothing on their minds, and, above all, no guilty secret. But before Mr. Battledore had time to recover his self-possession, his wife said :—

"Joseph, you remember my speaking to you about a letter I wrote to you last week?"

"Ye—yes," said Mr. Battledore, wincing at a nudge from Sam.

"Well, I never sent it, after all! Only this morning I discovered it between the leaves of my blotting-book. I forgot to post it."

"It is of no consequence, of course," chimed in Mrs. Newell; "only you will be the loser, Sam. Mrs. Battledore wrote to her husband to buy you a new cigar-case on my behalf, and to have your initials engraved upon it. To-morrow, you know, is your birthday."

Mr. Battledore was by no means reassured by these speeches. On the contrary, he realised that he was in a worse fix than ever, since he would now be called upon to explain what he meant by saying he had received the letter. A sort of sickly feeling came over him as his wife said :—

"By the way, Joseph, you said you had received the letter, and talked as though you knew all about it."

"And you, Sam, said Mr. Battledore had mentioned the subject to you; and I was vexed at the time, as, of course, it was a secret," interposed Mrs. Newell.

"The fact is," said Sam, coming gallantly to the rescue, for Mr. Battledore was at a loss to find words, "as Joe said to me afterwards, we have been at cross purposes. We each had a secret, and we thought you had discovered ours. Joe let out that blue was the colour he had chosen. When I tried to find out how the land lay from my wife, she nearly made me betray everything by asking questions. However, I dare say neither of you guess what it is."

"No, indeed!" cried both the ladies, considerably mystified by this incoherent explanation, and on tiptoe of excitement.

"Well, here, Maria," he said, producing a bracelet, like a conjurer. "Emeralds, you see. Don't you remember my saying it was a sort of bluish-green or something. Well, Joe's offering, I believe, has blue stones—turquoises."

Mr. Battledore took the hint, and handed to his wife the bracelet he had brought as a peace-offering, inwardly marvelling at his old friend's wonderful tact and impudence, and beginning to breathe quite freely again. In fact, it was evident that Sam's extempore discourse, followed up by the bracelets, had satisfactorily explained what was mysterious in their recent behaviour, and the secret of the unhallowed expedition to Paris seems unlikely ever to be revealed.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—As everybody one speaks to talks about the heat, I feel that I cannot do better than begin my letter by asking what you think of this delightful but really fearful weather. I have no doubt that you will say it is too hot even to think, and so it is. In the midst of it, however, I have had one comfort. Fashion does not decree that we should wear starched shirts, like our men folks. To see poor Charlie encased in starch when the thermometer registers 96 deg. in the shade makes one positively hot. Were we men, I am sure we should originate—or some one would for us—a much more comfortable garment. If I were a man, I should wear either flannel or silk. I would not be a martyr to my laundress, would you?

Don't be horrified, my dear, but I have given up all vanities in the shape of tuckers and frillings during the last week or so. They fidget one; and to be fidgeted makes one hot, and to be made hot just now makes one cross, so I feel that in sacrificing personal appearance in order to avoid these horrible consequences I am acting the part of a heroine, and doing a kindness to all my relatives and friends.

But I must tell you of our own adventures. We left London on Thursday, and spent two pleasant days at Tunbridge Wells. There is an old-world flavour about the place that seems to unbind the trammels of the imagination. We had lately read "The Chaplain of the Fleet," by Mr. Besant, the heroine of which pretty story spends much of her time at "The Wells." We bought a "Railway Guide to Tunbridge Wells" at the station, and found it as delightfully idle a little book as might be expected of *Punch's* "Lazy Minstrel." We read it as we lounged upon the Pantiles, and sympathised with the writer in his plaint that he felt his pot-hat and tweed suit somewhat out of place. We, too, felt ourselves anachronisms in our tailor-made travelling-dresses. Our waists ought to have been somewhere near our necks, and our skirts both short and narrow; and our headgear should have been about four times its present size. However, the "Railway Guide" contains a delicious pen-and-ink portrait of a nineteenth-century little lady of twelve, whom the author dubs "The Kitten." She is represented as playing cricket with the boys. Did you see that an eleven, composed of Irish girls, played in the North of Ireland the other day? Do you remember our delightful games with the boys long ago? You always ran away when you saw the ball coming, for fear it would hit you, and none of us girls would ever consent to be long-stop for the same reason. How absurdly young we were in those days! It seems impossible now that we could ever have been so ridiculously juvenile and light-hearted.

We arrived at the Greys' place on Saturday. They are complaining about the want of rain, a miraculous thing in the very midst of harvest. But the cattle have no fodder, they say, and the grass is like hay before being cut. The gardens are almost flowerless. The harvest is plentiful, and, as Mr. Grey says, the bakers will make fortunes, but the loaf of the poor will be no cheaper. Does it not seem a shameful thing that Providence's good gifts should be perverted to the enriching of a small clique, instead of easing the burden of the poor and the hard toilers? There is a deep injustice somewhere. What Hercules will arise and divert the stream of plenty into its true and broad and noble channel?

Here are one or two pretty frocks I have seen down here. One was made of dark green cloth, with a skirt of a curious shade of pale citron yellow, showing here and there. It was something quite new. The over-skirt was arranged in wide pleats, with tiny ones at each side, and just at the knees these pleats were tied up with citron-coloured cord, showing the under-skirt. The basque was tied together in the same way, showing an under-basque of citron-yellow. The hat was quite the most becoming thing you ever saw, being a sort of modified Tam o'Shanter, made of dark-green velvet, and edged all round, under the folds, with citron-coloured surah. As you may imagine, the complexion was good which could stand those two colours.

A bright gipsy red ulster made its mark one day. The cut was excellent, the fulness of the skirt being added on very cunningly somewhere under the folds at the back. Navy blue jackets with anchor buttons are in favour with the young and gay. A few persons wear the new straight-fronted jackets. They do not suit me. They need a Frenchwoman's indescribable style to carry them off well. The Zouave bodice is not so much worn as you would fancy, and I notice that those who do wear it are always

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dragging the fronts together at the waist. In fact, one individual fastens her Zouave together at the waist by means of a delicious antique clasp, which I should certainly steal if I were sure I should not be found out.

Lilla is delighted with the dress and hat I sent her down. She and her husband went off on a two days' cruise on the Greys' yacht. Fred is a capital sailor, but Lilla, to use his phrase, never can find her sea-legs. She writes :—

I never want to find them. I always detested yachting. There is no room to dress one's-self properly, and when one is dressed, there is only one's own immediate circle to gaze and admire. Fred persuaded me to try again, as the sea was so calm and the weather so delicious. I was *so* sorry I went. I never felt really well the whole time. Mrs. Grey declared it was all imagination, and that if I had never heard of such a thing as sea-sickness, I should have been as well as on shore. Perhaps she is right. If so, I wish I had less imagination, that is all.

I see that the little Duke of Albany is to be rushed off to Scotland next month. I fancy the poor little scrap of humanity will hardly appreciate the Scottish climate, if introduced to it at such a tender age.

Lily has a friend at Deauville, who, though enjoying herself very much, yet finds time to send a few details about the dresses worn at the races. One, of blue crêpon and striped blue and white silk, seems charming. The bodice of blue crêpon had very tiny basques, with lapels of the striped silk, turned back so as to show a chemisette of rows of Valenciennes, finished off at the throat with one of those dear little *hot* velvet collars—blue, of course. The elbow sleeves were edged with Valenciennes. The blue crêpon skirt had a deep white lace flounce at the bottom. The tunic, of striped silk, was composed of two large pieces of drapery, forming a voluminous puff at the back, and disposed in most artful and "contradictory" folds. The peaked bonnet was of white lace, with a bunch of blue convolvulus. Pretty Madame de Montgomery wore a dress of black and white striped silk over a black silk skirt ; the second skirt being composed of three separate panels connected together by black lace, over puffs of white silk. A maize-coloured waistcoat and peaked bonnet gave piquancy to the whole. Madame Bischoffsheim wore a dress of sky-blue foulard, covered with white stars, and trimmed with Irish lace. Her very wide-brimmed straw hat was trimmed with maize ribbon and oats. One of the most tasteful dresses (wearer unknown to fame) was made entirely of *écru* network, lined with plum-coloured silk, which also edged the elbow sleeves ; the bodice and bottom of the skirt were embroidered branches, with *leaves* and plums in natural colours. An *écru* straw hat, with a very high crown, was trimmed with plum-coloured velvet and feathers. The sunshade was similar to the dress, and the whole was really perfect in point of taste. The wearer was a pretty brunette, with a fair but colourless skin, who might have seen thirty-five summers. Peau de Suède gloves, of the exact shade of the net on her dress, plum-coloured kid shoes, and silk stockings of the same hue composed the remaining details.

As usual in the hot weather, most of the dresses were white or cream-colour.

It appears there is a summer season at San Remo, and that the fashionable Italian ladies muster there in great force this year. They have almost all adopted Kate Greenaway bonnets, made of muslin, with coloured velvet spots, and cotton dresses, principally white, embroidered with field flowers. The Princesses Cellamare, Dora d'Istria, and Della Rocca wear triple bodices (!) with these dresses. First, a white muslin chemisette, gathered in at the waist by a black velvet belt and diamond buckle ; next, the bodice of the dress, opening on the chemisette ; thirdly, a light cloth jacket fitting tight behind, and falling straight in front. Down the front of the jacket are two bands of scarlet silk. Fancy the "deeply blue" Madame Dora d'Istria lending herself to the frivolity of a triple bodice!

Our friend E. G. G. writes a long letter from Poona. Here is a bit of it. She dates it July 15 :—

This is "our Season," and a very nice Season it is with regard to weather ; but, of course, that is a secondary consideration. It is delightfully cool, and gentle rain falls at least part of every day. Last night the Governor's ball, in honour of "her Majesty's birthday," was held at Government House, Ghuesh Khind. We most loyally drove seven miles there and seven miles back again ; but we were well repaid for doing so. The rooms are very beautiful, and were brilliantly lighted up by magnificent chandeliers of wax candles, which produced a soft and becoming light. The supper was all that could be desired, even by the Dowagers and superannuated Generals. The time-honoured boar's head held its place at the head of the table. Beyond the ball-room was a charming marble-floored corridor, full of exquisite plants, with seats here and there, which were much appreciated by whispering lovers, and, I grieve to say, not a few blooming matrons as well. It would have cheered the hearts of your wailing Mayfair mothers could they have seen our bachelors dance and do their duty to a man. I must not omit to mention the dresses, which were pretty, but nothing very remarkable. It is a pity his Excellency condemns his aide-de-camps to wear a hideous uniform, which forms a combination of a sheriff's officer and a flunkey. Many of us suffered on the way by the damp air taking all the curl out of our hair. But I afterwards discovered that some whom experience had taught wisdom brought their spirit-lamps and curling-tongs, and were enabled to appear with a smiling aspect in the ball-room.

The "Sky meeting" takes place this month, and promises to be a very good one; those lucky ladies who have had boxes "out from home" are keeping their contents for the occasion, and those who are less fortunate have their "Dhursees" busily employed copying fashion-plates. We have some quaint and curious children here in Poona. A friend of mine was travelling lately with her little boy, an *enfant terrible*, and his nurse, and, in crossing by steamer, they met an acquaintance on board with several little ones. At dinner one day, our young friend said in a loud voice to one of the several children, "Why have you no nurse? But," reflectively, "your mamma is like a nurse"—which remark unfortunately happened to be true! Apropos to children, reminds me that a number of parents here have their children with them, and find it a better plan than leaving them at home.

As you say you were so much interested in the details I gave you about the arrangements of the Sanitary House at the Healtheries, I conclude that you do not object to having your mind informed, so I shall tell you all about a hygienic bakery over which papa took me the other day. We have for some time been dissatisfied with the bread supplied to us, as it turned sour so soon, and thus left us no medium course between eating new bread or that which had become dry and bitter. Our discontent culminated the other morning, when we found in our breakfast loaf various portions of something which I shall no further particularise than by mentioning that it forms none of the normal ingredients of bread. So, as papa had heard of Messrs. Hill (of wedding-cake fame) & Sons' Model Bakery in Alexander-road, Westbourne-park, we set off to investigate.

First, we were shown the filter through which all the unboiled water used in the manufacture has to pass into a cistern capable of holding 150 gallons. The cistern is quite separate and apart from the rest of the water supply, and, being daily emptied and refilled, the water has no chance of becoming stale. It is, besides, thoroughly cleaned out every three weeks.

The potatoes used in the making of the bread (Messrs. Hill have found it impossible to do without them) are all steamed in ingeniously-constructed perforated chambers, each provided with a sort of small trough, into which all moisture drops, leaving the potatoes dry and flowery. They are steamed in their jackets, and are then placed in a wooden box (I cannot remember the technical names for all these receptacles), in which they are peeled and mashed into the finest flour without touch of human hand.

After seeing the various phases of this process, we were taken into the room where the machinery is. Placed directly under an aperture in the ceiling is an enormous wooden trough, into which the flour falls from a sifting-machine in the room above. This we saw afterwards, and admired the ingenuity by which it had been made to reject everything but flour, and to admit no smallest particle of "ties"—*i.e.*, the rope with which the sacks are tied. I have often had some "ties" in my bread. Have not you?

The large trough in the lower room is called the kneader, and into this the potatoes and French yeast are thrown, as well as the flour. Two huge revolving blades within the kneader then perform their important task of thoroughly mixing the ingredients, the whole being kept at the proper temperature by means of steam conveyed from an adjacent boiler.

Now, my dear, the process of kneading by hand, as usually performed, necessitates the leaning over the bread for some twenty minutes, and the concurrent violent

exercise of the arms in welding the whole heavy mass together. In hot weather, the bakers—but, there, I will go no further; your quick intuition will perceive what an immense advantage the machinery confers. The dough mixed, a different motion is given to the machinery, by which the ponderous kneader is turned outwards towards us as we look, and the mass is projected into large movable troughs, which run in grooves made for them into the bake-house. Here it is weighed and moulded on a long table of self-proclaiming cleanliness, and shot into the long brick ovens by means of very large shovels. These are heated entirely by wood, which is an important factor in giving a delicious, nutty flavour to the bread. A thermometer is kept in this room which marks the temperature in five seconds after having been plunged into the dough.

Papa asked innumerable questions about ventilation, drain-pipes, the trapping of drains, and even examined the lavatory where the journeymen bakers wash their hands. He was much pleased with all he saw, and so were we.

I learned one practical lesson from our tour of inspection, and that is, to be very careful where flour is kept, for it seems that it is as readily tainted as milk, and needs as much care and cleanliness.

Now, have I interested you? For, if I have, I will certainly continue to hunt up some improving subjects. Charlie calls them "stodgy" matters, and declares that they have a similar effect on his mind to that which school pudding would now be likely to exercise upon his appetite—or resurrection-pie.

I am sending you three real Devonshire recipes, which you will, I know, find most excellent. The first is "Squab pie," not a graceful name, but a capital dish. It is prepared as follows:—

Take about 2 lb. of the best end of the neck of mutton, cut it into small pieces, flavour with salt and pepper, and put a layer of it at the bottom of a pie-dish; next add a layer of sliced apples and onions, with about two dessert-spoonsful of brown sugar, then another layer of mutton; cover with a good pie-crust, and bake as an ordinary meat pie.

Devonshire junket is as nice as it is wholesome. Here is the recipe to make it. Try it.

Take two quarts of new milk, warm it to about blood heat, pour it into a glass or china bowl, and stir into it two tablespoonsful of prepared rennet (Crosse & Blackwell's), two tablespoonsful of powdered loaf sugar, and a small wine-glassful of pale brandy; let it stand till cold, and then cover it with a layer of clotted cream.

And now I will tell you how to make Clotted Cream:—

Put a small quantity of cold water into a rather shallow tin pan, then add about four quarts of new milk, let it stand for twelve hours, then place it over a slow fire. The milk should never be allowed to boil, but should remain on the fire till the cream forms into little bubbles, then put the pan into a cool place and leave it till quite cold (say six hours). Now take the cream off the top with a skimmer, and the milk which is left in the pan will be quite good for any purpose, though not so rich as before it was scalded.

Till next week, dear, your loving cousin, MADGE.

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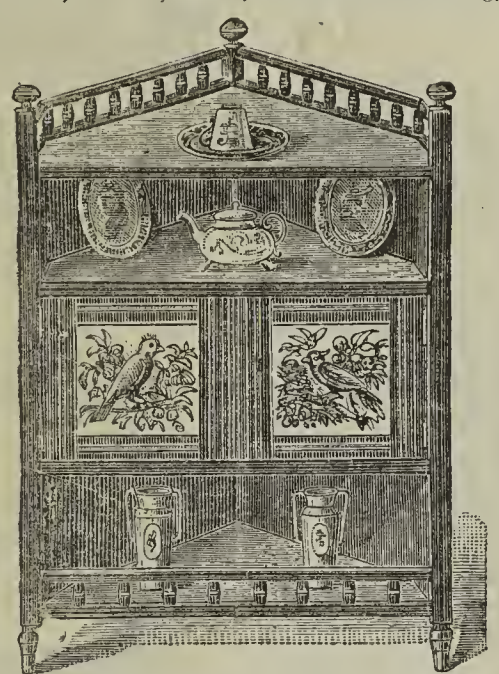

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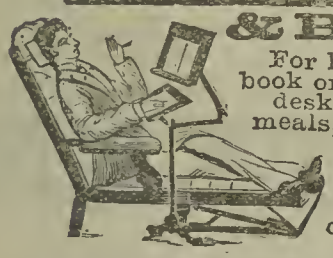

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£500,000. The Standard Bank of South Africa, Limited, as Financial Agents for the Kimberley Mining Board, are prepared to receive Tenders for the above Loan.

The Loan will be issued in Debentures of £100, £500, and £1,000 each, payable to Bearer, and carrying Interest at the rate of Seven per Cent. per annum, from the 1st of July, 1884. The first half-year's Coupon is payable on 1st January, 1885.

The Interest will be payable half-yearly, on the 1st January and 1st July, at the office of the Standard Bank of South Africa, Limited, London, or at the office of the said Bank at Cape Town or Kimberley, at the option of the Holder.

The Principal will be repayable at par, at the office of the said Bank in London, by Annual Drawings as follows:—

On 1st	July,	1885	...	...	...	...	...	£50,000	0 0
Do.	do.	1886	...	...	...	...	...	£50,000	0 0
Do.	do.	1887	...	...	...	...	...	£50,000	0 0
Do.	do.	1888	...	...	...	...	...	£50,000	0 0
Do.	do.	1889	...	...	...	...	...	£100,000	0 0
Do.	do.	1890	...	...	...	...	...	£100,000	0 0
Do.	do.	1891	...	...	...	...	...	£100,000	0 0
								£500,000	0 0

The Drawings will take place in the presence of a Notary Public, and the number of Bonds drawn will be duly advertised in one or more of the leading London Newspapers, and also in one or more of the Kimberley and Cape Town newspapers. The Bonds so drawn will cease to bear Interest after the specified dates of repayment.

The Minimum price of issue is fixed at 90.

The Kimberley Mining Board is established, and its borrowing and rating powers are duly authorised by Act No. 19 of 1883 of the Legislature of the Cape of Good Hope, entitled "An Act for the establishment, working, and management of Alluvial Diggings and Mines of Precious Stones and Minerals."

Both Principal and Interest of the above Loan are payable by the Mining Board, and guaranteed by a Special Rate (already made and estimated to be fully adequate for the purpose), of Five Shillings and Threepence (5s. 3d.) Sterling in the Pound on the assessed value (£3,047,037. 19s. 9d.) of the Claims in the Kimberley Mine, such rate to extend over a period of Seven years, and to be payable in equal quarterly Instalments, the First payment to be made on the First of September, 1884, the said Rate having been duly passed by the Board and sanctioned by the Government of the Cape of Good Hope in terms of Section LXI. of the Act aforesaid. The same Section contains full powers for the borrowing of money and levying special rates for liquidating debts incurred.

The object of the proposed Loan is to consolidate the Debt of the Board, amounting at this date to somewhat less than £450,000.

The Debt has arisen from heavy expenditure in connection with the removal of Reef from the Mine, but a revision of the Reef tariff will result in a very considerable reduction of the expenses in this direction.

The producing powers of the Kimberley Mine are clearly shown by the Returns framed under the provisions of the Diamond Trade Act (1882). It will be seen on reference to these Returns that during the eighteen months from 1st September, 1882, to 1st March, 1884, there were produced by the Kimberley Mine Diamonds of the aggregate weight of 1,429,726¾ Carats, and of the value of £1,399,404 Sterling.

The Mine has at the present time reached an average depth of 320 feet, having been worked since June, 1871; it is oval in shape, and surrounded by friable Reef to a depth of 275 feet, below which there is a Stratum of Igneous Rock, which has proved to be very hard and solid and stands at its natural formation.

Shafts have been sunk by the larger Companies in the Mine to a depth of about 550 feet from the original surface, but no indications of a cessation of the Diamondiferous soil, or diminution of its value have been experienced.

Tenders to be lodged with the Standard Bank of South Africa, Limited, 10, Clement's-lane, Lombard-street, London, on or before WEDNESDAY, the 27th day of AUGUST, 1884, not later than Noon on that day, at which time they will be opened, in the presence of any applicants who may think proper to attend.

Payment of the Debentures will be required as follows, viz.:—

5 per cent. on application.

A further sum on allotment, to reduce the amount unpaid to 75 per cent.

20 per cent. on 3rd September.
25 „ „ 10th „
30 „ „ 17th „

On which last-mentioned date the Debentures will be ready for delivery.

The Debentures will be allotted to the higest bidders, but no tender will be accepted at less than the Official Minimum of 90.

Tenders at a price including a fraction of a Shilling other than Sixpence, will not be preferentially accepted, and should the equivalent Tenders exceed the amount to be allotted, a *pro rata* distribution will be made.

The following Documents may be obtained or inspected at the Office of the Standard Bank of South Africa, Limited, in London, viz.:—

A.—Forms of Tender.
B.—Prospectus.
C.—Copy of the Authority upon which the Loan is offered.
D.—Copy of the Precious Stones and Minerals Mining Act, 1883.
E.—Statement of the Revenue and Expenditure of the Mining Board for the years 1879, 1880, 1881, 1882, and 1883.
F.—Diamond production Returns for eighteen months, from 1st September, 1882, to 1st March, 1884.
G.—Assessment Roll of the Kimberley Mine, 1884.
H.—Power of Attorney by the Mining Board in favour of the Chief Manager of the Standard Bank of South Africa, Limited.

Forms of Tender and Copies of Prospectus may also be obtained at the Offices of Messrs. Whiteheads & Coles, 39, Throgmorton-street, London, E.C.; of Messrs. Hollebone Bros. & Trench, 2, Royal Exchange Buildings, London, E.C.; and of Messrs. Flux, Son & Co., Solicitors, 3, East India Avenue, London, E.C.

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London, 11*th August*, 1884.

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RULES.

1. The sum of £2. 2s. will be given every week for the best Epigram, Conundrum, Lipogram, Bouts-Rimés, or whatever the announced subject of the competition for the week may be.

2. The Puzzle Editor reserves the right, however, of dividing the above sum between two or more competitors, or of withholding the prize, should exceptional circumstances render such a course desirable.

3. The decision and award of the Puzzle Editor must be considered final and irrevocable, and, for obvious reasons, no appeal from his critical judgments can be entertained.

4. In every instance the Prize will be given in money, subject to no condition whatever, except the publication of the winner's real name and address in this journal.

5. Competitors will be allowed eight days for the composition and despatch of their efforts; but all such communications must, at the latest, be received at the Truth Office by the first post on Friday morning in the week succeeding the publication of the subject for competition.

6. Not more than one Prize will be given in a Quarter to the same competitor.

7. All New Contributors are Required to Forward with their First Answers their Real Names and Addresses for Registration; such names and addresses will not be published except in the case of Prize-winners.

8. The *nom-de-plume* chosen by competitors should not exceed 12, and must under no circumstances consist of more than 14 letters.

9. Competitors must on no account change the noms-de-plume they have once assumed.

10. On the announcement of the Prize-winner's *nom-de-plume*, the successful competitor must write and make formal application for the Prize, stating the address to which the cheque must be sent. Any competitor failing to do so within three months of winning the Prize will forfeit all claim to the same.

11. No communications can be received on post-cards, by telegraph, or by hand. They must all be sent by the time named above, in post letters addressed—

PUZZLE EDITOR OF "TRUTH," Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, S.W.

"TRUTH" PUZZLES.

No. 286. "PARODY OF 'BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.'"—Jane Kennedy (Miss Jane Kennedy, 33, Porchester-terrace) £1 1 0
" " " Sefton (F. E. Scully, Esq., 48, Thurloe-square, S.W.) 1 1 0
No. 287. "ANAGRAM ON NAMES OF PEER."—Bandbox (Saml. Makeham, Esq., 8, Lady Margaret-villas, Tufnell Park, N.) 2 2 0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 288.

The suggestions for Fancy *Fêtes* will doubtless bear practical fruit in future seasons, for though many of the notions sent in were somewhat far-fetched and unworkable, there were others which an enterprising bazaar committee could readily and effectively carry out. My task has been to select that suggestion which seemed best adapted for the given purpose, provided, of course, that the suggestion was a novel one, and had not been used in any *fête* or fair of this or past seasons, and I have decided that there is much in that made by Cimiés which might be turned to good account. But the suggestion made by R. Gofton Salmond is so similar in its general plan to the above, that the only fair course will be to divide the prize equally between this competitor and Cimiés, to whom the prize will be awarded.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 291.

Several country competitors complained that they were necessarily placed at a disadvantage compared with London competitors in the recent competition as to the best dramatists of modern years; and it must be admitted that there was some ground for such a complaint. In the following competition, however, I think that provincial competitors will find themselves well able to hold their own. I am not sure, indeed, that country subscribers do not read more than the London patrons of a library. At all events, town and country will both possess full facilities for competing for a prize which will be given to the competitor who sends in

THE MOST APPROVED LIST OF THE BEST TEN MODERN BRITISH NOVELISTS, WITH THE BEST THREE NOVELS WRITTEN BY EACH.

The term "modern" for the purposes of this competition, must be taken to include all living novelists, and any that have died within the past twenty-five years. Only three books must be given in each case.

Answers to Correspondents.

Niobe.—Yes; the word "walls" should have read "Halls," as you suggest.

Squelette.—Your anagram on "Alfred, Lord Tennyson, Poet Laureate," though "too late," is too good not to publish. So I print it here: "A lovely, artled nature, fed on tropes."

Prima Donna.—Yes; I must apologise for what was quite an omission. Your parody was admirable, and I regret that it was crowded out.

Bob Ridley.—If you purposely refrained from last week's competition to be able to say that "Truth's last puzzle (No. 288) was 'two gross' for you," you are worthy to rank with that practical wag who, when out at dinner on one occasion, refused to take any "Potage" or "Poisson" merely that he might be in a position to assert, later on in the meal, "that he was not a 'soup-or-fish-al' sort of man!'.

Rogger Shurt and Llewellyn.—I have attended to your letters.

Francis Jones.—Your anagram, also, though "too late," is worth publication. It is on "The Marquess of Salisbury," and makes of it, "The reform abyss quails us!"

Polochy.—Many thanks. You will see I have availed myself of one of your suggestions.

A Cricketer.—Many thanks for your suggestion, which I have duly noted.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 289. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

VERSES ON THE SEASON, BRINGING IN THE WORDS "TOAST" AND "HONEYCOMB."

*** To prevent misunderstanding, it may be said that the "Specimens" are not, as a rule, arranged in the order of their merit.—The P. E.

The Season?—Well, St. Stephen's "Bees"
Have not much "honeycomb" to show,
Despite their huzz! Stern Fate's decrees
For "butterflies" have made it "slow."
In sport "Le Cricket's" been the toast,
And "Sol" this year has "ruled the roast."
Plumepierre.

Thank Heaven! our farming folk can boast
Of heavy crops, and drink the toast,
"The harvest-fields of 'eighty-four!"
While bees that "ply the labouring oar,"
Hum praises as they carry home
The harvest of the honeycomb.
Prima Donna.

A dismal blank to beaux and belles—
A honeycomb of empty "sells."
No Drawing-room, no Court, no ball
(The Prince's death o'ershadowed all).
This gloomy season drags its way,
Vapid as toast of yesterday. Stultissimus.

Like honeycomb, our beaux and belles,
Have found it full of little (s)ells!
We've danced, no douht, and had a host
Of suppers where the girls we'd toast!
Yet the best feature, I suppose,
In this past season, is its "close!"
Orchis.

The season? it's been full of sells,
A very honeycomb! the belles
All wring their hands; of the fair host
But few have won connubial bliss;
And worse! they say next season's toast
Will be a bread and butter miss. T.

A dreary season, glad it's over,
Spoiled my looks and lost a lover;
I thought it seemed from lack of money,
"Honeycomb" without the honey;
Dry as "toast," and hot as "Hades,"
Bad for men, but worse for ladies. Offa.

Thrice jilted, dipping strips of toast
In matin egg, I muse how most
Fits with my verdict on the season
Yon honeycomb, for this good reason,
Each has been proved by learned swells,
A series of perfect sells. Skriker.

The venerable House of Lords
To Rads a painful sight affords;
With obstacles from day to day
Men honeycomb the Premier's way;
While Randy tries to rule the roast,
And butter other people's toast.
Bob Ridley.

Despised wert thou, O Season past,
For Dulness' chains did hold thee fast,
Of "no new thing" thou mayest boast,
"Ennui" did form thy daily toast,
Insipid as a thrice-told "mot,"
A honeycomb whence no sweets flow.
Sambo Japhet.

Crape made the season deadly dull,
And caused in fun and mirth a lull;
Now John Bull hurries from his home
To heather, grouse, and honeycomb,
And seeking health in "Pastures New"
He'll toast his friend in Mountain Dew.
Vol-au-Vent.

A baffled belle *loq.*
Ah me! the season! Hopes ran high,
But it failed sadly, so did I:
I played trump-cards but never scored,
I vollied, rallied, men looked bored,
For toast took Cynthia, never me;
My honeycomb allured no bee. Observer.

A corse without the kindling soul;
Without the cream, the milky bowl;
The honeycomb without its sweets;
A "Benefit" without receipts;
Without the glass, the formal toast;
Of seasons gone the pallid ghost. Repealer.

We've seen of late so many a face
Meet toast for poor Will Honeycomb,
Such fairy forms, such angel grace,
That Coverley must loathe his tomb.
Yet days of mourning, more or less,
Have robbed the season of success.
Delphi.

In retrospective glance, we fear,
The Season has been dull this year.
The tears that fell upon a tomb
Mix'd gall with pleasure's honeycomb;
And now we gladly join the host,
Who soon round rural fires will toast.
Tout-Paris.

Where'er we guide our pilgrim staff,
Whether by mountain, fell, or coast,
Tho' choicest wines we daily quaff,
And all enjoy that earth can boast,
Do we not long (forbear your laugh)
For honeycomb, and tea and toast?
Rit

You toast the season? Well, I think
The season's rather *toasted* us,
And made us swear and take to drink,
Or sit perspiring in a "bus;"
While all the flies, "abroad" and "home,"
Imagine one a honeycomb!
Crystal Palace.

What has the season been? Forsooth,
I'll answer that in lines of Truth.
A hive of troubles, candour tells,
Like honeycomb, made up of "sells."
A fruitless Session, brag and boast,
"Departing C's on!" that's my toast.
Estrel.

The season's done; he who can hoast
He's won for bride the reigning toast,
It sweeter finds than "Home, sweet Home,"
Or honey from the honeycomb.
This season's sweetest, since it can
Boast Oscar Wilde, "the married man."
Gossamer.

[*Continued on next page.*

As usual, with our tea and toast,
We read our names in *Morning Post*.
In crowded ball, in drear "at home,"
In flirting, sweet as honeycomb,
In rivalry of vain display,
Thus has the season past away. HUGO.

Describe the season? in short metre,
I can't—yet stay! I'll drink its toast—
It brought me what I wish'd for most,
A wife—(the honeycomb's not sweeter!)
* * * * * *
My honeycomb was but a sell (cell).
The season's gone—my wife as well!
MALIGNANT.

I think it's been a dreary season
(Not that I'll tell my every reason),
Like toast unbuttered, hot and dry,
Or honeycomb, where longing eye
Must feast itself on empty cell,
It's best comes last, for that's "Farewell!"
SISSIE.

So hot we find "Old London street,"
Warm as a toast are all we meet;
We, therefore, seek the grateful shade
Within the Health'ries garden made.
Like honeycomb beneath the trees
The music draws the swarm of bees,
Whilst cooling fountains near us play—
"This season here 'tis best," we say.
MAGELLAN.

The season's over—let it pass,
Gone are its joys, like withered grass,
Sweet as the honeycomb so white,
Have been its pleasures day and night—
Its reigning belle the toast has been
Of many titled hosts, I ween. MRS. POYSER.

The season now just passed away
Has been a dull one, so they say;
Tho' sweet as honeycomb its joy,
The pains and loss were great alloy;
Still of sweet pleasures we can boast,
So pledge the year in loving toast. RISK.

The season has been hot as toast,
And trade has somehow fled away;
Our foes, the Lords, now make their beast,
The last grand Bill they mean to slay
This is their season, let them foam,
Yet Hodge shall have his Honeycomb. FOY.

Let's toast the country! sweeter far
Than honeycomb its pleasures are;
And thither will we gladly fly,
Forgetting, 'neath the open sky,
The London season we've just spent,
So full of gloom and discontent. STEWARD.

As now we take our journey home,
'Tis sweeter far than honeycomb,
To think the season past is o'er,
We'll feel its dreadful heat no more—
Of nothing in it we can boast,
'Twas vapid—e'en as watered toast.
RESPICE FINEM.

It has been shadow'd by a tomb,
The earth is one vast honeycomb
Holding our sweet treasured dead;
And early to the moors we've fled
To toast ourselves in autumn's suns,
And seek excitement with our guns.
HOOKWOOD.

From fashion's gilded honeycomb,
To foreign clime and Highland home,
Society's *élite* have flown;
The season's o'er, and tradesmen boast,
With pockets lined and buttered toast,
"The grandest season ever known."
ROSE ISLAND.

In grief begun, with Goodwood ended,
The season past—passed like a dream,
Some fortunes marred and others mended,
While I of life have sipped the cream;
And now Scotch breakfasts tempt me most,
Cake, scones, trout, honeycomb, and toast.
GOURMET.

I think this season should not boast
Itself an English season. Why?
We've all become as brown as toast,
Too hot our oars or bats to ply.
Than honey and the honeycomb
'Tis sweeter far to stay at home.
KELTIE.

The season 's gone flatly and badly;
No Court, few balls, mourning and sadly;
Sans fêtes, where bright new dresses flutter,
'Twas buttered toast without the butter.
With trade too dull for making money,
'Twas honeycomb without the honey.
GWYNFRYN.

What tho' the season had been gay,
For me no *fête*, nor dance, nor play,
Could rouse to mirth, or banish pain.
Yet, seasoning the dry toast of care,
Full many sweets fall to my share.
Hope's honeycomb will never drain.
GOLDUSA.

No doubt, the season 's had its share
Of pleasures—*fête* and fancy-fair;
Of pretty girls, who men will toast
When far away on moor or coast.
Still, honeycomb, not all within,
The busy hive of buzz and din.
The butterflies, who flitted fair
Through Fashion's hive have had their share.
CÆSAR'S CORNER.

AN M.P. *loq.*

"This season has most trying been,
Rousing each loyal member's spleen.
Speeches, many as drops that fall
From honeycomb, have filled our Hall;
But when of leisure we can boast,
'Heather and Grouse' shall be my toast."
GUELDER ROSE.

My toast is "Eighteen eighty-four,"
And years as good, may we have more!
For like a honeycomb, 'tis full
Of riches, which delight John Bull;
The farmer smiles on harvests grand,
A cheering change, dear native land.
DNALWOR.

"Will Honeycomb,"* who used to boast
Of favours from each reigning toast,
Had never even seen the faces
Of those be-patched and powdered graces;
If I described this London season,
I 'd be like him—for the same reason.
CANTABIT.

* See Addison's "Spectator."

The builders of the honeycomb,
The people, proud of hearth and home,
Will not yield without rhyme or reason;
Let us all, then, our leader toast,
Who won't let Tories rule the roast,
Crow though they did all through the season.
PIERRE.

At dear old Eton I did dwell,
So of the season I can't tell
If either it was good or bad,
Or if it made hearts gay or sad;
A toast for Eton and my home,
They 're both as sweet as honeycomb
W. W.

The Season just about to close
Has been to tradesmen full of woes.
Like toiling bees that vainly roam
To fill their empty honeycomb,
Through summer heat they slave and toast,
Yet have no gain of which to boast. GUS.

The Season that's just over is
Worthy a toast in sparkling fizz;
And now that its delights have flown,
My liver's quite a honeycomb!
But, really, I am very sad,
Its presence made my heart so glad.
SWASHER.

What was your season like, my belles?
A honeycomb that's full of cells,
Not one who "popped" possessed a "stiver."
I toast you next, my moneyed beaux;
How is it *you* did not propose?
No pretty girl was worth a "fiver!"
CRYSTAL PALACE II.

O'er tea and toast, girls vow gay matrons
Stole all their "parties" and best patrons,
And swear t'will honeycomb creation,
To block thus their re-presentation;*
And, without fair redistribution
Of men, they'll go for revolution.
* At Court. SKRIKER.

Honeycomb and buttered toast,
My pal is munching on for ever;
Bless me! now, will that varlet never
Bring us up the *Morning Post*.
At last. "A dance was"—without reason
Jack growls "Be blowed the London Season!"
VOYAGEUR.

Disdainful doth my muse rebel,
'Gainst task that sounds like rankest treason;
With sweetness' self, convivial spell,
Why link this very doleful season?
Of honeycomb the empty cell (sell),
Of toast the dryness, hints the reason.
REPEALER.

A WEST-END TRADESMAN *loq.*

"The Season!" let us drink the toast
In silence; who of it can boast?
It came with promise bright and fair,
That vanished into empty air.
Ah! sorrow in a Royal home
The fabric frail did honeycomb!
PRIMA DONNA.

The Season past in real jam
Was sadly wanting; save a cram,
Now here, now there, the social bees
Swarmed sparingly round fashion's lees;
No Prince to toast, no Queen-bee there,
The hive of honeycomb was bare.
OBSERVER.

A toast I give: The Season Past!
It proved my plain-faced cousin's last.
Her dad designed her for myself;
But now she's safely off the shelf.
"Real jam" will not express my joy,
'Tis honeycomb without the cloy!
FRIEDRICH II.

The closing season well may boast
That men, with gouty toes to toast,
Have cast, at last, a kindly eye,
To scenes where poor men live and die;
Where close, like cells in honeycomb,
Lie reeking heaps of one-room'd home.
GIBB.

All hail to autumn's blazing sun,
Our corn's gather'd, our work is done.
The busy bees roam far from home—
Returning, fill their honeycomb.
Now we can bake, and boil, and roast;
With Nature's fire, make tea and toast.
ECLIPSE.

As in the honeycomb is stor'd,
The golden treasure of the hoard,
That lends to bread or humble toast
Attractions they could never boast;
So the gay season's brilliant rays,
Make brighter still these summer days.
E. W.

The toast is drunk, the bride, so pale,
Now feels her heart within her fail
At leaving her sweet, happy home,
Her peaceful, trauquil honeycomb;
But, with a smile, she has confess'd,
This season it has been the best
That e'er the sun has shon upon;
In it she met her Algernon! HIBOU.

"I've done the Park," the masher cries,
"The Healtheries; I've tired my eyes
With gazing at the pictures, while
The heat dispelled my languid smile.
No toast can rouse me from 'ennui,'
The honeycomb's too sweet for me."
CLIVE.

The seasou has nothing to boast,
Except Weldon, dull as dry toast;
Semple says, "She is a mad 'un,"
She replies, "He is a bad 'un."
In honeycomb bees love to dwell:
Lunacy laws—O, what a "sell!"
J. MCGREGOR ALLAN.

I think that in the season done
There has not been much life or fun.
Through all the honeycomb of town
No one has gathered much renown;
Of dinners there have been a host,
But not one passed without a toast.
W. M. & Co.

Oh! how I wish that you could see
Our honeycomb, then you'd agree,
That if the season now no more,
Had left behind such golden store
Of hours improved, we well might boast
To give the season as our toast. DELTA.

Verses have also beeu received from Mew, Rosary, Revirescat (wrong metre), R. G. W., Smytche (wrong metre), Jupiter Pluvius (wrong metre), Guinea Pig, Dora (wrong metre), Llewellyn, Bun (wrong metre), Kerry Pippin (wrong metre), Jojo, Heber, Avon, Wisteria, R. G. N., Jani, G. A. H., K. E. Y., East Wind, Snuffy, Sam Slick.

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BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.—Hero, we are now enjoying exceedingly fine weather, which makes the season a favourable one, the town being full of strangers. Everything that can offer inducement is done, it is true. Entertainment follows entertainment—after the racing the regattas; after the regattas the Distribution of the Prizes took place at the Casino, which on that occasion gave a grand entertainment in the gardens, more than four thousand persons being present, and dancing was kept up till two o'clock a.m. Paris and London alone sent upwards of twenty thousand visitors to these fêtes. In consequence of the summer vacation, Paris sent a great number of excursion trains. The theatrical event of the week was the representation of Bizet's opera "Carmen," and well-deserved success crowned the efforts made by the artistes in putting the piece before the public. We sincerely compliment Mesdames Lureau and Lonati, and MM. Guiberteau Comte, Romieu, and Leance; nor ought we to pass by the orchestra and the chorus, which were worthy of their leader, M. Bromet. Last Thursday, Bernicat's charming opéra-bouffe "François les Bas Bleus," was given, of which performance, which will doubtless make its mark at Boulogne, we shall give an account next week. Madame Marie Laurent, the great tragédienne from the Odéon, gave an evening performance on Wednesday last, during which she was loudly applauded. The charming sisters Bouste also gave on the piano several *morceaux* conjointly, and were also much applauded. We expect another performance by M. Coquelin, jun.; one by Mdlle. Richemberg, Première Sociétaire of the Comédie Française, and we would not be surprised to hear soon M. Febvre, who created the character "l'Ami Fritz." That inimitable artiste is now in Boulogne, and M. Hirschler knows how to take advantage of every opportunity for procuring for his numerous patrons the best Parisian artistes.

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The Company has by agreement acquired the valuable rights conferred by an Act of Parliament of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope for the construction of a bridge at Barkly, in the Cape Colony, and for levy of tolls at rates calculated to be highly remunerative.

The authorised tolls may be collected, not only at the bridge, but also within a radius of 12 miles of the bridge.

The commencement of the bridge has been officially certified, as required by the Act, and it is intended that the works shall be proceeded with, and the bridge be formally opened for traffic by Midsummer, 1885.

The Company has contracted to purchase the pontoon now worked as a ferry near the site of the bridge; it is proposed to use the same on another part of the Vaal River.

A map is issued with the prospectus showing the great main road from Kimberley to the interior, the important town of Barkly, the site of the bridge, and also the area comprised in the radius of 12 miles referred to in the Bridge Act.

The map shows that the bridge will be the connecting link of the direct highways from Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, Port Alfred, and East London to the Transvaal and the interior, which converge on Kimberley. As Kimberley is destined to be the common terminus of the railways of the Cape Colony, it will naturally become the emporium for the trade of the extensive districts extending from Griqualand West to the Zambesi, as well as of a large portion of the Transvaal. It may be mentioned here that the trade route to the north, recently the subject of negotiation between the Earl of Derby, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and the Transvaal delegates, leads directly from the proposed bridge, therefore the greater part of the traffic must pass over it.

By the Act it is provided that the work is to be carried on to the satisfaction of an inspector, to be appointed by the Goveruor of the Colony. The plans of the bridge have been approved by, and the construction has been commenced uuder the supervisiou of, Mr. Hyslop, C.E., Government Engineer in Griqualand West.

The foundation stone of the bridge was laid by the Hon. J. X. Merriman, M.L.A., the Commissioner of Crown Lands and Public Works, who in the Cape Legislative Assembly had defended the action of the Government in having approved the concession, by explaining that they wished to encourage the introduction of capital for works of such interest and importance to the colony. The southern approach and abutment of the bridge have been constructed and officially approved.

The tolls authorised by the Act correspond with those authorised on the Government bridges over the Orange River, and vary from 3d. per foot passenger to 17s. 6d. per loaded waggon. The schedule authorised is printed on the back of the plan.

The tolls are chargeable on persous, beasts, or vehicles crossing or going through the Vaal River, within a radius of 12 miles from the bridge.

The pontoon ferry has been plying since the month of November, 1880. Its cost of about £3,200 was by the receipts recouped to the proprietors in less than eight months. The proprietors of this pontoon have furnished a partial statement of the earnings for 1882, amounting to £3,602. 18s. 6d. This is incomplete, because it does not include a proportion of earnings booked to customers of the owners of the pontoon.

The Directors, from estimates laid before them, anticipate from the opening of the bridge a minimum income of £6,500 per annum. The pontoon, as before stated, becomes the property of the Company from the day the bridge is opened for traffic.

It will be seen that assuming the bridge to earu a revenue only equivalent to that which has been earned by the pontoon, it would alone be sufficient to meet the debenture interest, but a much larger income may be confidently expected from the greater facilities offered by a bridge, and the collection of tolls extending to the 12 miles' radius.

Three of the bridges over the Orange River at Colesberg, Bethulie, and Aliwal North, belonging to the Government, earned for 1882, a net total of £21,216, equal to a return of 9 per cent. on the cost of construction. The Hopetown-bridge has only recently been opened. These bridges divide between them the Diamond Fields' traffic from the South, whereas the Barkly-bridge is the only authorised one upon the northern route to that great centre of commerce.

Having regard to the fact that the Government has a monopoly of tolls within a radius of only five miles from the aforesaid bridges, whilst the Barkly-bridge Act concedes a radius of 12 miles (see above), it is estimated by Mr. James Fforde, M. Inst. C.E., late Chief Inspector of Public Works of the Cape Government, that the bridge should give a revenue of over £10,400 per annum.

The issue is of £65,000 in sums of £100 each, payable to bearer, but for the convenience of holders who prefer inscribed debentures, a register will be kept for that purpose at the London offices of the Company; the interest will be payable half-yearly in London.

An indenture for securing the issue of £65,000 of debentures by way of first mortgage on the bridge and other property of the Company has been executed in favour of Sir Henry Barkly, K.C.B., G.C.M.G., and John Paddon, Esq., as trustees for the debenture-holders. The deed, or a certified copy of it, can be seen at the office of the Company, or of the Solicitors.

The sum of £1,100 is, at the end of each financial year, commencing in 1887, to be set aside out of the revenue of the Company for redeeming at 110 ten drawn bonds.

All the bonds are to be paid off at 110 in London, and those not previously drawn are to be paid off at 110 on January 1st, 1906.

Messrs. Firbank & Co., Contractors for Cape Government Railways, have entered into an agreement with the Company to construct the bridge, under plans and conditions already approved of—plans in every way suitable for the large traffic and its anticipated great increase. They have become under peualties to finish the bridge by Midsummer, 1885.

The total amount to be paid for cost of the Act, work already done, purchase of the pontoon, and contract for the whole construction, including payment of interest on the debentnres until the opening of the bridge, all preliminary expenses connected with the issue of the shares, debentures, &c., is fixed at £71,400 of which £7,500 is taken in fully paid shares, and £8,000 in debentures of the issue.

At or after the expiration of 21 years from the opening day of the bridge, the Cape Government have the right to purchase it at a price based upon the capitalisation at 5 per cent. of the average net income for the preceding three years. Taking such average income at £10,000 a year, the price to be paid by the Government in that case would be £200,000.

Payment for the Debentures will be required as follows:—£5 per £100 on application; £10 per £100 on allotment; £25 per £100 1st November, 1884; £25 per £100 1st January, 1885; £35 per £100 on 1st March, 1885.

A copy of the authorising Act, as well as the form of Debentures and other documents, may be inspected at the office of the Company.

Forms of application may be obtained of the Bankers, or the Solicitors, or at the office of the Company.

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ENTRE NOUS.

THE Queen goes to Scotland next week, but the day of her journey is not yet fixed. The Court is to stay at Balmoral, all being well, till the third week in November.

There will shortly be a vacancy for a Maid of Honour in the Queen's household, as Miss Amy Lambart is to be married in October to Mr. H. C. Legge. Miss Lambart is now taking her last turn of duty, which will expire next Thursday.

I recently referred to the fact that Mrs. Moncrieff had exchanged the "apartments" that were given to her in Hampton Court Palace for a small suite in Kensington Palace, and added that she was only enabled to make this change by the personal interposition of the Queen herself. Mrs. Moncrieff now writes :—

Dear Sir,—May I ask you to rectify a slight mistake which I saw in Truth last week? Her Majesty graciously offered me the rooms through the interest and kindness of H.R.H. the Princess Louise. The Lord Chamberlain and all the gentlemen connected with the Lord Chamberlain's office were most thoughtful in every respect about the rooms.—Believe me, very truly yours,

Rackheath Park, Norwich, Aug. 19, 1884. Nita Moncrieff.

The Prince and Princess of Wales had very heavy work last week; for the incessant journeys, and ceremonies, and big dinners must have been awfully trying in such excessively hot weather. On Tuesday there was the seven hours' journey to Rothbury, on Wednesday nearly nine hours of travelling and functions, on Thursday ten hours of the same, and on Friday a journey of nearly four hours, followed by three hours of sight-seeing and ceremony.

At Cragside so many rooms were required for the Royalties and their suite that several of the guests were lodged at the hotel in Rothbury. There were dinner-parties on each evening, to which many local notables were invited. The grounds were splendidly illuminated by the electric light. Above the drawing-room window there was a two-thousand-candle arc light.

The young Princesses undoubtedly had the best of it on Wednesday and Thursday. On the first day they passed the morning in the gardens, and drove in the afternoon to Brinkburn Priory, where they had tea under the trees. On Thursday they explored the grounds, and passed the afternoon in boating on the large lake.

Lady Armstrong has presented the Princess with a souvenir of her visit to Coquetdale in the shape of a Simonside shawl from Tossan Mill, near Rothbury. The Prince and Princess have invited Sir William and Lady Armstrong to visit them at Sandringham in November.

Cragside is an Elizabethan house, with endless turrets, gables, and old-fashioned windows, and a lofty clock-tower in the middle. It was originally a cottage in the Swiss style, but the greater part of the present house was built twenty years ago, and it has since been considerably enlarged. The principal rooms are very fine, and there are splendid views from the windows. The whole house is lighted by electricity. The grounds, however, are the great charm of the place. They run up and along the hillside, which is intersected by a network of paths, and which has been thickly planted with trees and ferns, and higher up are terraces, while in the valley below is a clear and rapid stream, bordered by rocks and foliage. It is really a wonderful place, and it is not the least striking feature that everything looks thoroughly natural. There is a splendid conservatory, and adjoining it is a large and fairy-like fern grotto.

There is a large Danish colony at Newcastle, and their demonstration last week took the form of a subscription towards the English church which it is proposed to build at Copenhagen. A sum of £120 was raised, which was sent to the Princess on Tuesday, with an illuminated Danish address. The Danes not only deserve credit for their good sense in manifesting their loyalty in such a practical way, but also for their consideration in quietly forwarding their address and contribution without any fuss, instead of asking the Princess to receive a deputation.

Lord and Lady Rosebery's party at Dalmeny to meet the Prince and Princess of Wales included the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Lothian, Lord and Lady Reay, Lord Colville, Lord and Lady Carrington, Mr. and Lady Fanny Marjoribanks, Mr. and Mrs. Gerard, Mr. R. Spencer, and Mr. Calcraft. The Royal guests did not arrive at Dalmeny from Edinburgh till past seven, and the Prince then strolled about the lawn for nearly an hour, dinner being at nine o'clock. There was a guard of honour of marines and sailors round the principal entrance to the house.

On Saturday the party visited the works in connection with the Forth-bridge, and then went through Queensferry to Hopetoun House, where they lunched with Lady Hopetoun and Lord Hopetoun. The Princess of Wales visited Hopetoun with the King of Denmark just ten years ago, and she then planted two cedar-trees on the south lawn, which she inquired for on Saturday.

The Prince and Princess and their family left Dalmeny after breakfast on Monday, and, starting from the village station just outside the park, they joined the main line at Ratho, and proceeded direct to Ballater by special train. They will stay at Abergeldie Castle till the first week in October.

At the stall of the Royal Blind Asylum, in the Forestry Exhibition, the Princess of Wales was presented with a beautifully-worked shawl of Shetland wool, which was enclosed in a Fiesole-straw basket, which had been brought from Italy expressly for the purpose. The Prince received a wicker-work Edinburgh chair, and the young Princes a clothes-brush each. All these articles had been made by the inmates.

The Prince of Wales will leave Abergeldie on Monday week for York, whence he will proceed to Brantingham, where he is to stay on a visit to Mr. Christopher Sykes till the following Friday. This was arranged at York station last Tuesday. Lord Hartington will be one of the Doncaster party at Brantingham. Mr. Sykes has arranged that his guests shall this year be conveyed by daily special trains from Brough direct to Doncaster station, instead of stopping at Barmby-upon-Don, and driving thence to the course.

I hear that the Queen positively prohibited the Duke of Edinburgh from attending the balls which were given to the officers of the Channel Squadron at Galway and Derry. In her Majesty's present mood, it would indeed be a bad thing for the Royalties generally if anything happened to the infant Duke of Albany.

During his recent visits to Ireland the Duke of Edinburgh has wisely taken every opportunity of going ashore and of showing himself everywhere, and he has always been received with the utmost cordiality by people of all classes. I do hope that next year we shall hear of some other members of the Royal Family going to Ireland. The Prince and Princess of Wales ought to make it their business to go over there for a month. It is no wonder that the Irish are disloyal when they are so persistently cold-shouldered by our Royalties, although whenever the Queen or any of her children have visited Ireland they have always been greeted with the utmost enthusiasm.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh are to visit Chatham on Wednesday, October 8, when the new corvette *Rodney* is to be launched, and the Duchess will christen the vessel.

At the last moment, the arrangements were altered for Princess Louise's trip to Germany, and instead of going to Marienbad she has gone to Gastein, where she arrived on Thursday, and is staying at the Empress Elizabeth Hotel. The Princess broke her journey at Cologne and Salzburg. She has gone to Gastein rather late in the season, but is to take a course of twenty-one baths, and will afterwards make a short tour in the Tyrol before returning home.

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On Friday, the German Crown Prince and Crown Princess left Osborne for Potsdam, where they have to attend the christening of the infant son of Prince and Princess William of Prussia, which ceremony is to take place on Sunday next. There will be a State Banquet at the Palace in the evening.

The Empress Eugénie is staying at Carlsbad, at the Hôtel Westminster, close to the Schlossbrunnen. The Empress, who is attended by Madame Bourbaki and M. Pietri, maintains the strictest incognita. She will leave Carlsbad next week, and is expected to go to Schwalbach for a short time before returning to England.

Vanity Fair tells a wonderful story about the former husband of Madame de Kalomine, the morganatic spouse of the Grand Duke of Hesse. It states that M. de Kalomine had to leave the Russian service for keeping a gaming-house in St. Petersburg, that he then removed himself to Paris, and that, after divers vicissitudes, he enlisted in a French regiment. This is all a farrago of nonsense, for Count or Baron (I forget which) Kalomine has been for many years in the Russian diplomatic service, and he is now (or he was a few weeks ago) attached to the Russian Legation at Carlsruhe.

I last week inserted a letter from "Traveller," referring to the Belle Vue Hotel, Andermatt. Here is the proprietor's explanation :—

Sir,—It is a fortunate thing for the proprietors of hotels and others that "Traveller" is not accustomed to write oftener, I hope, than once in thirty years in such unmeasured terms as he has done of the Belle Vue Hotel, Andermatt. Concerning his complaint, I would say that he was not here a week, and my fixed rule, of which he was made aware, is that visitors for less than a week are not taken "*en pension.*"

A correspondent, writing from the Lake District, says :—

The English Lake District during the past week has been quite gay with festivities. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday the pretty grounds that formerly formed the Windermere Cottage Cricket-field were the scene of a tennis tournament. The spectators included almost every resident in Ambleside, Windermere, and Hawkshead, and the play was far above the average, Crawley, a young Harrovian, and well-known public school racquet player, only being beaten, after a fine struggle, in the final by Dr. Mason, from Lancaster. In the Ladies' Singles a Miss Bolton was in great form, and appeared very little less powerful than many more renowned ladies.

On the Wednesday a regatta on Windermere filled Bowness Bay with every conceivable kind of craft, from the canoe to the "four-pair."

The 21st August, when the Grasmere sports take place, is *par excellence* "The Lake District Day." Grasmere is the home of wrestling—at least, of the Cumberland and Westmoreland style; and every man wishing to make or maintain a name in this art is bound to put in an appearance. The silver belt for the heavy-weighted champion was on Thursday presented by the Countess of Lonsdale to Lowden, who succeeded, after three of the most exciting struggles ever witnessed even at Grasmere, in twice throwing that old favourite, George Steadman, of Drybick. Lord Lonsdale drove to the sports over Kirkstone Pass, past the highest inhabited house in England, and his chestnuts were almost, if not quite, as much "eyed" as his lordship or Lowden themselves.

On Friday evening Mr. S. H. Le Fleming closed the week with a ball at Rydal Hall.

The secretary of the English Lake District Association asks me to state that the stone shelter which is about to

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be placed on Skiddaw is not to be erected by Lord Leconfield, but by the Lake District Association, his Lordship having given the necessary permission.

There is not an attic to spare in any of the Dublin hotels this week, and those in Kingstown, Bray, and the neighbourhood are also filled to overflowing. Society is having an exceptionally good time in the Irish capital this season. Besides the four days of the Horse Show, there are the attractions of the Zingari cricket-matches in the Phœnix Park, and this (Tuesday) evening the Scots Guards give a small dance at Richmond Barracks, previous to their departure at the end of the month for England. A select dance will also be given at the Viceregal Lodge.

On Saturday, the polo season in Ireland was brought to a conclusion by the polo pony race meeting at Baldoyle. Lord Spencer was present, and the attendance was large and fashionable, the number of ladies patronising the sport being especially remarkable. The discoursing of military music and dispensing of military hospitality materially added to the attractions of the day.

Lord and Lady Meath are staying at their picturesque residence, Kilruddery, near Bray, co. Wicklow. Last week a very successful bazaar was held in the Market Hall, in aid of the new Convalescent Home of the Meath Hospital, built in Bray by Lord and Lady Brabazon. The Ladies Howard, Lady Kathleen Brabazon, the Hon. Mrs. Plunket, &c., were amongst the stall-holders.

The Royal Dragoons held their annual sports at Newbridge last week. The elect of Kildare mustered in great force to enjoy the hospitality of the regiment. The prizes were distributed by a pretty little maiden, the daughter of Colonel and Lady Katrine Hutton.

There is an implied sneer against the late Duke of Wellington in the *World's* statement that the provision made by him for his widow "is not calculated upon an extravagantly lavish scale." As a matter of fact, the Duke's papers were not fully examined till after the funeral, so that Edmund's news on the subject is in a great measure speculative. The Duchess is, of course, provided for under her marriage settlement, and as to other arrangements for her benefit, it really was not in her husband's power to do much, as the estates were strictly entailed, he was never a wealthy man, and of late years he had been hard hit by the results of the agricultural depression.

A correspondent writes :—

The late Duke of Wellington was very fond of animals, and at the park at Strathfieldsaye he kept a herd of Angora goats, which he imported from the East about ten years ago. They have been shorn every season, and the wool was used for the Duke's coats and waistcoats. He also possessed a number of very fine mules, several llamas, and a nice flock of the small Ardennes sheep, which produce the finest mutton in the world. The Duke always liked cover-shooting, and he reared a great number of pheasants at Strathfieldsaye. He also carried on the culture of trout in some ponds which were connected with the Lodden by a stream which flowed through them. He greatly improved the fishing on the Lodden and its tributary brooks. Only a year ago the principal lake in the park, after being cleared of pike and roach, was thoroughly cleaned and turned into a trout preserve.

The *Spectator*, during the last eight years, has cherished an ardent admiration for the Marquis of Bath, and it is perpetually clamouring for some adequate recognition of the "services which he rendered to Liberalism" during the three years' campaign which followed the Bulgarian atrocities agitation. It is now for the third or fourth time earnestly pressing the Prime Minister to give Lord Bath one of the vacant Garters. This recommendation is peculiarly unseasonable, considering that at Yatton the other day Lord Bath declared himself to be a supporter of Lord Salisbury, and followed up his profession of faith by a sharp attack upon the Ministry in general, and upon Mr. Gladstone in particular. Lord Bath has really been all his life a rank Tory of the dull conventional country-parson type, with his politics somewhat complicated by his High Church affections. His opposition to the late Ministry arose out of pique, because Lord Beaconsfield refused an application which reached him from Longleat soon after the Tories came into office.

Why the *Spectator* should be perpetually eulogising Lord Bath's by no means important "services" to Mr. Gladstone, while it has entirely forgotten the infinitely more valuable assistance which the latter received from the Duke of Argyll, it is not easy to understand. I differ from the Duke in many matters, but it is due to him to acknowledge that, next to Mr. Gladstone himself, he did far more than anybody else to awaken the country to the follies and misdeeds of Lord Beaconsfield's Administration. It would be preposterous and most unfair to Peers who have always been stout Liberals if Lord Bath were selected for a Garter by Mr. Gladstone; and it seems incredible, considering the strong claims of half-a-dozen Ministerial Peers, that such a suggestion can seriously have been made. If Lord Bath is sighing for a stall in St. George's, he must wait till Lord Salisbury becomes the fountain of honours.

The Speaker has gone to Scotland for a month, and since Tuesday he has been staying on a visit to Lord Camperdown, at Gleneagles, his shooting-box in Perthshire. The party obtained good bags at the end of last week on the neighbouring moors, and this week they are to have some salmon-fishing in the Earn. Mr. Peel and his son went down from London to Dundee by steamer.

Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam have gone with their family to pass the autumn at Coollattin, county Wicklow. There will, however, be a large party at Wentworth Woodhouse during the Doncaster race-week. Lord Fitzwilliam has not renewed his tenancy of Inverewe, Mr. Mackenzie's beautiful place in West Ross-shire, which he rented with its shootings last season.

Baron Alphonse Rothschild has been rather seriously ill during the last month, but is now recovering. Baron Gustave has also been on the sick-list, and has been ordered to Luchon for a few weeks.

Lord Rowton has gone to Dieppe to visit Lord and Lady Salisbury at the Chalet Cecil, their pleasant villa on the sea cliff.

Lord Randolph Churchill arrived last Wednesday at Achnashellach, Lord Wimborne's place in West Ross-shire, where there is a large family party assembled. He has also been visiting Lord Rosslyn, at Dysart House, Fifeshire.

Lady Camden and Captain Green have let the home-farm at Bayham Abbey, and the choice herd of Sussex cattle was sold last Thursday, when very high prices were realised. Mr. Barclay Field gave 90 gs. for a yearling heifer which took first prize at Maidstone.

The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland are entertaining a large party at Dunrobin. Mr. Chaplin arrived at the Castle on Friday evening.

Lord and Lady Derby, who are now staying at their place near Tunbridge, will go to Knowsley early next month for a few weeks.

Sir Henry James and Sir Farrer Herschell have been invited to visit America by the Bar of the United States, but they have been obliged, by their engagements at home, to decline the invitation, for this year at least.

Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice has gone to Ireland for a fortnight, after which he is going to stay with the Dowager Lady Lansdowne at Meiklour House, Perthshire.

Sir William Harcourt and Sir Thomas Brassey reached Oban in the *Sunbeam* last Thursday, after an eight days' run from Cowes. Lady Harcourt joined the yacht there, and it proceeded for Strome Ferry, which is only a short distance from Atterdale, Sir Thomas Brassey's shooting-quarters on Loch Carran, and from Balmacarra, where Sir William Harcourt is going to reside till the end of next month, when he goes to Balmoral as Minister-in-Attendance.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mrs. Childers have left Dunphail, Lord Thurlow's place in Morayshire, for Guisachan, Inverness-shire, on a visit to Lord and Lady Tweedmouth, who are entertaining a large party.

Lord Shaftesbury has gone to Scotland for two months on a round of visits. He has been staying at North Berwick for a few days.

The Duchess of Westminster arrived last Tuesday at Stack Lodge, Sutherland, where she was joined on Thursday by the Duke, who had gone to London from Eaton Hall on Monday. Lord and Lady Ormonde, Lord and Lady Chesham, and other members of the family are staying with them. Stack Lodge is nearly forty miles from the nearest station, Lairg, which is an eight hours' journey from Perth. It is on the bank of Loch Stack and only four miles from the sea, at the mouth of the River Laxford, where there is some of the finest cliff scenery in Great Britain.

Lord and Lady Londonderry received a large party last week at Wynyard Park for Stockton races; and Lord and Lady Castlereagh brought a party from Cliff Hall, their hunting residence near Darlington.

Sir Walter and Lady Barttelot have gone to Homburg for a month, as he has been ordered to take a course of the waters there.

The Bishop of St. Albans and Mrs. Claughton leave Danbury in a few days to visit Lord and Lady Dudley, at Dupplin Castle, and the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, at Inverary.

Lord Mount-Edgcumbe left Liverpool by last week's White Star steamer for Canada, accompanied by his son, Lord Valletort, and his brother, Colonel Charles Edgcumbe. They have gone out on a visit to Lord and Lady Lansdowne, and they also intend to visit Boston, New York, and Washington before returning home at the end of October. Lord Claud Hamilton and Lord George Hamilton went out in the same steamer with their brother-in-law.

The estate of Invereighty, in Forfarshire, was sold last week to Mr. W. E. Baxter, M.P., for £45,000. The rental is about £1,800 a year, exclusive of the shooting. The property "marches" with Mr. Baxter's estate at Kincaldrum.

Lord Wolverton's house at Carlton House-terrace, which formerly belonged to Lord Grey, has been sold to Mr. Mackenzie of Kintail and Glenmuick.

The Stenigot estate, near Louth, in Lincolnshire, was offered for sale last week, when the highest bid was £20,000. The property was purchased by its late owner for £40,000, and not many years ago he refused an offer of £60,000 for it.

If there is still much agricultural depression, most assuredly there is no corresponding depreciation in the price of high-class stock. The Shropshire ram, Rector, which gained the first prize at the Shrewsbury Show, has been let for the season for 210 gs.! Other animals of the same breed were let last week at 135 gs. and 100 gs.

The island of Herm, the advantages of which as a marine residence I noticed a few weeks ago, has been sold privately to a Scotch gentleman connected with the fish-curing trade, with the view of its being turned to account in that business. The island fetched £7,500.

Wrong again, Edmund! Lady Stamford has not let her Scotch shootings for three months for £4,000. Sir Henry Alsopp gave £3,900 for them last year, and they have been let to him this year, from August to Dec. 31, for £3,000. Last year Sir Henry got about seventy stags; he is not likely, therefore, to get anything like 100 this year.

Instead of the grouse-bags being exceptionally large, it seems probable that they will be much below the average; and the rosy reports which were published in the daily and weekly papers have again been altogether falsified. So far as I have heard, the largest bags have been obtained in

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Yorkshire by Lord Sefton and his friends, on Lord Downe's moors, near Whitby. They killed 561 brace in two days. On Rhiwlas moors, near Bala, Mr. Lloyd Price and Sir W. Hart-Dyke had 290 brace in three days. In Scotland, the Duke of Portland has done well in Caithness, and good bags have been obtained in Perthshire by Lord Breadalbane's party at Taymouth, and by Lord Stormont at Logiealmond; and, in Aberdeenshire, by Mr. Mackenzie and his friends on Glenmuick; but on moors which are let there are very few big bags. On Drumour (Perthshire, rented at £1,650 a season) Mr. Barclay Field, Lord Henry Thynne, and four other "guns," have killed 596 brace in six days. This party shot in pairs. On Loch Kennard moors, Mr. Graham and a party of three guns had 510 brace in six days.

Decidedly, the papers are mistaken in announcing that the net-fishing on the Tay, which closed last week, has been very successful. Most of the "tacksmen" have only just paid their expenses, for although salmon were sometimes very abundant, yet, at other times, the takes were very poor. The lower stations have done particularly badly, but most of those high up the river did sufficiently well in the spring to recoup their summer losses. There have been many unusually heavy fish, but the average weight has not been remarkably good. Grilse have been very scarce, but this will console those "tacksmen" who have done badly, as a poor season for grilse usually signifies a good season for salmon the next year.

The Worcestershire Archers had "a grand day" last Wednesday in the grounds of The Nash, Sir Richard Temple's charming place at Kempsey. Lady Temple, the Lady-Paramount, was unable to be present, in consequence of her continued illness; and her place was taken by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Temple. Mr. George Temple presided at the luncheon, which was served after the first part of the shooting in a large marquee on the lawn. Sir Richard Temple has gone to Canada to attend the meeting of the British Association. There was a very large company, including parties from almost every house in this part of the country. After the shooting had finished and the prizes had been distributed, there was an impromptu dance, which was briskly kept up for a couple of hours.

Sport with the Devon and Somerset staghounds has so far been almost a blank. There was a sad disaster last week, when after a good gallop from Pitt Combe Head, the stag jumped over the cliffs near Glenthorne, and was killed on the spot. It was followed by five hounds, which met with the same fate, and unluckily they were some of the best animals in the pack.

A somewhat curious sight was witnessed one day last week at Gosport, when the elephants, camels, and horses belonging to Sanger's Circus were marched down to the shore to bathe. All the animals enjoyed their bath, notably the elephants. Oddly enough, however, the white elephant did not enter the water, a circumstance which gave rise to much profane jesting.

Some of the most remarkable scoring of the season took place last week at Sheffield Park, when a team, got together by Lord Sheffield, made 665 runs for five wickets against an eleven captained by Mr. R. T. Ellis. The score included three centuries—A. Payne, 176, Humphreys, 156, and Huggett, 124 (not out). By the bye, Lord Sheffield ought to be particularly gratified by the recent success of the county, for he has done a great deal to resuscitate Sussex cricket.

The recent match between Nottinghamshire and the Australians was certainly one of the most interesting of the present season, and it is a very great pity that there was not time for it to be played out. As it was, partisans of the county have every right to look upon the draw as in favour of their side, for with nine wickets to fall, 119 runs did not appear a very formidable task for the premier shire. The bowling and fielding of both sides, and especially of the Nottingham men, were of the finest quality throughout, a fact sufficiently proved by the small number of runs (694) made in three days' full cricket, with several of the best batsmen in the world engaged. Of 337 overs delivered by the county bowlers, no fewer than 184 were maidens! The Australian batting was fairly even, the most noticeable feature being Spofforth's 54, the highest score on his side, and the largest yet made by him in this country.

Now that the victories on either side are equal, there should be little doubt as to what the fixture should be that is to be played for the benefit of the Cricketers' Fund, when the Colonists have promised their services gratis. The match already suggested—Smokers *v.* Non-Smokers—has been so severely criticised that it will hardly be carried through, and it certainly would possess but little more interest than the proposed substitute—First Eleven of the World *v.* the Second Eleven. No; if the Cricketers' Fund is to be materially benefited, and there really seems to be a splendid opportunity for such a thing, why should not the Australians play Notts again at Lord's? No match would be more attractive, and, therefore, no match would be more useful to the "Cricketers' Fund."

At a cricket-match which was played last week on the Duke of Richmond's ground in Goodwood-park, between the Goodwood and Westbourne elevens, the home team kept possession of the wickets the whole day, and Mr. C. Howard played a "not out" innings of 300.

I gather from a pamphlet which has been sent to me, that it is designed to have an Exhibition of American Art and Industry in London in 1886. Painting, agriculture, and machinery are to be on view, together with negro-singers, skate-rolling, base-ball, lacrosse, trotting matches, revolver practice, billiards, and the "principal phases of American life, from a broker's office in Wall-street to the camp fires in Nevada." The minimum charge for space is to be £10; and a percentage is to be levied upon gross receipts arising from the sale of all articles and from all entertainments. The promoters

propose to issue shares, and the profits are to go to the shareholders.

Now, such an Exhibition, if the Americans will frankly take it up, would be most interesting. But in 1886 it is already arranged that there is to be an Exhibition of Colonial Products at the Healtheries. It would be well, therefore, to put off this Exhibition until 1887, and then to charge nothing for space to exhibitors, nor a percentage on articles sold. All profits by entrance-money should go to some charitable fund connected either with America or with the American and English Atlantic shipping. It is a mistake to make these exhibitions a means of speculative profit to individuals.

Perhaps, however, it might be well that the American organs of public opinion should express their views on the matter, for without the cordial co-operation of Americans, it is obvious that the Exhibition would prove a failure.

Count Sabouroff, the late Russian ambassador at Berlin, has sold his rare and splendid collection of classical antiquities for £90,000. The terra-cotta collection goes to the Hermitage Palace at St. Petersburg, the vases and sculpture to the Imperial Museum at Berlin, and the bronzes and a number of very fine objects from Greece to the British Museum.

That female kaleidoscope, Sarah Bernhardt, after having stated that she had signed an engagement for seven years with Mr. Mayer, of the Gaiety, now writes to say she has cancelled the engagement and is free to go "whither she listeth." I should think this young lady was as difficult to hold as the proverbial eel.

Pauline Lucca is expected to sing in Paris this winter. Her constant refusal to sing Wagner's music will, doubtless, make her a favourite with the Parisians.

"As it were, to ride day and night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me; but to stand stained with travel and sweating with desire to see him; this doth infer the zeal I had to see him," says poor old Jack Falstaff, comforting himself with the hope that his prince would be rather flattered than offended by his presenting himself to him in the disarray of extreme haste. This is pretty much Mr. Bennet Burleigh's defence in his engaging preface to "Desert Warfare," for presenting himself to his prince, the public, unshaven and dishevelled, so to speak; he has strung together all his telegrams as the war correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, "without the slightest attempt at alteration for compositional improvement," thinking the public would prefer them in undress. And certainly there's a breathless "go" about the book as it stands that I should be very sorry to exchange for trim and tame English. Any one who wishes not merely to hear about this Soudan campaign, but to *see* it as through a good field-glass, should certainly order "Desert Warfare."

The story "Called Back" has been translated into Dutch, and is appearing daily in a Rotterdam paper as the *feuilleton*.

Dr. Joseph Parker, who is a master in the art of advertising himself, has caused it to be known that he is on a visit to Henry Ward Beecher. We ought to be thankful to the great man for keeping us informed as to his movements. There is a peculiar gratification in knowing the whereabouts of august personages.

I am pleased to see that the Bishop of Lichfield is permitting laymen to preach in churches, as well as in mission-rooms. This may be transgressing "the traditions of the elders," and it may give offence to sacerdotalists, but it is in harmony with scriptural principles and with common-sense. Some doubt is felt as to its legality, however. The sooner the doubt is set at rest the better. If the Bishop's action be declared illegal, so much the worse for the Church of England.

A fund is being raised to erect a memorial of some sort or another to the late Bishop of Ripon, and as subscriptions do not pour in quite so rapidly as they might, a truly remarkable proposal has been made by some of the more ardent and officious advocates of the scheme. It is that every vicar and curate throughout the diocese should be called upon to contribute a fixed sum—say, a guinea or half-a-guinea—towards the fund! It would be difficult to imagine anything more impudent. The late Bishop drew an unnecessarily large salary during his episcopate, and for more than two years before his death he did no work whatever. If his family and friends want to put up a memorial to his memory, let them do so, but it is a little too much to expect starving curates to pinch and screw in order to raise the necessary guinea.

The Archbishop of York is posing as a very sturdy beggar indeed. The clergy, he says, are insufficiently paid, and cannot educate their families, or make provision for them when they die. Therefore the laity must pay up—it is their bounden duty; "offertories must be made in the churches, for it is not a matter about which they need have any delicacy in asking assistance in their churches." This is really a trifle cool; for why on earth should clergymen be encouraged to act in defiance of the dictates of ordinary prudence? If a bank clerk with £100 a year marries a girl without a halfpenny, and has ten children, we say he is an ass; but if a curate does likewise, we are expected to keep him and as many brats as he and his partner bring into the world.

Certainly the Bishop of Truro is not letting the grass grow under his feet in the matter of his cathedral fund. He has summoned a conference of ladies, which meets to-day (Thursday) to discuss the question. The Bishop is obviously a great favourite with the fair sex, for one lady has sent him £500, and he has received rings, bracelets, and other articles of jewellery by the dozen. I am curious to know what he means to do with them, and I should also like to hear what the husbands, fathers, and other male relatives of the fair donors have to say about the matter.

A few weeks ago I was enabled to announce that the Bishop of Salisbury had resolved to resign his See. I now understand that Dr. Moberly has deferred his resignation

until certain clerical inquiries which are going on in the diocese have been concluded; but it may be hoped that the step will not be much longer postponed, for not only is the Bishop quite incapacitated by age and infirmity from attending to his business and performing his duties, but there are great complaints in the diocese of the manner in which the episcopal patronage has lately been dispensed. Sydney Smith once observed that he had seen in the course of his life, as the strength of a prelate decayed, "wife bishops, daughter bishops, son bishops, chaplain bishops, butler bishops, and even cook and housekeeper bishops." Report has it that for some time past the extensive patronage of the Bishop of Salisbury has been managed by certain members of his family, but whether or not this has been the case, the results have been far from satisfactory.

I HEAR with pleasure that the Chancellor has taken a new departure in dealing with his cathedral patronage, on lines which for several years past have been repeatedly urged in TRUTH. The vacant canonry of Gloucester has been offered to a clergyman in the diocese, conditional on his resigning his living and undertaking to reside for eight months in each year in Gloucester. I hope that the Prime Minister will in future adopt a similar course, for it is not right that in these days a man should hold a stall of £700 or £1,000 a year, with a valuable living. At Westminster there are Canons Prothero and Duckworth, each with £1,000 a year and an excellent house, also holding livings of the same value; and Mr. Capel-Cure, who was recently given a stall at Windsor (£1,000 a year and house) still holds the valuable rectory of St. George's, Hanover Square. Canon Fleming, too, with a stall at York, retains the rich living of St. Michael's, Chester-square.

THE paragraph which recently appeared in the papers anent the Duke of Norfolk must have gladdened the hearts of all who make their gains out of the gullibility of mankind. His Grace, it appears, bathed his infant son in the "sacred waters" of St. Winifred's well at Holywell. According to the legend, the spring bubbled up on the spot where Winifred, a virgin who lived in the seventh century, and who was beheaded by Caradoc, rested her head. Old crutches and garments hang round it. While such credulity as that shown by the Duke is at all common, priests and imposters need not fear that they will lose their profession.

CANON SCOTT-HOLLAND has been staying at Hawarden Castle on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. Canon Holland will be in residence at St. Paul's during September, and will preach on Sunday afternoons.

I AM glad to hear that the Bishop of Lincoln is slowly recovering from his recent dangerous illness, and it is hoped that in the course of next week he will be able to leave Riseholme for Filey.

Vanity Fair inserts a letter from a correspondent, who, having gone to Windsor to view "historical monuments," was disappointed that he could not obtain admission to "the Royal vault in St. George's Chapel." As a matter of fact, the Royal vault is beneath the Wolsey (Memorial) Chapel, and it is absurd for any one to assert that it ought to be open to the public. Besides, there is really nothing to see. It is merely a large vaulted chamber lined with shelves, on which are a number of coffins, and in the centre is a stone table with four coffins on it, one of which is that of the Duke of Albany. There is also a complaint that part of the nave of St. George's is boarded off, but this has only been done because the place is being repaired, and not before it was necessary, for if it had been left alone for a few more months the roof would have fallen in.

MR. BOEHM is engaged on two busts of the late Duke of Albany, which have been ordered by the Queen. One of them is to be placed in the Prince Consort's mausoleum at Frogmore, and the other is intended for Balmoral. A recumbent effigy of the Duke is to be placed in the Memorial Chapel at Windsor.

AT Osborne, the other day, the obsequious Colonel of the Seaforth Highlanders requested permission to place the old colours of the regiment on the tomb of the late Duke of Albany. This is an arrant piece of snobbery, and reduces the whole thing to an absurdity. If there be any significance in the old colours, they ought to be placed either in some public building, or else upon the tomb of some distinguished officer; but most certainly there is no affinity to reason in the proposal to deposit them on the grave of a personage who never saw a shot fired in his life, and who was made honorary colonel of the regiment simply because he was a member of the Royal family. There would be more propriety in placing them on the grave of any private soldier who fell in battle.

THE inner history of the revelations of Dr. Cameron's Committee on Army Transport and Commissariat is not well understood by outsiders. It is really the revolt of the Commissariat officers against the wretchedly bad position they occupy in our army. Although these important officers are blamed without mercy if any shortcoming occurs in a campaign, in peace time they are as completely boycotted in the garrisons as any body of men can be. Without defined rank, they are left open to the rudest treatment from every thoughtless boy, who, knowing nothing of war, thinks it a fine thing to snub a departmental officer; and this treatment naturally leads to a complete estrangement between the various departmental services of the army and the executive officers. Hundreds of our officers look upon army life as an affair of wearing attractive clothing and lounging through the home garrisons. They put altogether on one side the real points of military efficiency, and, as a result, our Commissariat, our Transport, and our Medical services are disgracefully neglected.

BY the complete dissatisfaction of these departmental officers, the army to-day is hopelessly torn asunder. While hundreds of young men compete for commissions in the service, and even regiments of gentlemen could be formed, the private soldiers and the departmental officers are not forthcoming, and the reasons are the same in both cases, an unfair, one-sided, harshly-administered discipline, and the memory of shockingly bad treatment in the past. The General has not yet appeared in our army who knows how to weld the army into one completely united body, and

until such a man appears, breaks-down in our war efforts are certain to occur.

An Officer, who vouches for the truth of the astonishing statements contained herein, sends me the following letter, apropos of our Transport service:—

My regiment was quartered in the Khyber in August, 1880, and I was acting as Transport officer. North-eastern Afghanistan is an almost waterless district, and from the camp on the hill-side convoys of mules and donkeys, with waterskins, were passing to and fro all day long to tho springs in the valley below. On Wednesday morning, about nine o'clock, I was informed that, not far from camp, one of the animals had fallen and broken its leg badly. "The poor beast was put out of its pain at once," you will say. Not a bit of it. Nothing could be done until a committee of officers had been summoned to see it, and order its destruction; for some little time before, when a baggage-camel had fallen and dislocated its fore-leg, miles from any means of cure, tho officer in charge of the convoy had the wretched brute shot at once, as the most merciful course. He reported what he had done on reaching the next camp, and thought no more of the matter. Three weeks or so afterwards, however, the paymaster of his regiment received instructions from headquarters to "stop the sum of five hundred rupees from 2nd Lieutenant ———'s pay, to make good the value of one camel, the property of Government, which that officer had destroyed." Bearing this, then, in mind, no one would lift a finger against the "white female donkey" (as it was officially described), and, as an impecunious subaltern, I myself could not afford to act as common sense and humanity prompted. I could not depart from the regulation on the subject—to report to higher authority in writing. So I wrote out a statement of facts, and sent it in to the Adjutant. By the rule of the service he laid it before the Colonel, who initialled the paper and returned it. Then it was forwarded to the Brigade Major, who submitted it to the General in command, by whom it was initialled and returned. The Brigade Major next passed it on to the Brigade Transport Officer, who, after noting it, sent it back. Finally, late in the afternoon, my paper had worked its way to me again, with a notification appended that, as it was after 12, noon, no Court of Inquiry could assemble that day, and as the next day was Thursday—a weekly holiday in our army in India, instituted by Lord Napier—the Court could not sit until eight o'clock on Friday morning. I must, therefore, it added, make the best provision I could in the way of a litter and food for the poor beast, meanwhile. I did the best I could for it in the way of straw and hay, and it contrived to exist until the committee—consisting of three officers—saw it on the Friday morniug, wheu it was at once ordered to be shot.

How is it that soldiers serving in Guernsey, sentenced by district court-martial to a certain term of imprisonment, are sent to England for incarceration? That the authorities should go to the expense of sending a man and escort to England, *viâ* Weymouth to Taunton, the escort returning to Guernsey, and on the expiration of the sentence coming again to Taunton to escort the man back, is a ridiculous and wanton waste of public money.

In the course of last year the British army was strengthened by the enlistment of 768 recruits under seventeen years of age. I hope that this will be one of the first subjects to engage the attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

The Oldham Volunteers are going to Blackpool for their annual encampment. The Colonel has thought fit to issue instructions that, "in order to conduce to the smartness of the regiment," it is desirable that all men who attend the camp shall shave their beards and whiskers. This very foolish "regimental order" is not likely to be approved at the War Office, and no doubt the Colonel will get his knuckles rapped, as he richly deserves.

The Indian trooping season will commence on September 10, when the *Malabar* leaves Portsmouth for Bombay. She will be followed by the *Crocodile* on the 20th, and by the *Serapis* on October 1. The first arrival from India will be the *Malabar* on November 28.

Regardless of what has been said to the contrary, I venture to predict that Lord Wolseley will, after all, command the Gordon Relief Expedition.

It would be interesting to learn why it is that Colonel Tuson, who commanded the Marines during the Soudan campaign, and who was several times highly commended in the despatches, has received no recognition of any sort or kind for his valuable services.

The selection of Rear-Admiral Tryon for the command of the Australian station is another of those jobs for which the present Board of Admiralty has obtained so unenviable a notoriety. This fortunate officer is one of the juniors on the list, and he is lifted over the heads of no fewer than sixteen senior officers of the same rank. Admiral Tryon is, of course, indebted for his good luck to the fact that for some time he acted as secretary at Whitehall.

Mr. White, of Cowes, has received an order from the Admiralty for twelve 37-ft. steam pinnaces. They are to cost £780 each, and must be delivered ready for service within seven months.

The Channel Squadron is expected to reach Plymouth next Tuesday, and as soon as he can get away the Duke of Edinburgh is to go on leave, and will join the Duchess at Birkhall, where they intend to stay till the end of September.

I suggested a fortnight ago that it would be well if some authorised denial were published of the report that "Dr. Semple would not have to pay the damages awarded in Mrs. Weldon's suit, as there had been an understanding that all contingent damages were to be met by Dr. Forbes Winslow or by Dr. Winslow's mother." From the following letter it appears, however, that although Dr. Semple had the power of signing a certificate sanctioning the locking up of a lady as a lunatic, he cannot now be made pecuniarily responsible for the manner in which he exercised that power. Such a state of affairs makes the terrors of the lunacy laws still more terrible—as, given a couple of impecunious medical men, any one is liable to see the inside of a private lunatic asylum, without even the prospect of obtaining pecuniary redress. Am I to understand from this letter that Mr. Van Tromp himself pays the remaining two-thirds of counsel's fees, and all the other legal expenses incurred by the defendant?

Sir,—Referring to the paragraph in your issue of the 14th inst., in which it is stated that "it is asserted Dr. Semple will not have to pay the damages awarded against him in Mrs. Weldon's suit, as there had been an understanding that all contingent damages were to be met by Dr. Forbes Winslow or by Dr. Winslow's mother," I am requested by my client, Dr. Armand Semple, to give a most unqualified denial to this rumour. No arraugement or understanding of any kind was ever contemplated or entered into, or even discussed, between Dr. Semple and Mrs. Winslow and Dr. Winslow, or either of them. Mrs. Winslow died in March, 1883.

I think it right to add that, so far from Dr. Semple being able to find the damages awarded, or Mrs. Woldon's costs, he is unable to pay his own costs, and all I have received is £77. 6s., which was provided by his friends. This amount will about cover one-third of the counsel's fees of the trial, which lasted ten days.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

16, Essex-street, Temple, B. H. Van Tromp.
London, Aug. 22, 1884.

An action was brought last week by an undertaker in the Halifax County Court against a tailor to recover the expenses connected with the burial of his child. Amongst

the items were £1. 18s. for a polished oak coffin, lined; £1. 1s. for hearse and two broughams; 7s. for wine and biscuits; 11s. for two cabs; and 1s. 6d. for drivers' refreshments. The debtor's average earnings were 6s. a week. The Judge, Mr. Scragge, made some very sensible remarks on the subject, and had we but a few more County Court Judges possessed of similar common sense, we should hear a great deal less of the hardships connected with the administration of justice in these courts. He remarked that the whole thing "was a scandal, and he would show his sense of it when he came to say what the man would have to pay. Such funerals amongst the poor were perfectly shocking. They could have shown their respect for the dead sufficiently by burying their child in a plain coffin and using a few flowers. The Duke of Westminster, though himself one of the richest men in the land, was doing his best to get rid of the vulgar superstition which led people to make funerals the occasion of tawdry ostentation. The Duke had set an example to those who were so minded by burying his own son in a plain coffin. Yet here was a poor struggling tailor, whose wages, taken the year round, were said to be 6s. per week, and an undertaker trusted him to the extent of £4. 6s. 6d. for wine and biscuits, broughams and hat-bands. It was shocking. This man had been ruined by the undertaker. There would be an order for 2s. 6d. in the pound, at the rate of 1s. a month."

It is, no doubt, a difficult thing for a magistrate to know what to do for the best when dealing with brutal fellows who ill-use their wives. Usually, however, magistrates seem to do the very thing which, to ordinary people, appears not to be for the best. Mr. Newton had before him the other day a man who went home drunk, and because his wife, after nursing a sick child all day, had been out for a walk, he struck her. When asked why he assaulted his wife, he replied, "It's a habit I've got," which agreed with the wife's statement that he was "always assaulting her." Yet Mr. Newton let him off on the ground that if he were punished his family would have to suffer! I suppose the same reason would hold good if the fellow had stolen a watch. But would the magistrate have adduced it then?

I read that in Stockton, California, they give wife-beaters ninety days in the chain-gang, and that, in consequence, this form of crime does not spread. It is a pity we have not got a chain-gang here.

The utter worthlessness of what is known as "expert" medical evidence has once more been conclusively demonstrated. When French was brought up before Baron Dowse in the Dublin Commission Court, a jury was empanelled to try whether or not the prisoner's mental condition was such as to enable him to plead to the charges brought against him. Five doctors, some of them being "well-known experts in mental disease," gave positive evidence that the prisoner was insane; and three other eminent physicians, including the Physician to the Queen in Ireland (this post must indeed be a sinecure), emphatically declared that he was only shamming. Naturally enough the unfortunate jury, after having been locked up at intervals during the greater part of the day, failed to arrive at any conclusion, and were discharged, while the Judge remarked that, "he had never been more embarrassed in any case by the conflict of evidence given by eminent men." Personally, I am disposed to regret that it was not possible to shut up the doctors instead of the jury, and to keep them in close confinement until they managed to agree.

Mr. Puckridge, who is described as "a gentleman in a very good position," is, indeed, a melancholy instance of the evil results of misdirected political enthusiasm. In 1880, it appears, he took a very energetic part in the Sandwich election. The colours of his party were yellow, and Mr. Puckridge not only adorned himself with yellow ribbons, but coloured his dog with dye of the same hue. Unfortunately the dye did not suit the animal's constitution; it became very ill, and was shot after suffering great torments. Moreover, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals took the matter up, and Mr. Puckridge received the decidedly exemplary sentence of six weeks' hard labour. He was granted bail pending an appeal, but absconded, and has since lived at Boulogne. Last week, however, he was arrested at Sandwich and sent to Canterbury gaol to "do" his term. Next Sandwich election I should recommend Mr. Puckridge to dye himself yellow, instead of experimenting on the brute creation. Whatever the consequences may be, they are not likely to inflict any serious loss upon the community.

I have seldom read anything more scandalous and disgusting than the report of the inquest held by the Birmingham Coroner on the body of the child Lily Evans, "the Lilliputian wonder and the smallest Midget in the world." From the evidence it appeared that this unhappy infant was "let" by its mother to a showman named Baker for 30s. a week. It was exhibited every five minutes from nine o'clock in the morning till ten at night, and was kept awake for the purpose. Meanwhile the mother was almost continually drunk, and systematically neglected to feed her offspring. When it was dead she wished to sell the body for £20, "but did not understand the law!" The medical evidence showed that the child died of convulsions, aggravated by being exhibited and by want of proper food. I am sorry to see that this fiend of a woman got off with merely a severe censure from the jury. But what are we to think of the law which permits people to make money out of such abominable cruelty as this? Surely it is about time that the police were empowered to put a stop to any performance or exhibition which is carried on with danger to the lives either of human beings or animals.

The riots at Worthing may in part be due, as is alleged, to the apathy of the authorities, arising from aversion to the Salvation Army. But it is indisputable that the disturbances would not have occurred if the Salvationists had not paraded the streets. The "Skeletons" have as much right to the streets as the Salvationists, and it is the meeting of the two parties which leads to hostilities. Both ought to be prohibited from marching through the [illegible]. It is preposterous that ratepayers should [illegible]

expense and annoyance because some few people are anxious to attempt to acquire notoriety by wearing the cloak of religion.

At a meeting of the Huddersfield Town Council last week a proposal was made that all refuse, dust, and other offensive matter should be removed only between the hours of ten at night and six in the morning. Oddly enough, it was defeated by an overwhelming majority, only eight members of the Council voting for it. Why is it that this very excellent sanitary precaution cannot be adopted in all large towns—notably in London? There are few greater street nuisances in the metropolis than the everlasting dust-carts one continually meets diffusing in every direction fragments of filth and unsavoury odours; and there is no doubt that they are no less a source of danger than of inconvenience. I fail to see any reason why dustmen should not be compelled to carry on their calling only at certain fixed times of the day or night.

Centuries ago, a regulation of this nature used to be observed in London with regard to what were called "pudding-carts." The pudding-cart was used to remove butchers' offal and refuse from the shambles; and one of the ancient customs of London was, "The pudding-cart of the shambles shall not go afore the hour of nine in the night, or after the hour of five in the morning, under pain of six shillings and eightpence." This is not, perhaps, the only ancient custom which the governing authorities of London might copy with much advantage to the inhabitants.

Judging from the following letter, Carlsbad hardly seems a pleasant place for domestic servants:—

Sir,—The following statement will speak for itself, and shows that justice is somewhat out of gear in this country.

On Thursday last, a Russian lady living at the Duke of Edinburgh Pension gave the servant a note and requested her to take it to the police-station. The note contained words to the effect, "Please lock up the bearer, as she has stolen 300 marks from my room." The bearer was much surprised to find that she was detained and placed in a dark cell with some straw in one corner, and no facilities given her to communicate with friends, although she strenuously asserted that she was innocent of the charge. On Thursday evening she was missed from the Pension (where she had lived for five years without the slightest stain on her character). Friday passed, and on Saturday evening it was discovered, on inquiries being made, that she was in prison.

On the facts becoming known, an indignation meeting was held, and the Russian lady interviewed. She asserted that she had lost some marks, though the exact sum she was not clear about, out of her chest of drawers, which she had left unlocked. (Her room was on the ground-floor, and window and door opened close to the street.) She confessed she had no evidence whatever against the servant, but thought it as well to have her locked up. The aged landlord and lady of the Pension seemed paralysed, but, fortunately for the servant, Sir P. Cunliffe Owen, who was a lodger, immediately drove to an advocate's residence, got him out of bed, and asked what could be done for the release of the prisoner. The barrister replied he must go to Oger (twenty miles off) and get the county authority to sign a dismissal of the charge. He (the barrister) accordingly proceeded on Sunday morning, and returned with the necessary document at night. The girl was then released, but the Russian lady, finding the Pension was rather an unpleasant spot for her, had packed up and left for Russia on Sunday morning, rather to the chagrin of the lodgers, who had hoped to have seen her mulcted in damages for false imprisonment before returning to her home.

Here, then, is a case in which, on a letter from some irresponsible person being written to the police officers, the bearer is detained, and though no evidence is produced or forthcoming, the unhappy individual might have had to remain in prison, I am informed, for weeks, and the person causing the arrest allowed to depart without giving bail or being bound over to appear and prosecute. Such is justice in these parts.

Carlsbad, Aug. 20. Yours truly, A Visitor.

[illegible] of the first couples which took advantage of the [illegible]Divorce law bore the name of Granville. The lady, who married at sixteen, obtained a separation fifteen days after the wedding, and had been awaiting her divorce exactly fifty years.

French Governments are notoriously apt to run short of ready cash; but somehow there is always money forthcoming for the improvement of the harbours on the northern and western coasts. A glance at some tables recently furnished by the Board of Trade to the Committee on Harbour Accommodation shows that in the last twenty years France has spent 11½ millions sterling in this way, out of which Dunkirk has taken 2½ millions and Havre more than 2 millions. Next in order come Boulogne and St. Malo. The oddest discovery is that the great works at Cherbourg, which have been going on for a century, and which are still very far off completion, seem to have come to a dead stand ever since the period when we made such a sudden hubbub about them in the days of the late Emperor Napoleon III. During the whole twenty years Cherbourg's share of this liberal expenditure has only been £20,000.

As the following letter contains a formula that may prove most useful to my readers, I gladly publish it:—

Sir,—Your recent remarks about begging-letters remind me of a species of begging-letter, also very common—namely, that which requests a testimonial. It always repudiates the idea of monetary considerations, and usually states that the desire of earning an honest livelihood underlies its equally honest request! Here is a case in point. Many years ago, I was asked by an individual to give him a testimonial. I knew him to be a cheater at cards, a blackleg, who only wanted opportunites, and I demurred. He said, "Oh, but the vicar has given me one, and Mr. B., the leading solicitor, has given me one. I am going to America, and I want one from a doctor also." I looked at the vicar's (it was genuine); I inspected the solicitor's, it was worthy of him; but still I demurred. Asked why I hesitated, I invented a pretext which was not the truth. My interviewer left me, and the next day wired to me from Southampton to reconsider my refusal and send one by post. I did so, and I commend its formula for accuracy and safety to you, or others similarly situated. It ran thus:—"After three years' acquaintance with Mr. N.'s character and capabilities, I have the pleasure to state that I believe him to be capable of anything." *Verbum sap.*—Your obedient servant, M.D.

The *City Press* elaborately puffs that very questionable character, Reuben May, for having made an appeal for a recreation-ground in the neighbourhood of Golden-lane. "If," says the *City Press*, "Mr. May would only be a little more business-like, and have his accounts audited, his work might be greatly extended; but although Mr. May does not seem inclined to do this, and will not give up the time necessary for keeping accounts, all who know him know well that he is as poor as the people he would wish to help by his self-denying labours." As a matter of fact, Reuben has got into difficulty twice for having pocketed money sent to him for charities; and if the observations of the magistrates who investigated the results of his self-denying labours are to be believed, he is an unmitigated scamp.

I have received a lengthy letter from the Editor of *Rare Bits* respecting a "Curious Coincidence," to which a correspondent recently drew attention in these columns. The letter is, however, so full of strong expressions about my correspondent that I hardly see my way to publish it in full; but the following extracts furnish the Editor's explanation of the "coincidence":—

London, August 20, 1884.

Sir,—My attention has just been directed to a paragraph in Truth of the 7th inst., embodying a letter from a correspondent signing "A. E. H." Here is the proof:—The prize paper was in

our hands a fortnight before, aud was actually in type when "A. E. H." sent his "tidily-written manuscript"; it was *not* "discovered and transcribed from an old journal of 1855," but was set up from a reprint published within the last year or two (see reprint enclosed, which I beg you will favour me by returning); in answer to a letter your correspondent *did* receive a reply from us in *Rare Bits* of August 2 (see copy herewith) wherein he was meritedly castigated. Observe that this number was in the hands of the public on Tuesday, July 29, his letter to Truth appears on August 7. Need we say more?

"The curious coincidence"—wherein we fail to note anything very curious—consists in the omission of the "three words" (wonderful three words!) bracketted in the following sentence: "But receiving letters from home, announcing my father's death, I had just returned [to this country] to take possessiou, as well as a minor could, of the family estate." Most people, we take it, would be apt to omit them in transcribing, they being so clearly tautological and cumbering to the sentence. (See clause marked in reprint, where the words are also omitted.)—Yours obediently,

The Editor of "Rare Bits."

I have received the following letter from "A Working Man with an Appetite," who is employed at the Health Exhibition. I hesitated to believe the truth of his statements, so monstrous did they appear to me; but, from inquiries I have made, I find that they are perfectly correct. I should be glad to hear what the Duke of Buckingham, who takes so earnest and genuine an interest in the Healtheries, has to say on the subject:—

Dear Sir,—I am employed at the Health Exhibitiou, and I have been able to get myself a good dinner at a moderate price each day, thanks to the New Zealand mutton being sold retail in the Annexe where the frozen meat is exhibited, and to the facilities offered for cooking it at Lockhart's, also in the Exhibition. Hundreds of other workpeople have profited in the same way. The other week, however, an order came out that no more of this meat was to be sold retail in small quantities. Consequently, we workpcople are uow compelled to go without meat for our dinner, as it is, of course, impossible for us to pay the prices asked in the ordinary way. And why has this new rule been made? Simply, so far as I can make out, because the shilling public so highly appreciated the advantage of getting what is really excellent meat at a reasonable price that they flocked to the place where it could be bought in such large numbers as to create a crowd. The half-crown visitors who can afford to buy large joints and have them seut to their houses by the carriers are still allowed to buy meat at reasonable prices, but we unfortunates, who are employed on the premises, and our fellow workers who come here to see what is to be seen, and who used to take home their pound or two of meat, are prevented from doing so henceforth because of the crowd. I believe if the truth was told that some of the gentry were offended at seeing their fellow visitors with a piece of meat under their arm; or can it be that our enemies the butchers were afraid that a continuance of the purchases would make New Zealand mutton so popular as to compel them in the future to keep it, or lose many of their customers? We have, I know, great people who manage this Exhibition, but, then, I also know that great people supply butchers, so perhaps the butchers manage them.

Do please try and do something to ensure my at least having my meat dinner once again, and to enable me to take home my small joint on a Saturday.

I can't enclose a card—I haven't such a thing; but I send my name on a separate slip. Only please treat it as private, or else I shall possibly lose my situation.—Your obedient servant,

A Working Man with an Appetite.

The appointment of Mr. J. Brydone as Inspector of Canal Boats, over the head of Mr. George Smith, has given satisfaction to nobody. Mr. Brydone may be an excellent man, but until this piece of preferment came to him the nation seems to have been ignorant of his existence, though he had some reputation in Worcestershire as manager of Mr. Corbett's salt-works. Mr. Smith was designated by all the circumstances as the man for the post. He has given both time and money to these neglected people, and it was through his efforts that the Canal Boats Bills were passed; and yet Mr. Brydone, who has done nothing in the matter, is preferred to him. Sir C. Dilke would find it hard, I fancy, to justify the appointment.

I certainly recommend Mr. & Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most just and liberal purchasers of Cast-off Clothes, Jewellery, and every description of property. They punctually keep appointments, and remit P.O.O. for articles per return.

The Peers and their sycophants are still at it; and the daily papers are full of accounts of demonstrations in private parks and other such aristocratic localities. No one is admitted except by ticket, and, beyond the pleasure of roaming in a park, personally-conducted by its owner, the fare is meagre, if the food for the body bears any resemblance to the food provided for the mind. The orators inform their hearers that the Peers represent in a special manner the nation, and that they are intellectually and morally the cream of the nation. The mission, they say, of these hereditarily gifted beings is to interfere, whenever they evolve out of their moral consciousness that the House of Commons—an assembly which, as is well known, represents no one but itself—ventures to dare to have an opinion which does not tally with that of the Peers. The speakers at these curious orgies of Toryism are mainly either Peers or relatives of Peers, or persons desirous either to become Peers or Baronets, or expectant office-holders, or those who regard it as the summit of happiness to hobnob with people whom they look upon as socially great. I am reminded of the attitude of the French nobility just before the Revolution. They, too, made merry, and fancied that their country loved, honoured, and revered them. Events, however, very speedily cleared their heads of this pleasing illusion. And so it will be with us.

All these utterances at the Conservative meetings show that really nothing is to be said in favour of the House of Lords as a political factor, except what used to be urged time and again in favour of Kings before they ceased to be—in this land, at least—shadows. The Monarch is accepted as a figure-head. Loyalty with us means nothing beyond a reasonable respect for the visible emblem of the law. The sceptre is to the country what the mace is to the House of Commons. We have solved the question of monarchical power by depriving our Monarch of all power. The King reigns, but does not govern. To this condition we must reduce the House of Lords, or we must abolish it. Lords, if they please, may talk nonsense in their parks to bogus working-men, and the servile crew, who grovel before them, may echo this nonsense. But it is quite impossible for us to admit that a number of hereditary landlords—most of them, observe, prejudiced and narrow-minded—can be allowed to mutilate or reject every Bill brought in by Liberal Ministers possessing the confidence of the nation; nor can it be permitted that whenever these partizans wish for a general election, because the last one went against them, they may force a dissolution. Until, however, the Liberals realise that the general rather than the particular issue is to the fore, it is vain to hope that the country will be with them. The Conservative organs are perfectly right in saying that the agitation in favour of the separation of Franchise from Redistribution has fallen flat. It has. And why? Because the Radicals decline to take off their coats for a mere question of Parliamentary procedure. Owing to the action of the Lords, the session just over has been wasted, and the autumn session will be equally wasted. It is really a little too absurd to suppose that we shall gently chide our hereditary legislators for this, and yet

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"Liberty" Art Fabrics.—Original designs for Curtains, Chintz, Upholstery and Furniture Stuffs. Patterns post-free Regent-st., W.

leave them in possession of full power to recommence the same game whenever it suits the Conservatives.

In politics there are but two parties—the Conservatives and the Radicals; all else is an intrigue. Both entertain clear and definite political opinions. We may respect a Conservative, although we may differ from him. As for Whigs, we can only despise them. Their logic is to run with the hare and to hunt with the hounds. In all else they are illogical. Their politics consist of a persistent endeavour to acquire office, and to remain in it as long as possible when they have acquired it. They would reduce the fight with the Lords to one between hereditary legislators and hereditary office-holders. Many of them are Peers, many who are not expect to become Peers. They would rather that the Liberal party should be defeated than that the Peers should be extinguished. Just as the Peers would dominate the Legislature, do they seek to dominate the party of which they term themselves the leaders.

I hear that the faces of the Conservative working-men who attend the Conservative gatherings in the various parks of the nobility to express their love and veneration for Peers, have been recognised as the same, whether the meeting be in the north, the east, the west, or the south. The Conservative working-man, indeed, is making a very good thing out of these meetings. The pay is good, and the work is just about what suits this loafing traitor to his order.

When the Roman Emperors had established their rule, they soon came to the conclusion that they were more than human, and the law of *Majestas* was passed. Any one venturing to doubt the divinity of Cæsar, or to question his authority, or even to speak with disrespect of any article which had been touched by his august hands, or which bore his effigy, was immediately executed. Lord Jersey, apparently, would exact a similar law to protect the sanctity of our hereditary nobles, for in a letter to the *Daily News*, he speaks of the scandalous attempts of Sir Wilfrid Lawson to disestablish the House of Lords. Why scandalous? I presume that it is conceivable, even to a Peer, that in a country where government by the people prevails, gentlemen like Lord Jersey—(the accident of an accident, politically obscure, nurtured in class prejudice, believers in class privilege, without experience, and without any exceptional wisdom)—should not be regarded by all as beings of such angelic nature, that it is a crime of high treason to suggest that they should henceforward possess neither more nor less political power than the rest of their fellow-citizens. But,

> Unconscious of their doom, the little victims play;

and, not satisfied with play, they revile and abuse every one who dares to raise his voice in defence of the principles of representative government. No, my Lord, we are not all flunkeys.

Lord Cowper's proposed compromise is entirely unacceptable. The issue at stake is whether Ministers with a majority at their back in the House of Commons are to decide as to the mode of procedure by which a Franchise and Redistribution Bill are to be passed, or whether the Conservative leader is to force them, by means of his majority in the Lords, to accept his ideas of what procedure ought to be. So soon as a Franchise Bill is passed, Ministers have pledged themselves to bring in a Redistribution Bill. What the Conservatives want is to throw out the former, if the latter is not in accordance with their views as to the fitness of things. But, were they to approve of it, nothing is more clear than that, from the Liberal standpoint, it would be a bad Bill. We come, therefore, to this fundamental question: Are the Liberals, when they have been placed in power by the verdict of the nation, to rule, or are Lord Salisbury and his Thanes to rule, no matter how badly the party to which they belong may have been defeated at a General Election?

We may look forward to a long series of lies and misrepresentations whilst Parliament is not sitting respecting Egyptian finance, for the crew which have been speculating in Nile securities are making desperate efforts to foist them off on the sillier of investors. Last week there was a rise, owing to a report that Lord Northbrook was to remain at Cairo for six years. The report was destitute of a shadow of truth, but some fools were caught by it, for "Egyptians" rose.

It cannot be too often repeated that the policy of the Government is pro-fellah and anti-bondholder, pro-evacuation and anti-annexation. An expedition will, if necessary, be sent to Khartoum to bring Gordon back, and every effort will then be made to place some sort of Egyptian Government in working trim. This done, the British taxpayer will no longer be called upon to make sacrifices for Egyptian bondholders, and British soldiers will no longer be employed in fighting against Soudanese, or in aiding Egyptian mudirs to force taxes out of Egyptian fellahs.

What I have ever failed to discover is why we do not enter into direct communications with the Mahdi, and inform him that, if he will interpose no difficulties in the way of Gordon and the Egyptian garrisons leaving Egypt, we are prepared fully and absolutely to recognise the independence of the Soudan. We know that Gordon is disobeying his instructions in slaying and killing the Soudanese, and that he is acting entirely on his own responsibility. But how possibly can the Mahdi be aware of this? He must be under the impression that we and Gordon are playing a joint game of deception.

I am beginning to have rather a better opinion of Africans than I had. For centuries they have been killed, enslaved, and forced to work for Europeans. They now appear to be waking up to the fact that if Africa is to be for the Africans they must do something to show that they are men. The Zulus most justly defeated us when we went marauding in Zululand; the Egyptians are offering a stolid resistance to our endeavours to rule them; and the Portuguese have just been defeated by the natives on the Zambesi. All this is most gratifying to those who do not approve of the philanthropic efforts of one race to make another race toil for it.

As announced in last week's Truth, Miss English has received sufficient funds for the present season. The following subscriptions will, therefore, be placed to the credit of next year's account:—

I. W., £3; Miss Jewen, 10s.; H. P., 10s.; E. B. (Great Northern Express), £5; A. B., £5; Nelly, Amy, Harry, Regie, and Baa, 5s.

SCRUTATOR.

HORRIBLE HATFIELD.

I DO not know whether the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Poor, which seems to have practically concluded its labours, has taken evidence regarding the way in which labouring people live in our small agricultural towns. It would be a pity if its members should separate without turning their attention to Hatfield, which, for dirt and squalor, for overcrowding, for systematic denial of light and air, and the means of personal and domestic cleanliness, is not second to any town of its class on this side of St. George's Channel. Just twelve years have come and gone since I first spent a day in carefully exploring the steep ups and downs of its dozen narrow winding streets, and prying into the filthy dens and unchecked abominations which lay within a radius of certainly not more than four hundred yards round about the stately gates of the great park and fine old Jacobean palace of the Cecils. Returning to the town this week I found Hatfield but little altered for the better. At the top of the narrow, precipitate main street, close against the chief lodge and entrance to the Hall, the sleepy old Salisbury Arms, which had scarcely seen a coat of paint since the opening of the railway first doomed its roomy bed-chambers and offices to silence and decay, had finally closed its doors, and been refurbished apparently for a private dwelling; but the chimes of the church over the way were still dropping, note by note, the old air of "Marlbrook" upon the ancient town which lay below, pretty nearly as I had left it twelve years ago, slumbering in its own filth under the blazing sun of an August afternoon. In giving a plain and carefully accurate sketch of the horrible condition of Hatfield, I feel it right to admit at starting that the poor folk who pay rent to the Marquis of Salisbury are better off than some of their poor neighbours. But I do not hesitate to say that their condition is, nevertheless, eminently unsatisfactory.

I will take at once by far the most favourable sample that I found—a double row of cottages known as "Salisbury-square," in all about sixteen little tenements, let out at rents varying from 2s. 6d. to 3s. 3d. a week. With their forecourts about the size of the little sitting-rooms which were visible on all sides through the doors left open for a breath of air, these little cottages might, as compared with others, be considered tolerable dwellings for labouring folk; but, like many other institutions in this world, they have contrived to put the best side outward. Seen from the cramped, confined, and noisome little alley which, close to the back windows under a jumble of walls, serves for a general passage to and from the common water-tap and the dustholes, "Salisbury-square" is certainly neither picturesque nor savoury.

The dustholes are simply shallow, open recesses, a couple of feet above the ground, in the brickwork at the back. In these receptacles (for the cottages have no inch of garden behind) the inmates of two or three dwellings deposit the dust, rags, and refuse of vegetable and animal matter, which lay, as I saw them, festering in the burning heat. Some of the filth and litter had overflowed and slipped down into a grated sink upon the ground, which, choked with stones, smelt abominably, and looked as if no water had passed down it for many a week. Water, indeed, is a scarce commodity in the poorer parts of Hatfield, though assuredly there is no good reason why it should be. Up in the park, not far away, the river Lea wanders bright and clear, by many a haunt of the kingfisher, down to a rustic mill, where the cool moisture and the green shade of over-arching trees are delightful to the senses. The richer class of inhabitants are, I believe, well supplied from this abundant source; but for the sixteen families or so in Salisbury-square, who have the Marquis for their landlord, there is only the common tap which I have referred to, whence the poor inhabitants laboriously fetch their supplies in pails, using it, as is invariably the case under such conditions, far more sparingly than is good for either health or comfort. Close to the backs of the cottages a beginning has just been made of a projected coffee-tavern, which may prove convenient to coffee-drinkers, but which will necessarily tend still further to shut out light and air from the wretched back alley. The disorderly and dirty aspect of the place is rendered more depressing by the ragged, dusty, untidy air of the almost perpendicular ascent thence into Back-street, with its dilapidated brick parapet at the top surmounted by an unsightly lamp-frame, which is only kept from tumbling down by a rude bandage of rusty wire. In Back-street the houses are mostly old and unwholesome. I say nothing of the Traveller's Rest, with its dirty, paintless, blistered doors, its chalk-scribbled walls, its filthy floor and cellar-flap, and its rotten old posts; nothing of the still more ugly inn, with the half-effaced sign of the Dray Horse. I know not whose property they are, and my business is rather with the cottages and their surroundings. There may be among the dwellings of Back-street, in spite of their low roofs and grimy ceilings, some that fairly comply with sanitary conditions; but assuredly the majority do not. Let the curious visitor observe the rough, whitened cottage on the left as he descends, which is occupied by a family who pay to the Marquis the humble rent of five guineas a year; let him note its low wall, its miserable little windows, whereof the one at the back looks down on the disorderly rear of Salisbury-square; and with this let him peep through the open door at the dark, low-roofed, dingy room. Then let him compare this with labourers' cottages—say on the Prince of Wales's estate at Sandringham, or on the property of Lord Lovelace, at Ockham and East Horsley. At the bottom of Back-street, not a stone's throw hence, he may find yards open to the street, belonging to whom I cannot say, in which there are pig-styes and heaps of manure, with old refuse of all kinds lying scattered about. At the top end of the street, right against the churchyard, he may see another specimen of the curious dustholes in brickwork recesses. It is, in this instance, in the front, at the very side of the house door. Nearly facing one of these foul contrivances, he may also see the curious sight of half a wooden cowshed, forming part of the tarred and blackened out-buildings belonging to the adjacent public-house, called

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Goode's Depôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

The Two Brewers, which is being used as a Wesleyan Chapel, *faute de mieux;* for building-sites are scarce. The congregation have, I am assured, in vain implored the Marquis to let them a bit of ground where they may build, and say their prayers in decency; but "conventicles" are not encouraged in Hatfield. The Marquis of Salisbury, however, I am bound to say, is not the proprietor of the properties at the upper end of Back-street. At the bottom of the street, across the road by the dirty Dray Horse inn, there is a turning known as Pond-hill, where there is a little row of cottages of four rooms each, for which the Marquis's agent charges, I believe, a weekly rent of four shillings. These are externally decent, but close behind them I find once more the inevitable heaps of manure and refuse; and eyesores abound even in the street itself. A front rain-pipe at the side of a cottage door is suffered to break into large holes, whence the water in wet weather must rush out before it reaches the ground; and heaps of black slag and refuse are allowed to accumulate in the street. Worst eyesore of all is the appearance, in the very row of the cottages, of a ruinous old red-brick house long abandoned to the effects of time and the weather. Every window-pane has vanished; the lath and plaster can be seen hanging from its ceilings; its wooden-latched shutters below are falling to decay. I have a dim remembrance of having seen this spectral sight twelve years ago, rising just as it does now in the open street next door to one of the little houses, a convincing token of the systematic neglect in Hatfield of the picturesque and beautiful, though a passer-by tells me that it has "only been like that since the floods undermined it six or seven years ago." Anyway, it occupies space on which two good cottages (and unquestionably more cottages are sorely needed) might easily be built.

Deplorable as all this is, I have not yet taken my readers to the worst parts of Hatfield. I have already hinted that there are far uglier spots in the town than those which are inhabited by the Marquis of Salisbury's poor tenants. These lie for the most part right and left of Park-street—no obscure back alley, but a continuation of the main street. The Cecils have been lords of Hatfield House and park from the days of James I. downwards, but I think it more than probable that no one of their race ever penetrated into "Hall's-yard" or "Arm-and-Sword-yard." It is almost certain that the present leader of the House of Lords can never have been there, for otherwise it is inconceivable that he could have ventured to present himself of late as the champion of the poor in the matter of decent shelter without denouncing these loathsome spots existing actually within bowshot range of his palace gates. The common water-tap of Salisbury-square is pomp and luxury compared with the accommodation of Hall's-yard, which has absolutely no water supply at all save what its miserable inhabitants obtain from a little hand-pump two streets off, the sole source of supply for other spots equally hideous. Up Hall's-yard live eight or ten families in little tenements ranged round an irregular square, with a common dust-hole choked with nameless filth standing open in the midst, and an open grating down which, in this broiling weather, the whole colony pour their house-slops. Looking into one of the cottages I found that the entire accommodation for a woman, her husband, and their four children was two rooms only. In the lower room the sunken floor was hardly more filthy than the ceiling, or than the walls from which the paper, rotting away with damp and age, was hanging down in mildewed strips. In another hole, with only three little rooms, lives a man named Humphreys, with his wife, his four sons, and three daughters. In a narrow, bricked-in recess at the top of the yard, of which the wall of the last cottage formed one of the sides, was a closet, which is used in common by eight families; for they have no other. My attempt to peep into this horrible inlet was quickly checked by the stench which was issuing from it into the yard; but I came near enough to feel the external wall, which was hotter than hand could well bear under the fierce sunshine. I gathered that the inmates of these execrable hovels pay for each a weekly rent of half-a-crown, and that most of the men are farm-labourers, earning fourteen to fifteen shillings a week. Will it be believed that the proprietor of these dens, the landlord who once a week waits upon these miserable tenants for their half-crowns, is a medical man with a neat house and a bright door-plate and brass knocker in the main street of the town, only a stone's-throw from Hatfield House gates? I wonder whether the Marquis of Salisbury ever meets him, or, meeting him, whether he ever seizes him by the button-hole and whispers in his ear, "Hall, my dear fellow, this won't do!"

I will not trouble my readers to go with me over the uninviting ground of Arm-and-Sword-yard, with its one pump and dusthole, its festering corners, its solitary two closets for thirty families—one, it is true, a triple arrangement, but with the disgusting indecency of a common outer door, through which men, women, and children have, of necessity, to pass—or into the alley beside the Eight Bells, where right under the back windows of the houses in the principal street of the town I found a slaughter-house, a large open square pit filled with dung, blood, and offal, a number of piggeries, and an open closet, not to speak of dirt and litter far and wide.

I have, I hope, said enough to show that there is much in Hatfield which requires the immediate attention of powerful landlords and influential neighbours. One fact is conclusive: in this little town of four thousand inhabitants, though all around and within sight is abundance of land worth only about thirty shillings to two pounds an acre yearly rent, there is hardly a cottage with even the smallest patch of garden attached to it. If the Marquis of Salisbury would only build on some of his land wholesome decent places, however humble, is it to be conceived that human beings would prefer the misery and indecency of Hall's-yard and Arm-and-Sword-yard? The truth is that, as more than one poor woman hinted to me, they dare not make complaint, lest grumbling should be followed by expulsion, for they have practically nowhere else to go. I am, I believe, literally correct in saying that there is not a single dwelling to let in the town save what are far beyond a labourer's means. I confess that the thought that, immediately adjoining spots

Sanitary Inspection.—Fee, 2 Guineas. Improvement works undertaken. The Sanitary Engineering Co., 115, Victoria-st., Westminster.

where poor creatures swarm and gasp for air, is the wall of a vast pleasure ground more than five miles in circumference, the property of one fortunate possessor, and untraversed by a single public footpath, gave to these sickening sights an additional touch of horror.

Delay in so hot a summer as this might entail consequences for which public opinion would assuredly hold the great landed proprietors of the neighbourhood either directly or indirectly responsible. Long immunity, be it remembered, is not seldom followed by a sudden and terrible reminder of the danger of neglecting sanitary laws. Even as I write, St. Albans is suffering from a severe outbreak of enteric fever. That pretty and ancient city—now acknowledged by its chief medical officer to be paying the penalty of defective water supply and bad drainage—is only five miles from Hall's-yard—only five miles and 350 yards from the drawing-room windows of Hatfield House.

The Conservative Associations are, I believe, shortly to pay a visit to Hatfield Park. Let them also visit Hatfield, not forgetting to inspect Hall's-yard, Arm-and-Sword-yard, Pond-hill, Puttock's Oak, Chapman's-yard, and the rear of the square. No one supposes for a moment that Lord Salisbury is a man of inhuman disposition, but when he speaks of himself as a representative of the entire country, we may so far believe in the boast as to admit that he is the representative man of Hatfield. Probably he leaves things there to some agent, and does not allow the insignificant details of his own village to come between the wind and his nobility. Great landowners are said to be a blessing, because those who live under their shadow are well cared for. Is this so at Hatfield? Great noblemen are said to possess an insight into the real wants and requirements of the people, which may be regarded—*pace* the Duke of Portland—as a divine gift that they inherit from generation to generation. What does this gift amount to when they allow their tenants and their tenants' neighbours to dwell in pestiferous filth, and, with lofty indifference to the health and comfort of hewers of wood and drawers of water, only condescend to pocket the rents which these Pariahs of civilisation are made to pay? Go, Conservatives, if you please, to Hatfield Park; wander through its ancient glades, gaze with admiration at the lordly chambers of Hatfield Hall; but go also to the slums and styes of Hatfield. Then, in humble and grateful spirit, thank Heaven that we have a House of Lords, and fervently pray that this corner-stone of our great and glorious institution may always be preserved to us.

THANET.

Why Thanet is an island I don't know, for you get to it without a sea passage; unless, indeed, you choose to take a steamer and coast along from the mouth of the Thames. Why it is the chosen resort of London citizens out for a holiday is more easy of tracing to its origin. Before there were railroads, citizens got into a hoy, with their families, planted them at Margate and Ramsgate, and then went back to their money-making, paying a visit to their belongings from Saturday to Monday. This mode of conveyance (a steamer, however, being substituted for a hoy) is, indeed, still the favourite one, and the "husbands' boat" still brings down husbands on Saturdays and takes them back on Mondays. The three most frequented places along the coast of the "island" are Margate, Ramsgate, and Broadstairs. The two former are as ugly towns as may well be conceived; the last is quaint and pretty—or, rather, it was, for it has been, to a considerable extent, spoilt by a hideous new hotel which has been run up. And what do people do at these resorts? They bathe and sit upon the sands. The ladies are arrayed in showy and ill-fitting costumes; the men wander about in garments which combine the lawn-tennis player with the boating enthusiast; and the children have their frocks pinned up, and with bare legs paddle in the sea and make vast holes in the sand. At Margate, there is a pier, which is the delight and pride of the town; and in the evening there is a sort of *établissement*, where dancing goes on irrespective of heat. Both Margate and Ramsgate have an aristocratic hill; at Margate the hill is called Cliftonville, at Ramsgate it is called St. Lawrence. The latter is a huge "folly" of Pugin, the architect. About a quarter of a million was expended by him in building a sea-wall, and erecting a hotel and a few houses above it. The hotel is entirely unlike one. Everything about it is architectural; the passages are aisles; the rooms are cloistral, and the chairs and tables are similar to those on which abbots sat and caroused. Both at Margate and at Ramsgate the "plebs." of the valleys rarely come on the aristocratic hills. The long terrace before the Granville (at Ramsgate), which really makes one of the finest sea-fronts in England, is given up to a few babies in perambulating bassinets, and a few solemn and select strollers. You look down from it upon the crowd below, as though you were in a balloon. This crowd is mainly composed of adherents to the faith of Abraham. Men and maidens, venerable grandfathers and toddling grandchildren are of the chosen race. Young Mr. Isaac revels in meeting young Miss Jacob; old Levi gossips in placid bliss with old Methuselah. So it is at Margate. Broadstairs, which lies between Margate and Ramsgate, is a Christian oasis. Beyond Margate is Westgate, and beyond this is Birchington. Westgate is a collection of villas, Birchington a collection of bungalows. Every villa at Westgate is more or less æsthetical, and some of them are really pretty, with their verandahs and their patches of garden before them. But I prefer the Birchington bungalows; they are just what is wanted for a summer seaside residence. I believe their pioneer was Sir Erasmus Wilson. They are built on the cliffs, each having about an acre of ground. They consist of one story and of a wide verandah, and although they have a fair number of rooms, they cannot be expensive structures, for I remember inquiring about the price of one of them which was on sale a few years ago, and it was under £1,000.

On the whole, I can recommend any one who wants invigoration to go to the "Isle" of Thanet. The great objection to it is the absence of trees. Corn-fields are useful, and have a beauty all their own, but from a visitor's standpoint they are not so desirable as trees. There seems however, generally some sort of sea-breeze which tempers the heat, if it does not the glare. So searching, indeed, is the air, that a letter-out of carriages told me that he does a better business in winter than in summer. "In summer," he said, "we drive them about; in winter we bury them.

They come down here and fancy that they will live for ever; but they are mistaken, and are soon driven off to a cemetery." "And how about Sir Moses Montefiore?" I asked. "Well, you see," he replied, "he has got accustomed to the keen air by this time. I used to horse him when he went out driving, but now he stays at home. He has not been out of his grounds for some years, and in winter he never goes out of his house."

ON LONG DINNERS.

This is to protest against long private dinners. Of course, I know public dinners must be long. Speeches have to be made, music has to be got through, and sometimes the business of subscription lists is superadded. No one considers all this exactly pleasure, especially if he has to make one of the speeches, and is "unaccustomed," &c. But when one dines with friends for pleasure, and not for patriotic or eleemosynary purposes, I fail to see why one is asked to go through the martyrdom of some *menus* that I remember.

I was at a dinner the other night where the *menu* could hardly be compressed into the ornamental card in front of me; and as for the wines, I shudder even to think of the bottles! Nothing was particularly good either. The cold dishes were not so cold nor the hot dishes so hot as they might have been. The quantity of the wine, too, far exceeded its quality. The champagne reminded me of its existence for a couple of days afterwards. We sat down at eight, and we rose at half-past eleven. Whether "the people who (that night) sat down to eat and drink rose up to play" I cannot tell. I rose with a profound sense of the vanity of long dinners. You wear your neighbour out, and she wears you out, simply from the utter impossibility of changing the position, however slightly. If I might, half-way through the dinner—about the jelly-time—get up and politely hand the lady to my chair and myself occupy hers—and if all the company did likewise—there would be a general readjustment of positions and people; but at present nothing can be done until the hostess has accomplished the arduous feat of catching some one's eye, almost invisible at the other end of the table. If your partner be *very* charming, why it certainly does make a difference—you can then stand it or sit it rather longer with equanamity—but let any one ask himself or herself how many times during the last two months such a partner has fallen to his or her lot, and whether the longest dinners, by some strange fatality, have not been sat through by the side of the greatest bores, whilst the angelic diners have not only been few and far between, but have been invariably met with at the briefest and least ceremonial feasts.

Of course, I know there is a class of diners-out who make a study of eating; they are good at quantity and particular about quality. With one glance at the *menu*—the glance of a master's eye—Gorger's mind is made up. He means to eat everything if it be well cooked, and to taste everything to solve this problem. His eye rests for a moment uneasily on the glasses; there seems to be one short, and a horrid suspicion that the host means to shirk the hock upsets him for a moment, and when the time comes he boldly inquires for it. If it be not forthcoming, Gorger, who is never very communicative, sulks for the rest of the evening—he feels and acts like an injured man, and never dines at that house again.

I once found myself next to Gorger at a City feast. He sat down looking ruddy and expectant. He was serious, like a man not accustomed to be trifled with. He had come there meaning business, and was not prepared to overlook anything irregular, and he evidently expected an equal earnestness of purpose in me. Well, I was found wanting—miserably wanting. I was exposed early in the feast. Gorger had me. I have not a word to say in my defence. It happened in this wise. The turtle soup was served. For a few moments my ruddy friend was too absorbed with his green fat to attend to anything but his spoon, with which he certainly made prodigious play. He finished his plate—called for more—finished that. A poor, sickly guest sat on the other side of him. He could not eat his fat. Gorger's eye was upon him. "Sir," he at last said, "excuse me, but if you really cannot eat your turtle, pray allow me to relieve you of it." The transfer was speedily effected, the transfer was speedily swallowed, and I then perceived that Gorger had turned round, and was eyeing me uneasily. At last he could contain himself no longer. I had just swallowed conscientiously my last piece of fat, and began to feel I was cutting a fairly Aldermanic figure, when Gorger, with a severe rebuke in his eye, laid his hand on my arm. "But sir!" he exclaimed rather excitedly, "you should have taken your punch with your soup!" Too late! The next course was already being served. I stammered out some excuse; tried to laugh it off. It was not of the least use. Gorger turned away from me with the utmost contempt. I had gone down for ever in his estimation. To me he spoke no more, nor I to him. I admit that I felt on my side that a man who forgot to take his punch with his turtle was utterly unfit for the society of Gorger.

But the old eater is going out of fashion, like the old drinker. People take their meals less seriously; they talk more, and they eat less, but this makes the lavish expenditure and the absurd length of our feasts all the more ridiculous. It is not good manners to cease talking at table; but to talk incessantly and to eat absorbingly at the same time is impossible, for the simple reason that you can't talk with your mouth full and you can't eat with your mouth empty. I understand the eater. We have him shown up by the satirists of old Rome, and he is, no doubt, to be met with at City feasts, and in select circles of earnest and monosyllabic feeders; but he is not your typical diner-out. Your typical diner-out affects the feast of reason and the flow of soul above the victuals and the drinks. We can all solace ourselves with these not unsavoury substitutes when the company is dull; but undoubtedly talking, and not eating and drinking, is the fashion. Your old port-wine man is to be found here and there, looking sad in a black satin stock, with a belated Georgian air, and a *laudator temporis acti* expression of face. He is one of a sort that has gone out—let us hope for good. There were feasts and vintages in his time. He drank

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slowly—he drank deeply—thoughtfully, but not loquaciously. In the old days, when a man sipped his wine, you would no more think of interrupting him with a question than you would dream of asking a crack billiard player a conundrum in the middle of a favourite stroke. Little wine is now drunk, and that little is not always good. People care less and less about the vintages; they join the ladies sooner.

All this being the tendency of the age, I say deliberately let us shorten the *menu*—make a little more of coffee, and smoke, if you will, after dinner, in male circles and select companies where the ladies are known not to object. In no case do I wish to sit for three hours next the same individual, sighing for a change of attitude and atmosphere long after I have eaten and drunk as much or, in very self-defence, more than I want.

I know certain little octave dinners where there is enough to eat and drink, and not too much. The guests are well chosen, and the courses are sent up to time. The company sit down at eight and rise soon after nine. Afterwards they stroll about certain rooms, sit down to cards, take a turn at billiards—when there are no ladies upstairs to join—look at works of art, smoke a cigar, and chat on a sofa, and at eleven are quite fit to go on to any other reception. They have dined, not over-dined; the grossness of the meal has been altogether avoided, and the expense has been about half as much per head as at certain other dinners which I have found not one half so pleasurable.

I say this Crœsus feeding-business is played out. It only helps millionaires to fritter away their money, and gluttons to gorge; it ruins respectable fools with moderate incomes, and degrades our social intercourse. The splendour of our feasts covers the poverty of our relations. If I am happy in my friends I can do with less. "Are you the friend of your friend or of his buttons?" asks Emerson. Let a man give me what he can afford, and ask me to sit down and be content with what contents him. I like the marks of additional care and refinement, though I hate what is obviously sordid and stingy. Enough champagne and good, or none at all; decent cigars, or a cigarette merely. I will accept anything *bonâ fide*. I do not want my host to serve what it will pinch him to pay for and what it will surfeit me to eat. Depend upon it, the day is not far off when an interminable banquet in a private house will be a badge of vulgarity and *mauvais ton*, and when dinner entertainments will rise in people's estimation just in proportion as their elegance, ingenuity, and fitness to promote pleasant intercourse are aimed at, rather than their sumptuous extravagance and preposterous length.

PATTI.

The ovation given to Madame Patti when she sang for a charity at Swansea is not surprising, as, whilst "amateur concerts" for charitable purposes are frequent, it rarely happens that any one going to one gets much more for his money than a sense of having devoted it to some useful object. When Patti took up her residence at Craig-y-Nos Castle, "there was a whisper," says the *Cambrian*, "of grand doings, and ever and anon a tourist in that wild valley related how he had wandered about the enchanted abode, and heard by stealth the nightingale sing 'Home, sweet home.'" Later on, "she was seen in a street of Swansea, and was declared to be beautiful to look on." Then, "she came down from her pedestal to befriend the poor and helpless," or, in other words, she sang at a concert given for the benefit of the Swansea Hospital. "To alter the words of the all-vanquishing Cæsar, she came, she sang, and she conquered." This year she has again sung for the same charity. "As one passed along the thoroughfares, or tarried on the Rialto, or lingered in bank or shop, the running series of comments were:—'Are you going to the concert?' 'Have you heard Patti before?' 'Wouldn't miss the occasion.'" "The concert was an ovation for the Diva. "All hearts were beating, and when she came upstairs (led by Sir Hussey Vivian), the whole audience rose to its feet and applauded. Her face was lighted up with nods and becks and wreathèd smiles, and she wore a dress of pale blue corded silk, covered with Valenciennes lace, and trimmed with blue satin ribbon. The body was blue, with rosebuds intertwined, and the ornaments were diamond earrings and bracelets, a Russian and a Spanish decoration." When "she sang 'Una voce,' the people listened spell-bound," but when she came back again and sang "The Old Folks at Home," "it was impossible to avoid thinking that her song was a covert reference to her own joy to be at home in Wales." When the concert was over, Sir Hussey Vivian made a speech, in which he complimented Patti as the Queen of song and romance, and congratulated Swansea upon a nightingale having settled in one of the neighbouring valleys; and all wound up merrily with three cheers for the Diva. Altogether, it is a great thing to be the first songstress in the world, and a still greater thing that the first songstress should have a good heart.

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—Beauty and her Bath.

O great and supreme Mrs. Grundy!
To you, in your might, 'tis we turn;
To you who, on weekday and Sunday,
Yourself in our doings concern;
And whether we're waltzing or walking,
Or taking our pleasure or tea,
Or dining, or shopping, or talking,
Continue our censor to be.

For, 'mongst those diversified actions,
Which you, Mrs. Grundy, direct,
There's one of our favoured distractions
For special restraint you select;
And, let whatsoe'er be the weather,
It's characteristic of you,
Sea-bathing well-nigh altogether
To hinder, if not to taboo.

'Tis true we're surrounded by water,
But, thanks to your obstinate whim,
Britannia has scarcely a daughter
That's able to properly swim.
And even her sons you to check with
The same silly rule seem inclined,
Should they in a Webb or a Beckwith,
A model to imitate find.

It's due to your squeamishness, madam,
That now, wheresoever we go,
Each son and each daughter of Adam
Finds bathing most wofully slow.

At Margate, at Redcar, at Brighton,
In short, at each sea-bathing town,
All efforts its process to lighten
You put with firm prudery down.

So extreme is your caution anent us,
You exert Sabbatarian thrall,
And on Sundays you try to prevent us
From taking a sea-dip at all.
And though you permit us on Monday
Ablutions again to perform,
Our gratitude, dear Mrs. Grundy,
Is far, pray believe us, from warm.

For what does your grudging permission
Amount to, as matter of fact,
Save to doom to a foolish position
All those who upon it may act?
And to prove, after proper probation,
That bathing, as known on our coast,
Is a silly and dull operation,
Of which 'twould be foolish to boast

To name each provision that vexes
Is more, Mrs. G., than we can;
But take that division of sexes,
You ever make part of your plan;
A law which you value and view so,
That you husband and wife even teach
That if they would bathe, they must do so
From opposite ends of the beach!

A law which a family scatters
As soon as it steps from the shore,
And tells the fond father it matters
Not how he his daughters adore,
Nor how he on land may, persistent,
Quite close to their sides ever be,
Since they, at least two furlongs distant
Must keep if they go in the sea!

From this most unseemly provision
Unnumbered annoyances rise,
And chiefly that garb of derision
Which serves to our bathers disguise.
That garb of intentional plainness
Which wholly disfigures the fop;
And causes, in shapeless inaneness,
The *belle* of the season to flop.

But, let the two sexes once mingle,
As over the Channel they do;
And quickly both married and single
Would bid to that garb their adieu.
And Fashion, on all sides invited
To do what was good in her eyes,
Would haste, with a zest most delighted,
Befitting *costumes* to devise.

Nor need you, dear Madam, be fearful
About what these dresses would be;
'Tis true they'd be shapely and cheerful,
And *chic* to a certain degree;
But stifle, dear Madam, the notion
That they need your censure extort;
No lady would show in the ocean
So much as she now shows at Court!

Nor would the sea-toilets most sparing
Approach, Mrs. Grundy, at all,
Those nightly exposures so daring
You freely condone at a ball!
In fact, they'd be better for lasses
Than those clinging bedgowns so dank,
At which *roués*, armed with field-glasses,
Express admiration so frank.

Besides, bring the sexes together,
And you, Mrs. G., must confess,
The ladies a chance, in fine weather,
Of learning to swim would possess.

So come, you will surely surrender
Your prejudice, utterly weak,
And cease to be still a contender
'Gainst what common sense bids us seek.

Come, come, Mrs. G., let us win you
To what is the rational side;
You surely no more will continue
What reason agrees to deride;
But, arming yourself 'gainst derision,
By sticking no more to a fad,
Will make, by your timely decision,
The hearts of all sea-bathers glad.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

PEDANTRY *v.* FINE TEETH.

M. CAMILLE SÉE, author of the law passed a few years ago for the advancement of higher instruction for girls, has coined a new locution, which the genial, witty, and woman-loving M. Legouvé, of the Academy, has adopted. I hope that it will "faire le tour du monde," with the meaning attached to it by its author. "Il faut," said M. Camille Sée, at a prize-distribution, "*féminiser* l'éducation des femmes." By this he did not mean that at girls' lyceums pupils were to learn that the whole object of their lives was to *babiller*, *s'habiller*, *et se déshabiller*. We might render *féminiser* by feminize. As M. Camille Sée used the word, it signifies the contrary of effeminate, which is the degradation of womanly qualities. To feminize girls' education is to render it apt to bring them, through native qualities, to a higher level. The fine lady who lives in plush-upholstered rooms, never takes long walks, from a desire to keep her feet small, abandons her infant to a hireling to carry it about or perambulate it, and practises sword exercise to keep down disfiguring *embonpoint*, gets very effeminate. The director of a gymnasium who keeps a lady's fencing-master has given me some of his impressions about his clients. He owned that foils were ruin to their health and tempers. The necessity to concentrate nervous energy in the eyes and right arm nearly hypnotises them. When they have had a prolonged passage of arms, and neglect immediately after to take *douches* and to get their bodies hand-rubbed, they become upset. "How do they show this?" I asked. "Why, they laugh and cry, are ready to take offence, and quarrel about no matter what. A fair client who goes home without having had a *douche* and hand-rubbing is sure to cut up rough with her maid or footman."

That painting in the last Salon of a ladies' duel, represented "effeminized" women whose nerves had run away with them. Perhaps you neither saw nor read of it. The fair combatants were using light swords with address and energy on the border of a wood, in which spring verdure was just beginning to appear. One had on a lovely Rembrandt hat, and the burnished auburn hair of the other was beautifully arranged to support a duck of a bonnet. A pretty second was wringing her hands; and two others were looking terror-stricken from

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the shelter of the wood at the duellists. The fourth, a more portly matron, was clearly in the habit of taking things easy. Her toilette was rich and elegant, and she leant against a tree in the attitude of an amused and indolent observer. But what has this to do with pedantry and teeth? I am going to tell you. M. Camille Sée, in showing how desirable it is to *féminiser l'éducation de la femme*, dwells on the hygienic consequences which would follow, and on the weakening and "effeminizing" results which cramming must entail. He never meant, in promoting the higher instruction of young ladies, to form generations of blue-stockings. What he wanted was to enable girls to freely exercise any mental faculty with which nature may severally have endowed them. But the schools which he planned have got under the direction of professional pedants, who belong to the Ministry of Public Instruction. Examining Boards follow the lead they give, and try to impose all that is false in the secondary instruction of boys. The French middle-class boy is the indirect martyr of the Civil Service system. When Napoleon created a vast number of offices to be disposed of by the State, he also, to prevent myriads of candidates swarming upon those who gave them away, ordained that university diplomas would be required as tests of capacity. Overcrowding at the Schools of the Faculties was prevented in the same way. Boys' brains are, therefore, stuffed with books, many of which can be, once the diploma is obtained, of no use in official or professional work. To *seem* to master the overcharged programme, the lyceum pupil becomes a wretched duffer. Ideas that would spontaneously evolve themselves under a more natural system are crowded out, *la bêtise bourgeoise* is fostered, and bones, muscles, and teeth are sacrificed. The poor brain, in striving to take in the useless tasks, absorbs the nutriment which should go to other organs. Youths and maidens, who are expected to answer as pat as A B C at Sorbonne and Hôtel de Ville examinations about "optimist and pessimist philosophies," "the Greek and German schools of philosophy," "the attributes of God," "the nature of sleep," "the causes of dreams, somnambulism, hallucination, and madness," will pay for it by stunted bodily growth and early mental decay. But the teeth will be the earliest victims. Conceive a poor green-gosling having to renounce cricket and kite-flying, or doll-dressing and games of romps, for Descartes, Mallebranche, translations of Shakespeare, Macaulay, Stuart Mill in scrappy doses, algebraic equations, the surface and volume of the sphere; whatever Siemens, Desprez, Cornelius, Herz, and Maxwell have propounded about electricity, and as much as a young surgeon is asked to know of physiology, biology, and comparative anatomy. In the third year, lyceum students of both sexes must tell what the functions of the cerebro-spinal nerves are. There are stupid examiners who ask them "whether in their opinion life is worth living, and why?" What data can juveniles have to go upon? An examiner who obliges young teeth to crack such a hard nut deserves to be flogged. Examinations should be to test real knowledge and capacity, and not to puzzle, or to satisfy the vanity or ill-nature of the examiners, who, I understand, are often no better in England than in France.

Doctor Dalloz unites in raising his voice against the waste of vital power the University and Hôtel de Ville examinations impose. I had, in the course of the summer, a talk with Doctor Evans on the effect of premature cerebration on the teeth. His experience showed him that crammed children were destined to early toothlessness, and that the best thing to do with a bantling was to treat it like a young calf, and turn it out to grass. The Crown Prince of Austria had hardly a tooth (but it was not Evans who told me this, although he might have done so) which was not stuffed with gold before he was half-way through his teens. All the phosphorus and lime they needed to grow properly was spent in learning how to "parrot" the science of his professors. The unfortunate Prince Louis Napoleon's back teeth were auriferous. He had been obliged to "sweat" tremendously by his tutors, Monnier and Filon. Ask Dr. J. Brigiotti, the dentist *par excellence* of youths, what he thinks of the dental systems of those fed on soft food and "crammed" in secondary schools. Though Italian in name, Brigiotti is American. Having a wondrously light hand and a thorough knowledge of his business, he has great success with ladies whose nerves make them cowardly, and with children. Were he Monsieur de Paris I could believe in *le guillotiné par persuasion.*

In America dentists find that young ladies ambitious of collegiate honours, and "good boys and girls," who require no whip and spur in the schoolroom, are their best clients. Farmers' daughters living in the country have a relative immunity from tooth decay.

I dare say many on reading the above will accuse me of being a lover of darkness. Would they say that a gardener loved sterility since he is careful not to impose on cabbages and lettuce the treatment that suits his asparagus plants? We now push higher instruction too far because of the conventional namby-pamby ideal to which the girlhood of the last three or four generations was obliged to bend. Light, by all means, and plenty of it: but the less it smells of rancid oil, the better. There is no reason why those who have mathematical tastes should not learn mathematics. But a vocation to trim bonnets should be equally respected.

The charming Mrs. Bertram Mitford is, I regret to learn, a widow. Her late husband died at Val-sur-Seine, where he had a summer residence. He was a thoroughly good fellow, and a perfect gentleman. Seeing that his wife liked to shine at the opera and in brilliant society, he was glad not to stand in her way. The *lettre de faire part*, sent to friends and acquaintances to announce the sad event, was in the names of Mrs. Mitford, of Lord Redesdale, and of the Mitfords of Mitford Castle. Though in some respects a leader of fashion, and in the habit of seeing her gowns copied by the chief mantua-makers, Mrs. Mitford is no silly butterfly. She is a granddaughter of the late

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Commodore Vanderbilt, and has Dutch tastes at home. There is a "Knickerbocker" savour in the arrangement of her beautiful house in the Avenue de Bois de Boulogne.

Nittis was a victim of high-pressure civilisation. He was drawn by a wish to go on commanding the market, to set himself up with a villa on the Plaine of Courcelles. To pay for it he had to work like a galley-slave. He would have been just as well satisfied with a studio at Montmartre. But outer barbarians, from the Pampas of the Argentine Republic, Petrolia, and the El Dorados of America and Australia, do not judge artists so much according to their works as to the quarters they inhabit and the company they keep. They will pay a much higher price to a second-class painter in the Avenue de Villiers than to a genius whose studio is in the Rue Rochechouart. Nittis was the quintessence of a good fellow. He was a Neapolitan, and as droll as a punchinello. He had Italian suppleness if not subtlety. In London he identified himself with newsboys, policemen, potboys, draymen, and, in the West-end, with May Fair butterflies and moths. His album, filled with Hyde Park and Kensington sketches, is to me the most interesting of his works. No doubt it is subversive, but the artist did not mean it to be so. In Paris he was intensely Parisian. That brightness of atmosphere which strikes the English tourist was admirably conveyed in his little paintings of the Place de la Concorde, and the Marché aux Fleurs. Nobody imitated his sights and scenes in the streets of London. But the plagiarists of those of "Les Rues de Paris" were so numerous that they forced him to lower his prices, and, therefore, to work fourteen, instead of eight, hours out of the twenty-four. His brain yielded under the strain. It was well for him that the cerebral paroxysm which too hard work brought on gave him a *coup de grâce*. A year ago his trembling eyelid and relaxed lip should have warned him of the danger which he ran. His picture in the last Salon, of a lady and a silken boy in a blue glass greenhouse, taking tea out of blue cups, and throwing crumbs to blue Japanese ducks in a bluish pond, marked "the beginning of the end." Nittis made his first mark here seven years ago, when he was just turned thirty. He was of the Détaille school in Paris, and in the spirit of Dickens in London. For the country he had no artistic "feeling." St. Germains, where he died, was almost too rural for him.

SPORTING NOTES.

THE most important and the most interesting race of last week was the Grand Prix de Deauville, which was won by Tristan for the third year in succession. Tristan only won, however, by a head from Fra Diavolo, to whom he was giving 18 lb. more than weight-for-age; but this close finish was due to the rashness of Webb, who, thinking that he had the race in hand, thought proper to ease Tristan, with the result that he was all but caught by M. Aumont's colt; and he was not finally adjudged the race until an objection for foul riding had been overruled. Webb was unpardonably foolish to take a liberty with Tristan, as he must know by this time what a queer beast he is. Last year, when Mr. Lefevre's horse also won by a head, some of the French jockeys deliberately tried to shut him in, and they very nearly succeeded. Last week's was a very good performance, as Fra Diavolo is a smart colt, and there is reason to believe that he has now pretty well recovered from the effects of the dose which was administered to him by the agent of some miscreants in the spring, and which, probably, lost him the Grand Prix and other valuable stakes. Tristan will now be kept for the Champion Stakes at the Second October Meeting, in which he seems to have a very easy task, inasmuch as there is nothing better engaged than Faugh-a-Ballagh, Quicklime, St. Médard, Royal Fern, Spring Morn, Lucerne, Talisman, Cambusmore, and Queen Adelaide. The prospects of Mr. Lefevre's horse would not, however, have looked so rosy if the nomination of St. Simon and Clairvaux had not become void by the deaths of their respective owners. I understand that after this race Tristan will be relegated to the Chamant stud, although he is entered for the Jockey Club Cup, for which event his owner will probably depend upon Archiduc, whose encounter with St. Simon at even weights will be very interesting.

The weights for the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire will be published in to-morrow's *Calendar*. Till within the last few years, it was the custom to publish these weights on the Thursday before Doncaster, and it is not easy to understand why they should be produced a week earlier. The Jockey Club and its servants are not famous for their facilities or felicities, and this new arrangement is certainly not conceived in the interest of owners. It seems to me that the only people who can by any possibility be benefited by an early publication of the weights are the bookmakers. There will no doubt be a long list of "quotations" in next Saturday's papers, but this will represent nothing but the random and ignorant fancies of the anserous and the asinine. There will be no real betting on either handicap till after the Leger, and no rational being will think of touching the Cesarewitch till after the First October Meeting, or the short race till after the second week, unless he has received a very direct and special "inspiration."

The sport at Egham and Warwick last week was the very bathos of plating, and there was very little of general interest about the Stockton racing. The principal feature was the continued ill-luck of Lord Zetland and Mr. Lowther, whose colours it was thought would be invincible in the principal events. Jetsam was a great favourite for the Stockton Handicap; but he was so easily beaten, that he was at once struck out of the Ebor Handicap. He never seemed able to go the pace. Lord Zetland was compensated for this disappointment on the third day, when Prism won him the Stewards' Cup; and he also carried off the Lambton Plate with that fine filly St. Helena, by Hermit—Castellamare, who created such a

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favourable impression after he had won the Ham Stakes at Goodwood. Mr. Lowther won the Cleveland Stakes with King Monmouth, but in the more valuable Hardwicke Stakes this colt could only get second to Surprise, by Hermit, who cost 630 gs. at last year's Beenham sale. Colonel Williams, her owner, however, did not benefit much by her victory here, as although the race was nominally worth £560, all he got was £385, as Mr. Waring, the breeder of the winner, came in for £100, and Mr. Lowther, as breeder and owner of the second, for £75. The Stockton managers have obtained some ridiculous eulogies for their liberality in adding £500 to this stake, and £450 to the Great Northern Leger. As, however, all forfeits go to the fund, the real amount which they gave was £362, and not £950, as advertised. Owners are tardily beginning to discover how egregiously they are plundered by the new system of bonuses to breeders, which at certain meetings has been carried to the most extravagant lengths. When a "public breeder" has sold his yearling, his interest in it ought to cease. Considering that the great majority of yearlings turn out to be utterly worthless, it is indeed hard, when by chance one proves a success, that its owner should have to pay a large proportion of "the winnings" to the breeder. If owners desire to stamp out this abuse they must resolutely decline to bid for animals which have been engaged in stakes of this description. It is utter nonsense to suppose that the substitution of the word "nominator" for "breeder" makes any real difference, for in the majority of cases these stakes are for foals, so that the animals are necessarily nominated by their breeders. Again, it is scandalously unjust that horses should have to carry penalties calculated on the *gross* value of the stakes which they win. The decision of the Jockey Club on this matter was not only in the highest degree foolish and absurd, but it was absolutely opposed to the third clause in the eleventh rule of racing. Nothing is more reprehensible than the levity or stupid unconcern with which the rulers of the turf break their own laws, and deliver themselves of decisions which those laws not only cannot support, but which are exactly contrary to the principles which they lay down. It may be hoped that in the course of the autumn some owner will refuse to be penalised for more than his animal has really won; and there cannot be a doubt that he will be successful in his contention, for luckily the rule to which I have referred is perfectly explicit on this subject.

The name of Beauchamp must be altogether odious to northern backers, for thousands must have been lost on him during the last four months. He was favourite for the Leger at Stockton, because it was thought that he ought to have won at Redcar, but this notion proved to be a mere illusion, for Pizarro won in a canter, and second to him was Darlington, who ran such a good race with Superba in the Sandown Derby on the Friday after the Oaks.

Mr. Lorillard seems to have good reason to congratulate himself on the purchase of Mortemer, as his two year olds of that horse are carrying all before them in America, and, according to a New York sporting journal, "he has pretty thoroughly frightened the turf with them." The two yearlings (by Hampton—Sultana, and by Sterling—Sea Mark) which were purchased at the Yardley sale by Mr. Weatherby, for 1,000 gs., were bought for Mr. Withers, a well-known American owner, and they have arrived at New York, not much the worse for a very rough passage.

People who have invested heavily on any of the Leger favourites must be quaking with perplexity and apprehension. The hostility to Scot Free has subsided, and I do not believe there ever was the slightest justification for his retreat in the betting. Mr. Foy has been down at Newmarket to see his horse gallop, and is, I hear, perfectly satisfied with his progress. The story that Scot Free has shown incipient signs of roaring is a simple romance. Superba has also been somewhat unsteady, and I am not surprised at it, for it cannot be said that the mare's preparation has been wholly satisfactory. Some clever people at Newmarket vow that she will never stay the Leger course, and most assuredly there is nothing in her public form to justify one in denouncing such misgivings as unreasonable; it is certain that she has never been tried over any such distance as she will have to accomplish at Doncaster. Lambkin has lately been backed very freely, and he is undoubtedly third favourite "for money." I see it stated that in all probability he will be ridden by Archer; but people who are backing him on the strength of this seductive rumour are likely to repent their impetuosity, for, as at present arranged, Archer is to ride Cambusmore. This horse has no chance according to "the book;" but then, last year, who would have backed Ossian on public form; and the year before, 1,000 to 1 would have been a short price to take about Dutch Oven, after her ignominious exhibitions at Goodwood and at York. I hear that the Duke of Westminster's colt has improved very much since Ascot, and that he is rather fancied by his owner, who is coming up from his shooting-quarters, in the remotest part of Sutherlandshire, on purpose to see him run. Even if Cambusmore misses the Leger, he will have a good chance of winning the Doncaster Stakes on the Friday, which will be worth over £900; and Sandiway may be expected to run well for the Park Hill (which will be worth quite as much), especially if the Duke keeps her fresh for that event, in which all the "crack" fillies of the year are engaged. I expressed an opinion a fortnight ago that Sir Reuben would be the best from Bedford Cottage in the Leger. This horse has been quietly backed to win a very large stake since Ascot, and a great deal of the money has come from what is called in cant jargon, "the right quarter." I hear, however, that we may count upon the speedy resurrection of Harvester, for whom, however, I should have no fancy after the Goodwood doings; and whatever chance Queen Adelaide may originally have possessed seems to have been extinguished by the grievous manner in which she has been knocked about. Hermitage is apparently bound to finish in the immediate vicinity of Sir Reuben, for it must be remembered that at Ascot he

Iron Wine Bins.—The original makers. Medal and Five Awards Sydney Exhibition, 1880. Farrow & Jackson, 16, Great Tower-street; 8, Haymarket, London. Illustrated Price Lists post free.

J. B. Brown & Co's New Price List of Iron Hurdles, Bar and Wire Fencing, Fencing Wire, and Galvanised Wire Netting. Champion Prize, Three Gold Medals.—J. B. Brown & Co., 90, Cannon-st., E.C.

had 7 lb. the worst of the weights, and that but for that disadvantage, it would have been a good race between the pair for the Prince of Wales's Stakes. We know at least of this pair that they are certain to stay the course—which is *something*, considering that the same thing cannot be asserted of any of the others, with the possible exception of Cambusmore, who decidedly ran like a stayer at Ascot. I do not attach any importance to the Goodwood defeat of Hermitage by Duke of Richmond, because over a mile the latter is something of "a flyer," and it may be that Mr. Lefevre's horse would do better at a somewhat longer distance. Nor does one learn much from the Sussex Stakes victory of Hermitage, as Sandiway is only second-rate, a fact of which the Duke of Westminster is so convinced that he did not think it worth while to start her for the Oaks. Busybody is still on her legs, but we may hear of her breaking down at any moment, and even if Cannon gets her to the starting-post, it is exceedingly probable that she will collapse in the race, especially as it seems likely that the course will be terribly hard. She is afflicted just in the same way as Wheel of Fortune was five years ago, and nobody can have forgotten how that grand mare broke down at York.

MAMMON.

ERIE.

ERIE securities have, I see, risen, because one President is to succeed another. This Erie Railroad has been the most successful bait with which American financiers ever angled for silly British fish. There is no more chance of its ever paying a dividend than there is of Peru paying 5 per cent. on her debt. The history of the Company has been one long record of deliberate and impudent swindling, of false balance-sheets, and of robbery. Periodically, the Company gets what is termed into difficulties. Then a select body of Englishmen come forward and "investigate." The investigation shows that money is wanted, and the committee manage to provide it from British pockets. Having been paid for this service, the committee retire, and the money is absorbed by American financialists, American lawyers, and American Presidents. Then comes another investigation, with precisely the same results. Vainly respectable Americans warn investors on this side of the Atlantic to have nothing to do with this "widow and orphan" trap. No experience, no exposure, however, seems to have any effect. I see that there is a committee of English bondholders now in New York, and that this committee has promised to provide means to pay off the floating debt. Only a few years ago the Company was reconstructed, the shares were assessed, and a new bonded debt was incurred. Since then, the balance-sheets and the reports of President Jewett (who has received £40,000 for his services) have painted everything *couleur de rose*. But the Company is now in a worse position than it was before this reconstruction. But what of that? So long as there are dupes in England, American Directors and English Committees will advise that more money should be poured into this bottomless pit. My opinion of an Erie Director or of an Erie Committeeman is this: I regard a burglar as a more reputable person. He at least does not add hypocrisy to the pursuit by which he makes his money.

THE MEXICAN DEBT.

Again this swindle is to the fore. A negotiator has arrived, we are told. The truth is that a syndicate has agreed to advance a large sum, and a portion of this sum has already been paid on the deposit of new bonds. It cannot be too clearly understood that if any Mexican President were to fritter away money in paying interest to Europeans on bonds, he would be at once shot by his indignant and practical fellow-countrymen. Mexico, however, even if she were honest, could not pay interest on her debt. The revenues of the Central Government are small, and cannot be increased. Just now a considerable portion of them has been alienated by giving, as a subsidy to railroads, certificates of indebtedness, which are to be received as cash in payment of Custom dues. The Mexican idea of a resumption of interest on existing debt is that, in consideration of the country promising to make some sort of payment to its creditors, other Europeans should advance a large sum of money. This advance would take the form of new bonds, and the European confederates who agree to place them would do so by means of lying assurances, and all the tricks which were exposed by the Parliamentary Committee on Foreign Debts, which sat a few years ago. The Mexican Central Government is nothing but a few speculators, who collect taxes, and pay them out to an army to maintain them in power. I see that according to latest accounts, there has been a *pronunciamiento*, and that its leaders have been shot. Probably there will soon be another, unless the Government can borrow enough money in Europe to bribe the army to stand by it. Individually, Mexicans are rather pleasant people; very hospitable, and possessed of many other virtues. Collectively, they are such utter rogues, that they do not even know what honesty means. They consider it is as legitimate to rob a European investor as to kill and eat a pigeon. Be warned, therefore, O investors! have nothing to do either with Mexican bonds or Mexican railroad securities.

LIFE ASSURANCE.

Few factors are so important to the thrifty and so conducive to thrift as Life Assurance. Savings banks, of course, play a prominent part in the life of the lower and middle classes, yet nothing can be said in favour of depositing money in a savings bank, which cannot also be advanced in favour of depositing it with Life Assurance Companies. I fancy that if, for instance, the advantages of short life policies were more generally known, they would be very largely resorted to by investors. Those wishing for good returns and safety might do worse than take a life policy for, say, fifteen years. There are, however, some defects in the organisation of Life Assurance

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C.

John Shaw, Share Broker, Wardrobe-chambers, Queen Victoria-st. deals at tape prices at an inclusive commission of one-sixteenth.

Societies in this country which I think ought to be pointed out. They are the want of a guarantee of absolute safety, the trouble and delay with regard to payment of claims, and the contestability of policies. With the question of safety, that of the secrecy as to the accounts and investments of the Societies is closely connected. I am glad to see that some of those who veiled their operations in mystery have lately adopted the policy of publishing reports and accounts; but others persist in their pernicious system of secrecy, and even the accounts of those who consent to publication are by no means complete enough. As to the particulars which have to be compulsorily filed with the Board of Trade, they are inadequate. The most important point is the character of the investments, and information on this head is entirely withheld by the British Societies. The law is too lax in this country with regard to Assurance, and regulations such as are in force in other countries—notably in the United States—might with advantage be adopted. The American Government is much more paternal in the matter of life and fire insurance than our own, and the Societies are subjected to a supervision which nobody dreams of in this country. The insurance department of the American Government has to compile annually a full report of the position of each office, in which the whole of the investments are separately specified. I not wish to imply that the large offices in this country have rotten assets; on the contrary, we have, no doubt, every reason to be proud of our English Companies as a whole; but if all our offices had to file full statements of their investments, there would be some curious revelations. The Government officials in America, moreover, frequently scrutinise the accounts of the offices, when they are authorised to ask for the production of any document or securities. The same right is vested in any group of policy-holders to the amount of at least £20,000. According to the Board of Trade returns just published, the assets of the Life Assurance Companies of Great Britain amount to 165 millions of money, while they took last year nearly 15 millions in premiums. Surely, therefore, it is time that some safeguards should be provided for the protection of the policy-holders and those who are benefited by their policies.

Another important point is the delay of payment in case of death, and the many formalities required by most offices. Few would insure their lives if they could imagine that they left to their families or heirs the legacy of a law-suit over their policies, which may or may not terminate in their favour. This brings me to the advantage of incontestable policies. Recent cases have proved that it is not difficult for Assurance Societies, on the terms of their policies, to evade payment of losses on the plea of intemperate habits of the deceased. This circumstance diminishes the value of life assurance policies as a security, and it must not be forgotten that they play a considerable part in many business transactions. From a careful study of the subject it has been ascertained that, although the duration of a single life is uncertain, when it is averaged with a sufficiently large number of selected lives, its duration may be estimated with exact accuracy. Rigid medical examinations and careful inquiry into all the circumstances surrounding the life to be insured are, I suppose, the rule with most of our offices, although I know of some cases in which the medical examination is simply a farce. With, however, the strict system adopted by the majority of our Societies, there is no reason why policies should not be made incontestable after two or three years, and payable immediately upon receipt of proofs of the death of the assured. This system is adopted, with the happiest results, by some of the large American offices, and our offices would do well to take a leaf out of their book. I intend, on a future occasion, to show the working of the system, and to adduce figures in support of reforms which I cannot help considering are urgently needed.

A FEW NEW ENTERPRISES.

The new Companies lately registered do not appear to be of that magnitude which sometimes appals even over-sanguine minds; but some of the smaller schemes recently hatched by the promoter ought, all the same, to be guarded against. A sign of the times is the conversion of so many private firms into Limited Liability Companies. It is not difficult to understand that in the reigning depression more than one trader would like to shift his responsibility on to a Company; but I fancy that investors will not be equally anxious to facilitate the payment of excessive sums for goodwill and plant which must in many cases be almost unproductive. I do not say that this would be the case with Alderman & Co., Limited, who aspire to starting a Company with a capital of £60,000 to take over their business as invalid carriage manufacturers; but who would consider so large a sum necessary for a trade which must necessarily be restricted? Then there are White & Company, who are prepared to transfer their upholstery business to a Company with the modest capital of £8,000. Davis & Timmins wish to dispose of their business as engineers and screw manufacturers. The concern appears to be closely connected with the electric industry, which can hardly be said to be in a flourishing condition just now. The Ousby Mining Company (Limited) is formed for the purpose of purchasing the lands and mines of the Lisdil and Ousby Iron Ore Company (Limited). This is hardly, I should have thought, a good time for the promotion of such a venture. We are also promised another enterprise for bringing out an improved apparatus for checking fares—the Positive Check Company—but is it possible that this new terror of tramway and omnibus conductors will be more successful than its predecessors, which have invariably been found too complicated in working? The imposing title, Asbestos Paper Fire Blower Company, Limited, is bestowed upon a concern started with a capital of £10,000 for working a patent for improvements in assisting the combustion of fuel. Surely this is a venture more suitable for private enterprise. There is also the Unclaimed Funds Discovery Association, with a proposed capital of £30,000, which is to assist persons in discovering their claims to unclaimed funds in Chancery, to bank dividends, bankruptcy dividends, Indian and colo-

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nial intestacies, and also in finding lost wills and missing relations. This is a wide scope for business of a very risky nature, but perhaps the promoters are experienced in discoveries of this kind. I wonder, however, how many of the score or so of similar concerns registered every week will eventually float, and how many of those that do float will be successful?

ANECDOTAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

MR JAMES LEWIS, OF DALY'S.

An ambitious young actor who was filling a small part with a travelling company at Troy City, in America, upwards of twenty years ago, was suddenly fired with the idea of trying for a berth in New York. For prudential reasons he decided to conceal his aspirations from the manager, and preferred to run the risk of absenting himself for a night or two without leave while he made his adventurous journey. It was necessary, however, to find a substitute, and the young actor strolled down town in the hope of coming across an accommodating acquaintance. He presently met a friend walking with a companion, and to this friend the actor unfolded his dazzling proposition.

Unfortunately, the friend's courage proved unequal to the ordeal of making an experimental appearance on the boards, and he declined to have greatness thrust upon him reluctantly, yet with exasperating firmness. The actor was at his wits' end, for the matter pressed, and in sheer desperation he attacked his friend's companion, whom he had never before set eyes on. The lad—a mere boy of seventeen—blinked uneasily, but was evidently rather taken by the suggestion. He had never acted in his life, but concluded he would like to try. The upshot was that he undertook to do his best, and the actor, having satisfied his conscientious scruples in this summary fashion, started for New York with a light heart.

The youthful substitute committed to memory the few lines which the actor's part comprised, and presented himself at the theatre the same evening with a demure and unruffled demeanour. The manager used strong language at the cool behaviour of the truant, and glanced askance at the promising addition to his company—a slim, undersized youth fresh from school. But the youngster was shrewd enough to hide his misgivings, and the manager asked no questions, having no alternative but to accept the lad's services, for that evening at all events. The young man acquitted himself remarkably well, in spite of his inexperience, and appeared again the following night and the next after that, until the truant wrote to announce that he had secured the coveted billet in New York, when the substitute was permanently engaged for the vacancy thus caused.

In this fortuitous fashion did Mr. James Lewis, the famous American comedian at present acting at Toole's Theatre in London, come to choose his profession. He was never stage-struck, in the ordinary sense of the word, and, but for that memorable promenade in the streets of Troy, he might have become almost anything in life but an actor. But having once sniffed the footlights and realised the stimulating influence of popular applause and laughter, he took kindly, though without enthusiasm, to his new calling. The odd part of the affair was that he said nothing at home for some time of his proceedings. Speculations were rife in the domestic circle as to how "Jimmy" spent his evenings, but he was a reserved and reticent lad, and modestly preferred to keep his own counsel. The mystery was solved by his sister visiting the theatre one evening, when, to her amazement, she recognised her brother on the stage. But, though convinced of his identity, she said nothing to him upon his return, waiting for him to speak first. Master James, however, resolutely held his tongue, and remained for some time under the pleasing delusion that he had not been found out. The truth was, that his mother, regarding his new departure as a mere boyish escapade, deemed it wiser not to interfere, never doubting that the stage would soon lose its attractions for him.

For some years after this Mr. Lewis drifted about the States, chiefly out West, with various travelling companies, playing sometimes in tavern dining-rooms (where the actors would fall to after supper and erect a stage), and sometimes even in churches. At a small provincial town he acted in a building used in the day-time as a school-house, and was sent to the belfry to announce the commencement of the performance by tolling the bell. On one occasion the play of "Hamlet" was enacted in a small hall which formed part of the outbuildings of an hotel, and immediately beneath the stage was the hotel laundry. In the pathetic scene where the Queen strews flowers over the grave of Ophelia, saying "Sweets to the sweet. Farewell!" &c., the heat and steam coming up from the laundry through the open trap were so strong, that the tissue-paper flowers, instead of descending, were wafted up towards the flies, conveying the notion that the unhappy Ophelia must have gone to a very warm place indeed.

Another amusing incident which Mr. Lewis was witness of occurred some years later when he was playing Touchstone in "As you Like it." A genuine Yankee low comedian, well known in his day, was, owing to the exigencies of a limited staff, cast for the part of Charles, the Duke's wrestler. He looked the character perfectly; his handsome physique and symmetrical figure showing to advantage in the fleshings. But he did not take at all kindly to the poetic language of Shakespeare, which differed so widely from his native vernacular. When he stepped forward to utter the vaunting lines—

> Come, where is the young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

it was evident from his manner that he was piteously embarrassed. His lips moved without speaking, and beads of perspiration gathered on his brow. After a painful moment of suspense, he became desperate, and convulsed his audience by drawling out:—

"Say! where 'bouts is the chap that wants to measure his mother?"

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Mr. Lewis's apprenticeship, though severe, was not of long duration, for he soon made his mark, and became popular with his audiences. He was in the South when the war broke out, and was present at the inauguration of "Jeff" Davis as President of the so-called Southern Confederacy. Escaping from Savannah by the last steamer that was permitted to leave that port, he soon afterwards succeeded in getting an engagement in a Western theatre as leading comedian. This was his first step in his profession, but promotion did not bring ease as well as dignity. During the opening season, besides usually having a long part in the play of the evening, he acted in fifty-seven different farces. Farces, it may be remarked, *en passant*, are now quite obsolete on the American stage, though they still linger on our own.

Mr. Lewis was a great friend of poor "Artemus Ward," and through the genial humourist he first obtained an engagement in New York as leading comedian at the Olympic Theatre, under the management of Mrs. John Wood. The remainder of his career is uneventful, on account of its continued prosperity. Fifteen years ago, Mr. Lewis joined Mr. Augustin Daly's company, and, under that gentleman's able management, he has created a number of original rôles. He was the original Bob Sackett in Bronson Howard's "Saratoga," well-known here under the title of "Brighton." He was also the American original of Cheviot Hill in "Engaged," and of Perkin Middlewick in "Our Boys." He is quite one of the foremost comedians of the day in America, and is a great popular favourite.

This is not Mr. Lewis's first visit to England. He came upon a pleasure-trip some years back, and was offered an engagement at the Queen's Theatre. Nothing would induce him, however, to appear before an English audience, for he was firmly convinced that his essentially American humour and style of acting were utterly opposed to our British notions and prejudices. When the present tour was decided on, he was afflicted with the most uncomfortable misgivings, and felt genuinely nervous for the first time in his life, upon the rising of the curtain on the opening-night in King William-street. But it soon became apparent, even to him, that his dismal apprehensions had been groundless. His name has been unanimously singled out by the critics for special commendation, and—far better still—English audiences have evinced keen appreciation of his remarkable talent. His dry humour, his quaintness, his by-play, and his facial expression, render him highly diverting and refreshingly original. A combination of circumstances has, unfortunately, rendered the appearance of Mr. Daly's clever company in London a less encouraging speculation than it deserved to be. Nevertheless, Mr. Lewis has established a reputation over here which fully endorses the verdict of his own countrymen, and the same remark should, in justice, be made of Miss Rehan, Mrs. Gilbert, and Mr. Drew.

Mr. Lewis lives in New York quite close to the theatre. He has built himself a pleasant country house, but has never yet found leisure to live in it. He is as indefatigable an actor as our own Mr. Toole, and is no less devoted to his art. In London he still favours his predilection for residing in close proximity to his work, and never goes far afield from the Strand. Like most American visitors, he is a diligent seeker after the scenes and localities described in Dickens's novels, and devotes a good deal of his leisure to hunting them up. He recently made a pilgrimage to "Petticoat-lane," but was disgusted to find that parochial improvements have knocked all the "poetry" out of that choice thoroughfare by transforming it into respectable "Middlesex-street;" while even "the Dials" is sufficiently renovated to sadden him. Mr. Lewis is a slim, dapper little man, with small hands and feet, and dresses with particular neatness. He has a shrewd, clean-shaven face, and his manner is quiet and self-possessed. He laments quite pathetically that he is not a humourist off the stage, though the twinkle in his eye belies his words, and his quaint utterances form a pleasing contrast to the melancholy and dejected tone which pervades the private conversation of most professional comedians.

QUEER STORIES.

MR. MOPUS'S MOOR.

MR. ALDERMAN MOPUS ordinarily spent his summer holiday, and a considerable portion of his spare cash, in touring about Switzerland, Italy, or the Tyrol, in company with his two daughters, Alice and Clara, and attended by various maids, valets, and couriers. He was, however, a nervous man, and when the cholera broke out he promptly registered a vow that no consideration whatever should tempt him beyond the limits of the United Kingdom. Having so far made up his mind the worthy Alderman spent many anxious hours in considering what portion of the British Isles was best worth seeing. Like very many of his countrymen he had never visited either Scotland, Ireland, or Wales, and his knowledge even of England did not extend much further than Epping Forest. His choice being practically unlimited, Mr. Mopus was naturally overpowered with suggestions from his friends of Mincing-lane and the Court of Aldermen, and the more advice he got the more perplexed he grew. At length, however, when he was on the point of tossing up to decide whether he should visit the Welsh mountains or the lakes of Killarney, he happened to meet with a friend of the name of Hammerton, a gentleman of sporting proclivities, who at once suggested that he should take a moor in Scotland.

"A moor," said Mr. Mopus doubtfully, for he did not at first realise what his friend meant; "what for?"

"Why, to shoot over, of course," answered Mr. Hammerton; "a month up there would do you ten times as much good as all those beastly German waters put together; besides, think of the sport, and the air, and the scenery—and the nice people you'd meet, too," he added.

"But I couldn't hit a grouse if I tried."

"Oh, nonsense! you'd soon get into it, and if you want

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to make big bags, all you have to do is to ask down a lot of shooting men."

"Well, I'll think it over. Much obliged for the idea."

The more Mr. Mopus considered the plan, the better he liked it. Certain of his brother aldermen were constantly bragging of their achievements with rod and gun, and, though he professed to care nothing for such matters, he had long envied their prowess, and the complimentary paragraphs which appeared about them in the *City Press*. He consulted his daughters, and those young ladies, whose most prominent characteristics were a romantic interest in the aborigines, and a passion for sketching from nature, professed themselves to be charmed with the prospect. So Mr. Alderman Mopus put himself into the hands of various sporting agents, and was speedily inundated with offers of moors swarming with game, and rivers where twenty-pound salmon were commoner than minnows.

Just at the period when the worthy Alderman was on the look-out for a suitable shooting, it happened to occur to that distinguished highland chieftain, The MacFamish, of Duds Castle, Inverness-shire, that his exchequer was getting uncomfortably low. The MacFamish himself was not precisely an extravagant individual, but he had four sons, who were by no means disposed to follow in the footsteps of their careful father, and who were a source of great expense to him. He could not cut down timber, for the excellent reason that there was none left to cut; his establishment would not bear any further reduction, so he determined, after a struggle between pride and poverty, to let his castle and shooting to any enterprising southron who would pay down the somewhat fancy price he asked for it. When this resolution was announced to the young MacFamishes, there was great grumbling and lamentation. All four were keen sportsmen, and shooting was to them the one absorbing occupation in life. They knew every inch of the estate, and could not bear the idea of giving up the moors to some rich snob, who might shoot the grouse sitting, and exterminate every head of game on the place. But their father was determined to have his own way for once, and, in a few weeks, he announced to the family that he had let Duds Castle and the shooting to Mr. Alderman Mopus, of London, and that they must arrange, without loss of time, to take up their quarters elsewhere. MacFamish himself and two of his sons had already been invited to shoot with friends in a neighbouring county, but the other two were unprovided for, and were somewhat perplexed as to how they should most economically dispose of themselves for the season. They were, of course, too proud to fish for invitations, and a week passed without any satisfactory solution of the problem. At the end of that period, however, a letter arrived from the agent, which the MacFamish read out to the family council. "Mr. Mopus," he wrote, "is not, I fancy, a very experienced shot, and, being anxious to make good bags, he will be much obliged to you if you will tell one or two of your keepers that on occasion they may be required to assist him."

"A pretty sort of sportsman!" snorted The MacFamish, much disgusted; "if he canna shoot, he'd better bide at hame, and buy his grouse in Bond-street."

"So long as he pays, the less he shoots the better," remarked Hector; "but what is to become of us?"

"Suppose you leave us here as gamekeepers?" said Angus; "we should get our keep and a few tips, I dare say."

"Man, I'm thinkin' ye might dee waur," cried MacFamish. "He's a London Alderman, and I hear he'll be Lord Mayor; the agent telled me he was worth a meellion, and had only twa dochters."

"Well, that settles me," said Hector. "I shall stop and be gamekeeper."

And so it was agreed, after some discussion, that Angus, the eldest son, and Hector, should stay behind at the Castle, shoot Mr. Mopus's game for him, and, if a fitting opportunity presented itself, reveal their identity to the young ladies, and do their best to captivate them.

A day or two before the Twelfth, Mr. Mopus arrived at Duds Castle. He brought with him his two daughters, a maiden sister-in-law to play propriety, half-a-dozen or so City friends, an army of servants, and a perfect mountain of luggage. He expressed himself much pleased with the Castle, which was very picturesque if somewhat out of repair, and commanded a fine view of Loch Ness. The rooms were well furnished after a substantial fashion, and the mountain air speedily began to exercise a notable effect upon Mr. Mopus's appetite.

By the time the Twelfth came, Mr. Mopus was perfectly satisfied with his investment, and on that important occasion he and his friends sallied forth in the highest possible spirits, filled with enthusiasm, and confident in their powers of slaughtering unlimited grouse. The worthy Alderman had spent the intervening period in acquiring some elementary knowledge of the use and abuse of firearms. He had not fired off a gun for twenty years, and was not very sure in his own mind whether or not a repeating rifle was the proper weapon to shoot grouse with. Fortunately, however, he submitted his stock of guns to the head gamekeeper; so no mistake was possible.

It was a broiling hot day, and the Alderman, encumbered as he was by his unusual costume, for of course he had donned a kilt, and weighed down by his gun, speedily began to blow and perspire to an extent little short of alarming. His plaid nearly suffocated him, the brooch with which he had fastened it was sticking into his shoulder, his stockings would not keep up, and his dirk—which he had put on the wrong side of his leg—bruised his knee at every stride. There were, however, plenty of birds about, and Mr. Mopus and his party blazed away at them with unremitting energy. But by lunch-time the total bag was five grouse, shot by Mr. Hammerton, who seemed for an experienced shot somewhat out of practice; and a hare, almost blown to pieces, which three of the Alderman's friends persisted in claiming. One dog had also been severely peppered, and a couple of gamekeepers considerably alarmed. Mr. Mopus was greatly disgusted.

"Why, none of you chaps can hit a house!" he cried. "We must make these keepers shoot, that's all; for our bag's got to go up to the papers."

So after lunch the four gamekeepers set to work in excellent form, and the bag rose rapidly. Inspired by

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their example, even Mr. Mopus succeeded in knocking over a brace of birds, at both of which, though, oddly enough, one of the keepers had fired. Such success made the Alderman quite triumphant. He took off his plaid, tied up his stockings, and secretly dropped his dirk in the heather. Forty-four brace was the result of the day's sport, but this number was naturally considerably magnified in the account that was sent to the papers. Things went on thus for a fortnight; Mr. Mopus's shooting, health, and appetite improved greatly, and he frequently blessed Mr. Hammerton for suggesting to him so magnificent an idea.

"Papa, dear," remarked his eldest daughter one morning, "what wonderfully handsome men those two gamekeepers are! Angus and Hector, I mean, you know; the brothers who do the sword dance."

"Yes, they're fine fellows," assented the Alderman.

"We should so like to sketch them in our views!" she continued.

"H'm. I don't know. Perhaps your aunt mayn't think it proper."

"Why, what nonsense! I can't understand a word they say except 'she' and 'whatever.' They don't speak English, you know."

"No more they do. I'll talk to the head man. Daresay they would not mind a rest now and then."

When the idea was explained to Angus and Hector, they professed themselves perfectly willing to oblige the Miss Mopuses; and a first sitting was arranged for the following day. And after this, it generally happened that two or three days a week the handsome gamekeepers' presence was requisitioned by their fair admirers.

"I am sure they are both very intelligent," said Miss Alice; "and sometimes I almost fancy that Angus understands what I say to him."

"It is certainly a pity that such fine fellows should be almost savages," sighed her aunt.

About this period, Mr. Mopus appeared to have a very large amount of correspondence on hand. He was always an early riser, but he took to getting up at unearthly hours, and spending indefinite periods in his study before breakfast. On one of these occasions, about three weeks or so after the beginning of the sketching of the gamekeepers, Mr. Mopus was staring somewhat disconsolately out of his window, when he caught sight of the flutter of a petticoat behind a tree at the other side of the lawn. It was only seven o'clock, and the Alderman felt somewhat curious to know what could have tempted any of his womenkind to get up so early, so he cautiously left the house by a side door, and dodged about among the shrubs until he approached within range of the mysterious garment. Peeping from the middle of a clump of hollies, he saw a sight which took away his breath, and made him wish that he had brought with him a good stick, a revolver, or even the despised dirk. His daughter Alice and the big gamekeeper Angus were standing together in a very compromising attitude. In fact, his arm was round her waist, and her head rested upon his shoulder in the most approved fashion. Mr. Mopus was so near that he could even hear their conversation.

"But, Angus dear, you *must* tell papa. I feel so guilty."

"So I will, darling"—("Curse the impudent scoundrel!" thought Mr. Mopus, "he speaks as good English as I do!")—"but not just yet. I don't see why he should object. The MacFamishes have a pedigree long enough to reach from here to London; but I should feel such a fool to confess I had been masquerading as a gamekeeper!"

Mr. Mopus's fury changed to blank astonishment. The lovers moved away, but he made no effort to follow them, and remained for half-an-hour or more puzzling his brains over the surprising discovery. When at length he returned to the house his face had assumed quite a cheerful expression, and at breakfast his spirits, which had been somewhat depressed during the last few days, positively astonished the company.

"You must have come into another fortune!" remarked one of his guests.

"Not exactly that, Capel," he replied, with a laugh, "but I've not been doing badly."

Mr. Mopus's guests came and went; a few of them could shoot, but the majority were very poor hands with a gun, and if it had not been for the assistance of the keepers, the grouse would have had little to fear. As it was, however, the Alderman contrived to get quite enough game both for home consumption and for distribution among an extensive circle of acquaintances.

One evening when the party were returning from the moors, a somewhat untoward incident occurred. It was getting dusk, and Mr. Mopus was trudging wearily along, wishing devoutly that the lights of the Castle would appear in sight, when there was a sudden cry of "mark cock!" on the left. The Alderman had only one way of treating woodcock, which was to shut his eyes, fire off both barrels, and trust to Providence for the rest. On this occasion he went through the usual formula, and, on re-opening his eyes, he was horrified to find the gamekeeper Angus on the ground, writhing in apparent agony, and muttering horrible imprecations in Gaelic.

"Good heavens!" screamed Mr. Mopus. "Is he killed? What's the matter? Who hit him?"

"Ye dinna need speir wha hit him," growled the head keeper. "It's a marcy he's no deid."

"Oh, murder, murder!" groaned Mr. Mopus, "why did I ever take to shooting? I might have known something like this would happen!"

On reaching home, however, the Alderman's misery was much alleviated by the information that the keeper's injuries were neither dangerous nor even serious; and he broke the news to his daughter with comparative fortitude. But that young lady, as the Alderman fully expected, shrieked, went into hysterics, and refused to be comforted until her father promised that she should be permitted to superintend the nursing of the interesting invalid.

"I'll promise anything for a quiet life," said Mr. Mopus, resignedly, "and I'll send him a cheque for a hundred in the morning. Dessay that will have a soothing effect."

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So for a week or two Mr. Mopus devoted himself to fishing, being much too nervous to shoot any more at present; and Alice ministered with tender care to the wants of the wounded keeper, whilst Clara continued her sketching studies, with Hector as a model. Oddly enough, Mr. Mopus did not put the smallest obstacle in the way of the proceedings of either of his daughters, but seemed perfectly satisfied with the general position of affairs. The only people, in fact, who were not altogether pleased by the situation were the younger portion of the Alderman's male guests. They could not at all understand why two pretty girls should prefer the society of a couple of ungainly and half-savage Scotch keepers to their own, and they frequently threw out unpleasant hints of the possible consequences, all of which their host ignored with remarkable blindness. One evening it happened that the conversation turned upon marriages. Mr. Capel had recently officiated as best man, and he was expatiating on the amount of trouble and ceremony which had to be gone through in England before the knot could be successfully tied.

"Things are a good deal simpler up here," remarked Mr. Mopus. "I'm told that all one has to do in Scotland is to make a declaration before witnesses, and the business is settled."

"Why, at that rate we might have a wedding here any day after dinner!"

"Precisely, or before it either, for that matter; in fact, people can get married here on a moor or a mountain, in a boat on a loch, or at a picnic—anywhere or anyhow," said Mr. Mopus.

"What would the young ladies say to such an operation?" asked Mr. Capel. "Fancy a wedding without bridesmaids, or white satin and cake! Surely no well-brought-up young woman of the nineteenth century could be induced to agree to that!"

"It would depend entirely upon the man," said Miss Alice, demurely.

"I think it would be delightful," chimed in Clara, "no fuss or bother, and so charmingly romantic!"

A week passed. The Alderman had almost entirely given up outdoor sports, and spent hours together in his study, poring over masses of letters and papers. One morning, on coming down to breakfast, he announced that he was obliged to go to Inverness, and that as it was a longish drive, he meant to stay the night. His daughters expressed a good deal of concern at being left alone; but he told them that the business was most important, and that he would be sure and be back in time for dinner the next night.

On his return he found his household in a great state of perturbation. On inquiring what was the matter, his trembling sister-in-law broke to him the terrible news that Alice and Clara had both disappeared—accompanied, there was too good reason to fear, by the keepers, Angus and Hector. Mr. Mopus appeared to bear his misfortune with singular philosophy.

"Any letter or message?" he asked.

"Yes; there's a note for you," tearfully said the maiden aunt. "Oh, what a terrible thing to happen!"

Mr. Mopus took the letter in silence, and read—

My dearest Father,—Please forgive us. Clara and I were married after the Scotch fashion to Hector and Angus yesterday. It is *very* wrong, I know; but they are such *dear* fellows, and *not* gamekeepers *at all*. They are sons of our landlord, The MacFamish, one of the *very oldest* families in Scotland. We *really* would have told you before, but Angus, poor fellow, said he could not face you after *such* a deception, especially as he wasn't hurt *at all* when you thought you had shot him; it was only a joke—["The devil it was!" murmured Mr. Mopus, to whom this, at all events, was news]. The hundred pounds you sent him will come in so well for our wedding-tour, as poor dear Angus has not *much* money *at present*. Hoping you will forgive us, I remain your loving daughter, Alice MacFamish.

P.S.—Write to me at the Trossachs Hotel, where we are all going. We are *so happy*, if we could only know that you have forgiven us.

A day or two later a letter arrived at the Trossachs Hotel, addressed to Mrs. MacFamish. It was from the outraged Alderman, and ran as follows:—

London.

My dear Daughters,—I am exceedingly glad that you have settled yourselves in life. I wish you every joy and unlimited happiness. The MacFamishes are a very good family, and no doubt The MacFamish will do something for his sons. My pleasure is all the greater owing to the unfortunate circumstances in which I am placed. To cut a long story short, I shall in a few days be declared a bankrupt. To avoid unnecessary worry I am on the way to Spain. With every good wish for your future happiness, and with every expression of forgiveness to you all,—Ever your affectionate father, Sampson Henry Mopus.

P.S.—I should be glad if your husband could return me that £100. He could send it to me, addressed "Robert Smith, Post Office, Madrid."

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—Have you read Miss Braddon's new book, "Flower and Weed"? If not, buy it; though let me warn you that it is not one long story—I do so like long stories in the country—but a collection of tales, of which "Flower and Weed" is the longest. The title story is a very pretty one, but "Dr. Carrick" is delightfully creepy. I read it late one night, and was afraid to put the candle out. So I went on reading, and the "Shadow in the Corner" gave me what Charlie calls "the jumps" in such earnest that I went to Maud's room, and woke her up for company. One would be afraid to do that with some sisters one hears of; but dear old Maud was never cross in her life.

At the same time, you should just hear her "use language" about the poor little infant so cruelly tortured to death by its own mother at Birmingham! No doubt you have read the case in the papers. Fancy waking a six-weeks'-old baby up every few minutes to "go through a performance!" As Maud says, a child of that tender age ought to be asleep nearly all the time. Poor little scrap!

I must have written very badly last week, to make you read "'Railway Guide to Tunbridge Wells,'" as the title of Mr. Ashby Sterry's book." It is "Snailway Guide," as explained in the motto on its title-page, borrowed from the "See-saws of a Swinging Philosopher."

When bored with "Bradshaw," tired of train,
When sick of steam and railway;
To rest the body, clear the brain,
Try travelling by Snailway.

And a delightfully reposeful, cool, and lazy mode of locomotion does the author make it out to be.

Papa has been reading something in the *Lancet* on sunstroke, and there was a discussion about it at breakfast this morning. You should have seen Madeline Grey's face when somebody said that tight-lacing was more than

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The Bazaar of Oct. 28, says that Mr. & Mrs. B. Phillips, Manchester House, 36, Thayer-st., Manchester-sq., W., are the most Libera Buyers of all kinds of Clothes, Uniforms, Jewellery, Gold, Silver, &c. Money orders sent for parcels. Appointments kept. Cash only.

usually dangerous in hot weather, because it impedes the circulation. Her waist is the most unnaturally tiny little article of the kind you ever beheld.

Mr. Grey has forbidden the children to play tennis till the sun is quite low in the sky, and then he makes them wear sun-bonnets with deep white curtains sewn on them at the back, so as to protect the neck. Maud and I lead the most enchantingly lazy existence here. We sit in the shade, reading or working, until the sun is too high to throw any shadows. Then we go into the music-room, and there remain till luncheon-time. After that comes a siesta, a tropical custom indulged in by us all in this truly tropical weather. I really believe the servants go to sleep too, for there is not a sound to be heard in the house until four o'clock. Then we invade the bath-room, Maud, Madeline, and I, in turn, and are as brisk as bees by tea-time. This invaluable beverage makes us fearfully hot again, but then it has its usual after-effect of permanently cooling us.

Well, dear, one day when we were lazily lounging in the coolest corner of the garden, Maud burst out: "Oh, Madge, how fearful! how awful! She was reading an article in the *National Review*, by Lady John Manners, called "A Plea for the Partial Emancipation of certain English Bondmen and Bondwomen." The poor shopwomen, the writer says, are obliged to stand all day long. They are allowed only half an hour for dinner, sometimes not so long. Their food is always monotonous, and often badly cooked. Their dormitories are crowded and ill-ventilated. They have no leisure, except on Sundays, when they are too tired with their six days' standing, to do anything but rest. Very often even this comfort is denied them, and they are expected to go out and remain out, whether they have friends to go to or not, and whether the weather is favourable or otherwise.

Isn't this fearful? Do you remember the picture in *Punch*, in which a pretty woman is represented as handing a chair across the counter to the assistant, and saying to her: "You seem tired. Do sit down." Well, I suppose if such a thing were really to happen, the poor assistant would be reprimanded for looking tired. Lady John Manners says that they are obliged to keep up a perpetual smile, whether they are well or ill, happy or wretched, hot or cold. Now is not that a species of slavery? And would not the girls be brighter, brisker, more alert, and, consequently, far better saleswomen, if the Continental system of relays were adopted—one party resting while the other worked?

But I must not forget that you asked me about your lace. Fancy your having those two exquisite, long, old-fashioned veils of your great-grandmother's all this time, and never having used them! Now, I will tell you what I have done with my old veil. It is Chantilly, and measures a yard square. Edged all up the sides with knots of red and black ribbon, it makes a most delightful tablier over a red satin skirt. Every one admires it. With this I wear a black casaque made of elastic black cloth, with tiny paniers at the side and a rather long drapery at the back. Your veil would look equally well over any other colour, or over black. The white one would look delightful, arranged in the same way over white or pale salmon-coloured satin for an evening dress. What a lucky girl you are to possess such a treasure as real Alençon!

My dear old veil is such a pet that I am constantly mending it. I have lace needles on purpose for it, and with very fine silk I manage very well.

Lace is wonderfully fashionable now. I only wish I had a mile of it. Maud has just got home a very pretty frock, made of twine-coloured lace, over silk of the same tint. The flounces are graduated in depth, and are only three in number. The bodice is of brown ottoman, with a red waistcoat, and the skirt is trimmed with knots and loops of brown and red velvet ribbon. She looks just like a robin redbreast dressed for a ball.

My new gown is black lace imitation Chantilly (I wish I could afford the real thing) made over white silk. The skirt hangs most beautifully, and the fit is good. After all, I would rather wear imitation Chantilly, and have a well-cut, gracefully-draped dress, than real lace badly made. The material of a dress matters little now, compared with the great essentials of cut and fit.

Mrs. Grey was in Paris last month, and she tells me that the most enormous crinolettes are worn there. Now, who shall say that Frenchwomen have better taste than we have? She also saw several ladies wearing regular all-round crinolines, and says they looked quite too hideous. She rather liked the way the Parisiennes treated their necks, the frilling of *lisse* or collar being abandoned, and a piece of white *crêpe lisse*, dotted with colours, being tied in front and a lace-pin thrust through it.

But, alas! what Englishwoman can tie a bow like her French sister? The latter ties it so carefully, pats it lovingly, looks at it from every possible point of view with the aid of the hand-glass, pulls out its wings, pluming them, as it were, and finally stabs it through with the lace-pin, in the very centre, precisely where it ought to go. I have seen such limp and ailing bows of late, during the hot weather, with the pin drooping sideways, as though it were nodding to sleep, that I feel rather mournful on the subject.

Madeline has a lovely gown, also of lace. It is Valenciennes—not real, of course, but a very good imitation. The skirt is satin, in a shade of orange-red. The Valenciennes is a yard in depth, and falls over the satin with very little fulness in front, but with quite an enormous quantity gathered into the back. There is, I should think, nearly twice as much compressed into about six inches at the back as there is round all the rest of the skirt. The effect of the deep orange-red, as seen through the meshes of the cream-coloured lace, is quite lovely. She has two bodices for this dress. One is made entirely of lace, with a silk lining like that of the skirt. The very short basque is edged with Valenciennes, about five inches wide, slightly fulled on. Over this falls a second row, just hiding the top of the first. At the back there is an immense quantity of the lace, and though it seems hardly a rational sort of gown, I must say it is a very stylish one.

The second bodice is of orange-brown velvet, edged with lace like the other, and with a lace jabot and transparent lace sleeves. You can imagine how well that would suit Madeline's dark hair, large, languid eyes, and perfect colouring.

She is as lazy as ever. She was reading a magazine for ladies the other day, and remarked calmly, "What in the world do girls mean by joining a 'Half-hour Reading Society?' I see the members are fined so much for every day that they fail to read for half-an-hour. And here is another, a 'Half-hour Practising Society.' Surely they can read and practise when they wish, without becoming members of an idiotic society."

"Well," said Maud, "I belonged to a Half-hour Walking Society when I was about seventeen."

Madeline stared at her as if she were some sort of phenomenal being, and said, in her slow, quiet voice, "What made you do it?" So Maud explained that the Rectory girls belonged to it, and she thought she might as well, but she soon gave it up. "I should think so, indeed," said Madeline. "I hope those frightfully energetic ways are not catching. I should quite dislike myself if I thought myself capable of joining half-hour societies or becoming a bustling sort of person, with my days checked out in a kind of pattern of half-hours."

I see, by a Paris paper, that the *trousseau de voyage* of those ladies who visit the *bains de mer* is supposed to contain a magnificent *chevelure* of false hair, which the fair bather's maid has ready frizzed and waved to fasten on her mistress's head after partially drying the hair beneath. This floating veil of hypocritical loveliness gains for the wearer the reputation of possessing a glorious head of hair.

I know a girl who always wears a little curled topknot of hair after bathing, beneath which her "fringe" is carefully rolled round on curling pins. Now, is not that 'cute?

Old Lace.—The finest collection in London at A. Blackborne & Co.'s, 35, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square.

Apricots being the most delicious fruit now in season, I am going to give you a recipe for using them that I think is "not generally known." It is called apricot cream:—

Cook twelve apricots with half a pound of sugar, pass the produce through a sieve, and let it cool, mixing it with half a glass of dry white wine, and the yolks of eight eggs. Pass the mixture again through the sieve, adding sugar according to taste; pour it into a mould, and heat it by placing it in a pan filled with boiling water; serve in small custard-pots.

Chickens *à la Berrichonne* make a toothsome dish.

Cut up two young chickens, cook them for half-an-hour in a saucepan with a little bacon cut into the shape of dice, adding thyme, laurel, a small onion, and parsley, and a good piece of butter; shalot if not objected to. Moisten with dry white wine. Mix up the yolks of three eggs in half a glass of cream, and throw the mixture over the chickens, taking the saucepan instantly off the fire; then arrange the pieces of chicken symmetrically on a dish, and sprinkle them with minced tarragon.

Here is a most ingenious way of making preserves without the aid of a fire:—

Throw some sugar into first-rate white vinegar; the quantity of vinegar must be sufficient for the sugar to melt in it, and form a kind of syrup, wholly free from acidity. Choose good fruit, perfectly ripe, picked in dry weather; put it into the syrup, which you will have poured into earthenware jars. Cover them and put them into some dry place. The contents will keep for six or eight months, and the flavour of the fruit will be excellent.

Good-bye, dear, till next week. Your loving cousin,
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In addition, the Company are busily engaged in erecting additional machinery and opening up a new shaft, which will be complete in a few months, consequently we confidently predict that the output of Gold will be increased to 40,000 or 50,000 ounces per month, as against the present monthly yield of 16,000 to 20,000 ounces, and this is the opinion entertained at the Mine.

EL CALLAO.

The Shares we offer are £40 each, fully paid, and the price to-day is £100. Last month's Dividend was £1. 5s. 7d. per Share, equal to £15. 7s. for the year on £40, being at the rate of 38 per cent, per annum, which we have no doubt will be more than doubled as soon as the erection of the new machinery is complete. It is believed by those who are in a position to judge that these Shares will be £200 to £300 each before the lapse of another year.

Purchasers at £100 per share would therefore receive £15. 7s. per annum, paid monthly, with every prospect of being doubled within a year, and they will be entitled to August Dividend if purchased this month.

Spécialité—VENEZUELAN MINES.

Arrangements are in progress to have these Shares quoted on the London Stock Exchange.

EL CALLAO.—Returns for the past Nine Years:—

In 1875	the produce was	31,278 oz. ..... value	£119,503.
In 1876	,,	42,542 oz. ..... ,,	£162,545.
In 1877	,,	48,168 oz. ..... ,,	£184,041.
In 1878	,,	49,638 oz. ..... ,,	£189,658.
In 1879	,,	40,308 oz. ..... ,,	£154,010.
In 1880	,,	53,606 oz. ..... ,,	£201,020.
In 1881	,,	64,862 oz. ..... ,,	£243,230.
In 1882	,,	104,611 oz. ..... ,,	£392,290.
In 1883	,,	117,360 oz. ..... ,,	£459,440.

And for six months of this year 96,854 ounces, value £377,416.

EL CALLAO.

We append a short history of this remarkable Mine, which no doubt will be read with much interest by all investors in mining.

Extracts from the "Anglo-Venezuelan Review," May 3rd, 1884.

EL CALLAO, GUAYANA, VENEZUELA.

"In 1871 El Callao Company was first started with a capital of £4,800. Additional capital was shortly added to the extent of £8,080, the combined issue representing £12,880. In 1873, in consequence of the good prospect of the Mine, the capital of the Company was increased to £51,520, and in 1883 converted to 32,200 Shares of £40 each, or say, £1,288,000, the dividends from which were to be paid, at the option of the Shareholders, either in Venezuela at the offices of the Company, or in London at Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co. The conversions already described show that the original capital, which in 1871 amounted to £12,880 has been increased a hundredfold.

"The divideuds paid hy the Company on their actual capital of £1,288,000 have been 19 per cent. per annum, that is to say, 1,900 per cent. on the original capital. In the course of this year they will pay a larger dividend, hecause the production of gold is increasing. In January the return amounted to 14,000 oz.; in February, to 14,500 oz.; in March, to 17,000 oz.; and in the first fortnight of April, as per telegraphic advice, to 10,000 oz.

"From 1871 to 1883, inclusive, El Callao has produced 618,389 oz. of gold, representing an approximate value of £2,381,550, augmenting at the same time the Reserve Fund to £40,000. When we take into consideration that the Company is erecting more machinery, and also opening a new shaft (No. 6), which will be completed in five or six months, there is reason to believe that the yield of gold will be about doubled; and, consequently, the Shares, instead of paying a dividend of 19 or 20 per cent. per annum will pay double that percentage. Marvellous result, arising from perseverance and good administration of the Mine.

EL CALLAO.

"Other facts concerning this Mine are also very interesting. In 1873, being greatly discouraged, the great value of their property not yet being manifest, the Company offered to sell one half of it to Mr. Bradley, of this City, for the sum of £100,000; but no banker could be found in London who would carry out the negotiations even at that price. In 1879 a moiety of the property was offered to Messrs. Rothschild Frères, of Paris for £400,000. They sent out a first-rate mining engineer and valuer to survey the Mine, but nnfortunately he arrived just after some accidents had occurred in Nos. 1 and 2 shafts, and hefore No. 5 was completed. The report of this gentleman was not deemed quite satisfactory, and Messrs. Rothschild Frères declined to purchase. The same offer was repeated in 1881 to Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co., of this City, with the same result. It was in consequence of these refusals that the Company decided to reconstitute itself in Venezuela, and issued the 32,200 Shares, amounting to £1,288,000, which are represented by the market price of to-day at more than Two Millions Sterling."

It is worthy of remark that the erection of the machinery and the sinking of an additional shaft has not yet been completed, so that the increased production is entirely due to the daily increasing richness of the lodes, which are calculated to be almost inexhanstible. Investors should make immediate application. Cheqnes to be crossed "Consolidated Bank."

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OUR PUZZLES.

RULES.

1. The sum of £2. 2s. will be given every week for the best Epigram, Conundrum, Lipogram, Bouts-Rimés, or whatever the announced subject of the competition for the week may be.

2. The Puzzle Editor reserves the right, however, of dividing the above sum between two or more competitors, or of withholding the prize, should exceptional circumstances render such a course desirable.

3. The decision and award of the Puzzle Editor must be considered final and irrevocable, and, for obvious reasons, no appeal from his critical judgments can be entertained.

4. In every instance the Prize will be given in money, subject to no condition whatever, except the publication of the winner's real name and address in this journal.

5. Competitors will be allowed eight days for the composition and despatch of their efforts; but all such communications must, at the latest, be received at the Truth Office by the first post on Friday morning in the week succeeding the publication of the subject for competition.

6. Not more than one Prize will be given in a Quarter to the same competitor.

7. All New Contributors are Required to Forward with their First Answers their Real Names and Addresses for Registration; such names and addresses will not be published except in the case of Prize-winners.

8. The *nom-de-plume* chosen by competitors should not exceed 12, and must under no circumstances consist of more than 14 letters.

9. Competitors must on no account change the noms-de-plume they have once assumed.

10. On the announcement of the Prize-winner's *nom-de-plume*, the successful competitor must write and make formal application for the Prize, stating the address to which the cheque must be sent. Any competitor failing to do so within three months of winning the Prize will forfeit all claim to the same.

11. No communications can be received on post-cards, by telegraph, or by hand. They must all be sent by the time named above, in post letters addressed—

PUZZLE EDITOR OF "TRUTH," Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, S.W.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 288.—SUGGESTIONS FOR FANCY FETES.

R. Gofton-Salmond* (R. Gofton-Salmond, Esq., Secretary, British Home for Incurables, 73, Cheapside, E.C.) £1 1 0

Cimiés (Miss Frances Evans, St. Catherine's Close, Norwich) 1 1 0

* This gentleman informs me that it is his intention, next year, to carry out the plan he suggested on behalf of the British Home for Incurables. The plan in question is to arrange the Bazaar-room as a reproduction of the beach at a fashionable watering place.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 289.

The most common mistake on the part of competitors was a failure to put their lines into the prescribed metre. Thanks to this failing, the authors of several stanzas which were in other respects very good lost their chance of obtaining the prize. The ingenuity shown in bringing in the given words was, on the whole, very creditable, though some competitors certainly failed to keep in mind the question asked. After a very close comparison it has been decided to give the prize to Plumepierre, Cantabit and Gourmet being considered to be next in order of merit. I would mention with special commendation also Vol-au-Vent, Prima Donna, Stultissimus, Orchis, T., Offa, Skriker, Bob Ridley, Sambo, Japhet, Observer, Repealer, Delphi, Crystal Palace, Malignant, and Gwynfryn.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 292.

It is not long since a parody formed the subject of our weekly competition, but it proved such an interesting contest, and there is another subject which suggests itself as being so very apropos to the occasion, that it has been decided to offer the Prize of Two Guineas on the following conditions. The sum in question will be given to the competitor who

In the Course of not more than Ten Four-lined Verses Furnishes the Best Parody of that Portion of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," which may be most Appropriately Parodied with Regard to the Present Condition of Old Father Thames.

It is impossible to allow any competitor to exceed the limit of ten verses—a somewhat small number for the purpose, I admit, seeing the length of the original; but the competition will thereby be made a test of the power of condensation and selection, as well as of parody. There are, I may add, verses here and there in Coleridge's poem in which there are five lines. Should a competitor determine to parody any of these, the addition of an extra line or two will not disqualify his effort. It will be, of course, permissible to select the verses for parody here and there from any part of the poem.

Answers to Correspondents.

Cantabit.—I find on reference that your "lie" was written so like "be" that the mistake was not surprising. I have had it duly set right, however.

Thug.—With reference to your inquiry as to the current competition, the names of Messrs. Besant and Rice would be deemed to represent that of one novelist only, in the case of novels in which they collaborated.

Hop-o'-my-Thumb.—I am obliged to you for your suggestion.

J. C. and Binko.—Many thanks.

Arthur Little.—Your suggestion, though late, is very good.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 290. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

RECIPES FOR TWO COLD DISHES.

1. Salmagundy.—Chop separately the white part of chicken or veal, yolks and whites of eggs hard boiled, parsley, 6 anchovies, beetroot, red pickled cabbage, ham and grated tongue, or anything well flavoured, and of good colour. Put saucer or wide cup into small dish; then make rows round it, wide at bottom, and smaller towards top; choosing ingredients so as to vary colours. At top stick in sprig of parsley; or the salmagundy may be arranged without saucer or cup; or put into the half whites of eggs, made to stand upright by cutting off a bit at round end. In latter case, each half egg has but one ingredient; curled butter and parsley may be put as garnish. 2. Lemon Honeycomb.—Sweeten juice of lemon to taste, and put it in glass table dish. Mix white of an egg that is beaten with pint of rich cream, and a little sugar; whisk it, and as froth rises, put it on lemon-juice, and serve the next day.—Veronica.

1. Pickled Fish (S. African).—Fillet nice thick piece of turbot, halibut, or other firm fish. Fry some onion and curry-powder with butter, and put in fish. When rich brown, put by in deep dish, with few bay leaves. Boil 1 quart vinegar with dessertspoonful of coriander seed, and pour over fish, and serve cold. 2. Rode-crutze.—Boil teacupful of water with 2 oz. of isinglass, and little loaf sugar and lemon peel; 2 whites of eggs and shells. Boil up and stir well. Make a custard with ½ lb. of ground rice, 2 eggs, and half-pint milk. Strain isinglass, &c., and, when cool, add 1 bottle raspberry syrup and 1 teacupful claret. Put into mould till cold.—Bolingbroke.

1. Savoury Head.—Bone a parboiled calf's head. Remove brains. Stuff closely with its own tongue chopped, oysters, and breadcrumbs seasoned highly. Sew up. Stew in wine, and eat cold in thin slices. 3. Abyssinian Cream.—Soak 3 tablespoonfuls tapioca in ½ pint new milk for 3 hours; add second ½ pint milk, and let it simmer for 4 hours. When cold add ½ pint cream, a little powdered sugar and vanilla flavouring to taste. Whisk together for ten minutes. Serve in glass dish.—Ruth.

1. Cold Savoury.—Take 4 hard-boiled eggs; halve them; scoop out yolks and mix them with finely-grated Parmesan cheese, fried breadcrumbs, pepper and salt to taste. Refill cavities with mixture, and place eggs in bed of watercress. 2. Tapioca Cream.—Boil ¼ lb. tapioca in a quart of milk till thoroughly done and milk partly boiled away. When quite cold sweeten with finely-sifted sugar and flavour with orange-flower water or vanilla. Whip well ½ pint double cream, and mix it through the tapioca. Serve in glass dish, and decorate with dried cherries.—Florence.

1. Salmon Jelly.—Put 3 salmon steaks in stewpan. Squeeze in juice of 8 oranges and 6 lemons; add salt, pepper, a laurel leaf, ½ teacupful good oil, and let the fish cook well. When done take from fire and throw in the juice 3½ oz. clarified gelatine. Leave it for half an hour on fire, and pour it over the fish in mould. Set on ice all night. 2. Compote Glacée.—Make a stew of pears, plums, apricots, &c; add sugar to taste. When cold add ½ wineglassful of maraschino and a few uncooked strawberries or grapes. Put it in a glass dish, and cover with lemon ice, or with punch sorbet. Punch Sorbet: Put 12 oz. sugar in ice machine with 2 tumblers boiling water, and when cold add juice of 4 lemons and pass through sieve. Put back in machine, and turn it about. Add a meringue made of 2 oz. sugar with 2 whites of eggs, a wineglass of maraschino, and when done pour over compôte.—Bonneveine.

1. Galantine.—Bone a large chicken and a fine grouse or other game. Pound ¼ lb. of well-boiled calf's or pig's liver in mortar. Add hard-boiled yolk of 4 eggs, some finely-chopped eschalot, parsley, lemon-peel, bay leaf, and pepper, salt, cayenne, pounded mace, and pat of best fresh butter. Work all to a paste. Spread out the chicken, cover with paste, and add chopped truffles or mushrooms. Then lay over the grouse, and on that also lay paste and truffles. Roll up and tie in buttered cloth, and place in braizing-pan to braize for two hours in well-seasoned calf's-foot stock. When nearly cold take out and press. Then remove cloth, roll in egg and fine bread-crumbs, and brown with a salamander. Serve with tomato salad. 2. Marie's Cake.—Take weight of 3 eggs each in flour, fresh butter, and pounded sugar. Beat the butter to a cream, adding the beaten eggs, sugar, and flour. Put into buttered tin with large hole in middle, and bake a light brown. Turn out, and then pour over some thick, clarified syrup, flavoured with almonds, and let it soak in. Fill inside with compôtes of baking pears and blanched almonds, and pour over top a pot of Devonshire cream.—W. M. & Co.

1. Savoury Dish.—Take rabbit, chicken, or veal; proceed as for pie; fill up with good gravy, and bake till cooked. When cold cover the top with aspic jelly chopped fine, with slices of hard-boiled eggs laid between. Instead of pastry top, garnish with parsley. 2. Leche Crema.—Beat up 3 eggs, leaving out 2 of the whites, and add to them gradually 1½ pint milk, then mix very carefully 4 tablespoonsful fine wheat flour and 2 oz. of finely-powdered loaf sugar, with grated lemon peel to flavour. Boil these ingredients over slow fire, stirring constantly till flour is quite dissolved. Prepare dish with ¾ lb. of ratifia cakes at bottom, having poured glass of Cognac or any liquor over them, and when the cream is ready pour it boiling through sieve on to the cakes, and serve cold.—Nernie.

1. Lobster Ramequins.—Take the flesh of a fine lobster, and cut into small dice; make a very thick Mayonnaise (or ravigote) sauce, into which stir the lobster; put into ramequin cases and frieze; garnish with sprig of parsley and some of the coral, &c. For sance, stir ¼ pint of finest olive oil into yolk of egg, drop by drop, stirring it one way until like soft butter; flavour with white wine vinegar (or lemon juice), salt, and newly-ground pepper to taste. Salmon, scollops, chicken, can be done in same way. 2. Sweet.—Line well-oiled mould with halves of stewed or preserved apricots, dipped in noyeau, and fill up mould with cream made by whipping pint of rich cream, adding gradually a glass of noyeau, ¼ lb. or more sugar, and small quantity of gelatine, previously dissolved in hot milk but now lukewarm. Set in ice and salt, or in very cool place, and turn out when required. Other fruits can be similarly done. 3. Another Sweet.—Boil for 10 minutes the thinly-cut rind of a lemon in pint of thick cream; then take it out, and add 6 oz. powdered sugar and, slowly, yokes of 6 eggs, well beaten. Pour it into mould, which place in saucepan of hot water, and boil for ½ hour, keeping hot embers on the cover the whole time. Turn out of mould, and serve when cold. Fruit jam or jelly, melted in little hot water and allowed to cool, may be served round it, viz., guava, strawberry, apple, &c.—Alfredo.

1. Victoria Sandwiches.—Thin bread-and-butter, boned anchovies or sardines, water-cress, hard-boiled egg. Place small quantity of each between the bread-and-butter, a pinch of salt, and a dust of cayenne. For lunch or supper garnish dish with parsley. 2.

Rice Cream.—½ lb. ground rice to quart of fresh milk; sweeten and flavour to taste. Boil for ½ hour; pour it, whilst hot, on to sponge cakes, jam, or fruit. Add grated cocoanut, if in season; serve when cold.—Peg.

1. Boil a bundle of French asparagus and place it in a refrigerator till required. 2. Boil some tapioca in milk, sugar to taste, flavour with vanilla, when cold add a little cold milk. Just before serving up add a quarter of a pint of whipped cream.—White Rose.

1. Cut up remains of cold chicken, dip in Bechamel sauce, slice ripe tomatoes and place thick layer round the chicken, dress with oil only and a little salt, putting little very finely chopped parsley on each slice of tomatoes; dress some very young lettuce or endive, and place a row outside tomatoes; slice a cucumber and pour vinegar and salt over it; take a few radishes or olives and place about on chicken, or the latter may be covered with Mayonnaise sauce.—Maid of Arcadie. 2. "Maid of Arcadie" also sends a recipe for a sweet known as "Floating Island," particulars of which have been furnished by "Cocoa Pearl," as will be seen below.

1. Aspic d'Agneau. — After thoroughly cleaning them well, boil 2 lambs' heads. When done cut up into neat square pieces. Have ready some hard-boiled eggs in slices, some chopped parsley, slices of cooked ham, and beetroot; arrange these and the pieces of head according to colour in a flat pie-dish, not too closely; make a nice gravy with some of the liquor in which heads were boiled, seasoned with pepper and salt, sweet herbs, &c., and a spoonful of mushroom catsup, to this add ½ oz. isinglass; pour this gravy well over the meat till dish is full, and turn it out next day. 2. Floating Island.—Put ½ lb. of strawberry or other jam in bowl with white of egg, whisk well with Dover egg-beater until a stiff froth is formed. Make a custard with the yolks of 2 eggs and the white of 1 added to ½ pint of new milk and 3 oz. of lump sugar; a few drops of lemon or other essence may be added. Place the jam froth in centre of a glass dish and pile it high, pour the custard round it when it is quite cold.—Cocoa Pearl.

1. Cucumber Sandwiches.—Slice bread and butter very thin, and put in layers of cucumber, chicken, and ham, or anchovies instead of the chicken and ham; cut the sandwiches into dainty shapes. 2. Fruit Compôte.—Take of every fruit in season—peaches, raspberries, pears, plums, &c., &c.—stew well down with plenty of sugar, stand to cool; then arrange the dish for table, and stand it in ice for several hours.—Daphne.

1. Quoormah Salad, Anglo-Indian.—Take 2 lb. of lean meat, ½ lb. clarified butter, ½ pint of milk, 8th of an oz. cinnamon, 19 grains of cloves, same of cardamons, ½ lb. onions, ½ oz. of green ginger, same of garlic, ½ of an oz. salt, 3 lemons, 2 or 3 lettuces. Cut meat in very thin slices, and rub over with mixture of garlic (finely chopped), green ginger (sliced), salt, and milk, leaving it for 4 hours. Boil your butter, throw in the onions, thinly sliced; when brown add meat, spices, and juice of the lemons; mix well, and dress till meat is tender, and gravy dried up. Wash and dry lettuce, cut rather large, well sprinkled with vinegar, and place in large dish with the cold Quoormah on top, and serve. 2. Orange Custard.—Sweeten steamed juice of 10 oranges with pounded sugar, stir over fire till hot, take off scum, and when nearly cold add beaten yolk of 8 eggs and a pint of cream; put it into saucepan, and stir over fire till it thickens, but do not let it boil. Serve in glasses.—Simla.

1. Put a dinner-plate in ice for two hours, then serve. This forms a capital cold dish. 2. An "acidulated drop" placed in crushed ice makes a good cold "sweet."—Crystal Palace.

1. Medallions à la St. James.—Cut the size of a crown-piece any number of rounds of cold cooked ham or tongue; spread over each a layer of "parsley butter" (made by pounding together 1 oz. parsley and 1 oz. butter till blended). On the top of each round of ham put a round of chicken the same size, and then lay all the pieces in a deep dish, sprinkling on some a little chopped ham, on others egg or mushroom, &c.; over all pour a liquid jelly made of the boilings of the fowl and ¼ oz. of gelatine. When cold cut each round neatly away from surrounding jelly, and dish up on shredded lettuce. In centre have green peas or mixed vegetables (cold), covered with 3 tablespoonfuls Mayonnaise sauce. 2. Fruit Salad.—Take any kind of ripe fruit, and for variety add ½ a tin pineapple (cut in dice) or apricots, lay all in a china or silver bowl; over the fruit put a thick layer of sifted sugar, and then pour maraschino over all, measuring 1 claret glass of liqueur to every pint of fruit. Put in a cool place, and serve with whipped or clotted cream.—Practice.

1. German Salad.—Slices of cold boiled potatoes, beetroot, carrots, tomatoes, shreds of lettuce, in short, all kinds of vegetables in season, all mixed together, and covered with this salad mixture. Pound in mortar yolks of 4 hard-boiled eggs (with dessert-spoonful of dry mustard, if liked), adding, drop by drop, 6 tablespoonfuls of oil and 3 of vinegar; work all together till smooth, like cream, add a little salt, and pour over salad. 2. Sweet.—Make a custard with yolks (beaten) of 5 eggs, a pint of new milk, 3 oz. sugar, and good pinch of isinglass. Put this mixture into quart jug, which place in saucepan of boiling water, and stir one way till thick; now line a mould with a pretty arrangement of fruits preserved whole, tiny spongecakes, and strips of candied peel; fill up mould with custard, and serve next day when cold.—P. M. G.

1. Veal Cake.—Mince finely ½ lb. dressed veal or other cold meat, soak 2 oz. of bread crumbs in warm milk. Season with pepper, salt, and nutmeg. Yolks and whites of 2 eggs. Put into mould and boil about one hour. When quite cold, turn out and serve. 2. Mock Ice Raspberry Cream.—½ oz. isinglass to 1 pint cream. Let raspberry jam or jelly first be mixed with it and strained. Sweeten to taste. Dissolve isinglass in warm water first, and let it be just warm enough to stir into the cream. Pour all into mould, and turn out when quite cold.—Glowworm.

1. Fish stewed White.—Stew an onion finely chopped with a little oil till it becomes brown, then add ½ pint water and place your fish in stewpan, seasoning with pepper, salt, mace, ground allspice, nutmeg, and ginger; let it stew gently till the fish is done, then pour in the pans beaten yolks of 4 eggs, with juice of two lemons, teaspoonful of flour, tablespoonful of cold water, and a little saffron, mixed well in a cup, and stir carefully one way until thick. Balls should be thrown in 20 minutes before serving. Made thus:—Mince up a little of the fish, the liver and roe if possible, with chopped parsley, and spread warmed butter, breadcrumbs, and seasoning to taste. Form this into paste with eggs, and make it into balls, which, garnished with lemon and parsley, make nice cold dish. 2. Rothe Grütze.—1 quart of juice to 2½ oz. of cornflour, sago, or rice. Boil the juice of raspberries, currants, or cherries, and strain it. Then boil it with sugar lemon-peel (vanilla or cinnamon) to taste, and afterwards stir the ground rice, sago, or cornflour into the juice, whilst it is on the fire. When it boils well, pour it into a cold, well-wetted mould. When cold, turn out and eat with sugar and cream.—Amazon Queen.

1. Cold Dish of Crawfish.—Take fine large fish, divide the shell down centre, remove the whole of the meat intact, cut in thin rounds, arrange shell on dish to look entire, then from head to tail arrange slices of meat one on another, and on each place thin slice of cucumber, hard-boiled egg, and small-boned auchovy curled round, garnish with delicate salad, made of hearts of cabbage lettuce, and pour over thick Mayonnaise sauce. 2. Sweet.—Cook very slowly in milk, ½ lb. of best rice, sweetened and flavoured with vanilla. Make as dry as possible, and when cold, take small portions and shape each like a small nest, in each of which place 5 stewed cherries with some syrup. Have ready in deep dish a thick custard, vanilla flavour, put into this dish a nest, and then a small pile varied fruit, cherries in piles, bunches of red currants, damped and dipped in powdered sugar, and so alternately till dish is filled. In centre arrange high pile of mixed fruits, or a pineapple, peeled and cut in thin slices, but keeping original shape.—Tout-Paris.

1. Des œufs bien-cuits.—Boil an egg hard, cut in slices, and set in small shape with very thin sliced ham round it, fill up shape with aspic jelly; turn out when firm; 8 of above with parsley between would make a neat savoury. 2. Soufflé de Nymphæ.—Make 5 leaves of pastry, put them in form of water-lily, ice them, make the heart of rumbled egg, seasoned with sugar and nutmeg, and serve 5 of above on mirror in silver dish.—Yerrah.

1. Savoury.—Decorate a good-sized mould with rounds of hard-boiled eggs, strips of ham, sliced olives, mushrooms, chopped parsley; then cut neat joints or fillets of cold roast hare and chicken, which put, well seasoned with cayenne and salt, chopped ham, and mushrooms, in mould; pour over the whole rich gravy, thickened with gelatine and highly flavoured, nearly cold. When quite cold, turn out, and garnish with watercress and tomatoes in slices. 2. Sweet.—Put layers of sponge-cake ½ in. thick into glass dish, then stewed Morella cherries (or any fresh fruit), then a layer of thick custard, more fruit, then whipped cream to cover the whole, and decorate with angelica, pistachio nuts, and dried cherries. — Nellog.

1. Savoury Eggs.—Cut cold hard-boiled eggs in half. Cut a small piece off the end to make them stand. Mix yolks with a good piece of butter, a little salt, and curry-powder to taste. Refill whites with the paste, heaping it high, and pile on a dish. 2. Summer Pudding.—Line a dish or plain mould with thin slices of stale bread. Then quite fill it with fresh currants and raspberries or strawberries, adding sugar. Cover the dish with slices of bread. Put a dish on it, and a heavy weight on the dish for some hours. Turn out, put powdered sugar over, and eat with cream.—E. Y. N.

1. Croquettes.—Take 1 lb. of beef or veal without fat; add fat of kidneys and sausage meat, and mince all together fine. Soak a piece of white bread till soft, squeeze the water well out, and add the bread to the meat with handful of flour, pepper, salt, parsley, a small onion and small piece of lemon-peel cut very fine, 4 eggs. Mix all together, put separate tablespoonfuls into well-buttered fireproof dish, and place for 10 or 15 minutes in a moderate oven, or the croquettes can be fried in butter. 2. Swiss Tart.—Make ordinary cherry, apricot, or apple tart. Stir 2 oz. of fresh butter to a fine cream, pound rather fine two very dry plain ½d. buns and handful blanched almonds, beat up yolk of 2 eggs, and whip white to strong froth (which add last); add ½ lb. of sugar and a little cinnamon. Mix well, then spread it over the tart, covering fruit entirely. Bake and eat cold. 3. Ponding au Fruit (cold).—Beat ½ lb. of fresh butter into a fine cream. Soak 2 small buns without raisins in half milk and water. When quite soft, squeeze them out, and mix them well with the butter. Add ½ lb. of blanched and finely-pounded almonds, ½ lb. of pounded sugar, the yolk of 8 or 9 eggs, the white being whipped into a firm froth and added last. Add a proportionate quantity of cherries, apricots, or apples, the stones having been removed. Mix the whole well, put into a form which has been well buttered, bake, and eat cold.—Chef.

1. Marinated Pilchards.—Place 2 or 3 dozen pilchards in a vessel wide enough to allow a layer of fish to lie flat. Then strew over them bay leaves, vinegar, pepper, salt, and spice; add second layer of fish, and so on till jar is filled. Cover tightly with brown paper, send to bakehouse to be placed in oven overnight, and next morning they will be ready. Serve cold for lunch. 2. Orange Jelly.—Dissolve 6d. packet of gelatine with little boiling water. Add juice of 7 oranges and ½ lb. sugar. Whisk all together, boil a few minutes, and, when partially cold, pour in a mould.—Athalie.

1. Salmis of Partridges with Aspic.—Roast 3 young partridges, covering them with paper; carve into legs, wings, and breasts, &c.; take away lower part of legs with claws; remove skin, and trim nicely, and set aside till sauce is ready. Stew a little butter, and in it fry lightly some slips of ham, 3 or 4 eschalots, a small carrot cut in dice, 4 mushrooms, a little parsley root, a bay leaf, sprig of thyme, 2 cloves, 8 peppercorns, and as much allspice. When fried, have ready and add glass of Madeira, 6 spoonfuls of thick white sauce, and two of broth from stock-pot; then put in the parings from the birds' back skin (not claws), and let them all stew together at corner of fire for 30 minutes; strain when partially cold; mix with this sauce one-third as much aspic jelly; stir gently over ice till it is thick enough to glaze the pieces of partridges, which must be dipped in one by one. As each piece is dipped, place it in the dish in the position in which it is to be served; arrange in conical form the inferior pieces forming the bottom layer; when placed pour over all the rest of the sauce; garnish with chopped aspic jelly and button mushrooms (previously dressed). 2. Swiss Cake.—Of a moderate-sized sponge-cake cut off top, and lay aside; take out the whole of inside, leaving a very thick wall at each side and at the bottom; fill the cake with layers of 2 or 3 sorts of jam, and between each put ratafies till quite full. The cake must previously be soaked in wine. Have ready some Spanish butter, or thin blanc mange, and when nearly cold, pour over the cake, adding whipped cream round dish.—Courier.

1. Polish Salad.—Cut up finely remains of any cold meat or game, with 2 large peeled apples, and mix the whole with yolks of 2 hard-boiled eggs, and gently press into salad dish. On middle of surface form a star of hard-boiled eggs cut into slices, and in the centre of this put some olives, covering the outer edge with lampreys cut in pieces, or hard-boiled eggs. Beat up together the best vinegar and the best olive-oil and pepper, and carefully pour mixture with spoon over the whole. 2. Blancmange Eggs.—For jelly put 7½ oz. sweet almonds and 8 bitter almonds (N.B.—*Not* 8 oz.) in boiling water, and when skinned into cold water, and again into a second lot of cold water. Do this quickly, to keep almonds white. Pound them in mortar, sprinkling the white with cold water. Then put them in dish and stir with silver spoon in about pint of cold water. Pour this on moist napkin and strain into a basin. Put pulp remaining into mortar, and pound finer still, and repeating former treatment till there is 1½ pint of almond milk. Stir into it 8¼ oz. powdered sugar till dissolved, add 2½ oz. dissolved isinglass, and put the whole into jelly shape, and set to cool. Now make a little hole in tops and bottoms of some large eggs, and blow them, placing empty shells in clean cold water for ¼ hour, and draining on sieve. Divide your jelly-mass into 4 equal parts, colouring one with chocolate, over 5 oz. of which you pour wineglass of cold water, letting it stand in warm place till soft, then gently mix with the jelly. Dye a second part with cochineal, a third with saffron, and fourth leave white. Now stand your eggshells upright on dish by placing them in paste or salt, and fill funnel with the lukewarm jelly. When set remove shells carefully with sharp knife, and serve the eggs on puffed-out napkin.—Dump.

1. Forced Leg of Mutton.—Carefully cut long bone out of the leg, with at least 1 lb. of meat round it; mince fine, with 6 oz. of delicate-striped bacon, and mix with it thoroughly; ¾ oz. parsley and half as much thyme and winter savoury, all minced small; ½ teaspoonful pepper (or a third as much cayenne), same of mace, salt, and nutmeg, and the grated rind of a lemon or eschalots finely shred. When the lower part of the leg is filled, sew the skin neatly together where cut open, and tie knuckle round tightly to prevent escape of gravy; replace the flat boue at large end, fastening it in place with twine or skewers. Hang it to roast, knuckle-end down, and keep it well basted. Cook for 3 hours. When cold and firm, remove twine, &c., and eat cold with boiled beetroot. 2. Sweet.—Take a pound of fresh breadcrumbs, one pot of any kind of preserve, jam, or jelly; put into a deep glass, in alternate layers, until nearly full, then pour the milk on it, and serve.—Simla.

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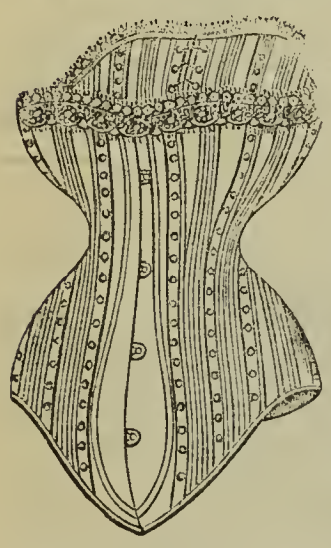

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· TRUTH ·

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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ENTRE NOUS.

THE Queen will hold a Council at Balmoral to-morrow week, at which Parliament is to be prorogued till the day when it will meet for business, which, in all probability, will be Tuesday, October 28.

It is probable that in the course of next week her Majesty will pay a visit to the Dowager Duchess of Athole, at Dunkeld House, her beautiful place on the Tay. The Queen has already been a guest there on two occasions. The visit will be a strictly private one.

The Crown Princess of Germany, who has accompanied the Queen to Scotland, will only remain at Balmoral for ten days, after which she goes to join the Crown Prince at Benrath, near Düsseldorf, where she is to arrive on the 14th or 15th.

The Royal visit to Aberdeen last Thursday was a complete failure, as it rained in torrents the whole day, and nothing could have been more doleful and depressing than the appearance of the streets, which never look very lively. There were immense crowds of people between the station and the Town and County Hall, but their enthusiasm was blighted by the fact that the Royal party were obliged to drive in closed carriages, and nothing could be seen of them. The officers of the Gordon Highlanders entertained the Prince and Princess of Wales and their family at luncheon at the Hall, but the company at this meal was by no means so large as had been expected, as many county magnates who had been invited did not turn up, having been probably kept at home by the rain. After luncheon, the party drove to the Links, where the Princess presented the new regimental colours from her carriage, which had then been opened. The Prince, who was on horseback throughout the ceremony, must have been thoroughly drenched before he left the ground; for, as is usual on such occasions, the proceedings were most unduly protracted. The Royal visitors left directly after by special train for Ballater, whence they drove to Abergeldie, a journey of two hours and a half.

The Prince and Princess are to reside at Abergeldie till October 3, when they will come up to Marlborough House, and on Monday in the following week the Princess will go to Sandringham, and the Prince to Newmarket for the second October Meeting. On the 13th, their Royal Highnesses will be at Melton Constable on a visit to Lord and Lady Hastings, and from there they will attend two performances at the Norwich Musical Festival. The Prince also intends to be at Newmarket for the Houghton week.

Professor Ihne, with whom Prince Edward resided during his recent stay at Heidelberg, arrived at Abergeldie Castle last Wednesday on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales.

The Prince of Wales opened the shooting-season on the Queen's Deeside estate last week, and on the first day five heavy stags were shot near The Knocks, on the Abergeldie property. There was very little shooting last year on the Royal ground, so that game of all sorts is unusually abundant. Prince George went out by himself on Wednesday to the Queen's forest of Ballochbuie, and killed two stags. The Prince of Wales is to shoot this week in Mar Forest with Lord Fife, and he is also going to have a day on Glenmuick.

The Princesses Victoria and Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein (the daughters of Prince and Princess Christian) have been staying during the last fortnight at Broxmouth Park, East Lothian, on a visit to the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe. Prince and Princess Christian are still in Germany.

The Duchess of Albany is unable to leave Claremont at present, in consequence of the precarious condition of her infant son.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh will be the guests of Mr. Sykes, at Brantingham, from September 30 till October 3. The Royal visit to Hull is definitely fixed for October 1. The Bazaar which their Royal Highnesses are to open was originally to have been opened by the late Duke of Albany.

On Wednesday the Channel Squadron arrived off Kingstown Harbour, where it remained until Sunday. The Duke of Edinburgh, with Prince Alfred, paid several visits to Dublin, receiving a Royal welcome everywhere. On Thursday he visited the Horse Show; and on Saturday he lunched at the Viceregal Lodge, Lord Spencer driving him from the station in an open phaeton through Dublin. The Irish people, who have so few opportunities of exhibiting their sentiments towards Royalty, seemed bent on profiting by the one that presented itself last week. The robustness of a loyalty which apparently suffers so

little from misuse, might well provoke the wonder and admiration of those who live within the circle of Royal favour.

During the past week Lord and Lady Spencer have entertained a large circle of visitors at the Viceregal Lodge. The usual Zingari dance was given on Friday evening, the rooms being prettily arranged with tricolor decorations. There were many pretty women present, with their necessary consequences—pretty costumes. Lady Spencer's Zingari bouquet was a triumph of skill in floral device. Lady Kildare looked charming in black and steel, and Mrs. Luke White in pale blue. The Duke of Edinburgh was unable to be present, but Rear-Admiral White and a large contingent of the officers of the Channel Squadron were amongst the guests.

Baden races suffered severely in consequence of the Prince of Wales's inability to fulfil his promise to attend the meeting. The Duke of Hamilton travelled all the way from Arran for the week; but his fellow-steward, Mr. Chaplin, did not carry out his intention of going over, but departed into the wilds of Sutherlandshire. The horde of "society" people who invariably follow in the track of Royalty were all at Baden in full force last year, but at this meeting not one of them turned up. The Grand Duke of Baden and his family are still at the island of Mainau, near Constance, so that the usual brilliant entertainments at the Neue Schloss were not given. England was represented at the races by the Dowager Duchess of Montrose (fresh from Carlsbad), the Duchess of Manchester, Lord Charles and Lady Alice Montagu, and the Duke of Hamilton, who, as usual, stayed with his mother, the Princess Duchess, at her pleasant residence, the Villa Hamilton, where also the Count and Countess Festetics were quartered. Prince Hermann of Saxe-Weimar was the presiding genius at Iffezheim, where there was an unusually large muster of Hungarian magnates, but no French, although Prince d'Aremberg had promised to attend the meeting. The Cup, which was presented by the Grand Duke to the owner of the winner of the Jubilee Prize, is a very handsome and tasteful piece of gold plate.

The German Emperor has manifested his continued displeasure with the Grand Duke of Hesse by pointedly omitting to invite him to the approaching autumn manœuvres in the Rhine Provinces. This is regarded in Germany as a very marked slight, and it certainly is not calculated to diminish the difficulties of the Grand Duke's position.

The Emperor and Empress are to leave Potsdam next Wednesday for the Castle of Brühl, between Cologne and Bonn, where they will reside till Sunday week, when they remove to Schloss Benrath, near Düsseldorf. There will be manœuvres by the 8th Corps in the Bonn district on the 12th and 13th, and by the 7th Corps on the 15th and 16th in the neighbourhood of Düsseldorf. The great field manœuvres of the combined corps will take place on the 18th, 19th, and 20th. On the 21st the Emperor is to visit Münster, and from there he goes to Coblenz, and thence, on the 24th, to Baden-Baden, where he will stay for three weeks, surrounded by a large family party. The King of the Netherlands and the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia will be the principal foreign guests this autumn. The Crown Prince and his sons, Princes Wilhelm and Heinrich, and the Princes Frederick Charles and Albert of Prussia will stay with the Kaiser at Brühl and Benrath.

Sir Henry Ponsonby will leave Balmoral shortly for his annual holiday, which he always takes during the Queen's autumn residence in Scotland. Nobody better deserves a holiday than Sir Henry, whose work is always very heavy, and often of a delicate and most troublesome character. Captain Brigge undertakes the duties of Private Secretary to the Queen during the absence of Sir Henry Ponsonby.

Mr. Gladstone was dreadfully mobbed during his visit to the Forestry Exhibition on Friday, and the enthusiasm of the vast crowd of visitors was somewhat too exuberant; but he managed to look at all the most interesting objects. He stayed for some time in the Indian Court, and he was much interested in the forestry tools in the Japanese Court, and in the Manitoba farm, and he greatly admired the Queen's chalet, which he summoned Mrs. Gladstone and Lady Sophia Palmer to inspect. In the course of their progress through the Exhibition, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone received at least a dozen handsome presents, and several bouquets. One gift for Mr. Gladstone was a beautiful vase of carved ivory, made out of an elephant's tusk.

In the course of his visit to Edinburgh on Friday, Mr. Gladstone passed half-an-hour in the shop of a well-known bookseller, where he purchased several works on Scotch history and antiquities, including some rare Jacobite and old Scottish Episcopalian books, a couple of works on Queen Mary, one on Prince Charles Edward, and Scott's "Border Antiquities."

I have reason to believe that Lord Carlingford will shortly resign his office as Lord President of the Council, and that he will retire from public life. Lord Carlingford's health has been in a very unsatisfactory state for some time past. The sudden death of Lady Waldegrave, four years ago, gave him a shock from which he has never recovered, and since that time his health has become affected by the extreme depression from which he has suffered. I understand that his medical advisers have ordered him to give up work and business, and to live as much as possible in the country; and it is probable that in future he will reside almost entirely at Chewton Mendip, his charming and favourite residence in Somersetshire.

It is not unlikely that Lord Carlingford will receive one of the vacant Garters on his retirement. Mr. Gladstone will be glad to acknowledge his services in some practical

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way, and he is a *persona grata* to the Queen. The Garter is the only adequate distinction that could be conferred upon him, as he would not accept an earldom, and, under the circumstances, any such offer would be a mockery.

The post of Lord President can only be held by a Peer, and there can be no doubt that Lord Rosebery will be the new Cabinet Minister, as his claims are far and away superior to those of any other Ministerial member of the House of Lords. He will be a decided acquisition to the debating power of the Government in that House, and he has certainly well earned his preferment.

Lord Ampthill's premature death is lamented by everybody—and, indeed, his removal makes a blank in diplomatic circles which it is impossible at present to fill up. It is exceedingly probable that Lord Ampthill would have been alive to-day but for his having been unable to leave Berlin for his usual holiday. He has suffered for several years past from liver complaint and from disorders of the digestive organs, but he was always brought round by his annual "cure" at Carlsbad. This year, however, he could not get further away than Potsdam, and we see the deplorable result.

The suggestions as to Lord Ampthill's successor have been very absurd. For instance, could anything be more nonsensical than the idea of sending Mr. Goschen or the Duke of Argyll to Berlin, even supposing that either the one or the other would consent to go? It also seems to be forgotten that it would be a step downwards for Lord Dufferin.

It is necessary that the new Ambassador should not only be a really able man, but that he should know something of Germany and of the currents of German politics, and also that he should be a person acceptable to the Court and to Prince Bismarck. Sir Robert Morier unites these qualifications better than anybody else, and if he were transferred from Madrid he would only step over the heads of Mr. Sackville West and Mr. Stuart, neither of whom are equal to the place.

A friend of the late Duke of Wellington writes:—

I have just seen in Truth some paragraphs respecting the late Duke, very just in the main, but the writer seems to have forgotten that the Duke published at great cost and loss some twenty-five quarto volumes of his father's despatches, correspondence, &c., which the public never bought; and it was only when his sight failed him that he gave up the work. Charles Foster was neither a great nor an old friend of his, though he was several times at Strathfieldsaye, and did offer to look over the papers. As to the Duke's eye, the oculist told him that he must submit to an operation to remove it. "Very well," he said; "take it out at once." The oculist prayed grace for a few days. I called at Apsley House the day the operation was performed. The porter told me the Duke wished to see me. I found him with a bandage round his head, sitting up, in his little room. "My eye is in that glass," he said, pointing to one on the table; "would you like to see it?" He had all the nerve of the Iron Duke.

The Dowager Duchess of Wellington has gone to Tunbridge Wells, where she intends to reside for the next two months.

Welford & Sons, Limited. Warwick Farm Dairies.—Chief Office, Elgin-road, Maida-vale, W. *The Times* of 14th May, 1884, says: "The first and best dairy is that of Messrs. Welford & Sons." *The Lancet* of 21st June, 1884, says: "There is no doubt the contagia of typhoid and scarlet fever are disseminated by impure milk." *The Echo* of May 22nd, 1884, says: "Messrs. Welford do all that is possible to supply their customers with pure milk." Families supplied in all parts of London with absolutely pure milk. Dairy Farm, over 300 acres.

The wedding-present of the ladies of the Wynnstay Hunt to Miss Williams-Wynn was a large and beautifully-chased antique silver bowl. Sir Watkin gave his daughter a diamond hound, and Lady Williams-Wynn's present was a diamond fox. There were altogether nearly eight hundred presents, with enough jewellery, china, and ornamental furniture to stock a large shop. There were five hundred and fifty guests at the breakfast, and many thousands were feasted on all parts of Sir Watkin's estates.

The Hon. Luke White and his bride arrived in Dublin on Friday, from Scotland, on a visit to Lord and Lady Spencer.

There will be parties next week for Doncaster at Wentworth-Woodhouse (Lord Fitzwilliam's), Sandbeck Park (Lord Scarbrough's), Nostell Priory (Mr. Winn's), Rufford Abbey (Mr. Savile's), and last, but by no means least, at Brantingham (Mr. Sykes'). Wortley Hall is to be closed in consequence of the death of the Dowager Lady Wharncliffe. Lord Wenlock will have a few friends at Escrick, and the Duke of Portland, the Duke of Hamilton, and Sir Talbot Sykes are among those who have taken houses at Doncaster for the meeting.

Lord Hartington, who is now at Bolton Abbey with the Duke of Devonshire, is to stay next week at Brantingham with Mr. Christopher Sykes and after the Doncaster meeting, he is going to Scotland to visit Lord Fife at New Mar Lodge.

Mr. and Mrs. Childers are staying with Lord Thurlow, at Dunphail, his place in Inverness-shire. Last Wednesday they visited Inverness, and were shown the various lions of the neighbourhood, including the battlefield of Culloden.

Sir Stafford Northcote joined Mr. W. H. Smith at Oban last week, and they have gone for a three weeks' cruise round the west and north coast of Scotland in the yacht *Pandora*, in which Mr. Smith has been cruising off the Irish coast since the prorogation. They are to reach Leith on the 16th, when Sir Stafford is going to stay for a few days at Hopetoun House, on a visit to Lord Hopetoun.

The *Chazalie* has been laid up at Gosport, and the Danish Minister and Madame de Falbe have gone to pass the autumn at Luton Hoo Park, where they are entertaining a succession of visitors.

Baron Rothschild's large steam-yacht *Eros* arrived at Gosport last week from Trouville, and is to be overhauled and refitted during the next two months, preparatory to her going to the Mediterranean for the winter.

Baron Ferdinand Rothschild has been entertaining a succession of visitors at Waddesden Manor, his fine new place in Bucks, since his return home from Goodwood.

Almond's Hotel, situated in the best position of the West-end and close to the theatres, parks, &c., is now re-opened. A spacious Salle à Manger and Ladies' Drawing-room have also been added, hot and cold baths and many single bedrooms. Special attention directed to sanitary arrangements. Clifford-street, Bond-street, W. —J. R. Roy, Proprietor.

The Speaker has arrived at Kinlock, Loggan, Inverness-shire, on a visit to Mr. Armistead, M.P., from Gleneagles, Lord Camperdown's shooting-lodge in Perthshire.

Mr. Walter Long, M.P., has a party this week at Rood Ashton, for the opening of the shooting-season. The prospects of sport are very good in Wiltshire, as partridges are abundant and in fine condition, and pheasants have also been doing well.

Lord and Lady Lonsdale have been entertaining a succession of visitors at Lowther Castle. Lord Lonsdale, however, managed to run over to Dublin for a couple of days last week for the Horse-Show.

Lady Cardigan has arrived at Deene Park from Cowes, and will receive a succession of visitors there till the 22nd, when she goes to Newmarket for the October meetings.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen will next week entertain Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and a large party at Haddo House, Aberdeenshire.

Lord and Lady Rosslyn and Lady Millicent Erskine have left Dysart on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, at Dunrobin Castle. At the review of the Sutherland Volunteers last Friday, the Duke called for three cheers for his future daughter-in-law, which were given very heartily.

Lord and Lady Zetland have left Upleatham Hall for Kerse House, their place in Linlithgowshire. On Friday, Lady Zetland entertained at Kerse about 2,500 school-children, from Grangemouth and the neighbouring villages; and on Saturday Lord Zetland laid the foundation-stone of a new Town Hall at Grangemouth, with Masonic ceremonies.

There was a great gathering of Freemasons at Worcester last Wednesday, in connection with a very attractive exhibition of articles of Masonic interest, which was held in the Council Chamber. The Mayor gave a musical party in the evening; and on Thursday the brethren attended a special service in the cathedral, when a very eloquent sermon was preached by the Dean of York, who wore his Masonic sash as Past Grand Chaplain of England. The same evening, a Masonic banquet was given at the Guildhall, at which Sir E. Lechemere, M.P., presided.

Lord and Lady Beauchamp will receive a large party at Madresfield Court next week for the Worcester Musical Festival.

Lady Airlie and Lady Griselda Ogilvy arrived last Thursday at Airlie Castle, the old family place in Forfarshire, from visiting the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans at Newtown Anner, Tipperary.

Louisa, Lady Waterford, is staying at Highcliffe Castle, her picturesque place on the coast near Christchurch. She has let Ford Castle to Mr. Slingsby Bethell till the end of October.

Sir R. A. Cross, M.P., has been staying during the last fortnight at Meggernie Castle, Perthshire, on a visit to Mr. Bullough, of Bolton, who purchased this fine sporting estate last autumn from Mr. Menzies, of Culdares, for £110,000. The party at Meggernie have obtained large bags on the moors, and the salmon-fishing in the Lyon has been first-rate. One or two stags have been killed, which had probably come over from Blackmount Forest, which "marches" with Meggernie.

On the Swinton moors last week Mr. S. Cunliffe Lister's party (eight guns) killed over 1,200 brace in three days, obtaining 509 brace in one day. The grouse, however, are not quite so numerous as last year, when, in the last week of August, 1,309 brace were killed; and in the second week of September, three days' shooting produced 1,174 brace.

Lady Maude Ogilvy has gone to America for a few months to visit her brother, Mr. Lyulph Ogilvy, who is settled on an extensive ranche in Colorado.

Mrs. Fred Burnaby, who is travelling *en garçon* in Switzerland, has just distinguished herself by making a first ascent. The following entry concerning it in the visitors' book of the Hôtel Monte Rosa at Zermatt will doubtless be of interest to mountaineers:—

On August 6 I made, with Joseph Imboden and Pierre Sahrbach, the *first ascent* of a peak marked in the Federal map 4,161 mètres. This mountain rises between the Weisshorn and the Biesjoch. We took it from the latter, mounting a rocky spur which joins the main arête an hour above the pass. The arête was found difficult—a mere knife-edge with corniche the entire length. The passage of the ridge took two and a half hours, the snow being in perfect condition. It seemed to us that quite an easy route could be taken from the Zinal side. As this peak is so far nameless, and as some confusion seems to exist as to its whereabouts, I venture to place a photograph of it on this page, which I took from the Bruneggjoch. The peak is probably somewhere about 13,700 feet in height.

Doubtless many visitors at the sea-side will echo the following sentiments respecting German bands, which are sent me by a correspondent:—

Blasting, blaring, bleating,
Maddening, torturing, heating,
All melody defeating,
These bandits hold their own.
The sad sea waves are sadder,
The bad regatta's badder,
The maddening heat's the madder,
Because these dirty bandsmen
Will haunt us weary landsmen
With Teuton wail and groan!

A correspondent writes to ask me whether in the address to a German hotel, the word hotel is to precede the name, and "Hof" to follow it. Of course not. Look out "Hof," my friend, in a dictionary, and you will find that it is the German for hotel.

M. Dupressoir, the latest owner of the Baden tables, died last week at Baden-Baden. He was the nephew of his more famous predecessor, Benazet, and he had a real good time during the latter years of the Second Empire. The war of 1870 was the beginning of the end of Baden, and in 1872 the closing of the tables was a crushing blow to M. Dupressoir—and, indeed, to Baden also, which has since become as dull and decorous a place as could well be found in all Europe. M. Dupressoir was a kindly and a very charitable man, and he freely spent the money which he made by the *banque*. Baden owes much to him, and it

must be said that the inhabitants in many ways showed their sympathy and respect for the benefactor of their town when he came back to die amongst them. M. Dupressoir died at the Badescher Hof, so well known to English travellers, which excellent hostelry is the property of his wife.

Persons arriving in Russia from foreign countries are now required to produce a certificate from the Russian Consul at the place they have left, to the effect that they have not been in any locality infected with cholera for three weeks.

The Agricultural Exhibition at Amsterdam was in every respect a great success. The Dutch cattle were magnificent, and excited universal admiration. The dairy has always been the leading feature in Dutch agriculture; and in the breeding and rearing of the finest milch cows, these farmers have no rivals. It was worth the journey to Amsterdam, if only to view the long rows of big and beautiful black and white cows. The Queen was well rewarded for her enterprise in sending five entries from Windsor (which was done by her Majesty's express command, in compliance with a request from the King of the Netherlands that she would patronise the exhibition), as her stock took a first prize in every class.

The Prince of Wales took first prize for a shorthorn bull, bred and owned by H.R.H., and the Sandringham farm was also successful with a very handsome shearling ram of the Southdown breed, which also was bred there. The English sheep were a capital collection, and all the best varieties were well represented. Mr. Walter, M.P., took both prizes for Berkshire pigs. The Dutch sheep and pigs were very inferior; and it is evident that very little attention has been paid to this class of stock in Holland; the breeds want invigorating with foreign blood. There was a creditable show of French cattle, and an excellent muster of horses in the shire breed. Mr. Gilbey was awarded a gold medal. There was not a single animal from Scotland. The show was held in the grounds of the Royal Museum, and everything was admirably arranged.

General Drury Lowe has just taken a four years' lease of an estate called Keydell, near Horndean. The General is stocking his farm with some very fine Alderney cattle.

The famous Stockton Bury herd of Herefordshire cattle was sold off last week in consequence of the death of Mr. Carwardine. Sir J. Bailey, M.P., presided at the luncheon, and his health was proposed by Mr. Duckham, M.P. Very high prices were obtained, and the crack bull, Lord Wilton, was sold to an American breeder for £4,000. Several of the best lots were purchased for the Queen's farms at Windsor, where there is now a very fair lot of Herefordshire cattle. The whole herd (183 head) realised about £24,200.

The estate of Roskestal, in West Cornwall, near Land's End, was purchased last week by Sir John St. Aubyn, M.P.

There is at present a perfect craze for building villas in the New Forest district. At Lyndhurst, a few days ago, some "eligible plots" of land were sold for building purposes at the rate of £800 per acre, and there is shortly to be a sale of similar land in the immediate vicinity of the Lyndhurst-road station.

There has been a serious outbreak of diphtheria at Upton Pyne, the village near Sir Stafford Northcote's place in Devonshire, and several children have died. It is supposed to have been brought into the parish by a child who came from a place where the disease had been raging, but on Friday, at a meeting of the local guardians, it was resolved, on the motion of Lord Devon, to order a rigorous inquiry into the sanitary condition and water supply of the village.

The late Lord Lauderdale has bequeathed the whole of his personal property to his niece, Miss Dyer, who resided with him at Thirlestane Castle. The estates are in strict settlement, and pass to the new Peer. They extend over 25,000 acres in Midlothian, East Lothian, and Berwickshire, and are worth about £15,000 a year.

The annual letting of the orchards in the Carse o' Gowrie was held at Errol last Thursday, when out of eleven orchards which were offered, only six were let, and these realised £100. Only a few years ago it would have been thought very bad business to let one of these orchards at £200.

Where on earth does Edmund get his information about the doings of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds? People who have been in the neighbourhood of Exmoor since the hunting commenced will be considerably surprised at the account of the sport which appeared in last week's *World*, and especially to be told that "the opening meet at Cloutsham was well attended," for, as a matter of fact, the usual opening meet at Cloutsham did not take place this year, and the only meet which has so far been really "well attended" was that of Monday week at Triscombe Stone, in the Quantock country, which, as usual, was nothing less than a vast picnic, as, in addition to a field of about 350, there were a number of carriages, and at least 2,000 persons on foot, who did everything in their power (albeit unconsciously, no doubt) to spoil sport; and in this they fairly succeeded, for when the stag at last got away, he was observed only by Lord Ebrington, who went off and had the run to himself. The pack has been quite out of luck during the last three weeks, but in hot weather it is really absurd to attempt hunting in the middle of the day. It is a question with those who are observant of the signs of the times whether the prestige and popularity of Exmoor sport have not somewhat waned of late. The hunting is certainly not what it used to be in Mr. Bisset's best days.

The unfortunate career of Derbyshire during the past season—its record being ten matches all lost—suggests a trifling but desirable alteration in the present laws of cricket. Derbyshire lost the toss on every one of the ten occasions, and, consequently, was throughout handicapped

by its opponents having choice of innings, and, as a ge r l matter of course, the best of the wicket. Now, choice of first innings is admitted on all sides to be a very great advantage; in an ordinary county match it is at least equivalent to fifty runs' start, and, therefore, it seems to me that it ought not to depend on the spin of a coin, which process of gambling has nothing whatever to do with cricket, as cricket. I would suggest that in future, instead of so momentous a question being decided in so fluky a manner, it should be settled by a brief trial of skill between selected members of the opposing sides. Let the representative of each eleven have a shot at the wicket from twenty-two yards' distance (the length of the pitch), and then let the side of the winning thrower have choice of innings. If both hit, let them throw again; one will soon miss. The captains need not do this business themselves; they would merely select the most capable member of their teams. I recommend some such alteration very strongly to the committee of the M.C.C., as I feel sure that the game would profit by its adoption.

Gloucestershire, during the past season has only succeeded in winning one county match out of a dozen played—another instance of a fine batting side powerless through the want of good bowling. How is it that good bowlers are so scarce everywhere except in Nottinghamshire and Yorkshire? This is a regular cricket phenomenon, when one comes to think about it—unless, indeed, they have better means of unearthing talent in the two counties mentioned than their competitors are cognisant of. Middlesex, Gloucestershire, Surrey, and Sussex between them can hardly produce a native bowler that would even be a second change in the Nottingham or Yorkshire elevens.

The river police (for there are such individuals now) are going to have a regatta at Kew, on Thursday next. Boating-men will doubtless be glad of this opportunity of showing their appreciation of "law and order" on the river. Subscriptions should be sent to Inspector Rowling, Brentford.

The members of the Somersetshire Archæological Society had a pleasant time in the Mendip country last week, under the genial presidency of Lord Carlingford, who, on Thursday, took the company down one of his coal-mines at Radstock, and afterwards entertained them with a sumptuous luncheon. In the course of Lord Carlingford's very interesting address, at the opening meeting, he alluded, in reply to a compliment from Mr. Freeman, to "the curious and almost grotesque fact" that at Oxford he had obtained the prize essay for English history, upon the subject of the Norman Conquest, beating their distinguished friend and neighbour, Mr. Freeman.

I am by no means an advocate of memorials, which I look upon as a very foolish means of spending money, but a gentleman has just died who is infinitely more worthy of a memorial than nine-tenths of the nobodies who get them. I refer to the veteran publisher, Mr. Henry George Bohn. By the aid of his admirable "Guides to the Classics," more commonly known as "cribs," generations of schoolboys have escaped the birch, and have been enabled to devote their time to more profitable occupations than poring over Æschylus or Thucydides. Mr. Bohn must also be looked upon as a man who has exposed a gigantic fraud, for without his aid comparatively few people would ever have discovered what very poor stuff most of the classical masterpieces really are. I think, at all events, that schoolboys ought to do something to perpetuate the memory of the greatest benefactor they ever had.

General Grant has undertaken to write a series of twenty "war articles" for the *Century Magazine*, for which he is to receive £2,000.

Mr. Froude is correcting the proof-sheets of the concluding volumes of his "Life of Carlyle" at The Moult, a delightful villa between Salcombe and Start Point, near the most southerly part of the Devon coast.

The interesting "Literary Recollections" of Mr. James Payn, which have been one of the most attractive features in the *Cornhill Magazine* during the last year, will be published in a complete form in November, with additions and corrections. I hear that some "Remarks" on certain of Mr. Payn's reminiscences are in preparation, and will appear about the same time; and by all accounts they will be very lively reading.

The *Athenæum* recently announced that "R. G. Haliburton, Q.C., of Canada, eldest son of the author of 'Sam Slick,'" intended, in a few months, to visit Borneo, Fiji, New Zealand, and Australia, "for the purpose of completing the ethnological inquiries upon which he has been engaged for many years." A correspondent writes to me:—

> I cannot deny that "Sam Slick, Junr." (the *nom-de-plume* under which he has so frequently contributed to *Blackwood*), possesses the true literary vein; but, unlike the "Old Clockmaker," his father, or like Casaubon in "Middlemarch," he is in danger of getting engulphed in the very voluminousness of his own material. It is now over seven years since he showed me (in his charming retreat in The Dingle, Nova Scotia), some details of the extensive work he has laid his heart upon executing, and I said then, as I say now, that he is running the risk of a fruitless life-study in trying to attain an impossible thoroughness. Mr. Haliburton aims at showing that most of the folks, customs, stories, and traditions of the whole world are substantially identical (a similar feat to that which Grimm has accomplished in demonstrating the law of the transmutation of the consonant in Indo-European languages); but it seems to me that life is too short for Mr. Haliburton to master his subject with that completeness he has set before him. His studies in Phallic Worship are simply stupendous, and as I have since had the opportunity, during a lengthened residence in India, of verifying some of the facts he then indicated to me, I would advise him to publish his book first, and visit Borneo, &c., afterwards.

Mr. Irving is to commence his American tour at Quebec on the 30th, when the "Merchant of Venice" will be given. The following week "Twelfth Night" will be played at Montreal. Mr. Irving will appear in New York on November 10.

The mounting of M. Sardou's new drama at the Porte Saint Martin will cost upwards of £12,000.

A relic of the olden time has just died in Paris, in the person of a wonderfully attractive old lady, the actress Amalie Hainzinger. She was eighty-seven years old, and had acted in the presence of Napoleon I., and of Goethe, who mentions her in his writings.

I hear that Madame Trebelli is coming to England, instead of undertaking a protracted tour in the United States. A severe domestic bereavement, it is said, has indisposed her for the heavier task, but she will be open to a few concert engagements. Madame Trebelli is certainly the first dramatic contralto now before the public, and her absence from the London stage all last season was greatly deplored and much commented on.

Rubinstein, who was some years ago offered the enormous fee of £15,000 for a nine months' tour in the U.S.A., which he declined, has, I am told, accepted an engagement to give twenty concerts in America. I have not heard at how much apiece, but, as Artemus said of the Mormon's mother-in-law, it is no doubt "a good deal."

The Viennese sometimes fail in the quickness and delicacy usually attributed to them. It appears that Pauline Lucca studiously avoided emphasizing in any way the twenty-fifth anniversary of her artistic career; but a number of busybodies, attributing this to modesty or the dread of a fatiguing ovation, blew the trumpets all the more loudly, and announced to the world that Pauline Lucca was—born in 1840, had been twenty-five years before the public, and was only six years short of fifty! I am sure her worst enemies, seeing her on the stage a few weeks ago in London, would never have guessed this. Well may Lucca exclaim, "Save me from my friends!"

I am glad to hear that the report of Liszt's having gone blind at Bayreuth is a "gôbemouche." It is rather hard that a celebrated man cannot complain of his eyes being a little tired after writing one evening, without it being telegraphed throughout the civilised world that he has gone blind. During the last days of "Parsifal," the great *virtuoso* seemed to recover some of that old elasticity and *verve* which recent indisposition has certainly rather impaired. As usual, he was to be seen surrounded by adoring admirers, and giving them proof that his fingers had by no means lost their cunning. It is surprising that Liszt, who now seldom touches the piano, should still retain such consummate mastery over the keys. Whether he can play all that he used to play may well be questioned, but certain it is that he attempts nothing that he does not apparently accomplish with ease. The next best thing to knowing your powers is to know the limitation of them.

I hear that the Misses Bradley, the accomplished daughters of the Dean of Westminster, have nearly finished a small handbook of the Abbey and its monuments. If it be well done, the work will supply a great want.

I hear that what may be called "the Court interest" is being strongly exerted to obtain the post of Chaplain-General for the Rev. Arthur Robins, of Windsor. I hope that Lord Hartington will not make any such appointment, but that he will select one of the senior chaplains, as several of them are in every way most admirably qualified for this office. Mr. Robins has done good work at Windsor, and he is popular with the soldiers there, but if he is thought deserving of further preferment, there are plenty of things for him without his being benefited unfairly at the expense of the persons who ought to have the first claim for the vacant post.

The Bishop of Lincoln, as I stated last week, is now convalescent, and has been able to go to Yorkshire for change of air; but he has been so much shaken by his illness, that it is by no means certain that he will be able to resume his episcopal duties. I hear that if after a few weeks the good Bishop finds that there is a prospect of his being unequal to active work, he will at once resign his see. When Mr. Disraeli appointed Canon Wordsworth to succeed the present Bishop of London in this important diocese, the selection was by no means generally approved; but he has turned out a most admirable working prelate, and he has obtained the sincere regard of all classes and sects in Lincolnshire. It is a notable circumstance that the most learned of all the English bishops should also have shown himself to be one of the most efficient in practical work and routine duties; and although his own views are decidedly high, unseemly squabbles and Church litigation have been unknown in his immense diocese.

The Bishop of Salisbury has arrived at Bournemouth, where he intends to reside for some time to come. The diocese of Sarum is now regularly in charge of Bishop Kelly, who has taken a house in the Close, at Salisbury. It is sincerely to be hoped that Dr. Moberly will resign the see without further delay, as it is really a grave scandal that aged and infirm prelates should persist in retaining their bishoprics, although under the Act of Parliament they are enabled to retire with an ample allowance from the episcopal revenue.

The inhabitants of Hagley have resolved to raise funds for a memorial to the late Canon Lyttelton, who for nearly forty years was rector of the parish. It has been decided that the memorial shall take the form of a fine peal of bells for the parish church. Subscriptions are limited to three guineas, and considerable sum has already been collected.

There is no foundation whatever for the widely-circulated report that the Archdeaconry of London has been offered to Bishop Kelly.

The living of Llangattock, which is one of the most valuable in Wales, has become vacant, and the patron, the Duke of Beaufort, has nominated a clergyman who is ignorant of the Welsh language. The Bishop of St. David's has refused to institute the nominee, pending the report of a committee of parishioners which has been appointed by him to inquire whether a knowledge of Welsh is requisite in the rector. The Bishop is himself of opinion that the rector of such a parish should be competent to

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The appreciation accorded by the highest circles during the last sixty years to Jewsbury & Brown's Original and only Genuine Oriental Tooth Paste proves the efficacy of this refined toilet luxury. It is compounded of rare and fragrant herbs in an especial manner known only to the sole proprietors and manufacturers, Jewsbury & Brown, Chemists, of Manchester. Its use keeps the teeth and gums in a state of preservation and soundness to old age, while its rare aromatic properties render the breath always exceedingly pleasant. It retains its invaluable properties in all climates, and can be obtained through all perfumers and chemists at home and abroad.

perform service and to preach in Welsh. He has taken a very proper course, as, if the Church is to hold its own in the Principality, it is manifestly necessary that its clergy should be able to minister to the humbler classes in their own tongue.

The Bishop of Bangor says that he and his co-religionists are Churchmen, "not because the Church is established, but because they believe it is the true bread of the Church in this country." That is, to say the least of it, enigmatical—even for a Bishop. Dr. Campbell is a little more clear and satisfactory when he declares that if the Church were disestablished and disendowed to-morrow, "their allegiance and love to her would be the same." For myself, however, I rather doubt this. The Bishop thinks a minister who does not depend for support on the people whose sins he may have to reprove has a great advantage. Yes, my Lord Bishop, but facts are stubborn things. Do the clergy of the Established Church deal more faithfully with sinners than those of the Free Churches?

The Wesleyan Thanksgiving Fund has reached a total of £297,000, the amount promised being £305,000. Liverpool stands at the head of the districts with £27,586, and Newton-row, Birmingham, at the head of the circuits with £10,176. The Missionary Society has received £63,869 to free it from debt, £37,878 has gone to schools for ministers' children, £21,000 to the Home Mission, a new Theological College absorbed £25,000, and the Princess Alice Orphanage £19,000, while £45,000 has been set apart for the extension of Methodism. In 1839 (the centenary of Methodism) £218,000 was raised to celebrate the event, and in 1863 the Jubilee of the Missionary Society was made the occasion of raising another £188,925. These are startling figures.

A correspondent, who signs himself "A Catholic," writes to ask why the Duke of Norfolk should be accused of gullibility because he believes in the virtues of St. Winifred's Well? He says that "many persons have been cured in the most astounding manner after piously bathing in the well," and he then goes on to add that "of course, it is a question to be decided not by evidence only whether the intercession of a saint or the touch of her relics can obtain benefits such as cures. But why, because the Duke believes, in common with all other Catholics, that such things *are* quite possible, should you point to the fact as a new instance of the 'gullibility of mankind?'" So soon as "the evidence that the intercession of a saint or the touch of her relics effects cures" is as clear as the fact that "all other Catholics" are gulled by these absurd pretensions, I shall be happy to believe in the value of such intercession. Until then, however, I shall content myself by classifying the believers in such doctrines with the believers in thought-reading, spiritualism, and clairvoyance.

I was the other day at Ramsgate, and I remarked a venerable man carrying on a business which struck me as highly remunerative. Every day he sat on the sands in a comfortable-looking armchair. Behind him were two or three women, and, hour after hour, the man and the women sang hymns. Of course, a crowd was soon collected, many of whom joined in. In the meantime a wall-eyed brother went about selling hymns at a clear profit of two or three hundred per cent. The singing really was fairly good, and the idea of thus making an audience provide its own entertainment, and pay for it, struck me as "smart." The venerable man and his choir entirely cut out the itinerary preachers, one of whom got into trouble owing to his remarks as to the future state of those who are not Christians, which were regarded as personal by the gentlemen of the Hebrew faith who were listening to him. "Where," said the preacher, "will that old man who has lived so long up on the cliff be when he dies?" And then he hinted at an exceedingly warm future in store for that respected philanthropist, Sir Moses Montefiore. This was too much, and it almost looked as though the immediate future of the prophet would be the neighbouring sea, had he not backed out of this damnatory doctrine.

One of the most marked features of the Salvation Army is its hostility to all other religious organisations. This spirit shows itself in manifold ways. The other day a chapel in Bethnal-green, which is occupied by Congregationalists, was put up to auction, and although the minister and trustees were among the bidders, the Salvationists tried to buy the place over their heads. This was, to say the least, a very unfriendly action. It is quite of a piece, however, with the general policy of the Boothites. But is it not time that wealthy laymen who are members of churches asked themselves whether they are justified in feeding this ecclesiastical dog in the manger with large subscriptions?

An inquest was held last week at Walsall, upon the body of a woman named Marlow, the wife of a prominent Salvationist. In the course of the husband's evidence, he admitted that a day or two before her death he had struck her. He added, however, that he at once wrote to the local captain of the Salvation army, to confess that he had struck his wife, and thereby broken his obligation to the army. It would appear, therefore, that one of the conditions upon which recruits join the standard of General Booth is that they shall in future refrain from beating their helpmates. This is far and away the best thing I have yet heard about the members of the army and their proceedings.

A correspondent writes that so many "extraordinary" assertions have been made of late in regard to American girls, that he cannot refrain from sending me a short sketch of that much-maligned person, as he has had the pleasure of knowing her in her own home. Here it is:—

Her appearance and manners are well-bred and attractive. Her voice is sweet and pleasantly modulated. She speaks good English, *not* through her nose. She is modest without prudery, charitable without ostentation, cultivated without conceit. She is a Christian in the broadest sense of the word, and spends much time in doing good, especially to her less-favoured sisters who are forced to maintain themselves. A part of her life is given to the duties and pleasures of society, but she is far from being giddy, or deeply absorbed by it. She is vigorous, healthy, and energetic—rides, skates, walks, plays tennis, and delights in physical exercise. Lovers she has, not a few, ardent wooers, none of whom has, so far, touched her heart. She is too honest and sincere to hold out false hopes to any of them. She is much beloved and respected by her friends, both male and female.

Although Lord Wolseley is said to have such faith in his "boy" battalions, he is cute enough to choose "old soldiers" for fighting purposes. For the Nile Expedition, therefore, he has selected only those battalions which consist of well-seasoned and acclimatised men, physically capable of standing the fatigue of a trying campaign.

Major Denison, who takes command of the 600 Canadian boatmen to be employed on the Nile, was under Colonel Wolseley (now General Lord Wolseley) during the Red River Expedition in the fall of 1870.

The majority of the boatmen for the Nile expedition are expected to be French Canadians. These will be drawn from the raftsmen and lumberers of the Ottawa and neighbouring timber districts. They are hardy and nimble, and never at a loss for expedients in the pursuit of their avocation. The idea of employing Iroquois Indians in a country and climate like Upper Egypt is absurd. There are only some 6,000 Iroquois remaining in Canada at the present day. Their habitat is along the St. Lawrence, above Quebec, and hunting, fishing, and farming give occupation to most of them. Some few are pilots, boatmen, and even sailors; but to get any body of Indians accustomed to "portage" work, or to "shooting" rapids, you must go further west, among the Chippeways (Algonquins) or the Salteaux.

The army tailors are once more in high glee. Another windfall has come to their lot. In a week or two an order will be published changing the uniform of the medical officers of the army, the Indian Medical Service, and the Militia and Volunteers' surgeons, altogether some 2,000 officers, from scarlet to blue. This is done for the sake of the Army Hospital Corps, a small body of men about 2,000 strong, who wear blue uniform. It may safely be said that a more wanton change has never been ordered by the authorities.

In the *Morning Post* there have been a number of letters advocating the establishment of a corps of "Gentlemen cadets." But who is to judge what constitutes a gentleman? Is the corps to be better paid than any other, or in what is the distinction to be? One letter-writer thinks that the corps ought to be "kilted." Why? It would be much more reasonable to propose that a corps be formed of men who are crack shots, and to which none would be admitted who could not show proficiency in shooting considerably above the average.

Another proposal of a correspondent of the *Morning Post* is that "gentlemen" who can obtain a certificate from a colonel as to their social position, and who can pass an examination in foreign languages, should at once be made non-commissioned officers. This proposal is even more monstrous. One incentive to enlisting is that a recruit may hope by good conduct and intelligence to become a corporal or a sergeant, and it would really be too bad if this incentive were taken away from them for the benefit of so-called "gentlemen," or, in other words, men of "social position," who are too stupid or too idle to pass the easy examination which is required in order to become a commissioned officer.

On Friday last, Lord Alcester gave a farewell dinner to Lord Northbrook at the Marlborough Club. General Tyrwhitt, Sir Cooper Key, Lord Hartington, Mr. Calcraft, Sir W. Gordon Cumming, Sir Andrew Clarke, Colonel Napier Sturt, and Lord William Seymour were present. Lord Wolseley was to have been one of the party, but conjugal ties at the last moment prevented him.

The speeches at the Royal Naval Club dinner at Portsmouth were not reported; but I hear that the Prince of Wales went in strongly for a reform in our system of naval administration, and expressed a fear that our force afloat is by no means adequate to the national requirements. H.R.H. added that it was to be hoped that this subject would be brought fully and forcibly before the public, as the remedy is in the hands of the taxpayers.

A committee sat last session to consider the shipbuilding policy of the Admiralty. Lord Ravensworth, who thoroughly understands the subject, was Chairman, and the report of the Committee recommended that ships for the navy should, in the majority of cases, be constructed in private yards. The Admiralty, in the plenitude of their folly, have referred this report of the Parliamentary Committee to a little committee of their own selection, consisting of two naval officers and *two dockyard officials!* Anything more grotesque was never heard of out of the pages of Gulliver. The vested interests are, I fear, for the moment far too strong for practical reformers. In such matters, both in the army and navy, we are really no better off than we were when the Crimean War broke out.

H.M.S. *Canada*, which has been undergoing a refit at Portsmouth since her return from the North American station, is ordered to be ready for sea on Wednesday next, and it is understood that she will proceed forthwith to the Mediterranean, and thence to China. Prince George is still nominally attached to the *Canada*, but he will not serve in her again; and the special cabin accommodation, which was provided on board for H.R.H. and his tutor, has been removed during the past week. Captain Curtis has succeeded Captain Durrant in the command.

At the Hull Town Council last week the Mayor called attention to the great distress prevailing in the town, and expressed a hope that the more wealthy inhabitants would contribute towards the relief of their starving fellow-townsmen. He then referred to the coming visit of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh on October 1, and moved that a grant of money should be made to decorate the town, and make other arrangements. It was then proposed to spend £500 in this manner, and, in spite of considerable opposition, the motion was carried. One member sensibly remarked that he was sure the Duke of Edinburgh would prefer to visit the town quietly, and that he would be better pleased if he knew the £500 had been spent in alleviating

distress, but custom and so-called "loyalty" were too strong. It is certainly incredible to me that any sane person, be he Prince or commoner, should take any pleasure in bunting, triumphal arches, Venetian masts, and such like tomfooleries. Moreover, when the poor of Hull learn that a sum of money which would have saved hundreds of them from starvation or the workhouse has been expended on this trash, it is scarcely probable that their love and veneration for the Royal family will be materially increased.

A correspondent sends me the following instance of justices' justice :—

Sir,—I have been staying for a short time in the neighbourhood of Sevenoaks. An old, harmless dog of mine, a few days ago, came into collision with a number of small dogs of provocative habits, for which offence I was summoned to appear before the bench of magistrates. In obedience to the summons, I attended the court on Friday last, and, on entering the room, was somewhat astonished to find the complainant, with two of his witnesses (including his wife as the principal), occupying seats on the bench even before the arrival of the magistrates.

During the hearing of the case, the complainant repeatedly conversed with one or other of the magistrates in an undertone, and more particularly with one—Major German—by whom the summons had been issued. Although I did not dispute the facts, I politely put a few proper questions to the witnesses, with a view—in which I was successful—of making clear the trifling nature of the complaint, but the worthy Solons evinced the utmost impatience and annoyance with my temerity in presuming to interrogate individuals under their ostensible patronage.

The moment I had concluded my remarks, a hurried consultation took place, in which the complainant and his wife were freely allowed to join, and I was promptly informed that an order would be made against me, and that I should be mulcted in the costs. But another surprise yet awaited me. I had scarcely handed over the money to the officer of the court and reached the door of the room, these movements occupying but a few seconds, when I was served with the order in the shape of a closely-written document of one page of foolscap (not a printed form), which clearly demonstrated that it had been prepared before the case had been heard; and, if evidence were needed of its gross irregularity, it is shown in the fact that it contains an absolutely untrue recital, utterly at variance with the text both of the summons and of the information. Now, I ask you, is this justice?

At the Mansion House, on Thursday, a woman was charged, before Sir Andrew Lusk, with refusing to move on, and with creating an obstruction by selling fruit. The magistrate made some very sensible remarks upon street obstructions, pointing out that while women and little boys were promptly "run in" by the police, lines of omnibuses were permitted to block up the entire street in front of the Mansion House itself, to such an extent that it was almost impossible to cross. Sir Andrew might have adduced a good many other instances of the same practice. The fact is, however, as he remarked, that in this matter, and in many others, there is one law for the rich and another for the poor.

Mr. Sheil was quite right in fining a man forty shillings for selling indecent books in the streets; but the man was also right in asking why the publisher of them was not prosecuted, and why they were sold with impunity in shops. Nothing can be more pernicious than the public sale of indecent books, and yet the law seldom touches the vendors. Any one can form a reasonable estimate as to whether a book is published and sold with indecent intent, and I really do hope that the London magistrates and the London police will take steps to clear the streets and shop-windows of all this pernicious filth. If they do not, we shall rapidly degenerate to the condition of Paris, where a decent person cannot walk through the streets without being pestered by the itinerant vendors of this sort of literature.

I am glad that the Public Prosecutor is taking in hand the sundry advertisers who, in consideration of a deposit, agree to get a person a situation with a salary. I am continually getting letters asking me to expose one or other of these knaves. One advantage of the prosecution will be that perhaps it will open the eyes of that sanguine class on which these men prey.

A correspondent sends me the following account of her experiences in endeavouring to secure an economical home :—

As an instance of the sublime impudence characteristic of a certain class of individuals, I am anxious you should know of a recent adventure of mine. Being in straitened circumstances, and desirous of finding a comfortable home on cheap terms, I was naturally attracted by an advertisement appearing in a daily paper, in which the advertiser (a lady) offered a home and board, in return for certain services, and the sum of twelve shillings and sixpence per week. I lost no time in proceeding to the address given (which I may sufficiently indicate by mentioning that it was in the neighbourhood of Paddington), and interviewing the lady in question. I found her living in rather small and dingy apartments, which I was informed I might enjoy the honour of sharing with her, by paying her weekly the sum above mentioned, and performing in addition the duties which would devolve upon me, which included, amongst other things, the following :—Making mine and her own bed of a morning; washing her feet upon occasion (she suffered from lameness in one foot); mending her clothes and stockings, and generally superintending her wardrobe; laying the table and washing up the dishes; tidying and dusting the rooms; reading the newspaper to her for an hour every morning; writing her letters, and going marketing for her. Mind, the advertisement asked for a lady, and I was to be permitted to assist her ladyship in the way required, on condition of my paying for the privilege! I believe I surprised her rather by politely declining her magnificent and generous offer!

The following letter refers to a paragraph that was published in these columns about a couple of weeks ago :—

Los Angeles, California, Aug. 13, 1884.

Dear Sir,—On the 25th ult., I sent you an extract from the Los Angeles *Daily Times*, describing certain operations with British emigrants. On the 2nd inst., Mr. Taylour English, the agent here for Charles C. Murray & Co., published an explanation, stating that he ceased to be agent to this firm many months ago, that he had signed contracts in blank when he was agent and sent them to Murray & Co., and that Murray & Co. had used one of these contracts in Langborne's case after he (English) had ceased to be their agent. This explanation, therefore, unless again contradicted, exculpates English. Langborne, the victim, also published a letter, withdrawing some of his charges against English. Let it, however, be remembered that there is not the least occasion to pay any premium to be guaranteed such a situation as Murray & Co. offer.

The providing of increased steam-power to work the electric light in the Law Courts has revealed fresh ingenuity in the architectural design of the building. In order to get the old boiler out, and a new one into the crypt or cellar under the central hall, it has been found necessary to remove the stone steps leading up to the main entrance, and to cut the requisite aperture through the walls and roof of the crypt. It will be interesting to know what addition is thus involved to the cost of the new machinery, the more so as the life of a boiler is of limited duration, and the present operation will apparently have to be repeated every time a new boiler is required. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* is a very good rule; but what is to be thought of a nineteenth-century architect who puts an engine and boiler into a cellar, and literally builds them in with iron girders and masonry?

The extent of the London smoke nuisance is very well measured by the statistics lately published of last year's sunshine in London and the provinces. In the City, during 1883, the sun shone for 974 hours out of a possible 4,456, that is to say, for an average of two hours, forty

minutes per day. At Kew, in the same time, there were 1,484 hours' sunshine, or a daily average of four hours three minutes; while at Hastings the total was 1,825 hours, or exactly five hours a day. It is, perhaps, unfair to compare London with a town on the Channel coast, but it is by no means an impossibility that the air in the City should be rendered as clear as it now is at Kew—in other words, that London should gain nearly an hour and a half of sunshine daily.

I observed the other day in a newspaper that some coachmaker in Scotland had shown the Prince of Wales a hansom that would open and shut. This is the sort of vehicle which is wanted in London, provided that it can be so made that the driver remains perched up behind when the head is let down, and that the head affords full protection from the rain. Why does not Lord Lonsdale, or one of our hereditary legislators who has gone into the cab business, put a few of these hansoms on the London streets?

The two great American parties issued manifestoes of political economy upon which they intended their Presidential campaign to turn; but, nevertheless, if I may judge from the newspapers of these parties, the question who shall succeed President Arthur depends upon whether Candidate Cleveland behaved unhandsomely to a Mrs. Halpin and their infant child, or whether Candidate Blaine was ushered to the marriage-altar at the muzzle of the shot-gun of the bride's irate brother-in-law.

After four years' patient endurance, Mr. Warton's constituents have turned at last. At a public meeting they unanimously resolved to move the Government for such an inquiry as will assure them whether their member "is in a fit and proper frame of mind to represent them in Parliament." There is a humour about this method of asserting themselves which does infinite credit to the good people of Bridport.

Why is the Lieutenant of a county called the Lord-Lieutenant? He is styled in his commission, "Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum." The word "Lord" appears to have been added, because the members of the House of Lords have managed to get these offices almost entirely into their own hands. This ought to cease. Lieutenants of counties possess considerable influence, owing to the appointment of magistrates resting with them. Practically, therefore, almost all magistrates are appointed by the House of Lords, which is obviously most injurious to the administration of justice.

The Liberals are going to the wall, because their leaders will not realise that it is impossible to fight with tied hands. I never myself regarded Lord Salisbury as such an unpractical, wrong-headed idiot as it has pleased Liberal organs to describe him. He based his calculations upon the conviction that he must win, unless the Liberals boldly took up his challenge and appealed to the country to unite in taking action to deprive, once and for all, 500 hereditary landlords of the power to interfere with the national will, whenever it pleases them to think that the national will is adverse to their interests or prejudices, and he rightly thought that while the Liberal party would be in favour of this course, their Whig leaders would shrink from it. This has occurred.

We may assume that the Franchise Bill will be thrown out again in November. What, then, will happen? If there be a dissolution, this is precisely what the Lords desire, and the principle will be established that whenever a Liberal Ministry is in power, the Conservatives may provoke a dissolution. If there be no dissolution, and if the Franchise Bill be reintroduced in next year's session, it is to be presumed that the Conservatives in the House of Commons will allow it to pass without delay. It will then go up to the Lords. No sooner, however, will it have passed the Commons than it will be necessary to introduce a Redistribution Bill, if such a Bill is to become law before the General Election. Thus the Lords will have forced the hands of the Liberals, and the principle will be established that the Liberals, when in power, must accept the Conservative view of the mode in which public business ought to be conducted.

Is it not clear, therefore, that whilst the Conservatives are playing their game cleverly, we are refusing to play our trumps? Whilst we hesitate, they will score the odd trick. We are in the position of a player who observes that his opponent is cheating, and who, instead of throwing the cards in his face, calmly points out to him that this is very improper, and submissively begs him to play in future according to the rules of the game.

I see in the newspapers many plans for the reform of the Lords, and most of them contemplate the perpetration of the hereditary principle of legislation in one form or another. Now I am one of those who by no means regard the Lords as worse than other men. If 500 men of any class were chosen by hap-hazard to legislate, they would naturally look after their own interests, and, such is the weakness of human nature, they would very probably serenely believe their interests to be those of the entire community. I do not think that the advantages of an Upper House outweigh its necessary disadvantages; but if we are to have a useful second Chamber, we must first clear away that in which wealth claims an hereditary right to a seat.

Such a one might easily be devised. Let every one who has been returned three times to a House of Commons be allowed to claim, if he pleases, a seat in the Upper House, on the clear understanding that if he does so, he is never to be employed, directly or indirectly, in the public service, nor is he to derive direct or indirect profit from the public Exchequer. We should thus have a body of men, chosen from all classes, enjoying the confidence of their fellow-citizens, of considerable experience, and having nothing to gain or lose by acting on their honest opinions. This Upper House might be given a suspensory veto on the legislation of the Lower House. Its members would become, by the act of electing to become members, passive

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Tourists in Scotland can be supplied with Pfungst's (old landed) Extra Champagnes at the Windsor Hotel, Edinburgh; Central Station Hotel, Glasgow; Forrester's Restaurant, Gordon-st., Glasgow; British Hotel, Dundee; and Queen's Hotel, Dundee.

citizens. If they were to exercise their suspensory veto, all would know that this would not be in consequence of any partisan feeling, and all would admit that the fact of such a body being opposed to any particular course was a fair ground for our reconsidering it.

The Lords prate about their independence. But in reality most of those who take an active part in public affairs are eager for place, power, and salary. Whenever there is a change of Ministry, these independent patriots put forward what they call their "claims." One is made a Minister, another a Lord-in-Waiting; one receives a piece of ribbon, another a salary for walking backwards with a coloured stick before his Sovereign, another for looking after his Sovereign's dogs, and another insists upon a cousin being provided for out of the Exchequer. As a hard statistical fact, a more impudently-greedy swarm of locusts never existed.

One of the most distinct failures of the present Parliament has been the attempt to deal with procedure. An autumn session was devoted to it, and yet in not any single instance have the rules which were then passed been of any practical use, except that one or two Bills have been referred to the Grand Committees which were then established.

The reason for this is that the new rules aimed at putting down the organised obstruction of Irish members, but did not touch the obstruction which is the result of the mania for talk that characterises some members, nor the persistent determination of the Conservatives to prevent, so far as is possible, all Liberal legislation.

A Bill may be discussed upon the first reading, upon the second reading, upon going into Committee, in Committee clause by clause, upon report, and upon the third reading, and there is no limit to the length of the speeches which may be made on these occasions. Surely this is too much! The Bill, when brought in, should be proposed by its author; one member, selected by the Speaker as the representative man of the opposition to it, should be selected to reply at length; and no other member should be allowed to speak more than ten minutes during this stage. If, upon a vote being taken, the Bill obtain a majority, the next stage should be Committee, during which the ten minutes' rule should be enforced. Having passed through Committee, the Bill should be either passed or rejected, without debate.

Tuesdays and Fridays are called private members' nights. On either of these days a member whose name comes out first in a ballot may bring forward any subject he likes. The member second on the ballot can only come on when the discussion on the first subject is exhausted. The consequence of this is that if the first subject treated be not one commanding some considerable attention, there is a count-out, or, even if it be important, and some member whose eloquence is not appreciated speaks very lengthily, the same remedy is applied. All this might be avoided by the very simple expedient of counting-out the subject or the member, instead of the House. To go home because a subject which is under discussion or a member who is speaking cannot command attendance, instead of passing on to the next subject or to the next member, is a most silly arrangement, which would be tolerated by no other deliberative assembly in the world.

But the great stumbling-block to legislation is the inordinate length of speeches. About one column of the *Times* may be spoken in a quarter of an hour. To report textually a debate from 4.30 p.m. to 2 a.m. would fill thirty columns of the *Times*. Lengthy and wearisome, therefore, as the debates are in the *Times*, they only give a very faint idea of what they are in reality. A member who has "studied" the subject under discussion will get up with a vast bundle of notes in his hand. He will ignore everything that has previously been said both for and against the matter, and will treat it as a pioneer would a new and undiscovered country. But as he forgets portions of his studied essay, he lapses frequently into persistent repetitions and into the vaguest of generalities. Some speak thus lengthily because they like hearing their own voices, and find a difficulty in winding up; others because they have communicated their effusions to the local journal which circulates amongst their constituents, and these constituents seem to regard length rather than brevity as the soul of oratory.

Generally speaking, the London papers only report verbatim the speeches of those whose views the public may be supposed to wish to know. But the condensed reports are made with great skill. It rarely happens that if the most obscure speaker makes a real point, it is not reported.

If I might venture to make a suggestion to speakers, I would advise them to read the reports of their own speeches, and to model their oratory on these reports. All that is not contained in them is surplusage and a waste of time. If the *Times* gives them ten lines where they have spoken for an hour, let them limit their next effusion to ten lines, and bring out some new point in this brief oration. One good point is worth hours of vague rambling declamation roaming discursively over a subject.

I take it that Mr. Ashmead Bartlett is now admittedly the prize Parliamentary bore. Why is this? He is by no means wanting in cleverness, and he very often has most laboriously instructed himself on the question under discussion. But he roams. He cannot keep himself to the subject, and, when he does, he must needs treat it exhaustively. The consequence is that no one—neither Conservative, Liberal, nor Radical—listens to him. And yet, if this gentleman were to register two vows: one, never to speak more than twice a week; two, never to speak more than ten minutes, he would probably in a year or two be greeted with pleasure when he rises, and be listened to with attention. I merely cite him as the chief offender, but there are others who run him very close.

The fact is, that when once a person has mastered his nervousness, and when he has acquired a command of words, he should diligently cultivate condensation; he

would not be likely then to outstay his welcome. Some speakers, however, cannot condense, and this is why there should be some simple mode of curtly, but firmly, suggesting to them to resume their seats. In times gone by, this hint was effectively, but irregularly, given by shouts and howls. As this habit has fallen into desuetude, we must have a defined and regular method to deal with the nuisance.

A more thoroughly unpractical article than that of Mr. Goldwin Smith in the *Contemporary Review* I never read. This gentleman—with considerable natural gifts—has never freed himself from the bonds of the professional mind. He elaborates a scheme, which does not take into consideration the fact that, in order to become a reality, it must be in accordance with the spirit and the peculiarities of those who are to give it effect. According to him, we are to have some sort of Senate, but how composed he does not explain, and the House of Commons is to be elected by provincial assemblies.

Having called these two bodies into existence, we are to wage war all over the world, and to reduce Africans and other such inferior races to subjection, whilst, as a commencement of this Imperial policy, we are to rule Ireland with a rod of iron. His scheme reminds me of the constitution of the Abbé Seizes. This constitution might have been good or bad; but, as it found favour with no one, it was, of course, never adopted, and the Abbé turned his back upon an unbelieving and unappreciative world. This is precisely what occurs to Professor Smith. He has passed his life throwing the pearls of his political wisdom before the swine of two hemispheres. Disgusted with us, he betook himself to Canada; disgusted with the Canadians, he has returned to us.

Still more unpractical is Lord Dunraven's article in the *National Review*. Lord Dunraven starts with the astounding paradox that Mr. Gladstone represents despotism, and the House of Lords democracy, and that the Lords are appealing to the people against the designs of an ambitious Minister. But is this so? Why is Mr. Gladstone Prime Minister? Because he is the leader of the party which constitutes the majority of the electors. Why is Lord Salisbury not Prime Minister? Because he is the leader of the party which was placed in a minority at the last election. Who are the gentlemen who take upon themselves to say that a second appeal is to be made to the country? The very men who lost the last appeal. Lord Dunraven might as well say that when a man gets a bad hand at whist, he may demand another deal, and go on insisting upon a fresh deal until he gets cards in his hand which will ensure his winning the trick.

A month or two ago a large meeting was held, at which the plan of a federation between England and her Colonies was advocated, and the proposal periodically crops up. I read the speeches, but I failed to gather how the scheme was to be carried out. Indeed, it is one which cannot be regarded as within the area of practical politics so long as its promoters are unable to put forward details which are likely to command the assent of the Colonies.

The nature of the bond would be, I presume, some sort of assembly in which the mother country and the colonies would be represented. But what would be the scope of such an Assembly? How, too, in such dependencies as India would these representatives be elected? I hardly see how we could go further than the establishment of some sort of departmental committee consisting of colonial delegates, which would be consulted by the head of the Colonial Office, and whose resolutions would be binding both on us and on the colonies.

But this would involve a common purse. Now, there are three things which certainly ought to be paid out of this common purse. 1. We are perpetually told that Monarchy is stronger with Colonists than at home. The Sovereign is the figure-head of the Empire. Would this ardent appreciation of the monarchical principle take the form of a proportionate contribution to the costs of Royalty? 2. The world is studded over with our Diplomatic and Consular Agents. They look not only to our interests, but to those of the Colonists. Would the latter pay their share? 3. In order to hold our own against all comers, and to defend us and the Colonists alike from any hostile attack, we are obliged to have a fleet and an army. Why should we alone pay for this? Would the Colonists contribute their share? These are practical questions, and until we get an affirmative answer to them from the Colonists, it is a mere waste of time to hold meetings and to make speeches respecting an Imperial federation.

Last session Mr. Gladstone offered to bring in a Bill to enable the Australian Colonies to federate, provided that he could be assured that it would meet with no opposition. The Conservative leaders at once announced that they would oppose it. But why should the Australians wait for this Bill to become law? What business is it for the House of Commons to interfere in a matter which alone regards the Antipodes? If the Australians are wise, they will hold a Congress, and proceed to federation without troubling themselves about our consent. And if they are animated with a spirit of justice, they will at the same time declare their readiness to make an annual contribution towards the general expenses of the Empire.

There is no particular objection to the appointment of Lord Wolseley to superintend "military operations" in the vicinity of the Soudan; indeed, as he has already obtained a Peerage and two large sums of money by slaughtering the inhabitants of the North and South of Africa, it is possible that he may feel himself free to subordinate the killing business to that of a peace-maker.

We, it must be remembered, have recognised the independence of the Soudan, and there is not a vestige of

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evidence either that Gordon cannot withdraw from Khartoum when he pleases, that the Egyptian garrisons in the interior of the Soudan wish to withdraw, or that the Mahdi is hindering either Gordon or them from doing so. Lord Wolseley will be doing good service if he brings Gordon to realise that when he accepts a post as an English officer, he must obey no higher law than that of his employers. As it is, nothing can be more evident than that he is trying to force our hands by a disregard of his instructions.

I suppose that there are no people in the world so fond of remarking motes in the eyes of others and so blind to the beams in our own eyes as we are. We are morally indignant with the French for warring with the Chinese through lust of empire, and we are terribly shocked at their having destroyed the Chinese fleet. Such barbarism we did not imagine to be possible. And yet why did we bombard Alexandria? Why did we make an Admiral a Peer, and give him £30,000 for this feat? Why, too, did we make a General a Peer, and give him a like sum for defeating with much slaughter a crowd of Egyptians—so harmless that when half-a-dozen Arabs attacked them with spears, they did not even attempt to defend themselves?

When the French make Admiral Courbet a Peer, and give him a million francs for sinking some Chinese gunboats, and when they compare this victory to the greatest achievements of modern war, it will be time enough for us to abuse and jeer at them.

SCRUTATOR.

HIDEOUS HERTFORD.

Only a stone's-throw behind the old red-brick schoolhouse in the town of Hertford, where hundreds of little Blue-coat boys and a score or so of little Blue-coat girls are supposed to be enjoying the advantages of education in pure, sweet, country air, is a maze of courts and alleys which, for pestilential filth, squalor, and misery could hardly have been equalled by the vilest rookeries in the St. Giles's of byegone-days. No prudent person in Hertford ventures alone, even by daylight, into this foul labyrinth, which, extending back from the main street of the town to the banks of the River Lea, here converted into a turbid channel with hideously ugly banks and many floating eyesores on its surface, covers a considerable portion of the area of this the chief town of the county. Butcherly-green is the name of this horrible quarter. I suppose that it had at some time a pleasant country aspect; but, if so, it must have been a long while ago; for its houses are, for the most part, ancient, ruinous structures. Some are of brick, others of timber and plaster; some rise to a second and third story, others are hovels with no rooms save on the ground, and with scarcely a window through which light and air could find a way to the miserable inmates.

It was while I was waiting for a train after my recent survey of Horrible Hatfield that an inhabitant of the latter town said to me in a whisper (by the way, though the inhabitants of Hatfield appear to be quite willing to speak about the Marquis of Salisbury's cottage property to a sympathising listener, they always do so in an undertone), "You should go to Hertford, and ask for Butcherly-green, Chequer's-yard, and Haydon's-court." "Do these belong to the Marquis of Salisbury?" I inquired. "Many of the worst houses in Butcherly-green do," was the reply, "and I believe all the houses in Chequer's-yard and Haydon's-court and other places." My curiosity having been excited, I took a ticket at once for Hertford, engaged a Hertford man of fair muscular proportions in the double capacity of guide and protector, provided myself with a flask of brandy, and prepared to explore the endless ins-and-outs and winding ways of Butcherly-green.

Narrow, ill-ventilated, filthy, and swarming with women and children, Butcherly-green might be described by imagining "Hall's-yard," and "Arm-and-Sword-yard," of which I have lately given some account, to be multiplied by fifty, and invested with a mediæval air by the presence of a number of overhanging, ancient dwellings with gable-ends and plaster fronts, all dropping to decay. But the most striking feature about the place—the feature which added the crowning touch to its weird horrors—was the frequent appearance of unsightly, irregular gaps, occasioned by the evidently recent pulling down of houses. Turn to which side one would, there was to be seen one of those ragged openings left in the midst of the queer jumble of dwellings with heaped-up remains of the ruins, consisting of rotten old bricks, decayed timbers, and rusty iron-work. In some cases, the destruction of party-walls in the process of demolition had laid bare the sides of an adjoining house, with broken bits of staircases, mouldering floors, and rusty fire-grates sticking in the shattered brick-work, under chimney-flues grimed with the smoke of ages. Perhaps the first notion which would strike most visitors would be that Butcherly-green must have been heavily bombarded from the adjacent heights, and that an effort had been made to clear away the ruins of the houses that happened to have suffered most.

My guide, who was a taciturn man, not given to making inquiries on his own account, could give me no explanation of this strange sight, and most of the inhabitants had a sullen, sulky expression of countenance which was not inviting. Here and there, however, I found a decent-looking man and woman, and to them I put the question. "They're the Markis o' Salisbury's houses, sir," was the answer in every instance. "Is the Marquis going to build other houses in their place?" I inquired of a little man who wore a cobbler's short leather apron, and had shown himself more communicative than his neighbours. "Ah, that's more than I can tell you," was the answer. "All I know is that the people was all turned out in a hurry a little while ago, and down came every house as sharp as if it had been a hearthquake."

The state of the case was now clear. Unless the inhabitants of Butcherly-green were under some strange delusion, I had arrived a little too late to see the Marquis of Salisbury's property in this horrible quarter. For how many years human beings had been permitted to live in what, to judge by their surroundings, must have been miserable dwellings indeed, on condition of contributing

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weekly half-crowns to the princely revenues of the owners of Hatfield House, I will not venture to say. Perhaps I shall not be far wrong in guessing that the agent of the Marquis in Hertford determined to give orders for their demolition at some time since the day when his noble employer first stood forth to denounce the practice of suffering our labouring classes to live in unwholesome dwellings. The inconsistency of the two facts would have been too absurd.

Hereabout, however, the work of removing evidences of the very recent date of Lord Salisbury's conversion to sound sanitary principles did not appear to be as yet quite complete. I recommended the Conservative working men who were invited last week to a political pic-nic in Hatfield-park, to spend, as I have done, a little time in investigating the horrors of Hatfield town. But the worst samples of poor people's dwellings on that deplorably wretched spot do not, as I have said, belong to the Marquis, and this may probably excuse him in foolish people's eyes; though if the powerful influence of the Cecils had been exerted—as it certainly ought to have been—on behalf of the Hatfield labouring class, it is impossible to believe that they would now be living in such dens. It must at least have been in their power, at any time from the days of King James I. downwards, to build them better places. The case is somewhat different in Hertford. If one of those Conservative pic-nickers will make a run down one day, and inquire for Chequer's-yard, he may see some horrible cottage property which, unless I am misinformed, is the Marquis's own. At least, every one of the poor inhabitants of whom I made inquiry told me that he or she paid a weekly rent to the Marquis of Salisbury's rent-gatherer in that town. The yard is a little square, approached by a narrow entrance or gateway in the main street, and leading into another little square or nook equally confined. The wretched houses here are dropping to decay, internally and externally, and are wanting in that first essential to proper ventilation, a clear draught through; for they are not only without gardens, but they have not a yard, or even an outlet at the back. For one of these most miserable places, containing only one room above and one below, a family are paying, I was told, 2s. 8d. a week. This being slightly in excess of the tariff in Hall's-yard, Hatfield, I asked why they paid so much. The answer was curious and significant. I gathered that a tenancy of any sort in Chequer's-yard carries with it incidental advantages in the shape of a share in the doles of money, fuel, and so forth, which are annually provided, in accordance with ancient foundations, by the churchwardens of the little parish of All Saints. No doubt the pious founders, when they left their money for this purpose, meant well, and thought they were doing a good turn to poor parishioners for all time to come. What they appear to have really done, as far as regards Chequer's-yard, is to enable the Marquis's agents to get twopence or threepence a week more rent out of these poor creatures.

Haydon's-court, the inhabitants of which forlorn and dismal place assured me in like manner that they pay their rent to the Marquis's rent-gatherer, bears some resemblance to Chequer's-yard, and may be generally described as rotten and unfit for human shelter. It has one noticeable peculiarity. You can only get into it through an aperture in a wall so narrow that a stout man might stick right in the entrance, and so low that a man of full height could not pass through without stooping Having explored this confined and stifling hole, my guide suggested a number of other spots as worth a visit; but it was now growing dusk. I had seen enough to satisfy me that I should be guilty of no exaggeration in giving to this narrative the title—of "Hideous Hertford."

ON CROMER CLIFFS.

Cromer is the Etretat of England, with the additional advantage of being a far cleaner, more bracing and picturesque spot than the little Normandy fishing-village that in summer-time becomes as fashionable as Trouville or Biarritz. Presumably, the majority of wandering holiday-makers are familiar with Etretat—travellers, I mean, who have rested at Havre, who have been disappointed with showy but uncomfortable Ste. Addresse, and who have eventually settled down with the aristocratic Bohemians, the journalists, the novelists, the poets, and the painters of Paris, who rove about this little village under the cliff, with a dedicatory chapel overlooking the sea, full of offerings from saved sailors and their affectionate wives, and fringed about with chalets, villas, and summer residences, occupied for the most part by novelists who have written books and sold them advantageously, and by proprietors of journals, who understand the newspaper appetite of fickle, pleasure-loving Paris. I flatter myself that I know Etretat well. Journalists and literary Bohemians are apt to foregather. Those were merry days of long ago in the Sleepy Hollow of these Normandy cliffs when Adelaide Neilson was the best-looking and best-admired of any visitor at Etretat, and when she had in her train the poets Westland Marston and Wills, the enthusiastic Joseph Knight, and many more who have bade farewell to their days of romance, or gone over to the majority with the gifted lady whose bright face and amiable presence will be seen and felt no more. No one cared much for discomfort in those days. As to accommodation, there was next to none; and there is little more now. Women with innumerable dresses, crinolettes, and starched petticoats crammed in to the simple cottages of humble fisher-folk, and delighted in "hugger-mugger." Children were thrust into cock-lofts, and the table d'hôte at the one good hotel had to be given in detachments. Life at Etretat was pretty much like life at all similar summer residences by the sea. There was a beautiful country to explore, but no one went a mile away from the beach. There were cliffs and downs to wander on; but any one would have been considered mad if he or she abandoned the Casino for pedestrian or any other exercise. We bathed there, and went fishing with Frenchmen in fantastic attire; we smoked, read the Paris journals, played dominoes and chess, danced, and saw the children dance, went to little plays, patronised little entertainments, gambolled with the little horses, and flirted—*cela va sans dire.*

I was reminded not a little of Etretat when I came to Cromer, which, so far as situation is concerned, has no

To all who Shoot or Travel.—Visit Ulster House, Conduit-street, and see B. Benjamin & Son's Specialties. Pamphlet on application.

rival on the lovely east coast of England—or, indeed, on any other coast with which I am familiar. In winter-time it is the humble abode of the fisher-folk of this fine free shore; a primitive, unpretentious, and eminently picturesque spot, and as sleepy a place as anyone would hope to find anywhere; but in summer it offers such hospitality as it has with a kindly, generous hand, and promises to the hard-worked man what so few other sea-side places can ever give—perfect peace and undisturbed quiet. Situated in the dip of a lovely down, with grass cliffs and smiling corn-fields on either side, and a wooded background that Devonshire, with all its pride, cannot match, it is not surprising that Cromer is year by year extending its popularity and usefulness, and unhappily meditating those building improvements, the rows of smart villas, the fashionable hotels, the baths, the reading-rooms, the new pier, and all the other supposed requisites for summer pleasure which, when done, will only succeed in robbing the pretty little place of its picturesqueness and peace, and turning it into a second-hand Lowestoft. Cromer is simple in her tastes and unpretentious in her habits. Music is rare, and, I am bound to add, of the worst possible kind. There are no parties or dances, for the very good reason that there is no room large enough to hold any public gathering. Bathing and boating at all hours of the day, cricket and lawn-tennis on the level sands, which are, at low tide, as hard as a rock, and excursions around the lovely neighbourhood, succeed in tiring out the Cromer visitors without any other amusement of an exciting kind.

But the glory of Cromer, to my mind, consists in its grassy, flowered, and fern-covered cliffs. I know of no other place in England where keen and bracing air is combined with the foliage and flowers of Ilfracombe or Lynton. Many people willingly endure the intolerable heat of the Somersetshire, Devon, and Cornwall coasts for the sake of the botanising, the fern-cases, and the butterfly-nets. They can get all these at Cromer, with an air so pure, so exhilarating, and so fresh, that it has been a perfect godsend this wonderful summer, when elsewhere seaside visitors have been melting and crying out for a breeze. Within an easy quarter of a mile of the village — it can scarcely be called a town, even now—will be found that inestimable boon to Cromer—the Lighthouse Cliff. It is not a hard, dry, parched desert of barren scrub or sandy grass; no foot-trodden promenade provided with seats and flirting corners; no unadorned common, backed with villas, where the band plays and the people walk up and down as if they were being exercised in prison. On Cromer cliffs you will find a series of undulating hills, with turf as soft as moss, and a perfect rabbit-warren of fern and purple heather. It is Box Hill at Dorking transported to the seaside. You can imagine what such a place is to the children who elsewhere would be yelling and screaming their hearts out on the flags, and fighting with their brothers and sisters on the sweltering sand or shingle. The Cromer cliffs are so vast and breezy that they would easily exhaust the noise of all the children that Cromer could conveniently hold. Here they play hide-and-seek amongst the ferns, and cricket on the Lighthouse Hill; here the pretty girls botanise and catch butterflies; here the boys loll about and pretend to learn their holiday tasks; here the old story is told again and again, for I never saw a place so conveniently situated for mild flirtation. It requires some nerve and assurance to make love on Ryde Pier or Scarborough Spa or Lowestoft sands; but Cromer cliffs are like the hawthorn bush in Goldsmith's immortal poem, "for talking age or whispering lovers made."

Cromer is situated midway between two districts of really romantic beauty. On the one side we have what a modern historian calls "Fern Land," a country entirely Devonian in character, all shady lanes, wooded copses, and endless tracks of picnic-ground, the centre of the Faibrigg Estate, notorious some years ago owing to the wild pranks of "Mad Wyndham," who drove the coach between Norwich and Cromer, and whose heir, carefully brought up by the mother, is to come of age next year, and reclaim the sadly battered property. On the other, or eastern, side of the cliffs we have a fairly agricultural district, known in recent times as "Poppy Land," an enchanting panorama of corn-fields and farm-houses, contented labourers and simple fishermen, who throughout the summer-time give up their homesteads and cottages that cluster about Overstrand, Sidestrand, and Mundesley to the sensible folks who prefer a silent beach, a quaint country, and the purest of air, to being stuffed up in the narrow streets of a fashionable watering-place. Who has ever heard of Sherringham and Runton, of Sidestrand or Mundesley? And yet I venture to say that not a room that can hold a bed is unoccupied by the families who have learned the value of this friendly and hospitable coast.

SONGS OF THE GOVERNING CLASSES.

The casual but timely quotation of a strongly Democratic ballad, from the late Robert Brough's "Songs of the Governing Classes," has set some readers of Truth thinking and writing of times gone by. One or two pressing calls are made for another taste of the poet's quality; and, in particular, I am asked to repeat "My Lord Tomnoddy"—not Ingoldsby's better-known poem on an "Execution," but Brough's lines with that title, and with the burden which constantly reminds us that "He's the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son." I am not sure that it would be fair to give the amusing satire *in extenso*. The book has long been out of print, and, though it was published at only a shilling, I myself saw a pound paid for it more than ten years ago, and I am told that twice as much would be gladly given at the present time by enthusiastic admirers of a genius as honest as it was bright. Very likely, after having slept for thirty years, and seeming dead from the day of its birth, Brough's luckless opuscule may wake up startled by the praise which is ever late in proportion to merit. Instead, therefore, of reproducing at full-length the portrait of this interesting young nobleman who can't learn his election speech, but wins the seat in the family-town because it is time he should settle down to something, and also because "He's the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son," I will quote the concluding stanza, and then proceed to

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give a brief history of the book itself, with some characteristic specimens of its contents. *Ex pede Herculem.*

My Lord Tomnoddy is thirty-four;
The Earl can last but a few years more.
My Lord in the Peers will take his place;
Her Majesty's Councils his words will grace,
Office he'll hold, and patronage sway;
Fortunes and lives he will vote away;
And what are his qualifications? ONE!
He's the Earl of Fitzdottercl's eldest son.

Brough, as I have sufficiently indicated, was a very earnest Radical; but, as one of his best satires in this book—quite *the* best, in my judgment—denotes, he despised certain Radicals from the depth of his true and hearty nature. Let me give you at once an idea of the man, by means of an intelligible abridgment of his "Fable of the Terriers, the Rats, the Mice, and the Cats." The Terriers, he says, in rapid, easy verse, having seized on Ratland, hunt and worry the inhabitants; but, being jolly dogs in the main, and caring more for bones and pastimes than anything else, they only eat the Rats when more savoury food runs short, and leave the plundered indigenous race to live as they may, in gutters, swamps, and ditches. "Coincidence is History's joy." So we are told that just as the Terriers have seized on Ratland, so has the ancient warlike race of Cats invaded the territory of the Mice, to whom they behave yet more cruelly.

But Mice are small, quick-witted wights,
With large round eyes that see great lights;
To live and feed and revel
They felt their right; and nowise scared
(Save prudently), their tyrants dared
To criticiso—and schemes prepared
To send them to the devil.

The little folk lead their purring tyrants a pretty dance, and give them anything but a quiet, pleasant time of it. In short, they contrive to effect a revolution.

The Mice were freed! The Cats, who fled,
With draggled fur, and eyes all red,
And most with haunches gory—
All blinded by their 'wildering fear,
Plunged, swimming, o'er the neighb'ring mere,
To Ratland; and I've kept till here
The marrow of my story.

Having been ancient foes, the Terriers, nevertheless, receive the Cats kindly, and listen to their agonising narrative of events over the water.

They gave them milk and fire and food;
Marvelling in their houndish mood,
How Cats to rule an insect brood
Of Mice could fail so blindly.

On their part, the Cats wonder still more how the Terriers have managed to master "a fiercer race." At this the Terriers laugh, and disclose their plan of action, whenever the Rats are rebellious and show their tusks. It is this:—

We beckon out the biggest Rat,
And ask him, with a friendly pat,
To join our side the merrier;
We teach him how to bark; with shears,
We dock his tail, and trim his ears,
Give him some bones, to calm his fears,
And tell him he's a Terrier.

This apologue, in all its detailed application, is ingeniously perfect. Brough's hatred of party is shown alike in his "swashing blow," whether it be levelled at Tory, Whig, or Radical. "Sir Gypes Tolloddle" is a humorous caricature of a fine old English gentleman, Blue to the backbone. In some stinging lines on "Vulgar Declamation," an unlucky phrase of Lord Palmerston's is rattled about his lordship's ears. This fierce little squib was written at the time of the Crimean War. And it is amusing to think that long before Sir Benjamin Hall was raised to the Peerage, Brough wrote "Sir Menenius Agrippa, the Friend of the People," of which *pasquinade* the first stanza, with its funny refrain, repeated all through the poem, may serve as a sample:—

Sir Menenius Agrippa's a Radical stout,
With a rental of sixty-five thousand about:
Of opinions the lowest, though lofty in grade,
A Sir Walter Fitz-Tyler, a Lord John de Cade.
You may call him a leveller—Do, 'tis his pride;
Nay, a stark, staring Democrat—True! of the tide
He's a wave; you may stem him, my Lord, if you can;
Sir Menenius Agrippa's a popular man!
Reform! Vote by ballot! Short Parliaments cry!
Down, down with each Bishop, church, pulpit, and steeple.
The Peerage? Um! ha! Well! we'll see by and by!
Sir Menenius Agrippa's the friend of the people.

"This study," says the author, "is little more than a rhymed generalisation of Mr. Whitty's admirable portrait of an individual pseudo-Radical baronet." And who, my young friends in the political world will ask, is or was Mr. Whitty? Ah, me! Edward Whitty, Butler Cole Aspinall, James Hannay—the Rossetti brotherhood! But we must pass on—*not*, please heaven, on the other side! Whitty, the one brilliant man of that name I have known—the "Thackeray of Politics," as he was aptly called in the *Westminster Review*—once on a time wrote the series of masterly sarcasms, mingled with generous appreciation, entitled "The Stranger in Parliament" and "The Governing Classes." Hence, by the by, Brough's title, the book of poems being dedicated to his Radical friend. Radical, yes; but of no party. Dulness, pompous pretence—cant phrase of Radicalism—were pitilessly scourged both by Whitty and Brough. And, on the other hand, genius, wisdom, devotion, and heroism, found in both these men leal, unpaid, unthanked, unnoticed servitors. When ignorance and stupidity railed loudest at the Prince Consort, Whitty showed how the proud German stood for the English democracy—stood between the People and the Peers! Again, this "Thackeray of Politics" wrote a magnificent paper on Disraeli, full of the eloquent admiration and the wit that is won by wit. At the same time he coolly dismissed a shining light of Liberalism as "probably the stupidest man in the House of Commons." The great Whig Duke, with the old head on the young shoulders, was told that young shoulders are unsuitable for the support of old heads—especially silly old heads. His Grace was likewise reproved for writing dull treatises and delivering duller lectures at an age when he ought to have been "ruining his constitution and getting philosophic views of life." All this independent exercise of critical faculty was of a piece with his friend Hannay's peculiar Toryism, which never influenced his estimates of personal powers. He (Hannay) "revived pamphleteering" only to lash out at a famous Quarterly Reviewer for the great Tory historian's vilification of Carlyle. He crushed an orthodox Conservative author of some stupid "Answer to Renan" with the most contemptuous epigram—*videlicet*—

You answer Renan! That is strange, if true.
Men only answer when they're spoken too;
And Renan speaks to scholars—not to you.

Mark, as a simple matter of literary art, that this epigram is a *rondo* as rare and perfect as Leigh Hunt's famous little gem, "Jenny kissed me," and that the scornful emphasis

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on the word "you" is clinched by the music. Were Hannay and Brough now living, I should scarce have the thanks of either for connecting their names. But let me call attention to the fact that I have placed the name of Whitty between them as a link. There was nothing really antipathetic, even in politics, between the companions, James Hannay and Edward Whitty—between high Tory and extreme Radical—while it was Whitty, as we have seen, who gave Brough the key-note for his "Songs of the Governing Classes."

BEARING-REINS AGAIN.

The bearing-rein question is oddly recurrent. My attention has been specially called to it in the country during the recent dry, sultry weather. I never recollect hearing of so many accidents up-hill and down-hill. Every one is complaining of disabled horses. Many country roads are no better than horse-traps, and the horses, with their heads too often trussed-up, cannot see the holes.

One day last week I saw a fine horse, going slowly up hill, fall down and break his knees terribly; the next day I saw another stumble and kick the carriage half to pieces; and I afterwards heard of two more accidents on the same day in the same road. Some of these were, no doubt, caused by the loose stones; but two, at least, were due to the foolish use of bearing-reins. Here and there a few gentlemen have taken up the late William Fordham Flower's crusade against bearing-reins, but the farmers and waggoners, as well as the fashionables, are still very cruel and stupid. One would have thought that a moment's reflection would be enough to convince any one that a horse must have his head to go up hill, and that he would be less likely to put his foot in a hole or on a loose stone if he were allowed to see either.

But the evil is not confined to the country, nor chiefly rampant there. Since Mr. Flower's eye has been off the parks and places of public amusement [the horses lost a good friend when he died], I have been sorry to notice the frequent abuse about town of these torturing bearing-reins. I have never said that, under no circumstances, should one be used. But I do say that, to see poor brutes tossing their heads at the Healtheries and flower shows, and foaming at the mouth, hour after hour, all through the late hot weather, with their necks twisted back and their mouths gagged half open—whilst the lazy coachman on the box flicked at one or lashed the other with his whip for not standing still—was enough to make one's blood boil. When a horse has to stand for an hour or more, what has the coachman to do that he cannot get down and unloose that terrible strap? For mere appearance I would never have a bearing-rein at all. I had rather my horse looked like what he was, whether by nature he held his head high or low. In nine cases out of ten the bearing-rein is simply clapped on in order to give a smart appearance, not for additional control, and in the tenth it is fixed up because the coachman is clumsy or lazy, and finds it easier to drive with that dismal screw on. But it checks the horse's pace, deforms and then diseases his neck, affronts his sagacity, spoils his temper, and is frequently responsible for his broken knees. Only three people are benefited—the harness-maker, the horse-dealer, and the coachman—all three, alas, influential and often unscrupulous. The first sells you the bearing-reins, the second likes to see your horse worn out by them, in order that he may sell you another, and the last simply saves himself trouble. Meanwhile your horse suffers in the mouth whilst you pay through the nose; as Scriblerus would say, "*Longum et brevis, hujus est hoc!*"

Army and Navy Hotel, Victoria-st., S.W., is probably now the best Hotel in London. Table d'hote 6 to 8. Cookery excellent.

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—The Old Man of the C.

"YOU are old, Father William," the young man cried;
"The few locks that are left you are grey;
Yet you 're still a most hale and remarkable man—
Now, tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," William Ewart replied,
"I remembered that youth would fly fast;
And abused not my health and my vigour at first,
That I never might lack them at last."

"You are hale William Ewart," the young man cried,
"And you never are heard to complain;
But yet I can sadness perceive in your looks;
Pray, what is the source of your pain?"

"Nay, nay, as to that," William Ewart replied,
"Too closely you're seeking to pry;
But if you insist upon knowing the cause,
The Whigs can the answer supply."

"You are old, William Ewart," the young man cried,
"And yet you're more honoured each day;
Now, tell me, I beg, what the reason can be
You're beloved in this wonderful way!"

"All the days of my life," William Ewart replied,
"To do what is right I have tried;
And fearless of scorn and regardless of jeers,
I have ever made duty my guide."

"You are old, William Ewart," the young man cried;
"Yet thousands but yesterday sat
Devouring, for hours, every word that you spoke;
Now, what is the reason of that?"

"Whenever I speak," William Ewart replied,
"I never am acting a part;
But I say what I feel, and each sentence comes straight
From the depths of an Englishman's heart!"

"You are old, William Ewart," the young man cried,
"And honours are surely your due;
Then prithee explain why a title or cross
Has ne'er been accepted by you?"

"In a cross or a star," William Ewart replied,
"No kind of attraction I see;
No, the love of the land and its people's respect
Are honours sufficient for me!"

"You are old, William Ewart," the young man cried,
"And you live in the nation's esteem;
Then why do the Tories insist that a base
And most truculent traitor you seem?"

"'Gainst all honest attacks," William Ewart replied,
"I am safe, thanks to Liberal might;
So such foul-mouthed abuse must be due, I suppose,
To an impotent partisan spite."

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"You are old, William Ewart," the young man cried,
"And yet every year that you live,
You nearer approach to the Radical's creed;
What reason for *this* can you give?"

"In the days of my youth," William Ewart replied,
"Of politics what could I know?
But now every year that I live, I contrive
Still wiser and wiser to grow!"

"You are old, William Ewart," the young man cried,
"And life must be fleeting away,
Yet you stick to your post and refuse to take rest;
Now, what is your reason, I pray?"

"I stick to my post," William Ewart replied,
"Because a great work I've begun,
And mean not to rest, though the Peers do their worst,
Until that great work I have done!"

NOTES FROM PARIS.

PRINCE JOSEPH OF SAXE-COBURG.

THE young Prince of Saxe-Coburg, whose collar-bone and skull were badly fractured the other day in a fall over a precipice on the Fresserwald Mountain, was for some years regarded by his family as a coming Emperor of Brazil. He is the only child of the Princess Léopoldine, second daughter of Dom Pedro, who died within a year of her marriage. His Imperial grandparents came to Europe twelve years ago to see him. He was then a little, fair-haired, blue-eyed boy, who was watched over night and day by the Princess Clémentine of Orleans, his grandmother. She took him about everywhere with her, and was in a fever whenever he was out of her sight. I saw him under her tutelage at Chantilly and Veullettes, on the coast of Normandy. The poor little fellow longed to run small risks with the hardy, barefooted fishers' children; but if he made off from the watchful grandmother to follow their lead, a man-servant or a nursery governess was sent in haste to capture him and bring him back. The illustrious grandam was too tenderhearted to let her darling risk getting bruises. When he had companions of his age, they were nicely-tamed fledglings, who had been, as they say here, "brought up in wadding." He learned to ride, swim, dance, shoot, and practise gymnastics under the care of masters, but he was rarely confided à la grâce de Dieu. Without being exactly a "crock," his manliness was an artificial product. Falls from slippery rocks at the sea-side would have made him surefooted, and enabled him to climb with safety the Fresserwald crags. His cousin, Prince Henri d'Orleans, son of the Duc de Chartres, who was with him, has been reared like an English boy, and though scholarly, is no milksop. He, as a reward for passing a brilliant examination for an university degree, was taken on a trip to the Engadine and the Austrian Alps. Prince and Princesse de Joinville accompanied the Duke and Duchess and their children, and were met at Aussee by their Saxe-Coburg relations. The two young Princes were gathering mountain flowers when the accident took place. Prince Henri cannot say whether his cousin fell owing to a slip of the foot or giddiness, but he rather thinks the latter. The precipice was formed by a ledge of rock overhanging a cliff fifty feet high. Prince Joseph is a naturalist, and already a distinguished musician and draughtsman. He was in the habit of sending his Brazilian grandfather collections of plants and insects which he had made, as birthday souvenirs. Since the Crown Princess of Brazil was a mother, his position became less important in the Imperial family. However, as her children have delicate constitutions, there was a probability that he might one day occupy the Throne of Brazil. The Princess Clémentine, who has been his preceptress, arranged to marry him to her grand-niece and namesake, the youngest daughter of the King of the Belgians.

We watch in France with some interest the conflict between the House of Commons and the House of Lords. Rue de la Paix tradespeople have a greater interest in that body retaining its privileges and wealth than the rural population of England. Peeresses, and the daughters they are bringing out, come to Paris for their corsets, *lingerie*, artificial hair, improvers, gowns, costumes, bonnets, &c. Peers enjoy themselves between the grouse season and the opening of Parliament at Cannes and Nice. The names which figure in the *Morning Post* in May and June fill the columns of *Gazettes des Étrangers*, along the Riviera, in February, March, and April; Mayfair is present there at Flower Tournaments. In times past, when the nobleman was, through the danger and difficulty of travelling, nearly as much attached to the glebe as was the hind, his privileged position did not weigh upon his tenants. He was like water on a high level, which keeps mill-wheels turning. As he had only one stomach, could not vary his amusements, and found it hard to convert rents paid in kind into money, his function was of necessity a generous one; but he can now go to fish for salmon in Norway, to shoot in the United States, bathe on the coasts of France and Holland, to cheat the winter in the Mediterranean, and to gamble, if inclined for the excitement of the public hell, at Monaco and Bagnières de Luchon. Nor is he slow to benefit by the facilities which steam locomotion give him to change his pleasures. In this respect not even the Conservative Lord Salisbury is a Tory. Of course, it is impossible for Hatfield cottagers to profit by what is spent at Dieppe and at San Raphaël. The Beaconsfield system of three classes living on land was good before a network of railways was spread over the old and new continents. If the nobility had been consistent in its Toryism, and had resisted all temptations to rush abroad in search of amusement, there would have been little reason to wish for its discstablishment. The best part of the £30,000 a-year of the late Lord Cardigan passes into foreign pockets. The late Lord Lonsdale lived most of his time in Paris and at Vésinet. The Dowager Duchess of Hamilton spends her jointure at Baden-Baden and Vienna; and the late Duke, her husband, was one of the best patrons of the Maison Dorée, where he was killed by falling downstairs after a joyous supper.

Manufacturers would, if they could, dash about their wealth on the Continent. But their business necessities

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I certainly recommend Mr. & Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most just and liberal purchasers of Cast-off Clothes, Jewellery, and every description of property. They punctually keep appointments, and remit P.O.O. for articles per return.

force them to stay in England and spend it there. A wealthy Peer, who has no serious occupation, except obstruction, is really a man of heroic virtue when he stays at home for the benefit of his tenants, when he might be going from one haunt of pleasure to another in sunnier countries than England.

SPORTING NOTES.

THERE is scarcely a single sporting paper which has not eulogised the managers of the York Races for their liberality in adding £4,000 to the stakes which were run for at that meeting. There is no reason that one should be surprised to find mendacious announcements of this sort put forth by the people who are directly interested; but I do think that writers in responsible newspapers might take the trouble to investigate the truth of the statements on which they comment. The York programme sets forth that £400 is added to the Convivial Stakes, £500 to the Prince of Wales, and £500 to the Great Yorkshire. As a matter of fact, the voracious "fund" got back in entrances £226 from the first, £312 from the second, and £249 from the third; so that instead of £1,400 being added to these stakes, only £613 was really given, the balance coming out of the pockets of the ingenuous subscribers. People who ignorantly endorse the incredibly impudent statements of race managers (it is the same thing every week, all over the country) certainly have no adequate sense of the obligation which turf writers who profess to deal with facts owe to owners of horses and other persons who might be taken in by such flagrant examples of the *suppressio veri*, and be induced to enter their steeds in the stakes which are so unwarrantably held up for admiration. It seems to be thought that in dealing with such matters the difference between an accurate and a grossly inaccurate statement is not worth the trouble of five minutes' study of the *Calendar*.

York has fallen so low that it can scarcely sink any lower; but when a programme is disfigured by a stake with such entirely outrageous conditions as the Convivial, there is no reason to be surprised at the degeneracy of this "classic" meeting. The programme requires a very rigorous revision throughout, and several of the obsolete stakes might very well be discontinued. Last week there were 87 starters during the three days. Ten years ago there were 128, and then only £2,800 was "added" to the various stakes. The Ebor Handicap has shared the fate of the Northumberland Plate, and has sunk into utter contempt. It was won cleverly for I'Anson, the Malton trainer, by Ben Alder, by King Lud—a colt who was bred by Lord Scarborough, and whose career has not hitherto been distinguished by any remarkable successes. Ben Alder must have been fairly well tried, for he was very heavily backed, but it took him all his time to beat Quilt at 9 lb., and there can be no doubt that the mare would have won easily but for the 10 lb. penalty which she earned at Brighton. Lizzie was the great tip on the day of the race, but she was beaten by some hundred yards. People must have been crazy to back Lawminster at the weights. The Oaks showed clearly enough that there was no reason for the support which Spring Morn has received for the Leger, as Clochette, who is no flyer, beat her easily. The Ebor Leger was won by Conaglen, a rarely-bred colt, being by Blair Athole—Periwig, who was bred in 1872 by Lord Falmouth, and is half-sister, by Macaroni, to Silvio. Conaglen was bought as a yearling at the Hampton Court sale, and cost 300 gs. Odds were laid on Borneo for the Yorkshire Stakes, but he seems to be wretchedly bad, for he was beaten without much trouble by Mr. L. Rothschild's Damietta, by Kisber, of whom it is sufficient to say that she was defeated the other day at Kempton by that very moderate colt, Doncaster Cup. The only other event I need notice is the Prince of Wales's Stakes, which was won in a canter for Lord Zetland by that fine, slashing filly, St. Helena, by Hermit, to whose good looks and promising appearance I drew special attention after Goodwood. St. Helena is a big two-year-old of the Queen Adelaide type, and I think her owner would do well not to knock her about too much this season, especially as she has twenty engagements next year. This race had been booked as a good thing for Armida, the half-sister to Galliard, for which Lord Hastings paid 3,200 gs. at the sale of Lord Falmouth's stud; but she has met with a serious accident. I do not, however, believe that she would have beaten St. Helena, although she would have had 15 lb. the best of the weights. It would really appear as if Providence resented the dispersal of the Mereworth stud, for most assuredly the buyers of "the finest two-year-olds ever seen" have good cause to deplore their bargains. I have already mentioned that the 4,000 gs. Louisburg has proved a comparative failure, and the 2,500 gs. Cocoanut was twice beaten by moderate animals at Goodwood. The 2,200 gs. Esther Faa is now the only hope of these cracks, and I fancy it will turn out that she, too, is not in the first class. "Mr. Manton" has sustained a severe loss by the death of the 1,300 gs. foal by Galopin—Cantinière. There seems to be a curse on the produce of this mare. Tinman, her colt by Sterling, was one of Lord Falmouth's best yearlings in 1882, but no sooner had he been engaged in several stakes than he died. Last year there was Killifreth, her colt by Hampton, who was a long way the best-looking of the whole lot, and who was entered for more than thirty races. He dropped down dead after a gallop—a tragic event for Lord Falmouth, as, judging from the prices paid for the other two-year-olds, he would have fetched at least £4,000 at the sale, to say nothing of the £700 there is to pay for his forfeits.

Florence won the Jubilee Prize at Baden very easily, but apparently she had not much to beat, as Keir might as well have been in his stable. He was not backed by anybody, and was said to be "all to pieces." It is preposterous to suppose that Florence could have given Keir 16 lb. if the latter had been in form. It is droll to remember that in the City and Suburban "Mr. Manton's" horse was made to give the mare 20 lb. What Florence was doing when she ran nowhere at Epsom with 6 st. 12 lb. it is certainly difficult to conjecture. Her party seem to have been furiously disappointed by her defeat at Good-

On Thursday, 18th September, 1884, Messrs. Tattersall will sell at Belhus, Aveley, Essex, The Belhus Hunters. For Catalogue and particulars, see p. 381.

wood, for, according to a leading New York journal, her trainer, Sherwood, exclaimed, shortly after the race, "My mare would have won right enough if Archer had ridden her properly. I felt inclined to knock him out of the saddle when he came back to the paddock." Another American paper gives a very much more vivacious version of Sherwood's splenetic display. I should like to know how it can be made out that Florence ought to have beaten Stockholm at 35 lb.! It is a fantastical puerility to talk of Archer having laid off too long, considering the respective weights and the style in which the French mare won.

The richest two-year-old stake ever run for in America was the Champion Stallion Stakes at Monmouth Park last month. The winner received £3,500 and the second £600. It was won in a walk for Mr. Lorillard by Wanda, by Mortemer—Minnie Minor, by Lexington; who was backed by her owner to win a very large stake; and there was great enthusiasm after her victory, as she defeated the Californian cracks, which were supposed at Saratoga to be invincible. It is a pity that Mr. Lorillard has not entered any of his young Mortemers for English stakes. His horses will run in future as the property of "the Rancocas Stable," as he has made his son, Mr. N. G. Lorillard, his racing partner. He is wisely mindful of the uncertainty of life, and does not forget that in the event of his death all the engagements of his large and valuable stud would become void, which would depreciate its value some fifty per cent. in the eyes of American buyers. Under the American rules of racing, "If any of the parties to a joint subscription die, all rights and liabilities attach to the survivor or survivors."

The catalogue of the Doncaster sales is of portentous length, and breeders must be anxiously speculating where on earth buyers are to come from for half the lots. On Tuesday, in Mr. Wright's team, are sisters to Antler and to Richmond. From Marden Park will come up six very well-bred yearlings, which were not sent to Sandown in June. Mr. H. Webster also sends for sale four mares, of which one is half-sister (by Scottish Chief) to Busybody, another represents the late Mr. Cartwright's best strain, and another is half-sister (by Toxophilite) to Peregrine and to Queen Adelaide. On Wednesday, there are ten of Lord Scarborough's yearlings, and sixteen from Waresley, among them a half-brother (by Chevron) to Geheimniss. Mr. Lyndon's filly by Petrarch—Frivolity ought to be a flyer if there is anything in "running blood;" but, so far, this mare has not been a success at the stud. There are five yearlings from Lord Bradford's stud, three with seductive pedigrees from Mr. Eyke's, five from Rufford Abbey, and six from Mr. Howett's stud. On Thursday Mr. C. Harrison has six, including a brother to Hermitage. Mr. H. Harrison sends up a brother to Luminary, and then come sixteen from Moorlands (the mares and foals belonging to this stud will be sold without reserve on Friday), seven from Neasham, and eleven from Myton, all of which lot are sired by Syrian or Carnelion. Mr. H. S. Constable sends up sixteen, and there are eleven of Mr. Carew-Gibson's, including a half sister (by Blair Athole) to Rosy Morn. There are thirteen from Yardley, among them a brother to Keir. On Friday Mr. Taylor Sharpe has eleven, and there are nine from the Blink Bonny stud, including fillies by Beauclerc out of Madam du Barry and Dresden China. I observe scattered about the catalogue a number of lots which were put up during the July week, but which were sent back in consequence of the exorbitant reserves which had been placed upon them by their addle-brained breeders.

Sanitary Inspection.—Fee, 2 Guineas. Improvement works undertaken. The Sanitary Engineering Co., 115, Victoria-st., Westminster.

DONCASTER.

The prospects of next week's meeting are not particularly brilliant, and, except for the big race, it does not seem probable that the sport will be very exciting. The Champagne (in which £375 of the £500 which is advertised to be added has been got back by the minor forfeit, which goes to the fund—a most iniquitous device at so rich a meeting as Doncaster) seems likely to fall to St. Helena, who will, I apprehend, be able to beat Chopette colt, Royal Hampton, Golden Ray, Langwell, Grecian Bride, Glamour, and Albert, which are the best of the lot left in. The "dark" contingent includes a brother to Whitelock and Esther Faa (by Skylark—Wheel of Fortune). "Mr. Manton" has left in three out of five. The 820 gs. Sweet Willie was backward when he last ran, and the 750 gs. Willie Darling is said to be smart. St. Helena is sure to run, as she is very well now, and there are no penalties for winners.

There is nothing particularly smart in the Tattersall Sale Stakes; and the best of the public lot in the Rous Plate is Chopette colt. As to the three-year-old event, the Scarborough Stakes (Thursday) has Hermitage, who will surely be able to beat Loch Ranza, Beauchamp, and Darlington, which are the best of the remainder. On Friday, the Cup will, of course, fall to St. Simon, as I hear he is to be entered for it. The Park Hill has Cherry (3 lb. ex.), Busybody (7 lb. ex.), and Spring Morn, Superba, Sandiway, and Queen Adelaide (each 3 lb. ex.). This may be a very interesting race, but, pending the Leger, it would be absurd and idiotic to attempt to predict the winner; and it is the same with the Doncaster Stakes, in which are engaged Quilt, Harvester (12 lb. ex.), Busybody (7 lb. ex.), Doncaster Cup, Talisman, and Cambusmore. Can anything be more egregiously ridiculous than the imposition on this race of a 7 lb. penalty for winning the Great Yorkshire Stakes, when there is only 3 lb. for the Two Thousand or One Thousand, and nothing for the Epsom Grand Prize and other rich stakes which have sprung up of late years?

The Leger is a most puzzling race to deal with. There has been nothing like it for several years past, and people who wagered early must have been thrown into perpetual ecstasies of bewilderment and apprehension. The sensation of last week was the knock-out of Busybody. People who were fatuous enough to back this mare, well knowing her very critical condition, richly deserve to lose their money. She has presumably taken leave of the turf, but she has proved the one good bargain of Lord Falmouth's sale, for her purchaser has got back nearly £4,500 in stakes alone, and she is worth every shilling of the balance as a brood mare. For reasons which diplomatic reserve

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Goode's Depôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

forbids me to disclose, I must reluctantly throw over Scot Free, and I cannot recommend Superba, for whom, indeed, I have never had any fancy for this race. There is nothing in Lambkin's public form to justify one in anticipating his success. He was "lost" by Little Duck in the Grand Prix, and if 8 to 1 is a proper price to take about him, I wonder what odds would be laid to the Duc de Castries' steed if he were engaged. In my opinion, Lambkin is indebted for his unduly exalted position in the betting to the fact that he is trained in a fashionable stable. There is nothing very encouraging in the public form of Hermitage, who was running in selling races last autumn. Harvester is again in demand; but I cannot believe in him after the Goodwood experiences, nor shall I depend upon Sir Reuben. Of the Kingsclere pair, Cambusmore will most likely be ridden by Archer, but he is far more likely to win the Doncaster Stakes than the Leger; and Sandiway (who may be ridden by Webb, if she starts on Wednesday) has a much better chance in the Park Hill. Circumstances have come to my knowledge which have entirely upset my original ideas as to the issue of the Leger. For the winner I shall now look to Queen Adelaide, and Cormeille is very likely to get a place.

MAMMON.

EGYPTIANS.

"WHY is it," asks a correspondent, "that you said a short time ago that Egyptian Preferred Stock was a sound security, and that you now suggest that we should leave Fgypt and her creditors to stew in their own juice, and that you call the latter Shylocks? I hold some of this Stock. I paid for it rather more than its present price. I get, therefore, a trifle over five per cent. for my money. Why am I a 'Shylock'?"

The primary cause of our interference in Egypt was to aid Ismail in providing ways and means to pay interest on his debts. These debts had been recklessly incurred. A portion of the amount which they realised had gone into his pocket, and a portion into the pockets of intermediaries. A small portion—probably equivalent to the amount of the Preferred Stock—had been expended on public works. The terms paid for accommodation were so onerous that the bargain had been a Shylockian one. Even innocent holders of the bonds, consequently, are Shylocks, because they replace the original usurers. The result of our meddling has been that the debt has largely increased. At present the Egyptians cannot provide means to pay interest on it and to meet administrative expenditure. I hold to two principles: 1, that cost of administration must, from its very nature, come before payment of interest on debt; 2, that it is not our business as a nation to see that interest upon debts incurred by a foreign Government is met. I believe, moreover, that we ought not to annex Egypt, or to establish a protectorate over it, because politically we should be losers rather than gainers. What, then, remains for us to do? To evacuate Egypt, and, as I have said, to leave Egyptians and Egyptian creditors to stew in their own juice, merely laying down, as a necessity of the position, that we would allow no foreign nation to exercise sway there. The result of this would be that the burdens on the fellahs would be so reduced that whilst there would be sufficient taxes collected to pay interest on the Preferred Debt and to meet administrative expenses, very little would remain for the Unified bondholders. The Preferred Debt would in reality be bettered by this, for at present the risk is that fresh borrowings may involve the issuing of bonds which would have preference over it. It must, moreover, be remembered that the special security for the interest on this debt consists of the railroads and the dues of the port of Alexandria; and if the former were well managed, probably these would cover interest. On the whole, therefore, looking at the matter from a financial, rather than from a political, standpoint, I should say that, come what may, the holders of Preferred Stock are fairly certain of getting at least 4½ per cent. on their bonds, and, if this be so, intrinsically they are worth more than their present price, although it is very possible that their market price may fall. At the late Conference, the French, far from seeking to protect holders of Preference Bonds, insisted—unjustly as I thought—upon these rowing in the same boat as the holders of Unified. The final refusal to assent to any reduction on either was an afterthought. The entire French policy was evidently based upon the subserviency of the French Ministers to certain great cosmopolitan financialists who hold large amounts of Unified Bonds, and who wish to foist them off upon the public. The French Ministers must have been aware that over-taxation and insufficient revenue to meet administrative expenditure must utterly ruin a country. Their aim is and has been to conceal the bankruptcy of Fgypt until the cosmopolitan financiers, whose slaves they are, have sold their Unified Bonds to fools.

VENEZUELA.

General Guzman Blanco, late President of Venezuela, has recently arrived in this country as Minister Plenipotentiary of that Republic. Some time ago Mr. Austin obtained concessions in Venezuela for working certain mines, for which he paid a large sum into the Provincial Treasury. These concessions passed into the hands of third parties, and large sums were expended upon them. Disputes as to ownership, however, arose, on which General Guzman Blanco cut the Gordian Knot by cancelling the concessions, and giving the mines to his own brother-in-law. This brother-in law is since dead, and if General Guzman Blanco is, as reported, endeavouring to sell the concessions in London, he should be told that this cannot be permitted.

THE GENERAL CREDIT COMPANY.

A few weeks ago I called attention to the fact, that were the assets of this Company distributed amongst the shareholders, the holder of every share would receive £4. 3s. 8d., whereas, at the market price, the shares were only worth £3. 5s. Since then I observe that the price has fallen,

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and that the shares are now only worth £3. 2s. 6d. in the market. In point of fact, however, this is not their market price, for were any one to endeavour to sell large amounts, he would not be able to obtain even £3 per share. The reason for this I explained. People object to become shareholders in a Company which discounts bills, and particularly foreign bills, and which expends a large annual sum in carrying on this business. The profit is very small, and the risk is very great, as frequently £100,000 worth of bills have to be discounted in order to make a few pounds. Unless, therefore, the shareholders are perfect fools, they will insist upon voluntary liquidation. I am quite aware that Directors and City gentlemen are under the impression that shareholders are sheep sent by Providence to be shorn for the benefit of those who derive salaries, or who in some other way profit by the existence of a Company. In their opinion, shareholders whose £4 is converted into £3 by being invested in a Company, ought to thank all connected with it for being so good as to take salaries to bring about so desirable a consummation. In the opinion of others, however, £4 in hard cash is a good deal better than £3 in a Company—all the more if the Company only earns dividends by incurring such considerable risks, that it is by no means impossible that the £3 may one of these days not only disappear, but resolve itself into a call for more money. Directors like to increase their incomes by fees, and provided that the fees are forthcoming, they care very little what the shareholders may lose. This General Credit Company is mainly in the hands of Scotsmen of the barnacle breed. They have fastened on to it, and a very comfortable thing, I have no doubt, they have made out of it. It is full time, however, that the shareholders should look after their property. Amongst other strange doings, the Directors undervalue the property of the Company in order, it is to be presumed, to prevent the shareholders from insisting upon its distribution. Thus the freehold premises belonging to the Company are set down in the balance-sheets at less than half their value. A portion of these premises is let to one of the Scotch barnacles, but what he pays for it does not appear in the accounts.

UNION BANK OF SPAIN AND ENGLAND.

Anglo-Continental banking, as carried on by Companies under the Limited Liability Act, is, for some reason or other, not generally successful; it appears to constitute a more suitable field for private firms. The Union Bank of Spain and England is a case in point. It is now in the third year of its existence, and it distributed its first dividend of 6 per cent. per annum last year. The distribution of that dividend was, in my opinion, a mistake, considering the position of the bank, and I am surprised that the announcement that the Directors do not consider it advisable to distribute an interim dividend for the first half of the current year should have found the shareholders unprepared for such an eventuality. The balance-sheet made up to the 31st of December was by no means strong, and ought to have suggested both to Directors and shareholders the advisability of building up a reserve fund. It contained an item of £301,302 debtors on current account, a large proportion of which is evidently unsecured, consisting of blank credits granted on the Continental banking system. That this kind of business is of a risky nature is confirmed by the fact that the Directors set aside the sum of £10,000 in view of some of the outstanding accounts in the South of Spain not having yet been recovered, owing to the depression existing there. The Directors stated at the meeting held in March that they were advised that no loss was likely to occur, while their circular just issued evidently anticipates the loss to be made, for now they "are advised that the amount set aside at the end of last year will suffice to cover any loss on the outstanding accounts." The bank's paid-up capital consists of £200,000; its liabilities on bills payable and deposit and current accounts are over £330,000; while the assets immediately available are only £34,000 in cash, £112,000 in bills receivable (probably mostly trade bills), £77,000 in loans on securities, and £25,000 in Spanish Stocks, &c. Considering financial matters generally in Spain, it is quite on the cards that the Bank may, at some time or other, have to sustain a severe financial shock, and the only way to prepare for such an emergency, apart from exercising great care in the credits given, is the creation of a reserve fund. Until a nucleus of such a reserve has been established, no further dividends ought, in the shareholders' own interest, to be distributed, however much the short-sighted among them may clamour.

THE FATE OF ELECTRIC LIGHT COMPANIES.

One after another, the Electric Light Companies, which owe their existence to the electric light mania of 1881, are collapsing. The havoc is worst among the unfortunate offsprings of Father Brush; but then the jobbery was also worst in connection with these Companies. Rarely has the promoter's greed and its baneful consequences been so strikingly illustrated as in the case of the electric light, and the result is, apart from the loss of many millions sterling, a delay of at least some years in the more general introduction of the new light in this country, for the British investor will, very naturally, fight shy of a branch of industry which has cost him so dear. He has already insisted upon a reduction of capital to the paid-up amount in the undertakings which still keep themselves afloat, thus precluding further liability, and nobody can blame him for it. Among the concerns struggling to keep their heads above water is the Pilsen-Joël and General Electric Light Company. Although the amount of the purchase-money for patents has been very considerably reduced, it transpired at the meeting held last week that the Company has, notwithstanding the greatest economy, failed to retrieve its fortunes, and it is probable that the business will be discontinued. The last "Brush" offspring which has had to pay the penalty of non-success is the Eastern Electric Light and Power Company. I suppose the bulk of the amount paid on the shares, some £148,000, may be considered as lost. By the way, Pender, M.P., appears to have been connected with the formation of this Company, for Mr. James Pender figures as one of the signatories of the memorandum of association, and Mr. William Peyton,

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C.

The Belgrave Laundry, 194 & 196, Ebury-street, Belgravia A laundry for high-class families.

secretary of several of Pender's Telegraph Companies, is down for 1,334 shares. Whether the most important of the "Brush" Companies—the Hammond—will survive, will depend on the result of this year's working. A repetition of last year's heavy loss would, I imagine, prove fatal.

QUEER STORIES.

THE CAPTAIN'S "COUP."

CAPTAIN BELPER had long cherished the design of kidnapping old Mr. Farquarson from the lunatic asylum in which he was confined, but he wisely deferred attempting this bold exploit until his other engagements left him free to quit the country. At length the time arrived when, through the failure or miscarriage of various schemes laboriously concocted for the edification of guileless Britishers, the astute American found himself under the necessity of "making tracks" for the land of his birth. Under these circumstances, he no longer hesitated to carry out his grand "coup"—in fact, he was driven to it by sheer desperation. He counted upon realising a considerable sum by extorting ransom from the relatives of the unfortunate victim, for old Mr. Farquarson was enormously wealthy, and family jealousies and dissensions existed regarding him, which could be turned to profitable account. Though by no means unconscious of the hazardous nature of his enterprise, Captain Belper never doubted that he would be able to effect his purpose without serious risk. He had tried the experiment before on his own side of the Atlantic, and flattered himself he could make good use of his previous experiences.

It is hardly necessary to enter into details of the Captain's scheme for the abduction of his victim. It was remarkable rather for its simplicity and boldness than for any particular ingenuity, being effected by means of a handsome bribe to one of the assistant keepers, who permitted the patient to wander beyond the prescribed bounds on a certain evening, when Captain Belper happened to be taking a drive along the adjoining high road.

Poor old Mr. Farquarson resigned himself to the care of the Captain readily enough. He was perfectly quiet and tractable, and seemed quite dazed from mingled trepidation and amazement. The metropolis was reached by a circuitous route, and at Hampstead Captain Belper left the dog-cart at the inn from which he had hired it, continuing his journey in a cab. He first conducted his companion to his lodgings in the neighbourhood of the Strand, having taken every precaution to ensure privacy. Here he quickly effected a complete change in his own personal appearance, and operated with a similar result upon his patient victim, shaving off the hair from his face, painting out the wrinkles, and even concealing his baldness with a highly artistic wig. Arrayed in a suit of well-cut clothes, which the Captain's forethought had provided, poor old Mr. Farquarson was metamorphosed into a man of half his age, and might well have failed to recognise himself had he glanced at the looking-glass.

He did not attempt to do this, however, and Captain Belper felt vaguely alarmed at the poor old gentleman's passive and tremulous demeanour. While nothing could have better suited his purpose, the Captain began to be apprehensive that this extreme docility arose from increasing terror and nervousness, which might cause him to betray himself. Mr. Farquarson asked no questions and evinced no curiosity as to their present or future proceedings; but it may be here stated that Captain Belper had hired a small cottage in the immediate neighbourhood of Greenhithe, close to the river, where he intended to keep his victim in hiding for a few days, until the course of events should decide him whether to remain in England for the present, or to carry Mr. Farquarson off with him, and conduct negotiations for the ransom from abroad.

By way of inspiring the poor old gentleman with a little more animation, the Captain administered to him a stiff glass of brandy, which had the desired effect, for Mr. Farquarson began to evince anxiety to continue their flight, so Captain Belper led him cautiously to the street, and hailed a passing hansom, directing the driver to take them to London Bridge station, from whence he intended, in order to evade pursuit, to reach Blackwall by another cab. The travellers carried no luggage, so as to obviate, as much as possible, any chance of identification; and the Captain had taken the precaution to purchase their tickets early in the morning for the same reason. In a word, he had neglected nothing that human ingenuity could devise that might throw the police off the scent. He was already commencing to congratulate himself upon the progress of his plans, when his companion, who had again relapsed into terrified silence after entering the hansom, suddenly uttered an exclamation, gave a violent start, and fell back into his corner.

The Captain's first impression was that the poor old gentleman had been startled by some familiar face in the crowded street through which they were passing, but upon turning towards him with a reassuring remark, he perceived that Mr. Farquarson had fainted. The Captain swore a little at this unexpected *contretemps*, and was proceeding hurriedly to loosen the old gentleman's cravat, and to apply the usual remedies for restoring consciousness, when he was seized with a horrible suspicion which, for a moment, completely unnerved him. The cab was passing across Ludgate-circus, and in the glare of gas which illuminated the interior at that point Mr. Farquarson's features were plainly visible. After a startled scrutiny, the Captain caught hold of the hand nearest to him, placed his fingers on the pulse, and then jumped to his feet with an uncontrollable impulse, as he realised that his unfortunate companion was dead!

The shock of this dreadful discovery so disconcerted Captain Belper that he shouted to the driver to stop, and leapt out of the cab into the middle of the road. But, in spite of his horror-stricken state, he retained sufficient presence of mind to turn round and close the doors of the hansom, saying hurriedly:—

"Thanks for giving me a lift. Good-bye, old fellow. Remember me at home. Drive on, cabby," he added; "no time to lose. My friend has a train to catch."

The cabman touched his hat, and drove off without the least suspicion of anything being amiss; while the Captain,

Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street Grosvenor-square.

feeling intensely relieved, plunged down the first side street and mechanically turned his steps westward. As soon as his agitation began to subside, he commenced to lament over the failure of his highly-promising enterprise. This was a serious disappointment to the Captain, for the scheme had involved a considerable pecuniary outlay. Mr. Farquarson's sudden death was a totally unforeseen contingency, and was probably due to syncope of the heart, caused by fright and excitement. Captain Belper had previously made careful inquiries as to the state of health of the deceased man, having at one time commenced negotiations with a view of buying the numerous acceptances and post-obits which were held by the money-lending fraternity from old Mr. Farquarson's nephew and reputed heir. This was in the halcyon days of prosperity which he enjoyed on his arrival in this country; but subsequent reverses, and more particularly the robust health of the object of his tender solicitude, had induced him to abandon the speculation.

Under the circumstances, it was natural that the Captain's thoughts should revert to his former project, which afforded him the alluring prospect of profiting by what had happened. If Mr. Farquarson's flight and subsequent death should, by a fortunate chance, not become known for twelve hours, he still saw his way to recoup himself for his recent losses. To be sure, this would exhaust the whole of his available capital, but the Captain was a born gambler, and never hesitated about any pecuniary risk. His chief difficulty was that he had behaved rather cavalierly to Mr. Benlevi, the money-lender, by commissioning him to procure as much of young Farquarson's paper as he could lay his hands upon, and then leaving him in the lurch. It was impossible to ignore the fact that such conduct was calculated to make Mr. Benlevi awkward to deal with at this critical juncture, and he felt that he had good reason to fear the money-lender's resentment.

However, this consideration, though sufficiently serious, did not deter Captain Belper from resolving to adopt the last resource that remained to him, and accordingly, early next morning, he called at Mr. Benlevi's office, having ascertained from a careful perusal of the morning's news that nothing concerning the late Mr. Farquarson had transpired. His manner was cheerful and confident, for since the preceding evening he had destroyed all traces of his recent expedition, and felt very little anxiety about his personal safety.

Mr. Benlevi received him, as he had anticipated, with very scant civility.

"I've come about that little business we spoke of a month or two back," said the Captain, with cheerful equanimity.

"Nearly a year back," remarked Mr. Benlevi, coldly, though it was evident he did not intend to allow his feelings to stand in the way of a good bargain.

"Not so much as that, surely;" returned Captain Belper, lighting a cigarette. "'Pon my word, I've had so many things to attend to that I've not noticed the progress of the enemy. Besides, this is a trifling affair."

"It depends on what you call a trifling affair," said Mr. Benlevi, drily.

"Well, it isn't a question of millions," said the Captain, with a wave of his hand.

"You don't suppose I've kept all that paper for you," grumbled Mr. Benlevi, evidently impressed by the Captain's off-hand manner.

"Well, if you havn't, just say so, and don't keep me fooling around here all day!" said Captain Belper, concealing his anxiety beneath a tone of asperity.

"I daresay, however, that I could lay my hands on the documents you require in the course of an hour or two," returned Mr. Benlevi, becoming suddenly civil.

"No, never mind," said Captain Belper, rising from his chair with an air of irritation, and flinging his cigarette into the fireplace, "I don't really want 'em. Fact is, I'm a man of honour, and I didn't like to go back from my word. If it hadn't been for that——"

"Stay! stay! Don't be hasty, Captain! don't be hasty!" interrupted Mr. Benlevi, fumbling in his pocket for his keys, and turning round to the safe behind him. "For the moment, I don't recollect what I did with the things."

This was obviously a subterfuge, and a grin of satisfaction crossed the Captain's face as he lingered, with apparent unwillingness, with his hand on the door. Mr. Benlevi, meanwhile, was manifestly undecided and ill at ease. He would naturally have preferred not to close with the Captain without making inquiries concerning old Mr. Farquarson's welfare. On the other hand, he was perfectly aware that the gentleman in question was regarded as a very good life, and might last another twenty years or more. He knew, too, as a fact, that Mr. Farquarson had been in robust health up to within a week or two, and he had no reason to suppose that anything had occurred since. If the Captain's proposal had been something new and unexpected, Mr. Benlevi's suspicions would have been aroused. But it merely referred to a former negotiation, since which date the money-lender had satisfied himself that the Captain's speculation was perfectly legitimate. This circumstance helped to reassure him, and he was by no means averse to getting rid of the securities the Captain required, provided he could make an immediate profit. He therefore resumed his place at his desk after a somewhat prolonged search, which resulted in his finding the papers.

"Here they are," he remarked, with a faint attempt at surprise. "'Pon my word, I had forgotten them."

"I thought it was all bunkum," interrupted the Captain, not looking by any means so relieved as he felt.

"Have you heard lately how the old gentleman is?" inquired Mr. Benlevi, with a very keen glance at his companion.

The Captain, however, answered in the negative, with a perfectly imperturbable countenance, and Mr. Benlevi gained nothing by his scrutiny. Without more ado, therefore, the money-lender mentioned the sum for which he was willing to part with the documents, and his offer was met by a counter-proposition, which tended still further to dissipate his misgivings. After a good deal of haggling as to terms, a bargain was struck between the parties, and at the end of the interview, the Captain went forth from Mr. Ben-

Vanity Fair says:—"Mr. Benjamin is still the Prince of Ulster and Stalking-Coat Makers." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

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levi's office with the pleasing consciousness of having at least retrieved his losses.

To add to his satisfaction, he procured, a few yards from Mr. Benlevi's doors, an early edition of an evening paper, containing a brief announcement of the sudden death of an unknown gentleman in a hansom cab in the City the preceding evening. There was nothing in the paragraph calculated to excite the money-lender's suspicions, even supposing it had appeared in the morning papers, but the Captain was, nevertheless, highly delighted that the news had been delayed till he had completed his bargain. He chuckled to himself as he read the account, the more especially as it did not suggest that the deceased had been accompanied by a companion during part of his fatal ride.

(*To be continued.*)

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—Are you not delighted that plain black silks are to be worn again? I have just ordered one, and I think it will be a perfect duck of a dress. The skirt is to have three flounces all round, of the kind that is cut out in points, and then pleated up. All three flounces are to be edged with lace. There is no tunic or panier, and the bodice is what milliners call "round." That is, it has no basque, but is provided with a silk band. It is full in front—and, oh, dear! how I *hope* it will fit! I adore black silk, and *poult-de-soie* seems softer and more beautiful than ever as now made.

Do you remember the broché silk that Maud bought at Jay's three years ago, and that you said would not wear well? Well, dear, she bids me tell you that she is still wearing it, and that it still looks quite fresh. It is one of her pet dresses, and it seems as fond of her as she is of it. The skirt is as good as ever, or looks so, but the bodice began to grow shiny, and is now replaced by a red one in fine cloth, braided in black.

What a change in the weather, is it not? It has made us think of autumn gowns, and we sent for a sample card of Louis velveteen the other day. It has come, but the shades are all so pretty that we cannot choose. We take it in turns to hold the different colours up to our faces in the glass to see how they become us, and endeavour to look impartially at our reflections, as though we had never seen them before. There is a delicious mignonette green with which I have fallen in love: but then I am also in love with a golden brown, a "night green," just the colour of an emerald, a mouse-grey, a grenat, and a navy blue. So what am I to do? I think I must decide upon black, after all, for it is impossible to choose among so many rival colours, all equally attractive.

By the way, there is a straw-colour that would just do for the dinner dress you want. It will be warm enough for long drives on cold winter evenings, and yet festive enough in appearance for almost anything.

Maud has just got her gown home from Redfern. It is made of claret-coloured vicuna, the only trimming on the skirt being a deep band of claret-coloured velvet at the edge, and several rows of tucks placed at intervals all the way up to the waist. The tunic is draped in graceful folds high on the hip at one side, and falls low in a deep point on the other. There is a long, pointed drapery at the back. The bodice is habit-shaped, with collar, cuffs, and waistcoat of the velvet. They have sent with it a sweet little modified Tam O'Shanter, made of claret velvet. It is extremely becoming to Maud, and is not one of the huge, eccentric things that were first known by that name, but a quiet-enough looking head-gear.

The stuff called "skirting," which we have often said would make such pretty dresses, is now actually being used for the skirts of them. Some of the colours are rather bright, but then they are toned down by the dark serge or vicuna of the bodice and drapery. A lady here wore a very pretty dress of this kind the other day, with skirt of black striped with yellow silk, and a tiny red line running down each side of the stripe. Over this was a black cashmere polonaise, pointed back and front, and with the folds caught up very high at each side with antique clasps. The waistcoat, collar, and cuffs were of yellow Liberty silk, with a Japanese or Chinese design in black running all over it. One of the high peaked black lace bonnets was worn with this, a bunch of yellow flowers being tucked beneath the penthouse of the pointed brim.

What a pretty wedding Miss Williams-Wynn's must have been. Her veil of tulle, completely covering her, cannot fail to have been very becoming. Fancy, having twenty-four wedding-cakes! I wonder how many of the guests envied the bride her flounces of exquisite old Venetian rose point? Did you observe, in the descriptions of the wedding, what a large number of the guests wore grey? That pretty colour seems to be more fashionable than ever. Maud is very fond of it, and one season at Whitby she dressed so exclusively in grey that she was called the mouse. Another girl was nicknamed the lobster, because of a violently red dress she had. A third was called the Venus de Medici, as she was so excruciatingly ugly.

The funny part of the thing was that we unintentionally overheard a conversation in which some of these names were given, and it was not until ever so long after that it dawned upon us that Maud was the mouse.

Fancy any one being such a goose as to give £185 for a fan! The illustrated catalogue of a collection sold in Spain alone cost £5. One painted by Watteau for Princess Adelaide of Savoy, representing "Festivities at Cytherea," fetched £147. A "Phryne," painted by Lebrun for a Duke of Medina-Cœli, was sold for the sum I have quoted to you. The wonder is that great artists like to paint upon anything so frail; though, perhaps, in the case of the latter fan, the subject was all the more suitable.

The Brownes' eldest girl is ill with scarlet fever, and they have traced the origin of the disease to their laundress, who casually and simply remarked to the Brownes' housemaid that she was late in bringing home the clothes owing to the immense "wash" she had had from one of her "families," where three children had had scarlet fever. These people took their children to the seaside to convalesce, and sent blankets, sheets, counterpanes—in fact, everything possible—to the laundress. Now, would it not have been more thoughtful to have had some women in to wash these infected things, rather than spread contagion by sending them out?

In these days of forebodings of cholera, and so on, we are congratulating ourselves that our clothes go to the Belgrave Steam Laundry, in Ebury-street, where they pass through processes which not only cleanse them thoroughly, but also disinfect them. Besides, they are so beautifully washed. Papa's shirts are what our gushing friend, Mrs. Mayblossom, would call "a vision of whiteness," and our summer frocks are turned out as good as new.

Apropos of white dresses, I must tell you of a pretty one I saw here the other day. It was made of white serge and trimmed with grenat velvet. The short skirt was trimmed with three rows of velvet ribbon about an inch and a half wide. Over this fell a tunic, also of white serge, which was edged with three rows of grenat velvet, and was draped high on the left side, as so very many dresses are now. The original part of it was that both tunic and skirt opened the whole way up the right side, and showed what appeared to be an entire skirt of grenat velvet. It was, of course, only a wide panel sewn on the silk lining of the dress, but it was effective and very new. The right side of the bodice showed a similar arrangement, the left consisting of a loose piece of cream-coloured serge, fastened at the waist by a lovely old paste buckle. This loose piece was edged with three narrow rows of grenat velvet. The whole dress was not of the kind that lends itself readily to description, but it had the effect of an entire dress of grenat velvet, carelessly wrapped over with a loose one of cream-colour.

Old Lace.—The finest collection in London at A. Blackborne & Co.'s, 35, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square.

I see that some one has been writing to the papers complaining that Englishwomen are forgetting how to sew. Perhaps there is some truth in this. I was examining the other morning an old piece of sewing done by Mrs. Grey's grandmother, in which the stitches are so miraculously small and neat that they might now almost take rank as fancy work. There was a marvellous little darn in one part of the fine muslin, the garment in question being a baby's christening robe. Well, this darn was filled in with lace stitches, such as were used in making modern point, but the cotton was so fine that the work must have been rather trying to the eyes. The seams were not run and felled, as they are now, but each side of the seam was hemmed with the narrowest possible little, tiny, soft hem, and then the two were "top-sewed" against each other. The needle used must have been excessively small, or the work could never have been so neat. The little robe was evidently a labour of love, and the worker seems to have lavished any amount of labour upon it. No one could have said of it that it looked "blown together," as some one remarked of the dresses in Sir Joshua Reynolds's portraits.

Ella was at the ball given in the Court-house in Londonderry to the officers of the Channel Fleet. She says it was delightful, the music and floor both being excellent. She thinks she likes the dancing of naval officers better than that of military men, but she says you have first to get accustomed to the "roll" of it.

She, with her party, are enchanted with the Donegal Highlands, which they are visiting this year in preference to going abroad. The scenery is grand and wild and the people are very hospitable. They had only *one* introduction, but they were passed on by this one friend to others, and so on, being everywhere welcomed and treated as though nothing was good enough for them.

Ella says she at first thought that Irishmen were terribly susceptible, but after a very short time she found that the *empressement* of their manner is a national failing, and that they do not appear to be able to avoid almost proposing to girls after five or ten minutes' acquaintance. At first she was embarrassed, but afterwards she found it deliciously amusing.

"I engaged myself to two gentlemen, last night," she writes, "but they shake off their fetters as lightly as they forge them. One of them is at this moment deep in a flirtation with Ina, and the other, it seems, is to be married in a week to 'the sweetest girl that ever drooped an eyelash,' so my informant describes her."

This is what she says of the national conveyance :—

An outside car is like a waggonette turned inside-out. One's feet point outwards, but there is a sort of shelf to rest them upon. This shelf is not provided with any protection from passing objects, save an apron, which buttons on. In the middle of the car is a deep cavity, called a "well," and when I first ascended the vehicle I prepared to seat myself therein, to the amusement of our hosts. The inside cars are like waggonettes covered in, but as the seats are extremely low, one scarcely knows how to dispose of one's feet so as to keep them out of the way of the persons sitting opposite. Each car holds four persons besides the driver. The country is so mountainous that the springs of a brougham or other carriage would soon be out of repair, but the cars are so constructed that they are very little injured by the vicissitudes of the roads.

Clare sends me the following account of last week's Dublin gaieties :—

Dearest Madge,—Behold me in Dublin once again! and once again to attend a function in honour of that noble animal, the horse! How they honour him in this land! They have certainly reversed the decision of the gods in Athena's favour, and handed over the prize to old Poscidon, and they are right. What more inestimable boon than the horse has been granted to mankind, especially to that section of it represented by Society?

The Horse Show has attained all the proportions of a national festival, second only to that of Punchestown, and little inferior to it with regard to the number of visitors that crowd the Irish capital. Such a week as we have had! Four days of the Horse Show, Zingari cricket-matches, a dog-show, a flower-show, a garden-party at Lady Ardilaun's, besides some dances for the elect. That is not doing badly for August! One need not waste pity on those who temporarily forego the attractions of the grouse, though they *do* grumble, as, *entre nous*, men always will. We had such a downpour on Wednesday. Nevertheless, thousands flocked to the Horse Show, we being of the number.

Umbrellas and mackintoshes, however, covered everything. No pretty figures were to be seen, no bright toilets; and only here and there was a chance glimpse of a pretty face to be caught. Fred says "a damp umbrella is capable of hedging round a divinity most becomingly." He raves about a charming creature with rain-drops glistening on her long lashes! Would not the possibility of rain-drops on their faces make many charming creatures that we know of rave over probable ravages and revelations? Thursday was *the* day. We had, oh! such crowds! Viceroyalty and Royalty! The visit of the Duke of Edinburgh was quite unexpected. You should have heard the cheering when his Royal Highness, sitting in an open carriage beside Lady Spencer, his little son on his knee, drove into the enclosure. What a talent the Celt has for loyalty, what enthusiasm for royalty! To think that it is so strong on a cold-shoulder nourishment! Can't you fancy forgetting even our charming Princess, were we never to see her nor catch a glimpse of her smile for twenty years?

Crowds of Celts known to social fame were in the enclosure, and many Saxons, besides shoals of American cousins. How pretty Lady Kildare looks in a bonnet. Hers, let me remark, was rather large and full. She was in black, as were also her handsome sister-in-law, Lady Maurice Fitzgerald, Lady Waterford, Lady Wicklow, and many others. Indeed, mourning seems to be the passion, as well as the fashion, of the year. Lady Spencer, however, did not wear sombre garments. Her costume was of dark green and bronze, elaborately made, with a high bonnet to match. You know, of course, that we were supposed to be watching the horses in the jumping competition all the time, but I am afraid the costumes had a greater attraction for me. Fred tells me that Lord Lonsdale gave six hundred pounds for a hunter. There is one horsey fact for you, and a good big one in its way. Did I tell you that the little Prince Alfred wore the dress of an A.B. seaman? You should have seen the pleased look of the Duke, as he bowed to the crowd. Seeing is believing. I hope he will judge Ireland from what he has seen with his own eyes. I do not believe any dynamiter or Invincible could work against the power of a Royal presence in Ireland. But they flourish through its absence.

Lily writes me that a very pretty fête was given, the other day, at the Château de Blicquy, near Sceaux. The mistress of the house, dressed in Louis Quinze costume, had transformed her park into a sort of tea-garden. She herself, aided by five pretty girls, in Clarissa Harlowe hats and print gowns, made eighteenth-century fashion, served refreshments. In other parts of the park were tables prepared for two or four persons, with cards, chess, and backgammon boards, and there were merry-go-rounds, Aunt Sallys, and swings. In the evening there was "a dance on the green," with the village musicians and fireworks.

Lily says most of the girls and young married women looked charming in their muslin dresses. One very pretty dress was as follows: — Petticoat of maize-coloured surah, trimmed at the edge with two flounces of the same. The second skirt, made of foulard, with a deep blue pattern on a maize ground, and lined with maize surah, was simply lifted up so as to show the lining. The foulard bodice had a short basque, divided at the side, turned back, and lined with blue velvet. Lapels of the same velvet showed a waistcoat of maize. The elbow-sleeves had blue velvet cuffs edged with lace. A lace jabot, and a straw high-crowned hat trimmed with blue velvet and lace, finished off the costume.

An old schoolfellow of Maud's, who is travelling in Switzerland, writes that the cholera scare doesn't seem to have at all diminished the number of tourists. Irrepressible spinsters ("*table d'hôte* hacks," she also calls them) are especially numerous. The weather, she says, has been variable, and it has always rained for her special benefit whenever she has been up anywhere to see the view; she has indeed "viewed the mist and missed the view" from ever so many of the peaks which are "easily accessible to the fair sex" (as the guide-books have it). The snow, she adds, is in splendid condition for all that, and there has never been a year in which ladies have made so many big ascents. She is much interested in the sensible costumes adopted by the lady mountaineers, and declares that although nothing would induce her to join the climbing sisterhood (they are nearly all unattached married women, for one thing), she has made up her mind to take to their short *leather* skirts another year. She is quite indignant at the way in which the men run down the exploits of the women climbers; but then mountaineers are nothing if not jealous, and they are just as spiteful against each other.

Maud went the other day to see a dear little child-friend, just recovering from a long illness, and found her pecking like a robin at some croquettes de volaille, the only thing she could touch. Here is the recipe for this tempting

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little dish, which may be of use for some other small convalescent :—

Take the white part of a roast chicken, and mince it up very finely with breadcrumbs; moisten with milk, and add pepper, salt, and a little nutmeg, as well as a small piece of fresh butter. Divide the mincemeat into tiny rolls, which must be rolled in flour. Put them into a saucepan with butter, and let them cook till they are of a golden brown. Serve quite hot.

Here is a delicious sweet in the fruit season :—

Take a pint of Madeira (or any other dry white wine) and three-quarters of a pound of sugar, add two tumblersful of water, and make, with these ingredients placed in a saucepan on the fire, a syrup, which will soon boil; throw in while it is boiling peaches, apricots, or pears cut in two and peeled. You may also throw in thick-skinned single grapes, or figs, halved, but not peeled. The fruit must only remain a few minutes in the syrup.

Having cut some large crusts of buttered bread, fry them, and cover them with powdered sugar while on the fire.

Place the crusts at the bottom of a deep dish, and cover them with some cherry or currant preserve. Take the fruit out of the syrup, place it on the crusts of bread, and lay a few almonds, pared and cut in two, upon the fruit. Then pour the syrup on the whole and serve very hot.

Good-bye, dear.—Your loving cousin, MADGE.

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BELHUS SALE OF HUNTERS.

TENTH YEAR.

At BELHUS, Aveley, Essex, on THURSDAY, September 18th, 1884.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL will SELL BY AUCTION, and WITHOUT RESERVE, the Property of Sir Thomas Barrett Lennard, Bart.,

FORTY-ONE HUNTERS,

many of which are fine weight-carriers, and several perfect to carry **LADIES HUNTING**, and some are promising as Steeplechasers and Show Horses.

THE Horses are in hard work, and nearly fit to go, and will be ridden at the Sale. They will jump several fences, a five-barred gate, an open brook without any fence before it, &c.

Luncheon at 12. **Sale to begin at 1.**

Shelter will be provided in case of Wet Weather.

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BELHUS is four miles from Rainham and five miles from Grays (stations on the London, Tilbury, and Southend Railway), and seven miles from Romford, on the Great Eastern Railway.

A special train will run between St. Pancras Station and Rainham Station on day of sale.

MR. CHURCH'S carriages will take people from Rainham to the Sale and back at Half-a-crown per head each way.

THE Horses will be shown out on Wednesday, the 10th, and Saturday, the 13th of September, at two o'clock, and after the show, and up to six o'clock, any one who wishes it can see the Horses ridden, and can ride them. The Horses will also be on view on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, the 15th, 16th, and 17th September, after eleven o'clock, and on the morning of the day of the Sale up to twelve o'clock, when the stable doors will be locked. The Horses will also be shown BY APPOINTMENT after Monday, the 8th.

EVERY facility will be given to **LADIES** wishing to **try Horses.**

THE Horses can be examined before the Sale by any Veterinary Surgeon.

CATALOGUE.

The following descriptions are correct to the best of the owner's belief, and are given for the information of intending buyers, and not in any case as a warranty. The Hunters are warranted sound in the wind and eyes, but no other warranty is given.

HUNTERS.

1. THE JOHNIAN, Bay Gelding, up to 14 stone; fast and clever; a good jumper, and can go in any difficult country.
2. ELECTOR, Bay Gelding, up to 14 stone; a good jumper; clever, temperate, and steady; quiet enough for the most nervous rider; a good safe hack, and quiet in harness.
3. HERBALIST, Bay Gelding, up to 12 or 13 stone; fast, clever, a fine fencer, and a good hack.
4. EXETER, Brown Gelding, up to 13 stone; a strong active horse; clever enough for any difficult country; has good action, and is quiet in harness.
5. HECATE, Black Chestnut Mare, up to 12 stone; very fast; a good jumper, and an excellent hack for a lady.
6. THE CREOLE, by Blood Royal, dam by Fairyland, Black Mare, up to 13 stone.
   Winner of three prizes—one of them a jumping prize—at the Dublin Horse Show, 1883.
   Won Farmers' Race at Mulacurry Steeplechases, carrying 11 st. 8 lb.
   Came in first for Farmers' Plate at Meath Hunt Steeplechases, carrying 11 st. 5 lb., but was disqualified.
   Second for Farmers' Plate at Ward Union Hunt Steeplechases, over the Fairy House course, carrying 12 st. 2 lb.
   Second for Farmers' Plate at Bellowstown Spring Meeting, carrying 10 st. 4 lb.
   Second for Farmers' Plate over the Mulacurry course, carrying 11 st. 5 lb.
   Third for Farmers' Plate at Baldoyle, carrying 10 st. 12 lb.
   A very handsome mare, with beautiful action; very fast, and a first-rate fencer; very pleasant to ride, carries a lady, and is handsome enough for a first charger.
7. GARDENHURST, Chestnut Gelding, up to 14 stone; fast, a fine fencer, and clever; a good bold horse, and can go anywhere; and is pleasant to ride.
8. THE PRIME WARDEN, Brown Gelding, up to any weight; a clever steady fencer, has good action, is a good trotter, a pleasant hack, and is very quiet; goes a fair pace for a weight-carrier.
9. GREETWELL, Bay Gelding, up to 12 or 13 stone; fast; a great timber jumper, and an unusually fine fencer; carried a lady hunting all last season.
10. LADY PSYCHE, Bay Mare, a weight-carrier; clever steady fencer; a good hack, with good action, and very quiet.
11. CIRCE, Brown Mare, up to 13 or 14 stone; clever and fast; a fine jumper, and can go in any country.
12. NANA, Bay Mare, up to 14 stone; a very handsome mare, with fine action; a good fencer, and handsome enough for a first charger; carried a lady hunting last season.
13. BRITOMART, by John Davis, Bay Mare, up to 13 stone; a very active, sharp mare; fast, and a fine bold fencer.
14. CLAUDIAN, Bay Gelding, up to 14 stone; clever, and goes a good pace; is a fine timber jumper, and suited for a bold man in any difficult country.
15. VORTIGERN, Chestnut Gelding, up to 14 stone; a free, bold horse; a fine fencer, and fast, quiet, and a good hack.
16. PEMBROKE, Chestnut Gelding, up to 13 stone; fast; a free, bold horse, and particularly fine fencer; carries a lady on the road; too free for most ladies with hounds.
17. TALISMAN, Bay Gelding, up to 13 stone; clever fencer, goes a good pace, carries a lady, and has action enough and is handsome enough for a first charger.
18. NIMROD, Brown Gelding, weight-carrier; a steady, safe fencer; quiet enough for the most nervous person; carries a lady, and is quiet in harness; suitable for any heavy nervous man or woman.
19. MELBURY, Brown Gelding, up to 14 stone; a very handsome horse; clever, and a fine fencer; goes a good pace; pleasant to ride, remarkably quiet, and carries a lady.
20. THE DERVISH, by Skeffington, Bay Gelding, up to 12 or 13 stone; fast, an unusually fine fencer, and very clever in a bank country; likely to win hunt steeplechases; suitable for a bold light man.
21. PARGETTER, Grey Gelding, up to 14 stone; a clever and very steady horse; particularly quiet and handy; carries a lady, and quiet in harness.
22. GRIMALDI, Grey Gelding, up to 14 stone; a horse of very high quality; a very fine fencer; a bold, free horse, and fast. Ran third in Windsor Drag Hunt point-to-point race this year.
23. SEAGULL, Grey Gelding, up to 12 or 13 stone; fast; a very fine timber jumper; clever and safe at all kinds of fences; particularly quiet, very pleasant to ride, and carries a lady.
24. ALBATROSS, Grey Mare, up to 12 or 13 stone; a very handsome mare, and a fine mover; a clever fencer; goes a good pace; very quiet and pleasant to ride; carries a lady, and is handsome enough for a charger in the Greys.
25. BLACKMORE, Black Gelding, a weight-carrier; very clever, and light and pleasant to ride; goes a fair pace; is a very tall horse, suitable for a tall and heavy man.
26. SHEELAH, Brown Mare, up to 14 stone; clever, handy, and a fine fencer; remarkably quiet, and carries a lady.
27. UMPIRE, a Chestnut Gelding, up to any weight; a good-looking horse, with fine action; a good hack for a very heavy man; a good and steady fencer; particularly quiet.
28. B.A., Bay Gelding, up to 14 stone; a fine fencer and very clever; goes a good pace, and carries a lady.
29. THE SIRDAR, a Bay Gelding, up to 13 or 14 stone; a horse of very high quality; very fast, and a fine fencer; carries a lady.
30. LORD HENRY, by Blacklock (son of Mildew), dam by Oulston G. D. by Robinson, Brown Gelding, up to 14 stone; a quick, active horse of great quality; clever, fast, very pleasant to ride, and very quiet; carries a lady; a first-class horse for a tall strong woman.
31. FORESTER, Bay Gelding, up to 14 stone; a free, bold horse, very clever, a fine fencer, goes a fair pace, is very quiet, carries a lady on the road, and would carry a strong woman hunting.
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33. SLEAFORD, Chestnut Gelding, up to 13 or 14 stone; a fine mover, a very quiet steady horse, a clever fencer, and goes a fair pace. Would make a charger.
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35. MALVOLIO, Chestnut Gelding, up to 12 stone; a light, sharp, galloping horse, and a good fencer.
36. OAKAPPLE, Brown Cob Gelding, up to great weight; a steady and very quiet horse, active, a good mover, and a very good fencer; carries a lady, and is perfectly quiet to shoot from.
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3rd.—The lots to be taken away after the sale is ended, at the buyer's expense and risk; and the remainder of the purchase money to be absolutely paid before the delivery of the lot.

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OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 289.—VERSE ON THE SEASON.

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"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 290.

As I am submitting such of the recipes as are unknown to me to a practical test of their excellence, it is impossible for me to decide as to their relative merits this week. I shall make the prize award, however, as soon as possible.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 293.

"The Fisheries," as every one knows, has been in one course followed by "The Healtheries," and now we are already discussing the details of next year's Exhibition, which is to embrace recent Inventions of All Kinds, and also a Collection of Musical Instruments and Appliances bearing on or relating to them. Now, we may be quite sure that an attempt will be made to hit upon a word which shall express, briefly though unmistakably, the coming Exhibition, as the "Fisheries" and "Healtheries" have expressed that of last year and of this. Why, then, it has been thought, should not the necessary suggestions be found in the "Puzzle" pages of Truth? It will certainly be somewhat difficult to express in one word an Exhibition of Inventions and Musical Instruments; but ingenuity will, doubtless, be able to supply the desiderated substantive; and, by way of an incentive, a Prize of Two Guineas will be given to that competitor who

SUGGESTS THE BEST NAME FOR THE EXHIBITION TO BE HELD AT SOUTH KENSINGTON NEXT YEAR.

It will be understood that a name consisting of one word only, as "Healtheries" or "Fisheries," is wanted, and that, under the circumstances, competitors will, of course, be permitted to coin words for their purpose. Sydney Smith once made the word "Squarson," to express a clergyman who was as much a country squire as he was a parson, and ingenious competitors may, perhaps, be able to evolve a title in which both the "Inventions" and the "Musical Instruments" of next year's Exhibition are suggested. Those who cannot hit upon any one word may send up two alternative titles, but a single word will be preferred.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** As the Rules are omitted this week it may be well to announce that all letters relating to the Puzzle must be addressed to the Puzzle Editor, Truth Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, London, S.W., on or before the first post on Friday, the 12th inst.

Asymptote.—I answered your query in the affirmative last week.

Shamrock.—I have noted your correction.

E. H. M.—Specimens of good and bad are always published, hence the heading "Good and Otherwise."

Gourmand.—Your recipes were too late for publication.

Dalby Square.—Your recipe was too late for publication.

Vanderdecken.—A winner of a whole prize is not eligible for another until thirteen weeks have elapsed from the date of his success.

Cam and Repealer.—Many thanks for your interesting letters and their useful suggestions.

Smytche.—It is not enough that the number of feet is identical, the length of the feet must be the same; and in both of your stanzas it is only by making syllables long which should be short, and *vice versâ*, that your metre can be said to agree with that originally given.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 291. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

TEN BEST MODERN BRITISH NOVELISTS, WITH THE THREE BEST NOVELS OF EACH.

*** It is impossible to publish more than a small selection of the lists received. But those not printed will have an equal chance in the competition with those published on this and the following page.—The Puzzle Editor.

Dickens—The Pickwick Papers, David Copperfield, Bleak House. Thackeray—Esmond, The Newcomes, Vanity Fair. George Eliot—Silas Marner, Romola, Adam Bede. Lytton—My Novel, The Caxtons, Last of the Barons. Lever—Charles O'Malley, Davenport Dunn, Harry Lorrequer. Trollope—Dr. Thorne, Barchester Towers, Framley Parsonage. Reade—Cloister and the Hearth, Never Too Late to Mend, Hard Cash. Blackmore—Lorna Doone, Maid of Sker, Alice Lorraine. C. Kingsley—Two Years Ago, Alton Locke, Westward Ho! Lockhart—Mine is Thine, Fair to See, Doubles or Quits.—D. Schopenhauer.

George Eliot—Adam Bede, Mill on the Floss, Middlemarch. Whyte Melville—Market Harborough, Brookes of Bridlemere, Gladiators. Lytton—Caxtons, Ernest Maltravers, Night and Morning. Miss Braddon—Anrora Floyd, Lady Audley's Secret, Rupert Godwin. Wilkie Collins—Moonstone, Woman in White, Man and Wife. Ouida—Moths, Under Two Flags, Wanda. Trollope—Barchester Towers, The Warden, He Knew he was Right. Black—A Princess of Thule, Madcap Violet, Strange Adventures in a Phæton. Dickens—Bleak House, David Copperfield, Dombey and Son. C. Kingsley—Westward Ho! Hypatia, Two Years Ago.—F. B.

Lytton—My Novel, What will he do with it? The Last Days of Pompei. Thackeray—Vanity Fair, Newcomes, Pendennis. Braddon—Lady Audley's Secret, Henry Dunbar, Aurora Floyd. Reade—It is Never Too Late to Mend, Christie Johnstone, Put Yourself in his Place. Trollope—The Bertrams, Ralph the Heir, Rachel Ray. Dickens—David Copperfield, Martin Chuzzlewit, Old Curiosity Shop. George Eliot—Adam Bede, Mill on the Floss, Daniel Deronda. Ouida—Under Two Flags, Chandos, Puck. Wilkie Collins—Woman in White, Moonstone, Armadale. Payn—Lost Sir Massingberd, Walter's Word, By Proxy.—Jerome.

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ENTRE NOUS.

ACCORDING to present arrangements, the Queen and Princess Beatrice will reside at Balmoral till November 14, when they are to remove to Windsor Castle for a month.

The officials at Perth station found it impossible to exclude the public from the platform while her Majesty's train was there last Tuesday morning, as it happened to be the busiest hour of the day, when trains were arriving and departing in all directions, and, of course, there are an enormous number of people travelling in Scotland just now. I hear that, in order to avoid the public gaze, the Queen contemplates changing the hour of her Northern journeys, and that in future she will start early in the afternoon, and run through Perth about five in the morning, arriving at Balmoral to breakfast.

The visit of her Majesty to the Dowager Duchess of Athole at Dunkeld House is expected to take place towards the end of next month.

The visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Mar Lodge was postponed in deference to the wishes of the Queen. Directly her Majesty heard that the ball which Lord Fife annually gives to his tenants, foresters, and neighbours was to take place on the 3rd inst., she insisted that their Royal Highnesses should not be present—a course which they could not possibly have adopted had they been in the house at the time. The change in the arrangements naturally caused great disappointment.

A large party, including Lady Lonsdale, Lord and Lady Dalhousie, Mr. Forbes, Count Adlerberg, Sir Henry James, Lady Claud Hamilton, Colonel and Mrs. Napier Sturt, Mr. and Mrs. Duff of Fetteresso, Mr. Leeson, and Dr. Quain, are at The Lodge this week to meet Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are to be the guests of the Danish Minister and Madame de Falbe, at Luton Hoo Park, for a few days in November.

Lord and Lady Dudley have a party this week at Dupplin Castle, Perthshire, to meet the Prince of Wales, who is to arrive there on Saturday morning from Brantingham. H.R.H. will stay at Dupplin for a few days before returning to Abergeldie.

Princess Louise leaves Gastein on Friday, and proposes to make a short tour in the Tyrol before coming to England. The Princess will, on her return, go to Balmoral on a visit to the Queen, and will there be joined by Lord Lorne, who has been cruising about the Hebrides during the last three weeks with the Duke of Argyll in their yacht, the *Columba*. They returned to Inverary Castle from Tiree last Friday.

The visit of the Channel Squadron to Ireland terminated pleasantly, last week, at Cork. The Duke of Edinburgh stayed with Lord Shannon, at his picturesque residence, Castlemartyr, where he had some fishing. A music-loving Prince could hardly fail to be popular in Cork, which claims to be par excellence a musical city—the chimes of its bells even being capable of weaving magic spells.

His Royal Highness evinced much courage and great good sense when he landed at Kingstown the other day, for, having become aware of the elaborate arrangements which had been made by the police to ensure his safety, he ordered the authorities to withdraw all their men, and went away unguarded, an arrangement which evidently gave great pleasure to the crowd. The Duke will be at Balmoral in a few days, and it may be hoped that he will impress on the Queen the desirability of either her Majesty or some member of her family paying a long visit to Ireland next year. The Queen has not been in Ireland since 1861, and there is certainly no excuse for her lengthened absence, as she was always received with enthusiasm when there; and, unluckily, her example has been followed by the Prince and Princess of Wales—and, indeed, by the whole family. The Duke of Edinburgh, who has been all round Ireland during the last few weeks, has everywhere been greeted with the utmost cordiality.

There was a vast crowd on Thursday at the Braemar "gathering," which, as usual, was held on the lawn of Mar Castle; but the business of the afternoon was entirely neglected, the occupants of the reserved enclosure being engaged in conversation, while the crowd (which included many "Cockney Highlanders") were absorbed in staring at Mr. Gladstone and the Royalties. Colonel Farquharson's party arrived early, and the Prime Minister was received with enthusiastic cheering, which was again and again renewed. He had passed the morning in strolling about the beautiful grounds of Invercauld. On reaching the terrace Mr. Gladstone recognised the Bishop of Durham, and he talked with him for some time, then with Archdeacon Watkins; and just as he was returning to his friends, he met the Bishop of St. Asaph, with whom he had another conversation, which was broken off by the arrival of the Royal

party, which did not include either the Crown Princess of Germany or Princess Beatrice, both of whom were expected. Indeed, there was nobody from Balmoral except Princess Victoria, who came with the Prince and Princess of Wales. Mr. Gladstone was taken aside by the Prince, and they conversed together till luncheon was announced.

Colonel Farquharson entertained the Royalties, his own party, Lord Fife's guests at Mar Lodge, and the dignitaries mentioned above in the ball-room of the Castle. After lunch there was thunder and rain, and it became very cold, but the distinguished visitors did not leave till five o'clock.

The ball in the evening at New Mar Lodge commenced with torchlight dancing in front of the lawn, after which the company marched in procession to the ball-room, the way being lined by Highlanders with pine torches. Dancing was kept up till a late hour, and there was a splendid supper. Mr. Gladstone did not accompany the Invercauld party, but Sir William Harcourt was present, and the agility with which he danced a reel excited warm admiration. His performance in the "Houlachan" was worthy of a genuine Highlander.

It was cold and stormy at Braemar on Friday, but Mr. Gladstone drove in the afternoon to Balmoral in an open wagonette to pay his respects to the Queen. Saturday was a very pleasant day, and the whole party at Invercauld drove away early across the northern hills into Banffshire for a picnic at Loch Bulg, a picturesque sheet of water near the foot of Ben Avon, which is known as one of the best trout lakes in the county. They lunched in a shooting-lodge on the bank, which was built a few years ago by Colonel Farquharson. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone attended service at Braemar Episcopal Church on Sunday morning.

The Prime Minister leaves Braemar next Monday for Haddo House, where he will stay with Lord and Lady Aberdeen till the following Thursday, when he goes to visit Lord and Lady Dalhousie at Brechin Castle. Mr. Gladstone will be received at Old Meldrum station by Lord Aberdeen's tenantry, and other farmers and neighbours, all mounted, to the number of six or seven hundred. Men of all parties are to unite in this welcome, so if an address be presented there will be no allusion in it to controversial topics. Everywhere in Scotland Mr. Gladstone's political opponents have joined with his friends in doing him honour, and no such triumphant progress has been known in the country since the Queen's first visit in 1842. "We are all proud of him" is the universal sentiment.

The trading inhabitants of Braemar ought to be grateful to Mr. Gladstone, for ever since it was announced that he was coming into the district, the place has been crowded in every corner, and last week people kept pouring in long after every house was packed to its utmost capacity. At the hotels, visitors were grateful for beds on coffee-room tables and billiard-tables and in any odd corners. One hotel-keeper has been using 100 horses every day for the last week, and such was the pressure, that late arrivals at Ballater found no conveyances to bring them on. Lady Dalhousie's luggage had to be wheeled on a truck for the whole eighteen miles from Ballater station to Invercauld, and the porter who did the job was aided in his labours by "a sprig of nobility," who was obliged to finish his journey to Braemar on foot. The pressure on the post-office has been very severe, especially on Thursday evening, when there was a tremendous rush of newspaper messages. There was only one young woman to do the work, but she got through it admirably, and the Queen kindly placed the Balmoral private wire at the disposal of the office.

A Scotch correspondent of the *Times*, in writing of Deeside, states that admittance used to be granted to the grounds and house of Balmoral, but that the place was closed in consequence of some visitors having misconducted themselves. This is all a mistake, for people have never been allowed to enter the Balmoral demesne since it became the property of the Queen. Balmoral and Osborne have always been kept rigorously closed—and, indeed, there is really very little to see at Balmoral, for the grounds are nothing out of the common, and the house does not contain anything of special interest.

In point of beauty, Balmoral will not compare with Invercauld, Colonel Farquharson's family place, where Mr. Gladstone has been staying, and which lies a few miles further up Deeside, to the north of Braemar. Invercauld House stands on a beautiful green terrace, some 1,500 feet above the sea-level. From the windows there is one of the finest views in the Highlands, including the Mar Lodge Hills, Lochnagar, and the beautiful Lion's Face (the Queen's favourite drive), which is richly wooded throughout; and to the east is the fine forest of Ballochbuie, which was sold to the Queen by Colonel Farquharson a few years ago.

The King and Queen of the Belgians leave Laeken in a few days for Paris on their way to visit the Comte and Comtesse de Paris at Eu, where there is to be a great gathering of the Orleans family.

I hear from a reliable authority that the German Emperor's recent accident was not caused, as has been stated, by his horse tripping over a wire, but that his Majesty, while riding in the park at Babelsberg, fell out of his saddle in a faint, which it was at first feared by his suite was something in the nature of an apoplectic fit. The affair was kept wonderfully quiet, and it would not have transpired if the Emperor had not afterwards been so unwell that it was necessary to invent an excuse for his inability to fulfil some engagements. I am told, also, that it was not the illness of the Princess William (the seriousness of which was much exaggerated) that induced the urgent summons to the Crown Prince, which caused him

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to return instantly from Constance, where he went to visit the Royal Family of Baden when he left England. It was really the apparently critical condition of the Emperor, who has failed visibly since he returned to Babelsberg. In fact, it is the general opinion of his *entourage* that he might "go off" at any moment. There is great apprehension as to the next fortnight, as his Majesty is to be worked like a galley-slave, what with nine days of manœuvres, and the ceremonies, receptions, and banquets at Cologne, Düsseldorf, Münster, and Coblenz.

I was enabled, a month ago, to announce that Madame de Kalomine had resolved to appeal from the decree of divorce which was recently granted to herself and to the Grand Duke of Hesse, in compliance with their joint petition. According to Darmstadt law the case will next come before a tribunal called the Seven Men's College of the Supreme Court of Hesse-Darmstadt, and from there it will be carried to the Imperial Court at Leipsic—if, indeed, the Grand Duke thinks it worth his while to persevere with the proceedings, as it is the universal opinion in Germany that the obsequious Darmstadt judges acted *ultra vires* in granting a divorce, merely because the couple asked for one, and without any other grounds.

Madame de Kalomine, who is still at Dresden, has retained a renowned lawyer of Mannheim to conduct her case. That she is in earnest is proved by the fact that she has refused handsome pecuniary offers, and has returned the first quarterly payment (£250) of her allowance to the Grand Ducal private treasury, the functionaries of which, however, declined to receive it, and sent it back to her. The case is to be heard on October 16. Madame de Kalomine threatens to make disclosures of many delicate matters relating not only to her husband's family, but also to his English relatives, and the equivocal manner in which she was originally brought to consent to a divorce is to be divulged. The lady is said to be in possession of some highly compromising correspondence. She is beautiful, clever, and unscrupulous, and there can be no doubt but that she is in a position to dictate terms to the Grand Duke, who, having threatened to shoot himself if the marriage were stopped, is now, I should think, almost ready to do so because it cannot be quietly quashed.

The Queen has taken an active part in the affair; and, although furiously angry, has been willing to spend money freely in order to arrange it. It is decidedly lucky for the enterprising Countess Romrod that she lives in the nineteenth century, for a hundred years ago people who made themselves troublesome to Royal personages (especially German royalties) were apt to mysteriously disappear for ever.

The Grand Duke is expected at Balmoral next week, with his third daughter, Princess Irene, and he will stay in England till the end of October. It is generally believed that the Kalomine affair will end in his abdicating in favour of his son, Prince Ernst Ludwig. It is known that he is very anxious to take this step, but the Queen is strongly opposed to his doing so. If, however, the case goes on much longer, the Grand Duke's position at Darmstadt will become unbearable.

The German Emperor desires that Count Münster should retain the Embassy in London, and so does the Crown Prince; but Prince Bismarck has always carried his point in such matters, and, in all probability, the Count will only return here to present his letters of recall. Count Münster has made himself very popular in English society, so that his departure will be much regretted, and his dismissal will be a great blow to him, as he is very fond of England and of English sports. It is probable that if the change does take place the new Ambassador will be Count Henkel Donnersmarck, who is immensely rich, so that he may be expected to entertain oftener and more largely than his predecessor. For some years past the Embassies have been almost a blank to "Society," and their eclipse has been the more felt in consequence of the closing of so many great houses.

Count von Moltke has been staying during the last three weeks at Ragatz, where he has been taking a course of the hot waters of Pfäffers, which are conveyed from the springs along the Tamina gorge in wooden pipes. The Count has been a regular visitor at Ragatz for the last ten years, and he always stays at the Queellenhof, which has the best bathing establishment, and to which is attached a pleasant terrace-garden. Ragatz has been very full this year, but there are few English visitors, as most of them merely stop to view the Pfäffers spray on their way to the Engadine. Count Moltke is in excellent health, and the story that his intellect has become impaired is a pure romance.

The American papers announce that the nine State dinners which were given last winter at the White House by President Arthur cost nearly £1,500. Mr. Arthur, at the expiration of his term, intends to return to New York, and resume his place in the legal firm in which he is a partner, but in future he will act only as consulting counsel. Mr. Arthur is independent of his profession, as he possesses a fortune of about £60,000.

The Duke of Cambridge has arrived at Dunrobin, on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, from visiting Sir Robert Harvey, M.P., at Invermark, Forfarshire.

Sir George and Lady Julia Wombwell will receive a large party at Newburgh Park next week, including the Duke of Cambridge, Maria Lady Ailesbury, Lord and Lady Castlereagh, Lord and Lady Zetland, Lord Yarborough, Sir H. Edwards, &c. For the last sixteen years Lady Ailesbury has attended the Easingwold Cattle and Horse Show, and the North Riding farmers always look forward to seeing her. This year they hope to be able to persuade the Duke of Cambridge to be present, as H.R.H. will be in the neighbourhood at the time.

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A large family party, including Lord and Lady Spencer, was assembled at Gowran Castle last week, the occasion being the coming of age of Lord Clifden. The usual festivities took place, addresses were read by the tenantry, and handsome presentations made to Lord Clifden, his mother, and Mrs. Luke White. Many speeches, of course, followed, Lord Spencer's being necessarily from the point of view of the trustee of an Irish estate; but the fair sex in Lady Clifden's person undoubtedly bore off the oratorical palm.

Lord Clifden inaugurated his career in Kilkenny by subscribing five hundred pounds towards hunting the county, Lord Disart following with fifty.

The Duke and Duchess of St. Albans are entertaining a succession of visitors at Newtown Anner, Tipperary, where they intend to stay till the middle of next month, when they come over to Bestwood for the winter. Last Tuesday the Duchess gave a large musical party, to which the tenants and labourers were invited. The great hall had been converted into a theatre, and it was very tastefully fitted up. Mr. Alexander Yorke's recitations and songs were the principal features in the programme, and his performances were loudly applauded. The accompaniments were played by Mrs. Rollestone. Mr. Yorke's success was the more meritorious, inasmuch as when riding on Tuesday afternoon with Lord Lismore and Mr. Rollestone, his horse stumbled, and he was thrown heavily on the ground, and received a wound on the chin. After the entertainment there was a capital supper in the dining-room, and all the company were sumptuously feasted.

Lord Powerscourt was staying at Powerscourt House, co. Wicklow, when he was called to London to the death-bed of his mother. Lady Londonderry had many friends in Ireland, both in and out of society, especially the latter, her life having been greatly devoted to making the rough ways of her poorer brethren easier. She was deeply attached to the religion which she joined, and will be much missed in the Catholic world.

Lord Rosebery, who left Edinburgh for London on Tuesday night, directly after Mr. Gladstone's last meeting, has been visiting his Norfolk estate during the last few days. He has been staying at Postwick, near Norwich. Lord and Lady Rosebery go to-day to visit Lord and Lady Aberdeen at Haddo House.

Mr. Bright has been staying since Friday at Cassencary, Kirkcudbrightshire, on a visit to Sir James Caird. He is fishing the Minnigaff water, on the Cree, this week. On leaving Cassencary Mr. Bright is going to Kelso for a few days' fishing in the Tweed.

The announcement that Lord Northbrook "expects to return to England in October" is entirely unauthorised. The period of his stay in Egypt is quite uncertain; but all his arrangements are made with a view to an absence of five or six months. Lord Baring and Lady Emma Baring are still staying at Carnisky, Inverness-shire, but they will come south shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. Childers have left Dunphail, and are now staying with Mr. J. G. C. Hamilton, M.P., at Dalzell House.

The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe have been staying with a small party at Byrecleugh, their shooting-box on the Lammermuirs, near Dunse.

Lord and Lady Hothfield are entertaining a shooting-party at Appleby Castle, Westmoreland, where they intend to stay till the end of this month.

The Duke and Duchess of Hamilton will receive a shooting-party next week at Brodick Castle, their place in the Island of Arran.

The Marquis of Bristol left Ickworth on Friday for Shieldaig Forest, his shooting-quarters in Ross-shire.

The Duke and Duchess of Cleveland are entertaining a small party at Raby Castle, where they intend to reside till the beginning of November.

Lord and Lady Tennyson are staying at Aldworth, their place near Haslemere. They go to Farringford early in November, and will pass the winter in the Isle of Wight.

Sir Robert Peel has been seriously ill at Brighton, but I am glad to hear that he is now recovering. He has been suffering from an exceptionally sharp attack of gout, which has pulled him down very much.

There were great rejoicings at Ballindalloch Castle last week to celebrate the coming of age of the eldest son of Sir G. Macpherson Grant, M.P. On Wednesday the tenantry were entertained at dinner, and on Thursday a very successful ball was given, which was attended by all the tenantry and by most of the neighbours. Since Mr. Macpherson Grant left Oxford he has been learning engineering in Sir William Armstrong's works at Elswick.

Lord and Lady St. Germans arrived at Port Eliot on Saturday evening for the autumn. The bells of St. Germans church were rung in honour of their return home.

The Duchess of Montrose has returned to Sefton Lodge, Newmarket, from Baden-Baden and Carlsbad.

The Dowager Duchess of Hamilton, who is passing the autumn at her villa at Baden-Baden, has been in very bad health for some time past, and does not appear to have derived any benefit from her recent visits to Homburg and Rippoldsau.

Lord and Lady Edward Clinton and several members of the family are now residing at Clumber, and the Duke of Newcastle is expected there when he returns from Switzerland.

The daughters of the poet Longfellow, who have been in England for some time, are now staying at Bergen, on a visit to the widow of Ole Bull.

Monsignor Capel will not return to Europe from America till next spring. He has been staying lately at Newport, for recuperation after his labours in the West.

A successful bazaar in aid of the Southsea Infant Nursery was held last week in the pavilion of the Clarence Esplanade Pier, under the auspices of Lady Phipps Hornby, Lady Drummond Wolff, Lady Willis, the Mayoress of Portsmouth, and other ladies of the neighbourhood. Lady Willis presided over a flower and fruit stall, and Lady Hornby held a particularly attractive stall for the sale of game, poultry, and dairy produce.

The prospects of sport in Windsor Great Park are very bright. The extensive covers are swarming with pheasants, and hares are more abundant than has been the case for the last few years. The breed has been invigorated by the importation of several scores of hares from the Duke of Buccleuch's preserves at Drumlanrig Castle, Dumfriesshire. There will not be any shooting at Windsor till the first week in November.

Sir Archibald Grant, of Monymusk, who died last Friday, was known throughout Scotland as being the most inveterate game preserver north of the Grampians. His estate in Aberdeenshire is famous for its extensive woods, and there was always an immense head of pheasants. The whole property positively swarmed with every kind of game, and he was perpetually involved in squabbles with his tenantry on the subject, and the litigation which regularly arose out of the destruction of crops by rabbits afforded profitable employment to the lawyers. At Sir Archibald's annual battue tons of rabbits were usually killed. His ardour for game-preserving had much increased of late years.

The late Mr. Fenwick-Bisset spent £7,000 in building kennels, stables, and servants' houses at Exford for the Devon and Somerset staghounds. By a codicil to his will he directed that the buildings and seventeen acres of grass land might be let on a twenty-one years' lease to the Committee of the Hunt at £70 a year. The members have accepted these very liberal terms at a meeting which was held at Taunton last week to consider the matter. As the grass land covers the rental, the Committee practically get this fine range of buildings for nothing, and the situation is most convenient.

The hounds finished up their Quantock hunting with the best run they have obtained this season. It was from Triscombe Stone, through Bagborough to Ashleigh, Combe, and St. Audries, when the stag took to the sea; but he was caught by means of a boat. There was a large field, and it was a very pleasant day. The coverts in the Quantock country are full of stags; but the hounds have been rather unlucky. Sport in the Exmoor district will no doubt improve now that the very hot weather has departed.

Captain Bell, of Thirsk, has bought a pack of sixteen couples of beagles, drafted from the packs of Lord Anglesea, and intends to run them in the neighbourhood next season.

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The New Zealand Government has authorised an agent to collect two hundred stoats and weasels, for the purpose of thinning out the rabbits in that colony. Each animal is expected to cost about six pounds before it is landed. This will be excellent news for game-preservers, who have long paid for the destruction of these creatures, as they can now dispose of them alive at a handsome profit. Certainly, what is one man's meat is another man's poison.

The angling season on Loch Leven, which closed last week, has been fairly productive. At the present time the lake is full of trout, and the stock will be considerably increased in future from a new hatchery on a small stream to the west, which can produce over 200,000 fry every year, and from which about 150,000 fry have recently been placed in the rivers Queich and Gairney, which are the principal spawning-grounds for the Loch Leven trout. The heaviest trout captured on Loch Leven this year weighed 5 lb. The best baskets were taken by Messrs. Ridley (60 trout, weighing 52 lb.) and by Sir George Elliot, M.P. (79 trout, weighing 59 lb.). On May 21 the members of the National Club landed 138 trout, weighing 129 lb. June was the most productive month, and July the poorest.

Two important residential estates which have been in the market for some time past have just changed hands. Sezincote Park, in East Gloucestershire, has been sold by the executors of the late Sir Charles Rushout to Mr. H. Dugdale, of Burnley; and Foxley Court, in Herefordshire, long the property of the Price family, and one of the finest places in the county, has been purchased by Mr. Frederick Charsley, of Brighton.

The Duke of Portland is about to expend £10,000 in improving the harbour of Troon, Ayrshire.

During the last three weeks over a ton of mushrooms has been despatched every day from Dublin to Liverpool.

A correspondent writes indignantly that the good people of Dublin made a regular show of the Duke of Edinburgh when he was visiting there. They actually went so far, he says, as to advertise him to appear at the Horse Show at three, "as if he were a heavy-weight hunter." My friend, instead of being indignant, you should be delighted at the thought that, regardless of the fact that Royalty had not graced your city for so many years, the loyalty of its inhabitants should have remained so strong as to have made the announcement that horrified you an attractive one; for not only do your fellow-citizens seem to have been anxious to catch a glimpse of Royalty, but they appear to have been willing to pay for the privilege.

The late Czar's famous Danish dog, which was with him when he was assassinated, died last week at Lucerne. It has belonged to Princess Dolgorouki since the death of its master, and was a great pet with the Princess and her children. The animal's skin is to be stuffed.

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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The English eleven selected to go out to Australia this winter is a good, but by no means a representative, team of players, Barlow being the most noticeable absentee. Though, however, it might be better, it might, remembering all the interests that have to be studied in making up such an eleven, be very much worse.

It is a somewhat curious feature in the various Australian matches against representative teams of this country that those members of the elevens whose right to play was most called in question should so frequently have come off best. In the match at Lords', for instance, many good cricketers said that Barlow should not have played, but his patient thirty-eight was the most masterly performance on his side—except, of course, Steel's magnificent innings. Again, at the Oval, Scotton was tried, and played an admirable ninety; while Mr. W. W. Read, whose play at Lords' was most disappointing, scored a hundred and thirty-five. Once more, Flowers and Attewell played for the North of England, and while one divided the batting honours with Barlow, the other took most of the Colonists' wickets. The moral would seem to be that the oftener new blood is introduced in these elevens the better.

Some three months ago I published certain "facts" sent me by a trustworthy correspondent, in connection with the early matches played by the Australian team at Lords'. Amongst these "facts" was the statement that "the cheque they received was for £1,344. 17s., for which their representative did not even say "Thank you." I have since had the opportunity of meeting some of the members of the team, and they have shown me a letter that they received, soon after my paragraph appeared, from Mr. Henry Perkins, of the M.C.C., in which that gentleman remarks that the statement is incorrect, and that they have his authority for saying "that the thanks of the team were tendered for the liberality of the M.C.C. in the most courteous manner possible." I therefore think it but fair, although so long a time has elapsed, and although the representatives of the Australians did not consider it necessary at the time to refute the statement, to give them the advantage of this contradiction.

Whilst on this subject, I might remark that other statements that have been made from time to time in various quarters as to the eleven having their luncheons and drinks for nothing are equally unjust. It seems to be forgotten that when one person becomes the guest of another, it is usual for the host to perform these acts of courtesy. If a man accepts an invitation out to dinner, he would hardly appreciate being sneered at and told that he had his food and wine for nothing; and so, I take it, it is with the Australians.

Welford & Sons, Limited. Warwick Farm Dairies.—Chief Office, Elgin-road, Maida-vale, W. *The Times* of 14th May, 1884, says: "The first and bost dairy is that of Messrs. Welford & Sons." *The Lancet* of 21st June, 1884, says: "There is no doubt the contagia of typhoid and scarlet fever are disseminated by impure milk." *The Echo* of May 22nd, 1884, says: "Messrs. Welford do all that is possible to supply their customers with pure milk." Families supplied in all parts of London with absolutely pure milk. Dairy Farm, over 300 acres.

The dramatic season in Paris bids fair to be unusually active. At the Théâtre Italien five new operas by French composers are to be produced, including "Richard III.," by Gaston Salvayre, which obtained a considerable success at St. Petersburg last winter. At the Grand Opera there are to be two new works, one of which is "Egmont," by the composer of "Richard III." At the Comédie Française there are to be six new plays, and among the revivals will be the "Hamlet" of Dumas and Paul Meurice. At the Odéon four new pieces are to be produced, including "Le Mari," a drama on the divorce question, by MM. Eugène Nus and Arthur Arnould; and "Isaac I.," a comedy dealing with the financial world, by M. Louis Daryl. M. Jules Lacroix's version of "Macbeth" is to be put upon the stage with a *mise en scène* of unprecedented magnificence. The Vaudeville reopens with a drama, entitled "The Divorce," by M. Émile Moreau; and six other new pieces are also to be produced, including a comedy by M. Jules Claretie. Four new works are to come out at the Gymnase; and among the musical novelties at other theatres are pieces by Hervé and Lecocq.

The *Glasgow Herald*, writing of the American Company last week, said:—"Their last revival was an arrangement in four acts of Colley Cribber's comedy, 'She Would and She Would Not.'" The writer must have evidently had in his mind's eye the authors of some of our modern "original" plays.

I have always ranked Miss Braddon amongst the greatest benefactors of the present generation. When I read a novel, I have no desire to be instructed or to be improved. I wish to be amused; and there is not one of Miss Braddon's books which does not enlist the interest of the reader. They are sensational, as all good stories ought to be. They are no reproduction of everyday life; the circumstances narrated are exceptional, and yet the details are so well worked out, that the improbable is made to appear probable. What, however, surprises me is, that, far from her inventive powers falling off, they seem to expand with each new novel, instead of—as is so often the case with writers of fiction—all originality being gradually absorbed in *technique* and mannerisms. "Ishmael," which has just appeared, is unquestionably one of her best novels. The plot is stirring, and is skilfully developed; the characters are real men and women; whilst the Paris of the second Empire, with its conspiracies, its tawdry grandeur, and its sub-current of misery, are hit off to the life. Miss Braddon's popularity as a novelist ought to be a lesson to the story-tellers of the day, who bore us with bread-and-butter trash, or with lengthy disquisitions between boys and girls about the mysteries of the universe, and who seem to pride themselves, like the needy knife-grinder, upon having no story to tell.

In Mr. Haweis's sketch of the late Duke of Wellington, in this month's *Contemporary Review*, there is an awkward slip, due to inverted commas, which leads one to infer that the late Duke was in the habit of reading Gladstone's speeches aloud to his illustrious father!

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Strike away the commas in front of "At night I sometimes read the *Times*," and it at once appears that it is Mr. Haweis who read the *Times* to the late Duke, and the late Duke, and not his father, who paid a rather questionable compliment to Mr. Gladstone. In the same article, Copenhagen, the Waterloo horse, is said to have been "got by the Duke in Spain." Copenhagen was an English horse; he was purchased by the Duke *whilst* in Spain, but not in Spain.

On Oct. 2 the Lord Mayor of Dublin will throw open the two first Peoples' Libraries in that city. Whilst towns of much less importance in England and Scotland have had their free public libraries, Dublin has not up to the present enjoyed in this popular form such an undoubted boon. The libraries are to be divided into three departments—namely, the lending-room, the news-room, and the book reading-room, to which latter is attached a reference library section. The number of books already collected is about 7,000 volumes.

The United States Congress has declined either to pass Mr. Belmont's Free Act Bill, or the Bill of the Committee on Ways and Means reducing the tariff on foreign works of art from 30 to 10 per cent., and placing a similar duty on imported American works. It is really difficult to understand how a civilised community can be so silly as to throw impediments in the way of the importation by private individuals of works of art. In the discussions on the Bills which took place in Congress, it was not asserted that the high duty was for the benefit of American artists, but that, as works of art are the luxuries of the rich, they ought to be highly taxed; and one orator said: "Did those in favour of an abrogation of the duty forget 'the poor, the shivering, and the starving?'"

One of these days the Americans will realise that if they are wise they will encourage in every way the importation of art treasures. There are millionaires across the Atlantic who do not know what to do with their money. If one of them would spend a million or so in famous pictures, and transport them from Europe to America, we should be the losers and the Americans would be the gainers. And yet the latter actually render this impossible by insisting that this benefactor should pay several hundred thousands of pounds for conferring an inestimable service on his country.

A three-light memorial window was placed last week in Arrow Church, near Alcester, by the family of the late Lord Hertford. It represents "The Three Centurions of the New Testament," and is a very artistic piece of work.

It is stated by an imaginative "London Correspondent," that the Free Church deputation who waited upon Mr. Gladstone at Dalmeny the other day had been invited to do so by the Prime Minister, in order that he might learn their views on the question of disestablishment. This is a simple and unqualified invention. The deputation arrived suddenly and unexpectedly at Dalmeny, and they were only admitted to see Mr. Gladstone because it was impossible to get rid of them. They were a very short time with the Prime Minister (who was very busy on that afternoon), and I am informed that the true reason that so little has been said of the practical results of the interview, is that the whole of the talking was done by the deputation, and Mr. Gladstone confined himself to asking questions, and when at last he saw his way to dismissing them, he merely uttered a few vague generalities. The conduct of the deputation in pushing themselves upon Mr. Gladstone has been severely condemned by the Scotch papers, from the *Scotsman* and the *Glasgow Herald* downwards.

Mr. W. H. Hutchings will be succeeded at Clewer by the Rev. George Cuthbert, Rector of Market Drayton, Salop. Mr. Cuthbert, who was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, and served as curate to Mr. Randall, of All Saints', Clifton, and to Canon Carter, of Clewer, is an energetic clergyman of very extreme views, but with no great name for scholarship or pulpit oratory.

It is pretty well known that the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Manchester usually sail in the same ship as regards Ritualism. I shall be curious, however, to see whether Lord Feversham's nomination to the valuable living of Kirkby Misperton will pass unchallenged, now that the Bishop of Manchester has broken the ice and carried his point about the appointment of Mr. Cowgill to Miles Platting. Kirkby Misperton has become vacant by the resignation of Mr. George Body, the well-known Ritualistic mission preacher, who intends to devote all his time to the duties connected with his canonry in Durham Cathedral, and the choice of the patron has fallen on the Rev. W. H. Hutchings, Sub-Warden of the Ritualistic Sisterhood and House of Mercy at Clewer—a clergyman of considerable ability as a preacher, and well known as the adapter of Roman Catholic books of devotion for Anglican use. Mr. Hutchings is one of the most "extreme" men in the Established Church, and, unless he changes very much on going north, he will certainly not obey either his Bishop or the rulings of the Privy Council on Ritual. Will the Archbishop have the courage of his opinions and refuse to institute him?

There is much grumbling in the diocese of Sarum in consequence of the Bishop of Salisbury having thought fit to present the very desirable rectory of Leigh to a young clergyman who has only been a short time in the diocese, and whose claims for preferment consist in his having officiated for two years as private secretary and domestic chaplain to Dr. Moberly. The living ought undoubtedly to have been given either to one of the many incumbents of poor livings, or else to some curate who has worked long in the diocese. The appointment which has been made is a flagrant job, and one of which the aged Bishop and his advisers ought to be heartily ashamed.

The following refers to the appointment to Llangattock Rectory:—

Dear "Truth,"—I always read you, though, being what tho world calls a howling Tory, I don't believe in you one littlo bit. Still, let me put you right about Llangattock Rectory. Nobody knows more about it than I do. I havo preached in tho church

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every year for the last twenty years, the last time, in July, alas! preaching funeral sermons for my dear old friend the late rector, George Howell. The Duke of Beaufort never offered the appointment to any other than a Welshman, a graduate of Llampeter College, Mr. Bower, of Kilvey, near Swansea, a young, earnest-hearted man, who can speak Welsh as well as English (and many clergymen can speak neither!), and Mr. Bower has accepted the important charge. I break no confidence when I tell you that the very charming squire of the parish, George Miles, Esq., uncle of the baronet who sold the grand gallery of pictures at Leigh Court the other day, has written to me expressing his entire satisfaction at the nomination of his Grace. I know you like to tell the "truth," though it is not always easy, and therefore I trouble you with these few words. The Duke was bothered to death almost about the appointment, and one of his sons wrote to me that he had had over two hundred applications for the living. Pity the Duke!—Most truly yours, R. H. Baynes, Hon. Canon Worcester.

Radnor Club, Folkestone, Sept. 4.

P.S.—I asked for the living for a Welsh curate of mine, but he didn't get it.

The "simultaneous mission" which is to be held in the London churches during the autumn is not looked forward to with equal satisfaction by clergymen of all "schools of thought." Thus, the Rev. W. Adamson, an East end vicar of Low Church views, thinks that this movement, in spite of episcopal sanction, is "likely to be productive of grievous injury to the Protestantism of our Reformed Church of England." The last mission, held ten years ago, he says, "unsettled many steady Church workers, and turned them into butterflies instead of bees"—a strange development, no doubt; but worse than this, the extreme Ritualists were not slow "to practise the carnal and loathsome ceremonies" connected with their sacramental system. Altogether, the opportunity was "as astutely as avariciously utilised by them"—which, I suppose, means that the Ritualists worked much harder and in a more attractive way than the "Evangelicals." But, why do not Mr. Adamson and his friends take a leaf out of their book this time, and utilise the opportunity "as astutely as avariciously"—instead of grumbling at what they cannot prevent?

Every one may go to St. Paul's Cathedral in the afternoon; and every one may use his ears and eyes when he gets there. When I went I used my ears, and heard an excellent sermon by Canon Liddon, and, amongst other things, this is what I saw:—When the Canon began to preach, one choirman went fast asleep immediately; the man next him kept awake. About the middle of the sermon the first man had woke up; but then his companion had gone off. On the other side, I saw another choirman fast asleep. That makes three—some I could not see. I was not surprised, after this, to find the boys in the greatest disorder; one boy was actually lying almost across his companion, his neck hanging over him, in a dead sleep; his friend would not arouse him, but kept awake till he awoke, and then went to sleep himself. The boys opposite me seemed more lively, but, if possible, still less devout. One was engaged in making Punch and Judy with his surplice; another sucked sweets; another had a scent-squirt; whilst his friend was engaged in manufacturing little paper things, and trying to get them to stand up on his bench, to the great delight of the rest. A lady who sat next me was so scandalised, and got so fidgetty—especially about the brazen boy who lay with his head across the other—that I thought she would have got up and roused him herself. I think St. Paul says something about things being "done decently and in order;" more's the scandal that such scenes should be enacted on Sunday afternoon in a cathedral bearing his great name. I beg to state this paragraph is not a joke; if I have extenuated nothing, I have certainly "set down naught in malice."

This week a new convent is to be opened at Corberry Hill, Dumfriesshire. It is to be inhabited by Benedictine nuns of the Order of the Perpetual Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament.

A Curate-in-Charge who is not chosen to fill the shoes left vacant by the death of a non-resident Vicar, but is, on the contrary, called upon to vacate his own, and, metaphorically speaking, to walk out barefoot, is much to be pitied. But I really cannot see what decent pretext he can have for sending circulars into districts remote from his own parish, soliciting postage-stamps to pay a debt which he had contracted for the repairs of his church. I never saw the sacred building. It may be in a style of architecture shocking to my æsthetic sense, and yet I am favoured with one of these circulars, worthy the mediæval pen of a mendicant monk. I will put the analogous case of a needy but enterprising sub-editor who is left to conduct a local journal, the offices of which, say, are situate somewhere in Queer-street. They are sadly in need, as is the journal itself, of renovation; so the rashly sanguine "sub" calls in the carpenter, plumber, and plasterer, knowing all the while that the office-till and his own pockets are as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. The work is done, the artisans have departed, and the bills are sent in. At this critical point the sad news comes to hand that the "non-resident" editor has paid at least one debt—the debt of nature; and so far is the ill-wind from blowing any good to his *locum tenens*, that this unlucky gentleman finds himself superseded by a good young man from the country, burning to distinguish himself at half-price. Then the cornered "sub," not having the fear of the Mendicity Society before his eyes, sets about the desperate game which is known as sending round the hat. One may imagine the sort of reception which a begging-letter on behalf of the "Bermondsey Beacon" or the "Curtain-road Lecturer" would get at Kensington or West Hampstead.

Certain energetic clergymen appear to have got into a very singular position at Stonehaven, Kincardineshire. They are in the habit of preaching on the seashore during the hours when the beach is most crowded with visitors, and while bathing is extensively indulged in. The pious people of Stonehaven do not, presumably, object to the preaching; but it has been noticed that the clergymen invariably select that portion of the beach which is reserved for ladies, and conduct their services in a place which commands an excellent view of the matrons and maids who disport themselves in the waves. The Town Council of Stonehaven strongly disapproves of this mixing of the *utile* and the *dulce*, so an old woman has been authorised to warn the offending ministers from the sacred spot.

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Tourists in Scotland can be supplied with Pfungst's (old landed) Extra Quality Champagnes at the Windsor Hotel, Edinburgh; Central Station Hotel, Glasgow; Forrester's Restaurant, Gordon-st., Glasgow; British Hotel, Dundee; and Queen's Hotel, Dundee.

The *Christian World* is perfectly horrified at the conduct of Lords Northbrook and Wolseley in starting for Egypt on a Sunday. This virtuous journal thinks that their departure might have taken place a day sooner or a day later, so that the "sacredness of the Sabbath" should not be desecrated. It is pitiful and ludicrous to see a journal supporting a warlike policy in Egypt, and then shrieking out in alarm because the General starts on a Sunday.

Lord Hartington seems to have gone out of his way the other day to offend the susceptibilities of the Army doctors. A committee of War Office officials, chosen by himself, and having at their head Lord Morley, the Under-Secretary of State for War, recommended that the title of "Royal" should be given to the medical service of the army. No army doctor asked for the title, no civil doctor asked for it; it was purely a recommendation of a War Office committee. Lord Hartington, however, saw fit to decline to act on the suggestion, but in so doing he needlessly offends a large body of officers. If, say they, you and your officials put the idea forward merely to refuse it, you, without just cause, irritate and wound men's self-esteem. This is not the way to raise *morale* and make men contented.

Her Majesty has always said that her heart bleeds for her wounded soldiers, but, apparently, Lord Hartington thinks that such Royal evidence of sympathy should be for the wounded man only, and not for the devoted nurse and doctor.

A military man of considerable practical experience sends me the following interesting forecast respecting our military forces:—

When the Reform Bill passes it will be interesting to watch how the new House will deal with the army.

We shall probably see the question of the officers' pay dealt with in this way. There are to-day swarms of underpaid officers, continually on leave, and bored during their presence with their corps by the want of more complete employment.

The numbers must be cut down by one fourth, and the pay and work of those retained so increased as to make the officers a more professional body. By diminishing the number of companies, and enlarging their strength, a great saving in officers can be developed, and warrant officers can be created in each company who would do much of the work now done by subalterns. In this way an outlet can be given to the rank and file to attain positions of trust and responsibility corresponding to the warrant positions in the navy and in the Indian army.

The cavalry need to be linked in larger units than regiments, and the Yeomanry, if they are to be made useful, should have a closer union with the regular cavalry than now exists.

The Militia should be carefully fostered, and it would be possible in each county to have one of the battalions so organised as to be available for foreign war service if needed, and to do duty at the base and along the line of communications.

The Volunteer force also needs careful tending and judicious support, and such equalising with the regular army as will tend to break down any exclusive military caste, but rather to make the armed force of the country practically the whole manhood of the nation.

In the reformed House we shall probably find that the compact "Colonel's party," resisting all progress in the army, and ever standing up against reform, will entirely disappear, and it will be possible to have a grand committee, representing all shades of opinion, in the House, dealing with all naval and military questions. It is only by such a committee that complete control can be maintained over the now puzzling and intricate subject of army finance.

The Scientific Corps have surpassed themselves at the recent examination for entrance to the Staff College. Out of the forty-seven candidates who qualified, ten belong to the Royal Artillery and six to the Royal Engineers. The Royal Artillery officers were 1st, 2nd, 8th, 9th, 11th, 17th, 20th, 30th, 34th, and 44th; the Royal Engineers, 3rd, 4th, 7th, 10th, 12th, and 15th. Thus, out of the first twelve on the list, five were gunners and five sappers. The third Engineer in order of merit, for whom there is no vacancy, scored more than one-third again as many marks as the last line officer admitted.

The Royal yacht *Osborne* is under orders to leave Portsmouth this evening for Port Victoria, near Sheerness, where she will embark the Crown Princess of Germany and her daughters for Flushing, whence they will proceed to Germany. The *Osborne* will be laid up for the winter when she returns to Portsmouth.

Vanity Fair alludes to "uncharitable comments" which have appeared on the subject of the distinction which has been granted to Captain Durrant, late of H.M.S. *Canada*. I objected to Captain Durrant being made a K.M.G. because this Order is distinctly colonial, and is supposed to be awarded only for services rendered to us in the colonies. It would have been more suitable to make him a K.C.B., which could scarcely be considered too high an honour, seeing that this was the distinction selected by the Queen to reward the services of the late Duke of Albany's house-steward. No doubt Captain Durrant found it arduous work to combine the command of the *Canada* with the business of "dry-nursing" Prince George. It is an unfair responsibility to put upon any man, for if an accident had happened to the Prince during the cruise, it would have been practically as fatal to Captain Durrant as if he had lost his ship. The *Canada* was quite enough to occupy his undivided attention, and when next a Royal personage goes to sea in this way it will be better for all concerned to send "a governor" who will have nothing to do but look after his charge.

It appears that the *Canada*, which is refitting with all speed at Portsmouth, is to be sent back to the West Indies. This seems a most extraordinary arrangement, for if it were desirable to keep the ship on the West Indian station, what on earth was the use of bringing her home only six weeks ago? I suppose she was ordered to cross the Atlantic because Prince George was to come home, but it would have been both cheaper and more expeditious if he had returned by an ordinary mail-steamer. Now that the *Canada* is on this side of the Atlantic she ought undoubtedly to be despatched to China (she is specially adapted for service on that station) to strengthen our miserably feeble squadron in the East. There is absolutely no object for sending her to the West Indies, while there is every reason to desire her departure for China.

The Lords of the Admiralty will start on October 1 for their annual inspection of the Royal Dockyards.

It is probable that Sir Houston Stewart, whose term of command at Devonport will expire in a few months, will succeed Sir A. Cooper-Key as senior Naval Lord of the Admiralty.

The steel armour-plated barbette ship, *Benbow*, which is being built at Blackwall, will have a displacement of 10,000 tons, and she is to carry twelve heavy guns. The estimate for her machinery alone exceeds £100,000.

Spectacles scientifically adapted to assist & strengthen the weakest sights by Mr. Laurance, F.S.S., Oculist Optician, 1a, Old Bond-st.

The Admiralty have been well-advised in ordering H.M.S. *Turquoise* to Zanzibar in place of the old *London*. The *London* did most valuable work on the East African coast, and it is not surprising to hear that since she was withdrawn there has been a marked increase of activity in the slave trade in those quarters. I hope the *Turquoise* may succeed in making things as unpleasant for the trade as did her predecessor.

H.M.S. *Dryad* was recently recommissioned at Zanzibar, and her old crew was sent home and a new crew taken out, arrangements which involved a very considerable expense. I hear that it has tardily been discovered that she is in such a dangerously rotten state that she is quite unfit for service, and she is now making the best of her way home from the East Indies to Devonport. Now, it would be interesting to learn who is responsible for this scandalous waste of the public money, for surely her condition would have been detected in time to prevent her being recommissioned if any adequate inspection had been made.

What has become of H.M.S. *Thunderer?* The country has certainly not had much value for its money out of this vessel, which cost close on half-a-million sterling, including £360,000 for construction, and £140,000 odd for repairs. She was launched in March, 1872, at Pembroke Dockyard, but was not commissioned until August, 1876. It was on her trial trip at the measured mile, in this month, that one of her boilers burst, killing between forty and fifty of her crew, and wounding more than twice that number. She thereupon returned into dock for six months. After being at sea with the Mediterranean Squadron for rather less than two years, in January, 1879, one of her 38-ton guns burst in the after-turret, while at practice, killing six and wounding thirty-two officers and men. Since that time, however, this magnificent ironclad, one of the most powerful afloat, has been lying-up in Malta Harbour, a sheer hulk, with her crew transferred to the port-admiral's flag-ship. It is surely a scandalous, nay, more, a criminal waste of public property and money, to be constantly laying down and estimating for new warships, while a vessel, able with its sister-ships the *Devastation* and *Dreadnought* to sink any six war-vessels in any navy, is left to rust and rot, simply because sailors have a prejudice against her, and look upon her as an "unlucky ship."

The German Admiralty have arranged for a competition of torpedo-boats in a bay near Kiel, for the purpose of deciding which type of boat shall be adopted for the German Navy. The other day a torpedo-boat, built at Stettin, was raced against an English-built boat of the same class, and the former won easily, its speed averaging nearly twenty-three miles an hour.

Lack of Tone.—There comes a time in every life when the system requires "building up." Lack of tone is noticeable to the eye of the physician, and the patient feels a sinking, broken-down sensation, which robs life of all its zest. Here is where Allen's Pepsinic proves of such great value. Its action is sure, gentle, and lasting. It has a field of usefulness quite its own, and former sufferers from prostration, nervous debility, mal-assimilated food, and the wretched dyspepsia in all its branches, cordially recommend Allen's Pepsinic to such invalids as desire to be restored to health, strength, and the full enjoyment of life.—Sold generally everywhere, or sent, on receipt of 2s. 9d., by Cole & Co., Sole Proprietors, 21, Cock-lane, Snow-hill, E.C.

Toryism seems to be losing ground even in the City of London, which, of late years, has been looked upon as one of its surest strongholds. On Friday the managers of the City Conservative Club were summoned to the Mansion House by the overseers of the parish for non-payment of rates, and the nakedness of the land became apparent when it was stated that repeated promises had been made to pay the amount for which the Club was in default, but, nevertheless, the overseers had been unable to obtain it. Sir Andrew Lusk allowed the Club a week to pay in.

I see that another bank clerk has succeeded in robbing his employers by resorting to the very old dodge of substituting copper for silver in the bags that are supposed to contain the latter coin. In the present case the man seems, according to his own statement, to have carried on this interesting exchange "over the last year." And yet bankers are supposed to be shrewd men of business, capable not only of taking care of their own money, but also of that of other people. The prisoner, it appears, was the "chief cashier" of the branch, and evidently had full control of all cash. His salary was £70 a year.

The attempts of prisoners to escape from custody whilst being conveyed by train under police escort, are becoming monotonously frequent in occurrence. The captive seizes his opportunity when the constable is off his guard, slips his handcuffs, and is gone in a moment. More generally the desperate act is attended with the death or serious injury of the prisoner, but occasionally it meets with success, as happened—temporarily, at least—in the case recently reported, of the man Dunn, who, whilst being conveyed, along with three companions in crime, to Stafford, suddenly leapt from the train while travelling at full speed, and, marvellously enough, escaped unhurt. One would have thought that these constant occurrences would have long ago suggested to the authorities the obvious necessity for the provision of a specially-constructed carriage for the conveyance of prisoners, fitted with cells on the principle of the familiar "Black Maria," from which escape would be a physical impossibility.

Mr. Ellis Phillips, of 44, Warwick-road, Maida-vale, prosecuted Clara Govier for having followed him about all day, rung his bell at night, and hit him in the eye with a roll of paper. Clara Govier, who is twenty-three years of age, could only say in defence that the prosecutor was the father of her five children and would do nothing for them, upon which Sir James Ingham told her that she had no justification for persecuting the man all his life, and gave her two months' imprisonment with hard labour. I beg to differ from Sir James altogether. I should say that a girl of three-and-twenty who sees the father of her five children living at his ease is justified in "persecuting" him until he does his duty to his offspring; and I protest that two months' hard labour is a monstrous punishment for giving such an individual a black eye.

Brewster Sessions are now being held throughout the country, and some of the objections urged by energetic police-officers against the renewal of publicans' licences are somewhat curious reading. At Sevenoaks, for instance,

Superintendent Waghorn complained of the conduct of the landlord of a public-house at Kemsing. It appeared that last Bank Holiday a number of excursionists stopped at this inn. They subsequently went to see Kemsing church, where they put on the clergymen's surplices and played the organ. They also committed the additional sacrilege of stealing some apples from the vicar's garden. It is surely asking a little too much of Boniface to expect him to exercise a fatherly supervision over the subsequent proceedings of every Cockney tourist who may patronise his establishment.

Reuben May is to the fore once again, though not, perhaps, in the light he would prefer. By certain correspondence that has been published, it appears that Reuben wrote to a Mr. Courtney Kenny, barrister, of Cambridge, a year ago for a subscription, and that the man of law promised a donation on condition that a balance-sheet of the mission should be sent. Naturally, Mr. Kenny received no reply, although he enclosed a stamped envelope. The other day, however, Reuben repeated his request for money, and Mr. Kenny returned him precisely the same answer, with precisely the same result. When will charitable people have the common sense to follow Mr. Kenny's example? It is highly discreditable that a number of rotten missions like this man May's should be upheld by pious simpletons.

Last Wednesday, a poor old Punch and Judy man, at Ramsgate, whose show has delighted the hearts of many a boy and girl, was fined five shillings and eleven and sixpence costs, at the Ramsgate police-court, for playing a musical instrument—to wit, a drum—within four hundred yards of the town band, which was playing at its appointed place on the sands. That the band is, of its kind, very musical I do not deny, but that the Town Council should be allowed to enforce a bye-law which enacts that no musical instrument may be played within a certain distance of their august band is monstrous.

In the Italian convict prisons there are no less than 5,363 persons condemned to penal servitude for life. In the yearly Budget thirty-three million francs are set aside for the expenses of these establishments, while only twenty-two million francs are spent upon education. In the face of these facts it is not altogether surprising that the lower orders in Italian towns are so sunk in ignorance and superstition that they firmly believe that the authorities are trying to spread the cholera, instead of arresting it, and that the doctors are banded together to poison them.

The Paris police are making vigorous efforts to put down betting-houses, and the other day three bookmakers were fined various amounts by the Tribunal of the Seine. The reasons given by the President for the conviction of the offenders are somewhat curious. Betting-houses, he remarked, must be governed by the same law as gaming-houses, "because the majority of the public who frequent these places are not competent to form a rational opinion as to the relative prospects of the horses, and, therefore, betting is a game of chance." I am disposed to think that if bookmakers were only allowed to bet with people who are "competent to form a rational opinion" about horses, less than half-a-dozen of their fraternity would be sufficient to carry on the entire betting business of Europe.

Mr. Tom Hughes has spoilt a good case by exaggeration. In former days the Mississippi was frequented by professional card-players. The inhabitants on the banks of that river, being of a practical turn, used to hang a few when they became too numerous, or made themselves too objectionable. Some of the gambling fraternity have now taken to the Atlantic, and oscillate between Liverpool and New York in search of victims. The captains of the Atlantic liners ought to know these scamps, and should not allow their vessels to be converted into gambling hells; but when Mr. Hughes goes on to protest against cards being played in the smoking-room during an Atlantic voyage he will hardly have the public with him. Cards are played at clubs both in America and in England. Why, then, should they be tabooed on the Atlantic?

The reports of the medical officers of health in and about London respecting adulteration are, I fear, altogether too good to be true. Dr. Pavy, for instance, issues a report for St. Luke's parish for the past year. He has analysed 6 samples of butter, and found them all genuine; 19 of mustard, of which 16 were genuine; 16 samples of pepper, 18 of sweets, 2 of cayenne, 5 of arrowroot, and 3 of tea, all perfectly free from adulteration; and of 15 samples of coffee, only one was found to be mixed with chicory to the extent of 10 per cent. In Islington, 28 samples of various articles were analysed, and no case of adulteration is reported. I cannot help feeling a little curious about the manner in which these marvellous samples were procured.

Apropos of bearing-reins, a correspondent writes:—

> You say this week that bearing-reins are very often responsible for broken knees. Now, there is no more cruel bearing-rein, or rather no bearing-rein more cruelly used, than the one inflicted upon Egyptian donkeys. The Egyptian tourist is well acquainted with these, and has often protested against them—so much so, that it is a common thing for the donkey-boys to slacken the rein on the approach of an Englishman, or to say that it is not too tight. It frequently happens that an Englishman or an English lady passing by undoes the rein altogether, and slangs the donkey-boy because of it. But the invariable rejoinder of the Egyptian is that it is good for the donkey's legs; in fact, they contend that it makes the donkey lift its feet more, and consequently not only improves its appearance, but lessens the chances of its falling, or even stumbling. And I must say, from personal observation, that there seems to be some truth in this theory, and, far from leading to broken knees, my belief is that bearing-reins are really to a great extent efficacious in preventing the animal from becoming slovenly and slip-shod.
>
> Far be it from me, however, to uphold the bearing-rein; there can be no doubt that it is a cause of great suffering to both horses and donkeys, and that it is often used, as Truth says, to save the coachman or the donkey-boy trouble. But I cannot help thinking that one of the original uses of the bearing-rein, in England as well as in Egypt, was to make the beast raise its feet well, and that it really does improve the action of the donkeys in Egypt.
>
> "El Hakk."

Sticking a needle in a cock's comb is supposed by some people to improve the appearance of the bird; still, fortunately for the cocks, the majority of humanity do not think it necessary to thus improve the birds they possess. Why, then, should horses and donkeys be tortured with a bearing-rein in order that their natural action may be "improved" and that they may "raise their feet well"?

C

Army and Navy Hotel, Victoria-st., S.W., is probably now the best Hotel in London. Table d'hote 6 to 8. Cookery excellent.

Why does not the Chairman of one of our Southern lines take a bold plunge, reduce the first-class to second-class fares, and have only two classes? This system has succeeded on the Northern railroads; why, then, should it not succeed on the Southern railroads? If neither the Chairman of the Chatham and Dover nor of the South-Eastern will adopt this course, why does not one of the railroads from the North pass through London and push on to Dover? With the assurance of cheap fares all Parliamentary opposition to such an extension would fall to the ground. It is simply monstrous that it should cost double to travel fifty miles south of London what it costs to travel the same distance in comfort north of London.

Mr. Bartlett Burdett-Coutts has publicly advertised that a fishing-vessel belonging to him at Lowestoft, named *William Ewart Gladstone*, will henceforward be called *Will of the Wisp*. Of course, he has as good a right to alter the name of a vessel belonging to him as he had to alter his own name. Had I, however, changed my name for the reasons which led him to change his, I should endeavour to attract as little attention to myself as possible, and, above all things, avoid all allusion to names, either of men, women, horses, dogs, or ships. *Dans la maison d'un pendu*, &c.

Happening to look into Carpenter's "Peerage" the other day, I was reminded that it is strictly in accordance with the Cecil traditions to fight Franchise Bills to the bitter end. Here is a description of how the present Marquis of Salisbury's father carried on the war against the first Reform Bill, even after the battle was lost and won:—

> At the General Election in 1832 his lordship made some extra exertions in order to mark his detestation of the Reform Bill just then brought into operation. He had previously been obliged to satisfy himself with the return of one of the Members for Hertford, but this time he resolved to nominate both. Lords Mahon and Ingestre were started against Messrs. T. Dunseombe and Spalding; and by a profligate expenditure of gold, and an arbitrary and most tyrannical exercise of local power, the Marquis succeeded in placing his nominees at the head of the poll. A petition was presented against the return early in the following year, and an investigation ensued, which terminated in unseating both the members, and in proving that intimidation and bribery had been shamefully employed. From the Report of the Committee it appeared that the whole machinery of corruption and intimidation had been set vigorously to work, and those who were not to be bribed were bullied; that when threats and bribery were found insufficient to procure a man's vote, "hired ruffians—bullies and gypsies"—were employed to prevent his voting by main force. The Marquis of Salisbury's tenants were all made to sign leases for fourteen days, so that a fortnight's notice to quit would enable his lordship's agents to turn any refractory elector, with his family, into the streets—a most effective mode of tyrannising over the poor and friendless, especially in the depth of winter, when this election took place. The House of Commons, to mark its sense of the disgraceful proceedings, not only unseated the Marquis's nominees, but also refused to issue another writ for the borough during the sitting of that Parliament.

It was recently announced in Truth that Colonel Walker, the Tory candidate for Westbury, had withdrawn from the contest, and that the party were looking out for a local man. Lord Weymouth was first thought of, but it is understood that he is to enter the House of Commons as the representative of a county constituency. It has now been decided that Mr. E. P. Bouverie is to come forward, but, of course, his consent to stand is conditional on there being a general election before the Redistribution Bill passes, as after that legislation Westbury, as a Parliamentary borough, will cease to exist, and extinction also awaits its neighbours Frome, Chippenham, Calne, and Marlborough.

A Tory contemporary announces that "Colonel the Hon. Charles Edgcumbe has taken the place of Mr. Tremayne, M.P., as the Conservative candidate for East Cornwall." There is no truth in this statement. Colonel Edgcumbe has merely been spoken of in a loose way as a likely candidate, but no formal steps have been taken in the matter, nor has he even expressed his willingness to stand.

I have been inquiring of independent Liberals outside London what they think of the Egyptian question. They, one and all, regret that Mr. Gladstone ever allowed himself to be entangled into it, and they all desire that we should withdraw from the country, bag and baggage, so soon as possible. Their feeling seems to be that as Liberals we have no sort of right to impose any particular Government on the Egyptians, and that to expend the money of the British taxpayer with any such object in view is only worthy of the Conservatives. As regards Gordon, they think that it was a mistake ever to send him to Khartoum, and that as he has remained there in defiance of his instructions, it is a still greater mistake to expend men or money in aiding him. As I always thought, the feeling in favour of interference in Egypt is entirely limited to London, and to those Conservatives out of London who allow themselves to be humbugged by their leaders.

Mr. Gladstone himself considers that he was bound to interfere, because the Conservatives had entered into a covenant with the Khedive Tewfik to maintain his rule. A weaker defence—be it said with all respect—cannot be conceived. We have no right to impose Kings or Khedives upon reluctant Orientals. A Conservative Government was turned out of power in order that its home and foreign policy should be reversed. It is not for a Liberal Government to spend millions and to cause the death of thousands in order that this or that Egyptian should rule on the Nile. How long, too, is the covenant to be binding on us? Are we to defend Tewfik against his own subjects, and Egypt against all who attack her, for ever?

Mr. Gladstone should understand this. The Liberals only allow this Egyptian nonsense to go on because he defends it. As he really objects to it, and as the Liberals—with the exception of a few men who have no hold upon the country—object to it also, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that he is responsible for all the blood and treasure which is being wasted in order to carry out the very policy which he has so strenuously denounced.

The French Government, which has introduced a fleet into a fortified river in time of peace, and taken advantage of this proceeding to destroy the arsenal and fleet of a Power with which it is not at war, might with advantage study the following extract from a great French writer on International Law:—

> The inhabitants of Geneva, after defeating the famous attempt to take their city by escalade (in the year 1602), caused all the prisoners whom they took from the Savoyards on that occasion to be hanged up as robbers, who had come to them without cause and without a declaration of war. Nor were the Genevese censured for this proceeding, which would have been detestable in a formal war.

SCRUTATOR.

MISS MARY ANDERSON.

THIS young lady can hardly complain of the reception which was accorded to her on her first appearance in London. If it did not surprise her, it surprised her countrymen, for in America she was regarded as a pretty, graceful girl, without any marked talent as an actress. It soon, however, became the fashion to go and see her, and the Lyceum was as crowded as it had been when Irving and Ellen Terry played together in their best parts. Everything was done to keep the ball rolling. Puffs and paragraphs appeared to let the world know that the young lady was as good as she was pretty, and that she devoted her earnings to the support of parents, brothers, sisters, uncles, and aunts. These were followed by telegrams to America, retelegraphed back here. According to these veracious missives, she refused an English Duke or an English Bishop once or twice a week, because she was so enamoured of the stage, that she preferred acting to marrying, and they were occasionally varied with recitals of how she had insisted upon having her mamma by her side whenever any Royal personage paid her a compliment, how she contemplated going into a convent, or the equally important item of intelligence that she did not intend to retire from the world. Mary Anderson, in fact, was exceedingly well worked.

She has now returned to London. Had she been well-advised, she would have gone back to her native land with her laurels fresh around her. She has, however, preferred to come forward again. She is no longer a guest whom it would be illiberal to criticise closely; but her performances must be judged like those of any other actress—and, judged by this standard, I am afraid that the verdict must go against her. Putting aside her beauty, her goodness, her devotion to her relatives, her mythical offers of marriage from Dukes and Bishops, and her conventual aspirations, and viewing her as an actress alone, she is rather below than above the average of many of the young ladies who are at present on the stage. There is nothing genuine in her. Whatever she plays, she is exactly the same—cold, hard, and mechanical; more like a marionette than a woman of flesh and blood.

"Pygmalion and Galatea," in which she has reappeared, is a clever idea spoilt by being elaborated into three acts. So long as Miss Anderson has to remain the statue girl, she is at her best. She has carefully studied statuesque attitudes, and she clicks from one well-known pose into another, as though she were animated by the most perfect of clockwork. Here, however, all that can be said in her favour ends. The stone remains stone. The statue never comes to life. She is unable to portray emotions which she does not feel. She succeeds in uttering the suggestive lines of Mr. Gilbert as though she did not realise their meaning, and they flow from her mouth out of the abundance of her innocence. But when she loves and when she hates, when she weeps and when she smiles, she is nothing more than a pretty doll, utterly unconscious of the signification of the words that fall from her lips, and, except for her beauty, as uninteresting as she is uninterested. The mechanism is perfect; the wires and springs and wheels move noiselessly, and with admirable regularity. But this is not acting. One touch of nature would be worth it all.

As I have already said, the lady has been well worked by those in charge of her, and it will not be their fault if she does not reap another golden harvest before she ceases to be the fashion of the moment. For the last few months I have been much bored with paragraphs concerning her contemplated production of "Romeo and Juliet," which is shortly to be placed on the Lyceum stage. We have been told that Mr. Irving's revival is to be outdone; that the scenery is to surpass Nature; and that the dresses are to be more beautiful than the robes of the angelic host as described by St. John in his Revelations. For a fortnight at least I could not take up a newspaper without being confronted with the important fact that Miss Anderson had been to the British Museum to study the prints of old Italian costumes, in order to settle which she would wear. There is no limit, in the present days, to what a manager will spend in the production of a piece. The scenery, the upholstery, and the dresses will no doubt be very costly. I am by no means sure, however, that we are particularly anxious to see them, for we are getting a little tired of elaborate frameworks, and we almost sigh for the days when actors and actresses did not need them in order to attract audiences.

Both in the case of Irving and of Ellen Terry, the frame, it is true, was artistically contrived; but it contained a veritable picture. Ellen Terry would equally have fascinated as Juliet, had she been playing in a barn. She really was the love-sick girl of Verona. Miss Anderson, on the other hand, is not likely to be more than a pretty American Miss, whose chief merit is that she is good to her mother. Now, I am free to confess that when I go to see Juliet on the stage, it is a matter of the most absolute indifference to me whether she has tended her mother with filial devotion or entirely broken with her, or whether she has married a Bishop or run away with a groom. What I want to see is Juliet, and, provided that I see this, I do not care whether Juliet off the scene is the best or the worst of American or English girls. This is a matter which concerns her, not me. There are a great many very good girls both in England and in America, and, as prize girls, I might be ready to pay a trifle to see them, particularly if they are comely of person; but I object to pay ten shillings to see them pretending to be girls of other climes, when nature, which has made them good, has not made them actresses. On the stage I prefer the naughtiest of girls who can act, to the most perfect paragon who cannot. That actresses should all be good, is desirable; but of all modern pieces of humbug, the attempt to advertise a girl as a great actress on the ground that she is kind to her mother, or that she won prizes for good conduct when at school, is the most absurd. As well might one consent to eat garbage every day, because the cook who prepared it was in the habit, when not occupied with cooking, of exemplifying in her private life the whole duty of woman; or to fall in extasies over a picture because its painter pays his butcher's bills with regularity, and teaches in a Sunday-school.

Riding Habits.—Specialty of John Redfern & Sons. Ladies' Tailors by Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 26, Conduit-street, London, W. Also at Cowes and Paris.

AN ENGLISH SPA.

Most of us know many German spas, but few of us have ever been to the spas in our own country. I have come to the conclusion that if "waters" do no particular good, they do no particular harm, and that, as a rule, any waters which act as an alterative are beneficial. The human inside is like a gun-barrel in constant use, and, like it, requires occasionally to be thoroughly cleaned. Holding to this theory, I have quaffed the "waters" of almost every spring in Europe, without consulting any doctor—indeed, I regard the watering-place doctor as more or less of a humbug. Having a few spare days on hand, I thought I would give Harrogate a trial. "The air is good, and the place is pretty, but somewhat dull," said a friend to whom I confided my intentions. This description I have found borne out. It is really a very pretty place, with its well-built stone houses, its ups and its downs, and its breezy heaths and commons; dull, perhaps, is not exactly the word, but it is quiet, decidedly quiet. There is a garden, with a concert-room, where there is music in the evening, and there is a pretty theatre, where one or other of the numerous travelling companies acts. Most of the visitors are north-country folk—people sharp and active enough in business, but who take their pleasures calmly, not to say sadly. When you live in an atmosphere of smoke and machinery, competing at high pressure with your neighbours, and necessarily endeavouring to cut out your neighbours in the race for a fortune, the contrast of doing nothing all day but ruminate under a tree, and give digestion full play, is not without its charm. Talk to these gentlemen about nothing, and they have very little to say, beyond exhaustive remarks upon the weather; but talk to them about anything connected with their own particular trade, or about the trades that flourish in their neighbourhood, and you soon realise how it is that England holds her own amongst nations. One of them only this morning summed up the industrial future to me thus: "Protective tariffs and foreign competition will drive us out of the markets of the world for ordinary goods. If a manufacturer wants now-a-days to make money, he must invent something new, and discover how to make it cheaply. In fancy goods we ought to beat the world." "But does not fashion change?" I asked. "Of course it does," he replied; "the manufacturer must make his fortune in a very few years, before the fashion has changed, and before he is undersold by competitors."

What strikes any one coming North is the independence of mind and manners which characterises all classes of the natives. They are more civil and yet less cringing than the Southerner. In London a trader who has made money buys a little place in the country, and makes desperate efforts to be what he would term "genteel." He is distrustful of himself, still more distrustful of his former associates, and aspires to rise in the social scale. A Northerner regards himself as the equal of any man. Trade he looks upon as no bar sinister in his escutcheon; he is proud of having made his money by his industry and intelligence, and rather despises those who neither toil nor spin, but who live upon the labour of others. This independent spirit influences the habits of the poorest. A working man—whether an artizan or an agriculturist—does not say "sir" to any dolt arrayed in broadcloth who addresses him, nor does he speak in bondsman's key in the thirsty expectation of beer. And the waters? Of these there are many kinds. But the correct thing to do is to take a sulphur bath, and to drink before breakfast two large glasses of sulphur liquid. Faith is everything in these matters, and the decoction is so very horrible to the palate, that it is difficult not to have faith in its beneficial qualities. What with the smell and the taste, one realises what purgatory is likely to be.

The hotels are numerous, and they are singularly cheap. Visitors pay about 10s. per diem, and for this they may consume—and, in most cases, they seem to consume—enough solid food in a day to keep a family of average size from starvation for a week. Breakfast is at nine o'clock—tea, coffee, and much meat; luncheon at one—much meat; dinner at six—no made dishes, but huge joints and fat poultry; tea at 8.30—vast quantities of bread and butter. I gaze with fresh astonishment every day at the enormous quantity which human beings can stow away, with, apparently, no ill effects.

In the neighbourhood there are many drives to places of note and renown. A day or two ago I went to Knaresborough, and was shown over the ruins of the castle. The janitor pointed to a chest, and informed me that it had been brought over by William the Conqueror. "How do you know?" I asked. "I have it direct," he replied. "What! from William the Conqueror?" "No," he answered, "but from the Duke of Devonshire's steward." The authority, of course, carried conviction to my mind.

THE DEAD SEASON.

"I'm supposed to be out of town," said Golightly. He is one of your regular clubmen, who is *supposed* to do something on 'Change, though no one ever saw him do anything but walk down one staircase in the City and up another.

Golightly was sitting by his open window in lodgings not a hundred miles from St. James's-street. "I don't mind telling you," he added, cheerily, "I rather prefer the dead season in London, and am in no hurry to decamp. There's an absence of duns, for one thing, and you can wear out your old clothes," here he knocked the ash of his cigar on the window-sill. "Look at that fool, the Honourable Jack Jawkins, slinking past his club over the way. I happen to know he lives in Eaton-terrace, with all the blinds down; he occupies a couple of back rooms, and a charwoman opens the door and tells his friends he is in Scotland. Why does he not enjoy himself, and say frankly he can't afford Scotland this year? Look at me. I'm quite happy. I find plenty to do. I happen to like walking about the streets. There are quite enough people left behind to please me, and I can cross the road anywhere without being knocked down by a hansom. I am fond of my club, but I hate a crowded club. I am monarch of all I survey there now. That offensive

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Goode's Depôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

Sanitary Inspection.—Fee, 2 Guineas. Improvement works undertaken. The Sanitary Engineering Co., 115, Victoria-st., Westminster.

creature who sits in my favourite chair, and invariably has the particular organ of public opinion I am looking for, is out of town. I have not to ring twice for my sherry, and I can always get the best cue if I want a game of billiards. It is true there's no business in the City, but then there seldom is when I go there. I only stare at a lot of people who pretend they've plenty to do. Most of them are out of town now, and I don't miss them. There is something in a money-grubbing face peculiarly offensive to a man that wants money—and I always do. The weather has been hot, but ice is cheap. The theatres have been closed, but the Healtheries are open, and the parks are delightfully quiet," &c., and so my contented friend rattled on, with such obvious common sense and apparent conviction, that I, who had been thinking that I ought to go out of town for my holiday—not because I wanted to go, but because every one said it was necessary—went home to my wife, and spoke as follows:—

"My dear, you say the children require change of air; but the seaside never agrees with you, and I cannot see that the children look pale. In fact, people may say what they like, but London is a very healthy place for children. Ever since we got off that clay soil, and took a house in this open square, where the soil is gravel, there has been nothing the matter with any of us. Most people are gone, it is true; but you get much more quickly served at the Stores now, and your time is not cut up by incessant callers, whose intrusions you know you occasionally resented, especially the Dobbins and the Clackmans and that pushing Snipekin, and a host of others, who seemed to think our house a useful place to lunch at—'close to the Healtheries, you know.' They are all gone now. Cannot you be happy?"

My wife's countenance had fallen when I began my tentative little speech. I sat meekly enough whilst she dwelt upon the delights of Paris, Antwerp, Italy, or even Norway—anywhere but London, where she had all that she could reasonably want. When she had talked herself out of breath, I judiciously reminded her of the rather strained condition of our finances, due to certain people going out of town for their holiday, and forgetting to pay me first.

It is odd how indifferent women—even good housekeepers—are to money when it stands in the way of any pet project. I certainly could not pretend that it was impossible to raise the cash, much as I treasured the nest-eggs laid aside for rainy days; but the post had been quite providentially disastrous during the last few days, and had supplied me with other and more cogent arguments. I pulled out some letters and began reading them to my wife. One wrote from Belgium—herself the mother of a family: "I have been laid up at Ostend with a sort of low fever—so bad that I had to be nursed by a 'réligieuse.' This is how I have spent my holiday. It couldn't have been the water we drank. I poured in lots of ozonised stuff, and so did the children; they were none of them well, poor dears, but not actually in bed. We are so looking forward to London, which I hear is delightful, and quite cool now." Another wrote from Biarritz: "Oddly enough, although the weather is so hot, Emily's bronchitis is no better. We all wish we had staid in town; the place is crowded; and the drains"—— "Oh, do leave off those stupid letters," said my wife impatiently; but I could see that the dismals were beginning to creep over her, so I pleaded—"Just one more from Cannes: "Susan has got a sort of fever; we don't quite know yet what it will turn to, but her head aches, and she complains of her throat. The resident physician, of course, declares it must have been on her when she left Marseilles. He says the drains are all right here, now there's been such a fuss about them, and a thorough examination was made; but Susan is certainly sickening, and we don't know whether to come home at once or wait here." I had been keeping these letters in my pocket since the morning, and I don't mind admitting that one of them was lent me by Golightly. To clench my documentary evidence with a strong personal appeal, I continued, in my calmest and most dispassionate manner: "Do you remember, my dear, how wretched we all were in the spring? You thought you would like to go to a little out-of-the-way place in Devonshire. We couldn't get lodgings, so we put up at the Cream and Cider Inn. As for the cream, it cost rather more than in London; and the cider, though also dear, was not in good condition. Nevertheless, the children ate too much of one, and drank too much of the other; and you thought the local doctor's fees exorbitant at the time. The chairs, too—no better than chairs at sea-side lodgings; the backs loose, the seats hard. I won't allude to the beds. Everything in that wretched inn—the only one in the place—seemed to fall to pieces when you looked at it. Even the shell rose under the glass shade tumbled off, and the dilapidations came to such a figure, you thought of calling the policeman's attention to it, till I reminded you that he could do nothing. The landlady only said, 'Children was *that* destructive—and we might recover at law if we chose—and she'd never had no complaints.'" "I own," said my wife, who was not unreasonable, "that we have not been fortunate lately in England." "Now, in France," I cut in, pushing my advantage, "there was that chalet——" "Don't, don't! for goodness' sake!" exclaimed she, for an awful vision of discomfort and roguery at the name of "that chalet" rose before the rapidly-yielding lady.

At this moment the eldest boy came bouncing in. "Father, you've never yet taken us to the Healtheries!" Happy thought!—to dwell on the unexhausted and inexhaustible delights of London and its environs. Indeed, the Healtheries deserve more frequent visits than I had had time to pay, and this vein being once opened, we allowed our minds to dwell upon a good deal of enjoyment that lay close to hand, but which, in our senseless mania for getting out of town or abroad, we were in the habit of turning our backs upon. I should like to know, for instance, how many people have yet visited the exquisitely-arranged Natural History Department, lately transferred, under Professor Owen's direction, from the British Museum to the New South Kensington Buildings. I have been there twice, and there seemed to me not more than about twenty people scattered through those vast halls and corridors; yet was ever anything seen more perfect than the new arrangement of birds, with their nests surrounded by an exact and life-like reproduction of nature

"Liberty" Art Fabrics.—Original designs for Curtains, Chintz, Upholstery and Furniture Stuffs. Patterns post-free Regent-st., W.

—the kingfisher, with his water and dripping hedge; the owl, in his old tree-trunk; the woodpecker at work, and the wild lark on his nest. I threw in the Promenade Concerts and such theatres as were open, the comparative seclusion of the Zoological Gardens, the Horticultural, and the parks; and when I came to various excursions down the river and in the environs of London, the enthusiasm of the domestic circle fairly rose, and I felt the day was won.

I submit these facts to all grumblers. I am not foolish enough to tell people always to stay in town, or even in England; but I say—especially just now, when the delights of the "Continong" vibrate between cholera and fumigation, and all our watering-places are choked in consequence—there is something to be said for Golightly's view of London in the dead season.

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—The Typical Tory Working Man.

"A conservative working man," *loq.*:—

"ONE day (it was always the same with me),
I was loafing about in the hopes to see
A job of some sort, when up there came
A swell on horseback, who with the same
At Coutts's stopped; he jumped off his horse,
On which I went to his head, of course,
Till the gent came out, when he looked at me,
And he smiled to himself, and he said, said he,
'You look just the sort that will suit our plan.
Will you be a Conservative Working Man?'

"But I shook my head. 'No, thankee,' I said;
'I am much too weak to work for my bread.'
'Why you silly!' said he. 'Just listen to me;
There is *not* any work, as you soon would see.
Why, to be a Conservative Working Man
Is all kinds of labour to shirk and ban!
Any work, indeed! Why, it's out of the question;
And if you have only a good digestion,
Can eat good dinners, and drink strong beer,
And afterwards keep awake and cheer,
And stamp and shout, as I think you can,
You'll make a Conservative Working Man!'

"So I took his word, and I'm bound to say
That I'm glad I met with that swell that day,
And pleased that I let him me convince,
For it's clover I've been in ever since.
Yes, we are the chaps that know what's what—
Not like that stupid Radical lot,
As actually work for their side for naught,
And never give dinners nor beer a thought,
And even—at least, so some folks say—
Are out of their pockets prepared to pay
To help on the views that they have at heart.
Yes, think of that! with their wages part!
Which seems a silly and senseless plan
To a real Conservative Working Man.

"And thanks to the way I could eat and drink
And holloa, without ever stopping to think—
Yes, thanks to the way I kept open my eyes,
And furnish'd the 'tips' for those smart replies
And telling sayings and repartees,
That were made, as it seemed, with apparent ease
By noble lords—and to which, indeed,
My interruptions were planned to lead—
Yes, thanks to the way that my place I suit,
They use me now to the ranks recruit;
And I gather from many a loafers' den
More thorough Conservative Working Men.
And if a loafer at first should fail
To himself of the chance at once avail,
I sing him this song, as best I can,
Of the Typical Tory Working Man."

The Song of the Typical Tory Working Man.

Come, all who care for dining at other folks' expense!
Come, all who have no scruples! Come, all who have no sense!
Come, all with good digestion and a love of British beer,
And who, spite extra feeding, can emit a British cheer!
Come, rally in your thousands round your leaders and the laws,
And demonstrate, by dining, how you love the good old cause!
Come, take a railway ticket, you'll find it is prepaid!
Those clothes, pray do accept them, and join the grand parade!
The noblest parks, believe me, are opened wide to you;
The oldest dukes invite you their domiciles to view!

If you will in their wisdom your confidence assert,
With endless recreations they'll gladly you divert;
They'll dine you and they'll tea you, they'll sandwich you *ad lib.*;
They'll first turn on the fountain, and then let off the squib.
To please your errant fancy balloons shall scale the skies;
To keep the Lords from falling the rocket swift shall rise.
So say, my loafing brother, what think you of the plan?
Say, will you not henceforward be a Tory Working man?

Come, say that you will join us, and Peers of high degree
Shall strive with friendly ardour who first your host shall be.
Yes, say that you will join us, and many a special train,
North, south, east, west, shall bear you, and north and south again.
Whilst dames of birth and beauty try to coax you with a smile,
As you demonstrate so gaily up and down your native isle.
Come, stay not, silly loafer, for fat bucks for you are slain,
And sheep are being roasted to the Upper House maintain;
That you of Gladstone's folly may make an utter mock,
Has Pain been requisitioned, and arrangements made with Brock.

To tempt you to be Tory they've pitched the big marquee,
So that, in case of tempest, under shelter you may be,
Whilst, to show your love for nobles, and your zeal for their fair fame,
You with their own old sherry wash down their own young game;
And testify how zealous for Briton's Peers you are,
By after-dinner cheering some music-hallish star,
Who has been hired to tempt you, as strongly as he can,
To show yourself in public as a Tory Working Man!

But how is this? You linger; and ask, with feeling real,
If there is not one feature I'm striving to conceal?
Well, if you *will* be told it, your leaders *do* expect
That during each grand gala you, for one hour, collect—
Yes, for one hour foregather, and listen to the speeches
In which the threatened noble his harmless nature teaches.
But those speeches need not bore you, though nought, I must admit,
Could be weaker than their logic—except it be their wit;
But you soon will find a pretext by the which you may evade
Long attendance at the meetings where they drearily are made.

And, by dint of 'cute contrivance, you will find yourself left free
For the fireworks and the football, for the cricket and the tea;
And at most will have to join in with a loud, spasmodic cheer,
When they send a new balloon up or a hogshead broach of beer;
Unless you be selected to a Tory banner bear,
When, of course, you'd be entitled to a special payment share.
So, come, all things considered, you will find it your best plan
To be ticketed henceforward as a Tory Working Man!

NOTES FROM PARIS.

ABOUT CHATEAUX AND FRENCH GARDENS.

THE foul weather interferes terribly with guns, dogs, and those *opéra comique* picnics which are undertaken here under the pretext of partridge and pheasant shooting. Kilt costumes, which are this autumn the thing for pretty *amateurs de la chasse*, require the mellow sunshine of September, which gilds woods and imparts to dew-drops the semblance of glittering diamonds. Equinoctial gales and rain are favourable to brisk, fair, and youthful pedestrians—a class of beings who do not exist

To all who Shoot or Travel.—Visit Ulster House, Conduit-street, and see B. Benjamin & Son's Specialties. Pamphlet on application.

in good French society. Is a young complexion ever fresher than when a sou'-westerly gale, laden with spray of the Atlantic, is being gaily faced? The hideous waterproof, in clinging to the figure, takes outlines that might look well in a picture. Eyes and teeth look brighter and lips ruddier than usual. They force themselves so upon the attention that nobody would think of looking critically at the boots. Unadorned loveliness should not shrink from going out when the equinox blusters. But "made-up" beauty does well to stay in the house. It is only just to say that French ladies, who owe little to nature and much to art generally, do this in bad weather. Just now in châteaux where there are large parties to entertain, the St. Partridge hostesses have a busy time in trying to prevent their guests from being devoured by *ennui*. The hours of the forenoon do not concern the mistress of the house. But she is bound to chase dull tedium between the second *déjeûner* and dinner. Well-bred young people are inert in this gay country. They could be otherwise, if not held in by a sort of moral bearing-rein, which is kept upon them in company. The daughter of the house, if grown up and unmarried, is seen beside her mother's chair, but never heard—unless, perhaps, to warble an insipid song, into which she must infuse no feeling. Her brother, if not awkward, is formal, and affects modest reserve. All his gaiety is kept for Tata's boudoir. The want of youthful spirits in French society which is not intellectual and artistic, renders it to me very dreary. There are some country houses where each guest has a small set of rooms, and may invite to them in the afternoon another visitor or visitors. Card-parties are allowed in a guest-salon, and are resorted to in bad weather as a defence against *ennui*. But there are not many châteaux in which more than a single chamber can be assigned to each stranger during an autumn gathering. Billiards are a poor resource. In the wealthy class, the taste for them, it seems to me, is declining. Games of chance are preferred by men and women who have all that fortune can give them, to games of skill. In Paris it is bad form for ladies to gamble. But in the country, it being impossible to do naughty things unobserved, they are desperate, and amuse themselves as best they can. Visitors to châteaux during the shooting season long, when not afield, to *tailler un petit bac* in the daytime, or to play at "poker"—an American "notion" which makes its way "dans le high life." But the card-table *n'est pas de mise* in a common room before dinner. It is permissible to remain at it from late in the evening until the next day. Rehearsals of Japanese plays, comédiettas, and proverbs are a resource on fine days only. When the mercury is low the head is heavy, the temper is unamiable, and the memory not sure.

I can only think of one certain resource for a country party when rain keeps them within doors. It is scandal. The person who has a stock of high-spiced and ill-natured anecdotes about absent friends of those present, is an invaluable aid to the hostess on wet and gloomy days. At first the accomplished backbiter, *tient le dé de la conversation*. But as he goes on talking, he calls forth a spirit of emulation, and a school for scandal is formed. Nobody, however, thinks the worse of those who are ridiculed and picked to pieces. Ill-natured gossip merely tickles French ears.

The divorce law, and its probable effects on the stage, literature, and society, is a topic which enables visitors to country houses to kill time agreeably when they are debarred by the weather from killing partridges. It is complained that the Naquet measure was a damper on seaside amusements in the summer. That clause of Pastor Presensé which the Senate voted obliged benedicts to be circumspect. They were reminded of the necessity of sedate behaviour by the advertisements and handbills of agencies promising "celerity, silence, tact, and trustworthiness." Hotel servants look more inquisitive than formerly. As things stand, an erring husband or wife has every interest to keep out of the Divorce Court. Marriage after the severance of the nuptial tie is not allowed with the fellow offender. This is not an evil. It prevents sharp women from provoking jealous wives to come forward as plaintiffs. There is another clause in the Naquet law which might be adopted with advantage in England. A servant of either of the parties to a divorce suit is not admissible as a witness. This prevents fireside espionage—the most unendurable of any. I am also afraid that were valets and Abigails suffered to give evidence against opulent and idle employers, the tribunals instituted under the Naquet law would have more cases to try than they would ever be able to get through. I find that opinions are divided among the ladies as to the equal rights clause of Pastor Presensé. Those *sur le retour*, even when inclined to devotion, are for it. The other day I met an ex-beauty. In deploring the subversive spirit of the Republic, she threw her eyes up to heaven, clasped her hands, and cried: "And to think that a French Senate should have ever allowed that horrible hunchback Naquet to have carried his Divorce Bill!" I suggested that it might have been worse. "How worse?" she asked. "It might have granted a licence aux MM. les maris d'être polygames, sans donner à leurs épouses le droit de se plaindre." In an instant a smile played across her face. "As to that," she said, "I approve highly of the measure. Not that I personally mean to exercise my right. But I am glad my son-in-law should be made to understand that he is no longer free to papillonner dans le monde où l'on s'amuse trop."

There is not much to be said in favour of the gardens in the common run of French châteaux. Even at such places as Dampierre, the ducal seat of the De Luynes, or at Grosbois, the seat of the De Wagrams, they are inferior to those belonging to English seats of equal importance. The nicest gardens are in the neighbourhood of Paris, where art has to step in to heal the wounds inflicted on nature. But even there it would be impossible to find such a garden as that of Mrs. Marryatt, mother of Captain Marryatt, the novelist, at Wimbledon. She kept fourteen gardeners. All her taste, fancy, and enthusiasm ran in a horticultural channel, and she gave almost a soul to the grounds she cultivated. There are pleasure-grounds at

Almond's Hotel, situated in the best position of the West-end and close to the theatres, parks, &c., is now re-opened. A spacious Salle à Manger and Ladies' Drawing-room have also been added, hot and cold baths and many single bedrooms. Special attention directed to sanitary arrangements. Clifford-street, Bond-street, W. —J. R. Roy, Proprietor.

Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street Grosvenor-square.

Chiswick, to say nothing of the ducal gardens at Maidenhead, which have no parallel in France, where the love for flowers in vases and *jardinières* does not leave room for a passion for flowers in their natural state. To my mind, a flower in a bouquet is a flower out of its place. Window-gardening as much as you please, and the more of it the better for the denizens of crowded cities; but eschew the flower-temptation involved in decking tables, boudoirs, and drawing-rooms. This mode of ornamentation spoils the air and spoils the flowers, which have not, when severed from the root and deprived of night dew and sunshine, the plastic grace which is one of their most charming characteristics. In a bouquet we chiefly see the colours of the petals, and lose sight of outline and the individual physiognomy of each plant.

French girls of family and fortune are kept too much in convent schools, or, when at home, too busy with class-books and what are known as *les arts d'agrément* or accomplishment, to have opportunity to acquire a taste for gardening. They adore, as they say here, the results of floral culture as shown in the Madeleine market and in ball-rooms. But working in a garden would seem to them dull. There were two fair and illustrious women who, within the last hundred years, inspired a taste for flowers, without, however, communicating to those around them a passion for their culture. They were Marie Antoinette and the Empress Josephine. Bernardin St. Pierre's botanical novel was a new sensation, while the latter was engaged in creating her gardens and greenhouses at the Malmaison. She was a frivolous creature, and was fond of pretty dress and jewellery. But nothing gave her more pleasure than the sight of a new flower in her collection. Rousseau, Marie Antoinette, Bernardin St. Pierre, and Josephine dethroned the formal and wearisome Lenôtre. George Sand opened the eyes of the bourgeois and the grande dame to see the loveliness of the humble plants of the fields, forests, and brooks. There was no such thing to her as a weed. Louis XVIII. acquired a taste for the English style of gardening at Hartwell. Le Jardin du Roi, which he created at Versailles, is the most beautiful pleasure-ground, perhaps, in France, although it does not command an extensive prospect, and depends entirely for its charm upon the grouping of trees, shrubs, and flowering plants.

There is no reason why gardening might not be carried to a higher pitch of perfection in France than in England, except, perhaps, the want of rustic sentiment in the upper classes. *Petits bourgeois* who retire from business to "plant their cabbages" in some little, walled-in, poky garden, where they feel secure from robbers, work horticultural wonders. Cottage gardens embellish the Norman villages, and give many proofs of loving care. They are nearly always tidy, pretty, and productive. Flowers bloom brighter, it seems to me, here than under the dark grey English sky. As the interval between seed-time and maturity is shorter than with us, the French gardener has a wider range for variety. Then the vine, which is so ornamental as a wall-creeper, does not want the shelter of the greenhouse. The bright yellow bell-blossom and the rich and broad leaf of the pumpkin and cucumber are seen in all their glory here on open beds. A plant of this kind is a splendid mantle for a heap of rubbish which it may be convenient to leave standing. But the summer sun of France is too ardent for most roses. They bloom early and fade away soon, and with the exception of the Gloire de Dijon, la France, le Paul Néron, and a few others, they are but a *déjeûner du soleil.*

Velvety turf is hard to produce where there is not a good water supply, but here, even when this is at hand, the lawn is not kept smooth or verdant by frequent watering, mowing, and rolling. Mole-hills and ant-hills are suffered to increase. The latter produce swarms of enemies for the rose, peach, and apple. An even sward is a rarity. As lawn-tennis and "rounders" are deemed *trop éreintants* to indulge in here, I suppose the scrubby *tapis vert* of the French pleasure-ground will not be improved into soft turf. There used to be bowling-greens. But bowls having fallen into disuse, they have disappeared. I know of a rough one at l'Île Adam, where the Prince de Conti used to take recreative exercise, and where Balzac, the novelist, often played when his family in his youth lived at Persan, hard by. There was another in the Archbishop's garden at Tours, and I once saw a Bishop and Archdeacon of Carcassonne bowling away on a frowzy green at the residence of a Legitimist nobleman in the Aveyron. Billiards put an end to bowls.

The most beautiful gardens that I know of in France are at Marais, in the department of the Seine-et-Oise. Rich farmers' sons are glad to work for nothing there for a few years. The grounds have an imposing air of antiquity in combination with modern hot- and green-houses and newly-imported fruit-trees, shrubs, and flowers. There are ponds fed by brawling brooks, each of which is a picture.

Thiers idolised his garden and green-house plants at the Place St. George's. But he never wished to follow Adam's business in our country. He was, like Victor Hugo, intolerant of culled flowers in apartments. When Madame Thiers entertained her friends at gala soirées, the tables and buffets were adorned with maidenhair and other delicate ferns and grasses which had little effect upon the atmosphere. There were no bowery chimney-places nor garlanded lustres. People breathed more freely than if the green-houses of the City of Paris had been heavily requisitioned.

"The Rose of Sharon" falls in with the subjects upon which my pen has been running. Emma Nevada is to sustain the leading part in that oratorio this autumn. She is back in Paris from Reichenhall, near Ober Ammergau. Her father's serious illness from rheumatic fever greatly upset her, and prevented her enjoying the mountain scenery, the pure air, and that singing of the peasants which she describes as most heavenly. Her impression of South Germany was that it was a land of music, vocal and instrumental. I am afraid the cholera scare at Madrid will stand in the way of her engagement there. When Gounod thought she was going to Spain, he gave her letters of recommendation to Queen Isabella Christina, and to the wives of grandees. He also presented her with a handsomely-bound score of the "Redemption." On the

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I certainly recommend Mr. & Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most just and liberal purchasers of Cast-off Clothes, Jewellery, and every description of property. They punctually keep appointments, and remit P.O.O. for articles per return.

blank page he wrote, "To my dear little Emma Nevada to whom I confide, in the certain hope that it will be well and faithfully rendered, the first solo of this oratorio."

"As the husband is the wife is," quoth the ennobled Poet Laureate. Is she really? Here is a case in point to show she is not. Comte de Lancastre resides in Paris the greater part of the year, and would be miserable anywhere else in the fashionable season, while the Comtesse de Lancastre (Lady Cardigan) detests the Continent, and now spends but one month in the year here. The wife is not, therefore, as the husband. French people deem her ungrateful—they having, some years ago, considered her a mirror of fashion. I am sorry to hear, on excellent authority, that a lady of her charitable disposition, and one who has given so much to schools on her estates, is crippled by the mortgages on them. I was under the impression that Lord Cardigan left them unencumbered. Nobody except the family attorney can say what the real income of an English landed proprietor is. When Comte de Lancastre married, his Portuguese relatives imagined that his wife brought him a splendid fortune. For his sake I regret to ascertain that this is not the case, he being an amiable and deservedly popular *homme du monde*. He is the picture of M. Lockroy, the Deputy Victor Hugo's son-in-law. Lord Cardigan went to great expense with his cherry-trousered Dragoons. He was a blister to those officers belonging to it who provoked his irascible temper, and petted and patronised those who humoured his whims. The Iron Duke stood by him whenever Lord Cardigan's testy disposition and narrow standard of gentlemanly bearing in the mess-room led to an explosion. His regiment was his hobby. If he loved it, he was its autocrat. In his sphere he was a kind of Czar Nicholas. The part he took of the Six Hundred showed a gallant but an unreflecting spirit. If he escaped alive out of the fray it was not because he exposed himself less to the Russian fire, but owing to the fact that he rode on a three-hundred-guinea charger which went like the wind. "My friend and my own way, right or wrong!" should have been his motto.

SPORTING NOTES.

THE Stewards of the Jockey Club have announced their intention of asking the opinion of their colleagues as to the propriety of reducing the Craven meeting to three days. Unless there is reason to anticipate a prodigious improvement on the miserably meagre sport at the last First Spring Meeting, it seems to me that, while they are in the mood for pruning, the Stewards might as well cut down that week also to three days. What is proposed is just the sort of weak, partial, and injudicious measure which one might expect from the Stewards of the Jockey Club, for it is a melancholy and a marvellous fact that men who are thoroughly practical and sagacious in the ordinary business of their lives, become mere drivelling idiots directly they are placed at the helm of the floundering vessel of the Jockey Club. It is not that there is an inherent weakness in the Craven Meeting, but the fact is that the number of race-meetings requires to be largely reduced, for they are now out of all proportion to the number of horses in training, and they are continuing to spring up all over the country, for apparently it is quite as easy in these days to start a gate-money meeting as it is for an idiot to blow out a soap-bubble. I am by no means disposed to join with writers whose spurious whimpering sentimentality leads them to rave against the gate-money system, and to clamour for "the free sport of a free people," or some such fantastical chimera—as if the "sport" was not the very worst thing on the face of the earth for "the people"; but it surely must be manifest, even to the dullest apprehension, that at the present time the plethora of race-meetings is altogether ruinous and most mischievous. The Stewards were to have "revised" the list of meetings, but one looks in vain for any such result, as most rational people anticipated. This matter would have been brought before Parliament if the Stewards had not pledged themselves to abate the nuisance; but as they have certainly broken their promise, it may be hoped that some legislator will follow up the question next session. No place ought to be allowed more than six days' racing in a year except Newmarket, and those which have only two or four days at present should not be allowed to extend their operations.

It is difficult to say whether the Stewards of the Jockey Club are more unsatisfactory as legislators or as judges. As there will be a meeting of the Club this day fortnight, I desire to call the attention of the members to the strange procedure followed in the Radmall case. At Sandown Park, in April last year, Mr. T. Radmall was warned off the turf for fraudulent practices in connection with the running of Brilliancy at that meeting, and Wyatt, the jockey who rode Brilliancy, was deprived of his licence. Four months ago Radmall's sentence was remitted. The mysterious clemency of the Stewards was neither justified by precedent, nor can it ever be thought of as an example for imitation. It has been a scandalously common thing for the rulers in the Newmarket Divan violently to stretch their laws at one time, and quite as vigorously to relax them at another; but this case is peculiarly flagrant, for although Radmall, unquestionably the most guilty of the offenders, has been pardoned—thanks, it is generally supposed, to the jobbing, pimping machinations of some "patrons" of the turf—yet, strange to say, no pardon has been forthcoming for Wyatt. It would be well if Lord March, Lord Zetland, and Lord Suffolk would condescend to explain the principles by which they have been guided in their treatment of this case—if, indeed, they have been guided by any principle whatever. It is high time, moreover, that some adequate step was taken to bring jockeys under proper control, for, if things go on much longer on the system of the last three years, the turf will soon be left to professionals of the various

Warwick Farm Dairies. International Health Exhibition.—Messrs. Welford & Sons' working Dairy. *The Standard*, 10th May, 1884, says: "Of all the dairies the Warwick Farm Dairy is the finest." *The Live Stock Journal* says (June 27th, 1884): "H.R.H. The Prince of Wales expressed himself highly pleased with all he saw at Messrs. Welford's Model Dairy." Families supplied in all parts of London with absolutely pure milk. Chief office, Elgin-road, Maida-vale, W.

On Thursday, 18th September, 1884, Messrs. Tattersall will sell at Belhus, Aveley, Essex, The Belhus Hunters. For Catalogue and particulars, see page 417.

classes, to those "aristocratic patrons" whose racing is a trade, and who work at that trade like a galley-slave at his oar, and to a few simpletons who have not cut their wisdom-teeth. There is an article in the last number of the *Field*, entitled "To Trainers, Jockeys, Touts, and Others," which is well worthy of the careful attention of the authorities.

The delay in scratching Busybody for the Leger has caused the circulation of rumours of the wildest and most scandalous kind; and Mr. Abington has deemed it necessary to instruct the *Sportsman* to state that he never laid a shilling against his filly, and that his only transaction on the race consisted in having backed her for £350. As the Turf antecedents of Mr. Abington are somewhat equivocal, it behoves him to take special heed to his goings out and to his comings in, so that he would have done better to scratch Busybody directly he heard from Cannon that her case was hopeless, and, according to the papers, this information appears to have been conveyed to him several days before he put the pen through her name. Still, with a great race in prospect, a man may very well hesitate, and I apprehend that nobody can feel the least sympathy for the fools who have lost their money over the filly. There was no doubt about the extreme seriousness of the case, and people who have backed Busybody since Ascot well knew the risk they were running. I have more than once pointed out the utter insanity of putting a shilling on her until she was seen at the post; and, moreover, those who took 8 to 1 and 10 to 1, or any such odds, about her must have been perfectly aware that they were getting four or five times the legitimate price—for, given Busybody fit and well at the post, and 2 to 1 would, in my opinion, have been liberal odds; in fact, if it was 10 to 1 against her, it was for all practical purposes 100 to 1. The ruck of racing people, moreover, would do well to remember that the owner may reasonably claim to manage his animal in his own way, and it is hard that he should be denounced as a Barabbas or a Barry Lyndon merely because his policy has not proved acceptable to a horde of vagabonds whose opinion on every transaction is evolved out of the limited circle of their immediate and disreputable experience.

The "liberality" of the Derby programme, with its three handicaps, "each with £1,000 added," has been a theme for the fervent eulogies of the sporting papers during the last week. It may be worth while to expose the real character of this "liberality." The Peveril of the Peak Plate, "of £1,000," was made up by the owners of the horses entered to the amount of £545; in the Devonshire Nursery, also "of £1,000," they contributed £675; and in the Hartington Plate, £620, so that, instead of £3,000 being "added" to these handicaps, the real amount given was £1,160. With regard to the Champion Breeders' Stakes, the whole of the £650 which fell to the owner of the winner was got back by the entrances. As to the bonuses to the breeders of first and second, it seems to me that they might very well be reduced by one-half, and the amount saved added to the stake. Sir George Chetwynd paid 620 gs. for Kingwood last year, and it is rather hard that Lord Scarbrough, after having sold the colt so profitably, should be entitled to participate in his winnings. No wonder "public breeders" patronise these stakes, for it is a case of "heads, I win; tails, you lose." The favourite for the race was Mr. Gretton's Rebecca colt, whose victory in the Maiden Plate at Ascot first opened the eyes of the somnolent people at Kingsclere to the merits of Luminary. He ran like a rogue, and was beaten cleverly by Kingwood, who was giving him 3 lb.; but how the owner and trainer of the winner can reconcile this form with his ignominious exhibition in the Havant at Goodwood, it is impossible to conjecture. Geheimniss was to have run for the Peveril of the Peak Plate, but she met with a slight accident, and Whipper-In proved a sorry substitute. Montroyd won in a canter, and he was heavily backed, as it was generally thought that he ought to have beaten Cohort in the Drayton Plate at Goodwood.

According to the advertised conditions of the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire, £600 is added to the two handicaps "by the Jockey Club," but the announcement must be taken on "the interpretation of Loyola," for it appears that the entrances amount to £651, so that instead of adding £600 the Club makes a clear profit of £51. I expressed a hope some weeks ago that these handicaps would exhibit a marked improvement on most of the recent productions of Messrs. Weatherby, who appear to have set themselves to copy the bad features in the system of Admiral Rous, with the result that one is reminded of nothing so much as the fable of the ambitious frog, for the imitation exhibits "all the contortions of the Sibyl without one particle of her inspiration."

Now, these two handicaps are most slipshod and slovenly productions. Here, for example, in the Cambridgeshire is Thebais with 9 st. 6 lb. Last year this mare was well beaten with 8 st. 13 lb., and her form this season has not been such as to justify her rising 7 lb. Legacy has 6 st. 4 lb. Thebais therefore gives her 44 lb. At Ascot, in the Trial Stakes, over the same distance, they ran at 32 lb., and Legacy won easily. How on earth, therefore, can Thebais have a chance when she is made to give her another 12 lb.? Common sense is staggered by such thrice-abject nonsense. Messrs. Weatherby's lenient treatment of Legacy is the more to be reprehended, inasmuch as since Ascot she has won another race over this distance, the Craven Stakes at Goodwood, in which she ran with Dean Swift at 7 lb., and beat him cleverly. One might look in vain through the old records of Chester, Shrewsbury, and Warwick for anything more entirely anomalous. It is the same thing in the Cesarewitch, where we find Quicklime with 7 st. 7 lb. Last year he had 7 st. 8 lb., and ran nowhere; but he was not backed for a shilling by the stable, as he was out of form. Considering that the horse has since won the City and Suburban, he is certainly far too well treated. Whether, however, Lord Bradford's steed can stay the Cesarewitch course in a fast-run race remains to be seen. One of the features in the Cambridgeshire is the rise of Master of Arts, who had only 6 st. 2 lb. in the City and Suburban, but who now has got up to

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7 st. 10 lb., which must be at least a stone more than Mr. Lambert expected. Has any jealous owner *blighted his wholesome brother?* Shrewsbury is one of the most favoured horses in the Cesarewitch, for which it has for some time been reported he was in reserve. "Mr. Manton" has a formidable team, and as Corrie Roy was thought worth backing down to 7 to 1 last year, with 9 st. 8 lb., she certainly is not out of it now with 5 lb. less—supposing, of course, that she is all right. Keir also is well in. Hackness was second to Don Juan with 7 st. 4 lb., but now she has 8 st. 2 lb., and I believe that she was not really second best last year. She will not beat Don Juan, who, all things considered, is well in with 7 st. 12 lb. Tonans, in my opinion, is weighted quite out of the Cesarewitch; and so also is St. Gatien, who is another mystery of the race, for why he should have to give 8 lb. to Harvester and Scot Free I cannot comprehend. His exaltation is presumably due to the Vase race at Ascot. Captain Machell will be able to puzzle the backers in the Cambridgeshire, for he has no fewer than eleven left in, and, in addition to Legacy, both Fantail and St. Médard are very leniently treated. Duke of Richmond is shamefully overweighted, and St. Blaise does not seem any catch at 8 st. 11 lb. Geheimniss is very likely to prove the best from Kingsclere. If Stockholm had not run at Goodwood, we may easily imagine what a good thing the Cesarewitch would have been for her with, say, 6 st. 5 lb., seeing that she is now backed by clever people with 7 st. 12 lb. Archiduc might prove the best three-year-old in this race, if he goes for it. Cosmos, the summer favourite, has not been mentioned since the weights appeared. He is fairly well in, but it is supposed that Loch Ranza will be the best of this lot. If Blue Grass can be trained, he will take a deal of beating with 8 st. 1 lb.

THE LEGER.

The perplexities of speculators on this race have certainly not been diminished by the transactions of the last ten days, and most people will, I should imagine, be glad to get rid of "the Carnival of the North." Last week I selected Queen Adelaide as likely to prove the winner, having reluctantly discarded Scot Free. This opinion I must now revise, and I shall expect to see Scot Free win; while, badly as Sir John Willoughby's filly has gone in the market, I can still recommend her for a place.

THE BELHUS HUNTERS.

Sir Thomas Lennard's annual sale takes place on the 18th inst., and he seems to have got together a strong stud for Mr. Tattersall's dispersal. The Creole, a black mare, with fine jumping quarters, and a turn of speed, is likely to attract considerable attention. Another black of a different sort, the lofty Blackmore, only wants another year to furnish in to make him an undeniably grand horse; he has fine, sloping shoulders, and is very handy and quiet. The greys are a good lot. The powerful Grimaldi—a model in shape and a fine fencer—had only two thoroughbred horses in front of him when he ran third in the Windsor Drag Steeplechase this year. Seagull, Albatross, and Pargetter are all first-class mounts; Claudian, a lengthy, handsome bay, is excellent over timber; Medina, an active bay mare, and nimble little Calypso, are two of the smartest fencers of the light-weights. Greetwell, a bay horse, and Nitouche, a muscular bay mare, are also brilliant and safe fencers. Umpire, Prime Warden, Ingleby, Harbinger, and Blackmore are about the pick of the weight-carriers. Of the "slap-dash" sort, Claudian, Vortigern, The Johnian, and Forester will please the hard-riding division most. Milder-mannered men will prefer the smooth, solid, and handy Melbury and the handsome Lord Henry. Of the light and airy class are the Maid of Taunton, Sheelah (who has plenty of substance, too, under her delightful action), Horsford (a pretty bay, well up in front), and the sparkling Dervish. Flora, a safe and clever mare, seems very active and handy under a habit. Oakapple, the great brown shooting cob, who allows muzzle-loaders to be fired off his back so placidly, is also quick and handy in action and fencing.

MAMMON.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANIES.

WHEN writing on Life Assurance in a recent issue, I promised to return to the subject, and to adduce figures in support of the reforms which I suggested as indispensable in the case of the British Life Offices. A glance at the progress achieved by the largest offices of the world will fitly introduce the matter. The largest British Society is the Scottish Widows' Fund, which commenced business in 1815, and at the end of fifty years had £4,000,000 of assets and £12,000,000 at risk. When sixty-five years old, it had £7,400,000 of assets and £22,600,000 at risk. The oldest British office, on the other hand, is the Equitable Society of London, which, established in 1762, had at one time assets exceeding £10,000,000, but which ranks at present with assets of only £4,400,000 and risks £6,000,000. Among the Companies in British possessions I find the Australian Mutual Provident Society doing the largest business. It was founded in 1849, and at the end of twenty-five years it had assets £1,300,000 and £6,000,000 at risk. In Germany, the Gothaer Bank, established in 1829, is the oldest and largest Company. When forty-one years old, it had £2,460,000 assets, and risks £9,720,000. The largest Life Office in France is the Compagnie des Assurances Générales, founded in 1819, whose assets were in 1881 £9,600,000, with amount at risk £24,400,000. I now come to the American Societies, and, in collecting the figures illustrating their growth, I could not help being struck with their rapid and marvellous development. I am in no wise prejudiced in favour of things American, and I should have been better pleased if the comparison had been more favourable to the British offices. In the matter of financial dealings generally, and of banks and kindred institutions, I certainly should back this country against any other, and more particularly against the United States, where so much that is rotten has lately cropped up; but nobody can look without envy at the array of figures of which their Life Assurance

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C.

interest can boast. Hedged round by safeguards devised by the Government, and reaping the benefit of a most liberal treatment of their policy-holders, the American Companies have taken a firm hold upon public confidence in the States, and their progress is the outcome of the advantages they offer. I cannot help thinking that, under similar conditions, Life Assurance in this country, splendid as has been its progress, would have made even greater strides.

The latest annual official report furnishes the following remarkable figures as to the business of twelve American offices in the State of New York and of seventeen in other States. Their total assets amounted to no less than £94,300,000 at the end of 1883, with an income of £18,500,000, and an expenditure of £14,350,000. The risks of these twenty-nine offices were £352,700,000 against the total of policies in force in the United Kingdom of £445,000,000. I also find that the paid claims of 104 British offices were £16,575,000, thus exceeding those of twenty-nine American offices by only £2,200,000. The figures showing the position and progress of the three American offices best known in this country are even more startling :—

	Established.	Income, 1883.	Assets. Dec. 31, 1882.	Assets. Dec. 31, 1883.
Mutual	1843	£3,700,178	£19,330,600	£19,785,850
Equitable	1859	2,827,652	10,005,350	11,006,950
New York.....	1845	2,717,599	10,452,750	11,248,147

The following is a comparison of the position of some of the principal British offices with that of the three American offices above mentioned :—

British Offices.

	Estabd.	£ Income.	£ Paid Claims, &c.	£ Funds in hand.
Equitable.....	1762	320,507	282,472	4,214,620
Law Life	1823	456,685	538,573	5,278,555
Liverpool, London, & Globe	1836	431,798	312,503	5,509,307
London Life Association ...	1806	485,436	432,282	3,732,417
National Provident.....	1835	489,831	418,006	4,043,458
North British & Mercantile	1823	596,599	356,721	5,622,644
Scottish Provident.....	1837	641,496	308,112	4,736,293
Scottish Widows'	1815	1,033,830	791,227	8,231,882
Standard	1825	899,764	718,339	5,822,882
United Kingdom Temperance	1840	400,235	211,022	3,210,155

American Offices.

	Established.	Income.	Paid Claims, &c.	Funds in hand.
Mutual.....	1843	£3,700,178	£3,262,354	£19,785,850
Equitable.....	1859	2,827,652	1,800,328	11,006,950
New York	1845	2,717,599	1,837,701	11,248,147

From the figures quoted, it is evident that unprecedented success has attended the operations of these leading American offices, not only as regards the expansion of their business, but also the amount of their income and the accumulation of property and funds. It may be that the complete sense of security engendered by the fullest publicity and by the strict Government supervision has served to encourage life assurance in America, but other causes have also contributed to its success. I have already referred to the trouble and delay with regard to payment of claims which arise in many instances in the dealings of our British offices. It so happens that a case illustrating this dilatory system, as contrasting with the prompt settlement by American Companies, has just come under my notice. A widow lady, lately bereaved, writes to me to testify to her great satisfaction at the prompt payment of her claim for £1,000 under a policy of the Equitable Assurance Society of the United States. From the facts stated, it appears that the American office forwarded a cheque immediately on receipt of the proofs of the loss, while the payment by a Scotch office, in which her late husband was also insured, will not be made until next December. The directors of this same American office, in their endeavour to remove, by their form of policies and settlement of losses, all stumbling-blocks from the path of their policy-holders, have made all their policies incontestable after three years, and to-day, I am told, there is no contested claim upon their books, while during the past year more than two-thirds of their death claims have actually been paid within one week after receipt of proofs. The sooner our English and Scotch offices follow the example thus set by an American office doing a large business in this country, the better will it be for their future development.

The chief reason for the enormous accumulation of wealth by the American offices is the higher rate of interest obtained in the States. Although the basis of calculation is only 4½ per cent., the real average works out to nearly 6 per cent., against an average of 4¼ per cent. of the British offices. On so large an investment, the total difference is naturally enormous, and this makes the leading New York societies the strongest and richest in the world. In close connection with this fact stand the favourable terms upon which insurances can be effected in the American offices. I recently called attention to the advantages, as an investment, of short-life policies. This refers specially to the tontine policies in some of the American offices. The Equitable of the United States, for instance, estimates that a man 40 years old, taking a life policy on the 15-year tontine system for £1,000 at an annual premium of £31. 6s., will receive at the end of 15 years £508 in cash, or a paid-up policy of £960. The following actual cases of insurance in another American office and in a leading Scotch office show the great advantage offered by the former. A. B. obtained, in the American office in 1852, at the age of 25, a policy for £1,000 at a premium of £21 per annum. In April, 1884, this policy had increased by accumulated bonuses added to it to £2,115, or more than double. On the other hand, C. W. assured in a leading Scotch office in 1852, at the age of 27, for £1,000, at a premium of £23. 18s. 3d, and at the last division of profits, in 1880, the policy had increased, by the accumulated bonuses added to it, to £1,554 2s. 4d. If he should die now (in 1884), the total amount to be paid would be £1,644. 5s. 1d. The American policy, therefore, yields a return more favourable by over £450. It is perhaps not to be wondered at that the Scotch office in question should resent the competition by American Societies in this country, although the manner in which it has thought fit to attack the leading office competing in this country, the Equitable of the United States, is most ill-advised. Better would it be, by a change of system to obtain greater popularity and an expansion which might place it on more equal terms with this formidable competitor. The reforms which I have indicated as to the promptness in the settlement of

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claims and the incontestability of policies, ought to commend themselves to our British offices. On the careful and judicious management of our leading offices I should be the last to reflect. But the fullest publicity of accounts and detailed statements of assets are, I think, due to the British public, and ought to be unhesitatingly resorted to.

QUEER STORIES.

THE CAPTAIN'S "COUP."

PART II.

HAVING achieved his business, Captain Belper decided, on every ground, to leave England the same evening. He knew where to lay his hand on old Mr. Farquarson's heir when he wished to realise his securities, and, meanwhile, he thought, it would be prudent to keep out of the way. Accordingly, he made a journey to the City and booked a passage by a steamer which left Liverpool early the following morning. He then returned to his lodgings and completed what little there remained to be done in the way of packing his effects, after which he strolled to an adjacent restaurant and ordered a choice little dinner, so as to occupy himself agreeably till he left town for Liverpool.

The Captain enjoyed his repast amazingly, being mentally engaged in calculating the profit which would result from his bargain. It worked out even better than he had anticipated, and when he pictured to himself the anger and dismay of Mr. Benlevi as soon as Mr. Farquarson's death became known, he heartily congratulated himself upon his foresight and acumen. In the midst of these agreeable reflections, an obsequious waiter placed an evening paper in his hand. It was a late edition, and the Captain naturally turned to feast his eyes anew upon the paragraph which so closely concerned him. At a glance he perceived that it contained new matter, and with breathless interest he proceeded to read as follows :—

> The deceased has just been identified by one of the attendants at Dr. Blank's asylum in Surrey, as a Mr. Thomas Ainslie, a gentleman of unsound mind, who contrived to escape during yesterday from that institution. From the fact that the unfortunate deceased had evidently been carefully and skilfully disguised, it is suspected that he was assisted in his flight by an accomplice. The matter has been referred to the police, who are already in possession of certain evidence which points to the conclusion that the deceased was abducted by force from the asylum.

The Captain's attention was immediately arrested by the announcement of the identity of the deceased. There could be no doubt in the world that the person referred to in the paragraph was his unfortunate companion of the preceding day, all the circumstances being correctly detailed. It followed, therefore, that he had been deceived into believing that Mr. Thomas Ainslie was Mr. Farquarson!

The Captain was completely taken aback by this discovery; he had evidently been the victim of deception on the part of the keeper whom he had bribed to assist him. What the man's motive could have been it was useless to speculate, and the Captain accepted the situation without wasting time in vain regrets. What chiefly troubled him was that he had parted with all his remaining capital for a bundle of documents which, at the moment, were comparatively valueless, since Mr. Farquarson was alive and well. This was an aggravating disappointment, to say the least, but the matter became serious in view of the possibility of his being apprehended on the charge of conspiracy, for in that case the possession of the documents was likely to prove dangerous. The Captain felt anything but easy in his mind when he rose and paid his bill. He was, however, deeply impressed with the urgent necessity for him to leave London without a moment's delay.

He hailed a hansom outside the restaurant, and drove straight to his lodgings, where he ordered the man to wait, in order to take him and his luggage to Euston. He opened the street-door with his latch-key, and, upon entering his sitting-room, he was unpleasantly startled at finding an individual who was apparently awaiting him. As it was getting dusk, he failed to recognise his visitor, and visions of summary arrest caused him to halt in the doorway, looking the picture of embarrassment.

"Captain, they told me you were bound to come back for your luggage, so I thought I would wait," said a familiar voice.

"Mr. Benlevi!" exclaimed the Captain, with a start.

The day was certainly full of surprises for the Captain, whose general perplexity of mind was increased by this unlooked-for visit. To give himself time to recover his equanimity, he proceeded to light the gas and to pull down the blinds, while he hastily reflected whether Mr. Benlevi's appearance could possibly herald some fresh misfortune. He felt by no means reassured on this point when he perceived that the money-lender looked aggrieved and angry.

"What is it, Mr. Benlevi? My time is short, and I'm just off," he remarked, as he glanced at his watch.

"Captain Belper," began Mr. Benlevi, solemnly, "I have always regarded you as a gentleman, and treated you as such."

"Quite so. Fire away!" interposed the Captain, pleasantly, by way of concealing his growing apprehension.

"Captain Belper, you've deceived me," continued the money-lender, quite unmoved by his companion's levity. "Business is business, and between men of honour everything should be fair and square and above board. When I asked you this morning, Captain, if you knew anything of Mr. Farquarson's state of health, you were in honour bound to have answered me truly."

"What the deuce are you driving at?" cried the Captain, beginning to feel mystified.

"I've just come across this paragraph, Captain Belper," said Mr. Benlevi, producing a paper from his pocket and laying it upon the table. "I can see as far through a brick wall as most people, and can also put two and two together. In a word, Captain, I gather from this that I have been deceived."

The Captain took the newspaper which Mr. Benlevi handed to him, and, without a word, commenced to read the paragraph referred to. He was beginning to have a dim idea that the money-lender had taken leave of his senses. The next moment, however, a sudden light cleared away his misgivings and apprehensions and caused his pulses to quicken. As he ran his eye over the paragraph which referred, as he had instinctively guessed, to the sudden death of the supposed Mr. Farquarson, he was

struck by the fact that no names were mentioned. On the other hand, allusion was made to the mysterious individual who had deserted the deceased man during his journey. The account slightly differed in other respects from those he had already seen, and was published by another paper. But later details were omitted, from which it was evident that Mr. Benlevi had got hold of an early report, and had not seen the subsequent ones. Captain Belper at once divined the cause of Mr. Benlevi's indignation, and was instantly on the alert to take advantage of what appeared to be a curious piece of good luck.

"What the deuce is this all about?" he exclaimed, throwing the paper on the table. "What has that report to do with either of us?"

"Come, come, Captain," said Mr. Benlevi, half indignantly and half coaxingly, "There was two of 'em, you see."

"Two of whom?" cried the Captain. "Can't you speak out?"

"I can when I choose, Captain Belper, and I can make myself heard too," returned Mr. Benlevi, with a blustering air. "I'm going down to identify this party that died in the cab, and if it turns out to be Mr. Farquarson I shall know who the other was."

"What then? D—n it, Mr. Benlevi," added the Captain, with gathering indignation, as though the idea had suddenly occurred to him, "do you mean to say you think that I was the other individual?"

"If the deceased turns out to be Mr. Farquarson," said the money-lender, with an unpleasant grin.

"Well, and supposing it's a true bill?" said the Captain, after a prolonged stare, intended to express speechless indignation.

"I would rather not discuss that, Captain," returned Mr. Benlevi, with an ominous shake of the head. "I'm sure I don't wish to do anything unfriendly."

"Look here, Mr. Benlevi!" cried the Captain, twirling his moustache, after another stare at his companion. "I—I know I've a devilish hasty temper, and therefore I've trained myself not to jump at conclusions. Am I to understand that you accuse me of deliberately attempting to swindle you?"

The Captain glanced rather ostentatiously towards the window as he spoke, showing that he meditated ejecting Mr. Benlevi from the apartment by that convenient means of exit. The money-lender apparently guessed what was passing in his mind, for he dropped his blustering manner and assumed a conciliatory tone.

"Come, come, Captain! Swindling isn't a word that ought to be used between you and me. I said nothing about swindling."

"But you meant it," roared the Captain, not the least mollified.

"Let me put it straight to you, Captain. Do you know anything about the case mentioned in this paragraph?" said Mr. Benlevi, with an appearance of frank outspokenness.

"You would believe me, of course, if I said no," returned Captain Belper, with fierce irony.

"The party that died may not be Mr. Farquarson after all," said Mr. Benlevi, evasively.

The Captain made an indignant gesture which caused his companion to start uneasily from his chair; but restraining what appeared to be a strong inclination to commit violent assault and battery upon the person of the money-lender, Captain Belper took an angry stride or two about the room.

"Listen to me, Mr. Benlevi," he said at length, speaking with great dignity and haughtiness. "I decline—I disdain—to answer your impertinent and insulting question. A moment ago I was on the point of pitching you out of the window; since then I've changed my mind. You are, no doubt, accustomed to being kicked."

"Sir!" interposed the money-lender, in an angry, but, nevertheless, somewhat awe-stricken voice.

"Pshaw!" ejaculated the Captain, contemptuously, snapping his fingers. "Don't interrupt. I've determined to pay you out in your own coin, in order to convince you that I'm a gentleman. You made a good bargain with me this morning; you did, you old fox! It's no use denying it. I took the papers because, as I told you at the time, I felt in honour bound to. Now you shall take 'em back again."

Captain Belper announced his decision in a peremptory tone, which plainly indicated that he meant what he said. Mr. Benlevi seemed fully impressed with this fact, and looked disconcerted and foolish.

"I'm quite satisfied with your denial, Captain," he began, apologetically.

"That won't do," roared the Captain, striding across to the door and turning the key. "I can only give you two minutes, as I have to catch a train," he added, as he glanced at his watch. "In that time you must decide whether to take back the papers and return me my money, or——"

A significant glance in the direction of the window formed an effective peroration to the Captain's harangue. Mr. Benlevi fully grasped the innuendo, and sat pale and speechless in his chair. For a few moments not a word was spoken, and Captain Belper feigned to be busy with the lock of a hat-box. At length the money-lender found his tongue and said mildly:—

"You are not treating me handsome, Captain Belper."

"Handsome is as handsome does," remarked the Captain, emphatically.

"I see you are in earnest, Captain," said Mr. Benlevi, looking at him apprehensively, and at the same time drawing a pocket-book slowly and reluctantly from his pocket.

"I'm most devilishly in earnest," retorted the Captain, with a harsh laugh.

Mr. Benlevi seemed to think so, for he proceeded to open the pocket-book, and to finger the contents nervously.

"You've brought the money, I see," sneered Captain Belper, doing his utmost to conceal a look of exultation.

"Well, you see, I made sure my suspicions were correct, and I thought when I put the matter fair and square before you, that you would consent to take back your money."

The Captain grinned as Mr. Benlevi's explanation died away in a pathetic whine, which was doubtless due to the disagreeable consciousness that he had been hoist with his own petard. This, at least, was the interpretation which the Captain put upon his companion's tone and

manner, and, judging from appearances, Mr. Benlevi was convinced of the groundlessness of his suspicions. Captain Belper was evidently determined to strike while the iron was hot, for he produced the momentous documents, which were forthwith retransferred to their original owner, the Captain receiving back in exchange the bundle of bank-notes he had paid away in the morning.

"Sorry to appear inhospitable, Mr. Benlevi," said Captain Belper, at the termination of these proceedings, starting from his seat, and unable to repress his satisfaction. "Fact is, I've nothing to offer you. I hear my luggage being put on the cab, and I must be off."

"I hope our next transaction will be more agreeable," murmured the money-lender, accepting with rare magnanimity the Captain's proffered hand.

"No doubt it will," rejoined Captain Belper, as they amicably descended the stairs together.

When they emerged into the street, the Captain said heartily:—

"Jump into my cab. I'll put you down wherever you like."

"No, thanks. Good-night, Captain."

Captain Belper entered the hansom, and while he was arranging his light luggage, Mr. Benlevi lingered on the pavement with rather a queer expression on his face, as though he were longing to say something more. The accidental approach of a police-constable seemed to inspire him with courage, for he advanced and said quietly:—

"I say, Captain, do you remember the fable of the serpent and the old file?"

"What is the joke?" inquired the Captain, surprised at Mr. Benlevi's expression of gratified cunning.

"You'll find out one of these fine days, Captain, and I don't suppose you'll appreciate it—not much. It was foolish of you to buy that paper just outside my window to-day, Captain. I saw by the expression on your face that something was up, and I sent out and bought one."

"I see. Oh! you are a sly old fox, Mr. Benlevi. I said so before to-day," laughed the Captain, in high good humour at the money-lender's mistake.

"Yes; I think I carry too many guns for you, Captain. It was I who identified the body. I was the keeper from the asylum."

"It wasn't Mr. Farquarson, then?" exclaimed the Captain in a puzzled tone, as he gazed at the money-lender with sudden uneasiness.

"Oh! no, of course not. It was Mr. Thomas Ainslie. Didn't the papers say so?" said Mr. Benlevi, with an eloquent wink. "You believed what the paper said, anyhow, Captain. I took good care you should see the latest report, and the rest followed as regularly and naturally as the letters of the alphabet."

"Tarnation! It was a plant, then?" cried the Captain, turning quite apoplectic, and starting up with a murderous scowl. "It *was* Mr. Farquarson after all."

Mr. Benlevi retreated with precipitation almost into the arms of the police-constable, who stopped and looked at Captain Belper, evidently anticipating a disturbance. The Captain, smothering his rage and indignation with an oath, angrily bade the cabman to drive off; while Mr. Benlevi sauntered away beneath the shadow of the constable, chuckling over his victory.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—Even if I felt myself competent to advise your sister upon the choice of a school for her boys, I should shrink from so serious a responsibility. But my having the misfortune to be an old bachelor would alone disqualify me for offering advice in such a matter. I may say, however, generally, that a good deal depends upon whether her boys are bright or dull, and whether she wishes them to be scholars, cricketers, or men of the world. For my own part, I confess to the eccentric idea that our schools and universities are little more than manufactories of counterfeit coin, where mere words are imposed upon the pupils in the place of thoughts, or the art of thinking. The system is excellently illustrated in the Cambridge student's explanation of the reason for putting a cup in an apple-tart. He gave with pedantic correctness the reason—the height and weight of a column of air, &c.,—but wound up with the urgent caution, "No apple-pie should be more than forty-five miles in height." See how unfit an adviser in such a matter you have consulted! However, like a country doctor, I can at least advise you as to the best advice to be had; and that unquestionably you can gather from Captain Dumaresq de Carteret-Bisson's "Our Schools and Colleges." I venture to send you the two volumes; the first ([1]), for boys; the second ([2]), for girls; which truly are what they profess to be—"A complete compendium of practical information upon all subjects connected with education and examination recognised in the United Kingdom at the present day."

On the other subject about which you do me the honour to consult me I can speak also only at second-hand; but I can at least endorse the certificate given as that of an expert. Incomparably the best book of the kind you seek (says my sporting friend) is Mr. Speedy's "Sport in the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland" ([3]). Of course, my specialist questioned the soundness of some of Mr. Speedy's advice—for sportsmen are nearly as unanimous as doctors on disputable points of their practice—but, on the whole, he allowed the book to be the most accurate, practical, comprehensive, and trustworthy of its kind. I may add, on my own authority, that it is extremely interesting; for the author is nearly as much of a naturalist as of a sportsman, and describes brightly what he has keenly observed.

Do you remember my recommending to you Mr. Andrew Carnegie's "An American Four-in-Hand in Britain"? I can now recommend to you, though with not quite the same confidence, nor on quite the same grounds, his "Round the World" ([4]). The world of late has been more done, so to say, than any part of the world; and *blasé* readers, who have come to be exacting in their requirements from the publishing globe-trotter, will not consider Mr. Carnegie's descriptions original enough or brilliant enough for the honours of print. But if you skip his descriptions—which are, to say the truth, rather forced and florid—and read his observations on peoples and governments, &c., which are always shrewd, sagacious, and to the point, you will be greatly pleased with the book. The thing that delighted me most in it, however, was this delicious certificate of character given to the Queen. "Even as good a woman as Queen

([1]) "Our Schools and Colleges." Vol. I. For Boys.
([2]) " " " Vol. II. For Girls. By F. S. Dumaresq de Carteret-Bisson. (London: Simpkin & Marshall. 1884.)
([3]) "Sport in the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland with Rod and Gun." By Thomas Speedy. (London: William Blackwood & Sons.)
([4]) "Round the World." By Andrew Carnegie. (London: Sampson Low & Co.)
([5]) "The King Country; or, Explorations in New Zealand." By J. H. Kerry-Nichols. (London: Sampson Low & Co.)
([6]) "A Jaunt in a Junk. A Ten Days' Cruise in Indian Seas." (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)
([7]) "Letters from Bombay." By D. Aubrey. (London: Remington & Co.)
([8]) "The Region of Eternal Fire." By Charles Marvin. (London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1884.)
([9]) "Shakspere's Predecessors in the English Drama." By John Addington Symonds. (London: Smith, Elder, & Co.)
([10]) "Euphorion. Studies of the Antique and the Mediæval in the Renaissance." By Vernon Lee. 2 vols. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.)
([11]) "Lancelot Ward, M.P." A Love Story. By George Temple. (London: William Blackwood & Sons.)
([12]) "The World We Live In." By Oswald Crawfurd. 2 vols. (London: Chapman & Hall.)
([13]) "Eyre's Acquittal." By Helen Mathers. 3 vols. (London: Richard Bentley.)
([14]) "Singleheart and Doubleface." By Charles Reade. (London: Chatto & Windus.)
([15]) "The Companion to the Grammars." By F. Venosta. (London: Williams & Norgate.)

Victoria, probably the most respectable woman who ever occupied a throne, *such a character as one would not hesitate to introduce to one's family circle*, will squander £30,000 per annum of the people's money upon a private yacht which she has used but a few times." Isn't the unconscious humour of the line I have italicised delicious? It almost reads like an extract from Artemus Ward?

If the globe itself has been done to death, there are, as Mr. Kerry-Nichols pleasantly convinces you, unexplored spots on the globe where you would least expect them. "The King Country" (5) comprises 10,000 square miles of land in the heart of the North Island of New Zealand, seemingly as independent of the Queen, and as inaccessible to her subjects, as the centre of Africa—"an *imperium in imperio*, situated in the heart of an important British colony; a *terra incognita*, inhabited exclusively by a war-like race of savages, ruled over by an absolute Monarch, who defied our laws and ignored our institutions." About the very best thing he could do, any one would say who knows the certain results to his race of intercourse with the white man. Into this hostile country Mr. Kerry-Nichols penetrated with small means, at great risk, but with indomitable pluck, enterprise, and energy, which were amply rewarded. The author, who has been everywhere and seen everything in Europe, Asia, and America, maintains the scenic supremacy of this part of New Zealand—in some degree, no doubt, because he alone has been there. I remember travelling once with an impostor, who turned contemptuously away from every scene of beauty and grandeur with the words, "Ah, you should see Glengalty," a show-place where he had been, and I hadn't. I did come by accident afterwards upon this Glengalty, and a more one-horse affair in the way of a show-place I never saw. But it must be said for Mr. Kerry-Nichols' "Glengalty" that, from his vivid descriptions thereof—more vivid descriptions I have not often read—his "earthly paradise" deserves much of his praise. You will be delighted with the book.

"A Jaunt in a Junk" (6) hardly carries enough sail for its ballast, for the proportion of padding to incident is inordinate. Books, says Butler, have their physiognomies—their titles—from which their characters may be inferred; and though the title of "A Jaunt in a Junk" is directly misleading—since the little boat in which the two brothers adventured was not a junk, and sailed in far other than Chinese waters—yet the meaningless jingle of the alliteration is suggestive of the style of the book. Still, with judicious skipping, you may spend a pleasant enough hour over it. Of another book, by an Anglo-Indian, "Letters from Bombay" (7), I can say at least as much, especially if you are interested in Bombay. It is a little audacious to publish twenty-six letters written in a single month, but Mr. Aubrey makes good the claim of his modest preface. He gives you vivid suggestions of the varied life of the different native races in Bombay.

Talking of expressive titles, what would you make of "The Region of Eternal Fire" (8)? It is not the title of Mr. Spurgeon's latest sermon, but the picturesque and Dantesque title of a book upon the petroleum region of the Caspian. As its author is Mr. Marvin, I need not say that the Russian advance to India figures irrepressibly and prominently in its pages. The Central Asian Question has for Mr. Marvin the fascination that King Charles the First had for Mr. Dick, so that in it is sure to come, whatever be his ostensible subject. But the book, even including its irrelevant political portion, is interesting, instructive, and opportune, and gives an account almost as picturesque as its title of those wonderful and inexhaustible petroleum fountains which promise to be to Russia what her coal measures are to England. Mr. Marvin's curiously accidental discovery of a Russian secret mission to Cabul in 1882 does not seem to be a mare's-nest; but I hope and believe that his informant's account of the slaughter by the Russian soldiers of the 8,000 defenceless fugitives from Geok Tepé is exaggerated. "He himself saw babies bayoneted or slashed to pieces; many women were ravished before being killed."

An old house, which is a random succession of afterthoughts, built piecemeal at different times, as fancy suggested or necessity compelled, is exceedingly picturesque, but is not a work of art; and the number of books is great and growing which have been similarly constructed. An author contributes to magazines at different times essays on some subject in which he is interested and at home, and then binds them together into a book as a coherent whole. But the incoherence of the whole betrays itself not only in the evident mechanical joinings, but in the lack of artistic unity. This is the sole fault I can find in two wonderfully brilliant books which, in other respects, I am incompetent to criticise. Mr. Symond's "Shakspere's Predecessors in the English Drama" (9), and Vernon Lee's "Euphorion" (10). "Euphorion," by the way, is an excellent illustration of a title in which, as in a face, you can read something of the character within. "Euphorion is the name given by Goethe to the marvellous child born of the mystic marriage of Faust and Helena," and as Faust symbolises mediævalism, and Helena the spirit of antiquity, "Euphorion" is chosen as an apt title for a book which treats of the Renaissance. You would naturally expect a fanciful style in a book so fancifully christened, and nothing can be more fanciful—exquisitely so sometimes, but sometimes affectedly so—than the style of "Euphorion." However, both "Euphorion" and "Shakspere's Predecessors in the English Drama" are library, as distinguished from circulating library, books; books to read and refer to and possess as friends, and not books merely to glance at and forget as casual acquaintances.

You will probably, however, in this holiday season, be glad to hear of a few pleasant casual acquaintances in the shape of novels, and I can thoroughly guarantee as such "Lancelot Ward, M.P" (11), and "The World we Live In" (12), two exceedingly bright, dashing, pleasant, and *short* stories, the last not, perhaps, the least of their recommendations. If, however, you prefer a novel in six volumes, you can try "Eyre's Acquittal" (13), and the story of which it is the sequel. With me, I confess, very little of Miss Helen Mathers goes a long way, and I find myself always wondering, as I read her, at the caprice of fortune by which she is privileged to appear in three volumes instead of in penny numbers.

You have, probably, already read Charles Reade's "Singleheart and Doubleface" (14), but if not, I can recommend it as written in the strong, stirring, vivid, and knock-down style of its author. It has a moral, of course, and an obtrusive moral, but this in no degree impairs its interest. I must close now, remaining, dear Mr. Wyndham, very sincerely yours, BARRY O'BRIEN.

P.S.—I have this moment come across a book which would remedy, in some degree, and as far as modern languages are concerned, the defects I spoke about of our wooden system of education—M. F. Venosta's "The Companion to the Grammars," a thoroughly practical, simple, and rational method of teaching boys not only to speak, but to think in a foreign tongue.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—We are back in town again, preparing for what the dear old Pater calls a "scamper." That is, he is going to take us up the Rhine and back again, and we are to be away only ten days. We had a "scamper" into Germany once before, and enjoyed it immensely, so we are looking forward to this one with delight. Charlie goes with us, of course, so we make a quartette, just the most comfortable number for a party travelling together. Great and many have been our consultations about luggage, and we have finally resolved to take just one small portmanteau each. Now, is not that good and nice of us? My room is at this moment in a perfect chaos, with everything turned out, in order that I may see what will pack into the smallest space. We have bought new portmanteaux, for our others were rather old-fashioned, and were quite heavy before anything was packed in them, and our previous experience of foreign porters has taught us to rely, as far as possible, upon ourselves.

I shall never forget seeing papa standing on the platform at Cologne on the night we arrived there, surrounded by

Old Lace.—The finest collection in London at A. Blackborne & Co.'s, 35, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square.

luggage, and railing at us for not knowing the German for "porter." We are having covers made for all our luggage, of brightly-striped blue and red stuff. It is an immense advantage to be able to pick out your luggage in a moment, and, when you *can* secure a porter, to be able to say to him, "All that is covered with blue and red stripes is mine." Besides, no one ever ventures to appropriate, under pretence of a mistake, anything so easily identified.

My travelling dress is of dark blue cloth; the bodice is made just like a riding-habit, and there is very little frivolity about the skirt. In my portmanteau goes a velvet skirt and bodice and a lace polonaise, for beautifying in the evenings at the hotels.

Maud travels in grey Venetian cloth, with dark red waistcoat, and a panel of dark red cloth down one side, laced across with grey cord. She really looks delicious in this frock, with a quaint little cap to match, and I fancy she will make an impression on the susceptible German hearts. She takes a black grenadine for evening wear. I always call it her recruiting dress, so gaily is it bedizened with coloured ribbons. So you see, we are managing our "half-kit" pretty well, and shall be in light marching order. Charlie and papa are each to carry a bundle of wraps, tied up in a portable indiarubber bath, in addition to their own particular portmanteaus.

I hope they will not toss our things about much at the Custom-house place, for they will all be so closely packed that it would be quite a business to get them stowed away again.

We are longing for Thursday evening to arrive. Then we start, and my next letter to you will be from "furrin' parts." I only wish you were coming with us.

Did I tell you in my last that Katie is going to be married? It is all a sudden affair. Her *futur*, Captain Blake, came home from India on leave, with the express purpose of finding a wife. He wrote to this effect to his mother, who, at the time, had Katie staying with her. Knowing that the girl has not a farthing of her own, and scarcely any expectations, Mrs. Blake made some excuse and sent her home in charge of a maid. You may imagine the prudent mother's astonishment, half-an-hour after they left, to see the party return, augmented by Captain Blake and a doctor. There had been an accident to the carriage. Katie had broken her arm, and Fred Blake, just arrived by train, recognised his mother's carriage and rushed to the rescue. They are to be married in a few weeks, and will spend the greater part of their honeymoon on board a P. and O. steamer. Mrs. Blake has accepted the inevitable with fairly good grace, and the bride's rich uncle is so pleased with the match that he is giving Katie her trousseau, and she is to have a "big" wedding from his house.

Her wedding gown is *so* sweet. You will be surprised to hear that it is not white, but a pale straw-colour. It is some idea of Captain Blake's, and, as you know, Katie is the most submissive little being in the universe. The skirt is of satin, trimmed with deep pleatings, and the bodice, paniers, and drapery are of crêpe-de-chine, most beautifully embroidered in the same shade of straw-colour. The difficulty was about the veil, for, of course, white net would not look well with all the rest of the toilet a pale straw-colour. Mrs. Blake hunted among her possessions and discovered a most exquisite square of Spanish blonde which has become, through age, of a deep cream-colour, verging on yellow. In fact, it may be called butter-colour. This "goes" delightfully with the dress. There is to be no wreath, but just one spray of myrtle, orange-blossom, and a tiny bit of white heather, which latter has some special pleasant significance as regards weddings. I have forgotten exactly what it is, but I suppose it is happiness in some form.

Katie is having a most delightful garment made. It makes me feel quite envious. It is a large circular cloak of black velvet, lined with ermine, a fur that is out of fashion now, and consequently cheap. It is edged with black fox, and makes a most sumptuous carriage wrap, that suggests any country rather than India. I have told her to send it home when she finds the insect creation beginning upon it out there, and that I will give her half-price for it, or send something out in exchange. I am really serious, though I am not bitten by the mania for bartering that affects our friends the Brownsmiths.

I think I have told you that they are always advertising their goods and chattels in a paper that is published for the purpose of enabling people to exchange their possessions for those of others. It makes them rather reckless in their purchases, for they say, "If I don't like it, I can always exchange it." Sometimes they actually buy things at cheap sales in town in order to sell again *at a higher price* to people in the country. They defend this practice by saying that girls living in the country are delighted to get fichus, gloves, sunshades, and such things at a much cheaper rate than they could by any other means, and that they only charge additional what covers their time and trouble; but it does not commend itself to me as *exactly honest*. What do you say?

Fancy, for instance, going into Whiteley's and buying a fan at one shilling and elevenpence, and then advertising it for sale at three shillings and sixpence, and eventually pocketing the money! The advertisement costs only a few pence, and the rest is pure profit. Now, is that a ladylike transaction? Charlie says it is lawyer-like, and I am of the opinion that girls who do such things before they are married, would be mean enough to cheat their husbands afterwards in the housekeeping money.

We have been doing some theatres since we came to town. I almost wish the Paris fashion prevailed of wearing bonnets. Many a woman looks quite nice in a bonnet, and when it is removed not in the least so. There is something mean and meagre about the heads of the majority of middle-aged Englishwomen. And then, their ideas of hair-dressing are so terrible. Some of them pin a flower into their hair, though they wear a high morning dress. Others indulge in a fancy for combs, though their charms are anything but in the Spanish style. Most of the elderly women wear too much forehead, and appal one with the "front of Jove." There is something dispiriting about a very high forehead—on a woman, at least. One never expects any brightness of humour or any of the smaller graces of manner to go with a commanding brow. Ears, too, are not invariably satisfactory. There is too frequently a bald effect just behind them. And oh, my dear Amy, could you only see the fearful people who wear their hair scraped up to the tops of their heads! Such necks as they have mercilessly unveiled! They resemble rather the "scrag" of an elderly pullet, than one's ideal of the roundness and softness and warm whiteness of a woman's neck. Now, the bonnet would cover much of these defects, would it not?

I saw yesterday a pretty dress which Robins, of Maddox-street, is making for Miss Fortescue-Finney to wear as the quasi-widow in "A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing," at some private theatricals in which she is to take part at Scarborough. The skirt is of rich gold broché on a ground of cream-colour, the edge being cut out in tabs below, between which a frill of lace is visible. The bodice and long, square train are of thick, rich silk, purely white, and looking like Indian manufacture, though it hails, I believe, from Bradford. The former is cut square in front, and is edged round the shoulders with two rows of gold lace. There is a plastron of gold broché, which admirably throws out the whiteness of the silk. The sleeves are very artistic, being made of soft white India muslin, each having two large puffs caught in with bands of the gold broché.

Jackets are to be worn short and plain; mantles long and handsome. We were shown a delicious thing in jackets, made of cloth in a colour that was neither grey nor brown, but partook of both, with a dash of reddish lavender in it. It was bound with military braid of the same colour, similar trimming running up the front on either side of a waistcoat of tan-coloured cloth. Astrakhan is to be very fashionable as a trimming this year, and shaded marabout will be much worn. I saw a lovely cloak trimmed with this, in four shades of bluish-grey, matching those of the pretty, soft, woollen stuff, of which it was made.

I forgot to tell you about my dear little travelling jacket. It is made of dark red cloth, braided in black in a very thick, rich design. It is lined with dark red silk, and as there is a little red in my navy-blue travelling dress, it goes splendidly with it.

About your grey dress. I should certainly advise you to have a velveteen skirt, also in grey, and a velveteen

waistcoat, collar, and cuffs. Also an outdoor jacket of the velveteen, edged with grey marabout, and lined with silk, which will make it slip on easily, even over velveteen itself.

There are two weddings fixed for next Tuesday, the 16th. One is the marriage of Sir William Grenville Williams, Bart., with Miss Hurt Sitwell, at St. George's, Hanover-square, at eleven in the morning; and the other is that of Mr. Robert J. Foster and the Hon. Evelyn Bateman Hanbury, at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, at three in the afternoon.

Lily writes that enamelling and painting are more the rage than ever just now among the French beauties. Many of them, while bathing in the sea, refuse to dip their heads. Of course, everybody knows why.

A lady at St. Germains showed Lily her shooting costume, or rather the dress in which she accompanies her lady friends when they go to join the gentlemen at lunch in the forest. It consists of a plain velveteen skirt (dark brown in the approved tint), very much gathered at the back, so as to form a voluminous puff, and fitting almost tight to the hips. There is a velvet jacket, rather long in front, but very short behind, clinging close to the figure, and opening on a deerskin waistcoat. The brown felt hat is ornamented with a cockade of Havana velvet, and a heron's feather.

You will find macaroni, cooked Nice fashion, specially good for lunch :—

Choose some very thin macaroni, of first-rate quality; boil it with a certain quantity of kitchen salt; then drain the water off. You will have prepared a few mushrooms, sliced, and cooked in butter; some sliced sweetbread, also cooked in butter; some minced ham; and one tomato boiled with a small pinch of salt. Then place in a saucepan layers of macaroni, with scraped Parmesan and Gruyère, introducing the mushrooms, sweetbread, and ham with extreme care, so as not to break the macaroni. Add a quarter of a pound of fresh butter, and put the saucepan for ten minutes on some hot cinders. Then arrange the macaroni on the dish, and, at the very last moment before serving, pour over it the juice of the tomato, passed through a very fine sieve. The macaroni will thus turn a pretty pink colour, and the taste will be perfect.

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BELHUS SALE OF HUNTERS.

TENTH YEAR.

At BELHUS, Aveley, Essex, on THURSDAY, September 18th, 1884.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL will SELL BY AUCTION, and WITHOUT RESERVE, the Property of Sir Thomas Barrett Lennard, Bart.,

FORTY-ONE HUNTERS,

many of which are fine weight-carriers, and several perfect to carry **LADIES HUNTING**, and some are promising as Steeplechasers and Show Horses.

THE Horses are in hard work, and nearly fit to go, and will be ridden at the Sale. They will jump several fences, a five-barred gate, an open brook without any fence before it, &c.

Luncheon at 12. **Sale to begin at 1.**

Shelter will be provided in case of Wet Weather.

TELEGRAPH OFFICE AT AVELEY.

BELHUS is four miles from Rainham and five miles from Grays (stations on the London, Tilbury, and Southend Railway), and seven miles from Romford, on the Great Eastern Railway.

A special train will run between St. Pancras Station and Rainham Station on day of sale.

MR. CHURCH'S carriages will take people from Rainham to the Sale and back at Half-a-crown per head each way.

THE Horses will be shown out on Wednesday, the 10th, and Saturday, the 13th of September, at two o'clock, and after the show, and up to six o'clock, any one who wishes it can see the Horses ridden, and can ride them. The Horses will also be on view on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, the 15th, 16th, and 17th September, after eleven o'clock, and on the morning of the day of the Sale up to twelve o'clock, when the stable doors will be locked. The Horses will also be shown BY APPOINTMENT after Monday, the 8th.

EVERY facility will be given to **LADIES** wishing to **try Horses.**

THE Horses can be examined before the Sale by any Veterinary Surgeon.

CATALOGUE.

The following descriptions are correct to the best of the owner's belief, and are given for the information of intending buyers, and not in any case as a warranty. The Hunters are warranted sound in the wind and eyes, but no other warranty is given.

HUNTERS.

1. THE JOHNIAN, Bay Gelding, up to 14 stone; fast and clever; a good jumper, and can go in any difficult country.
2. ELECTOR, Bay Gelding, up to 14 stone; a good jumper; clever, temperate, and steady; a good safe hack, and quiet in harness.
3. HERBALIST, Bay Gelding, up to 12 or 13 stone; fast, clever, a fine fencer, and a good hack.
4. EXETER, Brown Gelding, up to 13 stone; a strong active horse; clever enough for any difficult country; has good action, and is quiet in harness.
5. HECATE, Black Chestnut Mare, up to 12 stone; very fast; a good jumper, and an excellent hack for a lady.
6. THE CREOLE, by Blood Royal, dam by Fairyland, Black Mare, up to 13 stone.

   Winner of three prizes—one of them a jumping prize—at the Dublin Horse Show, 1883.

   Won Farmers' Race at Mulacurry Steeplechases, carrying 11 st. 8 lb.

   Came in first for Farmers' Plate at Meath Hunt Steeplechases, carrying 11 st. 5 lb., but was disqualified.

   Second for Farmers' Plate at Ward Union Hunt Steeplechases, over the Fairy House course, carrying 12 st. 2 lb.

   Second for Farmers' Plate at Bellewstown Spring Meeting, carrying 10 st. 4 lb.

   Second for Farmers' Plate over the Mulacurry course, carrying 11 st. 5 lb.

   Third for Farmers' Plate at Baldoyle, carrying 10 st. 12 lb.

   A very handsome mare, with beautiful action; very fast, and a first-rate fencer; very pleasant to ride, carries a lady, and is handsome enough for a first charger.
7. GARDENHURST, Chestnut Gelding, up to 14 stone; fast, a fine fencer, and clever; a good bold horse, and can go anywhere; and is pleasant to ride.
8. THE PRIME WARDEN, Brown Gelding, up to any weight; a clever steady fencer, has good action, is a good trotter, a pleasant hack, and is very quiet; goes a fair pace for a weight-carrier.
9. GREETWELL, Bay Gelding, up to 12 or 13 stone; fast; a great timber jumper, and an unusually fine fencer; carried a lady hunting all last season.
10. LADY PSYCHE, Bay Mare, a weight-carrier; clever steady fencer; a good hack, with good action, and very quiet.
11. CIRCE, Brown Mare, up to 13 or 14 stone; clever and fast; a fine jumper, and can go in any country.
12. NANA, Bay Mare, up to 14 stone; a very handsome mare, with fine action; a good fencer, and handsome enough for a first charger; carried a lady hunting last season.
13. BRITOMART, by John Davis, Bay Mare, up to 13 stone; a very active, sharp mare; fast, and a fine bold fencer.
14. CLAUDIAN, Bay Gelding, up to 14 stone; clever, and goes a good pace; is a fine timber jumper, and suited for a bold man in any difficult country.
15. VORTIGERN, Chestnut Gelding, up to 14 stone; a free, bold horse; a fine fencer, and fast, quiet, and a good hack.
16. PEMBROKE, Chestnut Gelding, up to 13 stone; fast; a free, bold horse, and particularly fine fencer; carries a lady on the road; too free for most ladies with hounds.
17. TALISMAN, Bay Gelding, up to 13 stone; clever fencer, goes a good pace, carries a lady, and has action enough and is handsome enough for a first charger.
18. NIMROD, Brown Gelding, weight-carrier; a steady, safe fencer; quiet enough for the most nervous person; carries a lady, and is quiet in harness; suitable for any heavy nervous man or woman.
19. MELBURY, Brown Gelding, up to 14 stone; a very handsome horse; clever, and a fine fencer; goes a good pace; pleasant to ride, remarkably quiet, and carries a lady.
20. THE DERVISH, by Skeffington, Bay Gelding, up to 12 or 13 stone; fast, an unusually fine fencer, and very clever in a bank country; likely to win hunt steeplechases; suitable for a bold light man.
21. PARGETTER, Grey Gelding, up to 14 stone; a clever and very steady horse; particularly quiet and handy; quiet in harness.
22. GRIMALDI, Grey Gelding, up to 14 stone; a horse of very high quality; a very fine fencer; a bold, free horse, and fast. Ran third in Windsor Drag Hunt point-to-point race this year.
23. SEAGULL, Grey Gelding, up to 12 or 13 stone; fast; a very fine timber jumper; clever and safe at all kinds of fences; particularly quiet, very pleasant to ride, and carries a lady.
24. ALBATROSS, Grey Mare, up to 12 or 13 stone; a very handsome mare, and a fine mover; a clever fencer; goes a good pace; very quiet and pleasant to ride; carries a lady, and is handsome enough for a charger in the Greys.
25. BLACKMORE, Black Gelding, a weight-carrier; very clever, and light and pleasant to ride; goes a fair pace; is a very tall horse, suitable for a tall and heavy man.
26. SHEELAH, Brown Mare, up to 14 stone; clever, handy, and a fine fencer; remarkably quiet, and carries a lady.
27. UMPIRE, a Chestnut Gelding, up to any weight; a good-looking horse, with fine action; a good hack for a very heavy man; a good and steady fencer; particularly quiet.
28. B.A., Bay Gelding, up to 14 stone; a fine fencer and very clever; goes a good pace, and carries a lady.
29. THE SIRDAR, a Bay Gelding, up to 13 or 14 stone; a horse of very high quality; very fast, and a fine fencer.
30. LORD HENRY, by Blacklock (son of Mildew), dam by Oulston G. D. by Robinson, Brown Gelding, up to 14 stone; a quick, active horse of great quality; clever, fast, very pleasant to ride, and very quiet; carries a lady; a first-class horse for a tall strong woman.
31. FORESTER, Bay Gelding, up to 14 stone; a free, bold horse, very clever, a fine fencer, goes a fair pace, is very quiet, carries a lady on the road, and would carry a strong woman hunting.
32. HARBINGER, Bay Gelding, up to great weight; a very quick active horse, a fine and bold fencer, and fast for a weight-carrier; has a capital mouth, and good manners, and is very light and pleasant to ride.
33. SLEAFORD, Chestnut Gelding, up to 13 or 14 stone; a fine mover, a very quiet steady horse, a clever fencer, and goes a fair pace. Would make a charger.
34. HORSFORD, Bay Gelding, up to 12 or 13 stone; a highly-bred horse, of great quality, fast, and a bold clever fencer; pleasant to ride; a good hack, carries a lady, and is likely to win hunt steeplechases; quiet in harness.
35. MALVOLIO, Chestnut Gelding, up to 12 stone; a light, sharp, galloping horse, and a good fencer.
36. OAKAPPLE, Brown Cob Gelding, up to great weight; a steady and very quiet horse, active, a good mover, and a very good fencer; carries a lady, and is perfectly quiet to shoot from.
37. MEDINA, Bay Mare, up to 13 stone; a compact, active, quiet mare; a very good and clever jumper at all sorts of fences, and a good hack, and has carried a lady hunting for the last two seasons.
38. FLORA, Chestnut Mare, up to 12 or 13 stone; a very pretty mare, fast, very quiet, and a very good fencer, and has constantly carried a lady hunting.
39. THE MAID OF TAUNTON, Bay Mare, up to 13 stone; a quick, active mare, with capital action; a fast trotter, and a fine goer in all her paces; a clever fencer, very quiet, an excellent hack for a lady, and a good hunter for a close country.
40. CALYPSO, Bay Mare, up to 12 stone; a very pretty little mare, with good action; a very good jumper, and clever; a capital covert hack; carries a lady, and would be a good hunter for a boy who rides well.
41. NITOUCHE, Bay Mare, up to 12 or 13 stone; a well-bred fast mare; a very good jumper, and can go in most countries.

Immediately after the Sale of Hunters will be offered for Sale, at a reserve of sixty guineas,

HAPSBURG, by Kisber out of Mainhatch (the dam of Princess Louise II.), by Mainstone, her dam Alice Maude by Arthur Wellesley. For performance, see *Racing Calendar*. Hapsburg is a good hunter, a very fine jumper, and likely to be a good steeplechase horse. From his breeding and size, he would be valuable as a stallion.

N.B.—After the Sale a number of Stablemen will be leaving Belhus, and several of them can be recommended to any gentleman wanting grooms, helpers, or second horsemen.

THE CONDITIONS OF THIS SALE ARE:—

1st.—The highest bidder to be the buyer, and if any dispute arise between two or more bidders the lot so disputed shall be immediately put up again and resold.

2nd.—The purchasers to give in their names and places of abode (if required), and to pay down five shillings in the pound (if required) as earnest and in part of payment; in default of which the lot so purchased may be immediately put up again and resold, if the auctioneer shall think fit.

3rd.—The lots to be taken away after the sale is ended, at the buyer's expense and risk; and the remainder of the purchase money to be absolutely paid before the delivery of the lot.

4th.—Upon failure of complying with the above conditions the money deposited in part of payment shall be forfeited to the owner of the lot, he paying thereout all just expense; and the lot shall be resold by public or private sale, and the deficiency (if any) attending such re-sale shall be immediately made good by the defaulter at this sale.

5th.—If any person shall purchase a lot and not pay for it within the time limited by the third condition, nothing contained in the fourth condition shall prevent the auctioneer, or the owner of the lot, from compelling the purchaser to pay for it, if the auctioneer or seller shall so think fit.

6th.—Horses not according to the warranty must be returned, or notice of the purchaser's intention to return them must be given by telegraph before five o'clock on the evening of Saturday, September 20th; otherwise the purchaser shall be obliged to keep the lot with all faults.

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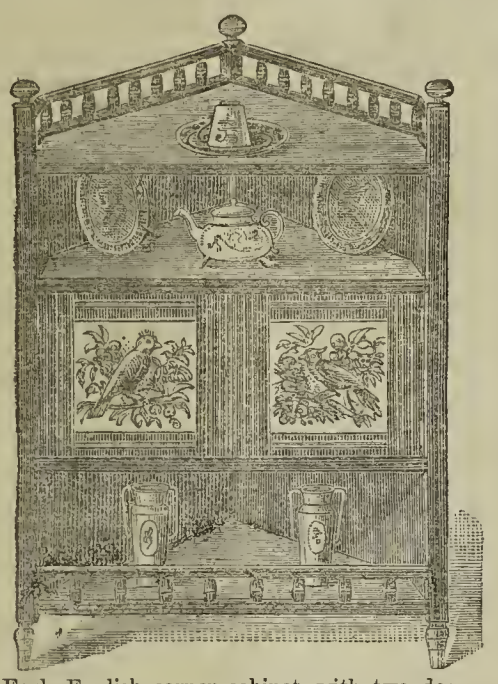

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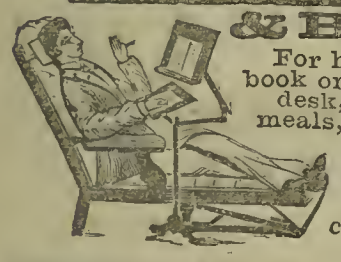

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OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 290.

I am still eating my way through the Specimens published in this Competition, and must again postpone the awarding of the Prize.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 291.

This Competition seems to have given such general satisfaction and to have caused so widespread an interest that I much regret the limits of space prevented me printing more of the numerous lists received. I have, however, carefully gone through them all, and have found the task one of considerable interest, thanks to the curious diversity of taste and critical acumen it has revealed. All the lists received I think, without exception, contained the names of Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot. Lord Lytton's, too, occurs in well-nigh all, and those of Trollope and Wilkie Collins are found in a large proportion of them. But individual taste has differed very much as to the composition of the latter part of the lists, and in addition to such popular masters of the art as Besant and Rice, C. Kingsley, J. Payn, Miss Braddon, Ouida, and W. Black, I find in them the names of Mrs. Lynn-Lynton, Miss Worboise, Miss F. Marryatt, Miss Julia Kavanagh; and Messrs. M. Collins, E. Yates, Christie Murray, L. Oliphant, Le Fanu, F. W. Robinson, G. Macdonald, Lockhart, L. B. Walford, C. H. Ross, Hawley Smart, G. W. M. Reynolds, F. M. Crawford, and Mrs. Crow. Many competitors, too, ignored the 25-years' limit, and included the names of Captain Marryatt, C. Brontë, G. P. R. James, and Sir W. Scott in their lists. One competitor, I may add, considered Dumas a British novelist; whilst others included W. D. Howells and N. Hawthorne, under a similar category. The difficulty in deciding the competition has been to prevent individual literary tastes and preferences from affecting the selection, and it has been thought fit, therefore, to submit the matter to several independent judges. By a process of elimination the lists were gradually reduced until only about a score remained, and these were still further slowly weeded out, until at length, by process of exhaustion, it was found that two lists only remained, those of Don Pedro and The Porpoise.

These, it will be found, are curiously alike in many of their details. Each of them gives Lytton, Thackeray, Dickens, G. Eliot, Blackmore, Hardy, Trollope, and Wilkie Collins; but whilst The Porpoise makes up his list with James Payn and C. Reade, Don Pedro selects Black and Charles Kingsley. In these instances The Porpoise's chance is to be preferred, and he gives indeed, "The Cloister and the Hearth," one of the greatest novels ever written. But Don Pedro, on the other hand, is more happy in some of his selection of books; and, on the whole, without entering further into detail, it will be the fairest course to divide the prize between these two competitors. I much regret I am unable to mark in any way the commendable taste shown by so many others of the competitors. I could not even publish their lists in many cases, but I think, nevertheless, that no one will regret the chance that has been afforded for taking stock, as it were, of one's literary predilections for modern novels and novelists.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 294.

We have on previous occasions amused a large number of competitors by giving a puzzle which consisted in making a number of smaller words out of the letters in one or more large ones. Thus on one occasion a house had to be furnished with articles made from the letters in "Economy," "Good Taste," and some other similar words. For this week it is proposed to develop still further the idea involved in previous puzzles by requiring competitors to write a paragraph formed of words derived in a similar way. The prize will be given, in fact, to that competitor who best succeeds in constructing

A Paragraph not exceeding 75 words in length on "The Nile Expedition," every word in which must be formed of letters to be found in the words "Courageousness," "Discretion," "Steadfastness," and "Honour."

No words must be repeated twice in the paragraph, except "a," "an," "of," "the," "is," and "it," and these should not be used more frequently than is absolutely necessary. No letter must be used in any one more times than it occurs in all the four given words. For example, the word "health" would be inadmissable because it has two "h's" in it, whereas in the four given words only one "h" occurs, viz., in "Honour." Competitors in writing their paragraphs should try to use such words, and such an arrangement of them, as will make them read as much like ordinary extracts as usual. The paragraphs are, of course, to be written in prose, and in no case must the limit of 75 words be exceeded.

Answers to Correspondents.

*** As the Rules are omitted this week it may be well to announce that all letters relating to the Puzzle must be addressed to the Puzzle Editor, Truth Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, London, S.W., on or before the first post on Friday, the 19th inst.

I regret to inform Sam Slick, Evermore, Lord Harris, Jersey, Leofric, The Cynic, A Jersey Blue, and Kate G. M. R. that their lists of novelists arrived too late for publication.

India.—I am unable to give you the information you ask for. The book you refer to, however, can be bought at any railway bookstall, or through any bookseller.

The Professor.—I am much obliged to you for your well-cousidered letter, though I could not see my way to adopting its suggestion.

Mrs. Bloss.—I know of no such paper as that you inquire about, and do not think it can ever have been published. THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 292. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

PARODIES ON PORTIONS OF "THE ANCIENT MARINER."

*** I think it very likely that I may be able to find space next week for a further selection of Parodies.

It is an aged lighterman,
And he quick accosteth me.
"By thy thirsty mouth and bleary eye,
Why makest thou so free?

"The street front door stands open wide,
And I have bought the gin;
My guests all wait my coming, mate,
So I must hasten in."

He takes me by the button-hole,
"There was a stream," quoth he.
"Be off, you maudlin fool!" I cried.
"Just list a while," said he.

"This stream so near was always clear,
And hardly 'een a drop
Of 'Father Thames' was foul afore
Them barges plied atop.

"Night after night, day after day,
They drift with noiseless motion,
As deadly as a tainted ship
Upon a tainted ocean.

"Water, water everywhere;
But offal foul can stink
The sweetest water anywhere,
And poison it for drink.

"For though there come both cats and dogs,
And corpses young and old,
The filth breast-high that 's floating by
Is from some barge's hold."

"God bless me! honest waterman,
You 've told me quite enough.
Why look'st thou so?" From my barge know
I shot the putrid stuff!"

The aged man, who seemed half tight,
And proved a shocking bore,
Is gone; and I, the City clerk,
Turn towards my lodging's door.

And on the way I make this vow,
With good "Old Tom" or "Lorne"
I'll never more Thames water mix,
As sure as I was born. Crystal Palace.

Old Thames rose up upon the west,
On to the sea came he;
And he ran wide, in crystal pride,
Flow'd down into the sea.

The fair breeze blew, the light boats flew,
The furrows following gleam;
Who was the first that ever durst
Pollute that silver stream?

I know thee, Thames Conservator!
I know thy skinflint band!
And thou art dull and dense, and frown'd
On aught of good we plann'd.

Down shone the sun, the stream dropp'd down,
'Twas low as low could be;
But we did speak in vain to seek
A remedy from thee.

Water, water, once 'twas there,
But still the "Boards" did drink;
Water, water, none to spare,
Nor any drop save ink.

Thy very flood did rot, oh Thames!
That e'er such life should team.
Yea, slimy things did swarm, with wings,
Above a slimy stream.

About, about, in tide and out,
The sewage churned in sight;
The dye-works, like a witch's pot,
Belched green, and black, and white.

The mauy fish—so beautiful!
Ah! they all poison'd lie;
And a thousand thousand warbling birds
Took flight—and so did I.

I looked upon the fetid stream,
And turned my nose away;
I looked upon the mud-strewn bank,
And there the dead dogs lay.

The foul gas oozing from their limbs,
For rot and reek did they;
And the stench with which Thames stank to me
Pursues me till this day. Repealer.

The sun came up in regal might,
Out of his strength flashed he
A dazzling gleam upon a stream,
As foul as foul can be.

The filth was here, the filth was there,
The filth was thick and rank—
It lay in piles, for weary miles,
Along the river's bank.

All in the cloudless August sky,
Beneath a sun of blood,
A wondrous maze of masts is seen
Upon the turbid flood.

Day after day, in growing dread
Of cholera, we shiver,
When we should have a tainted ship
Upon a tainted river.

Water, water, here and there,
From which our "Boards" would shrink;
Water in patches here and there,
Not one drop fit to drink!

The very weeds did rot: alas!
For Thames, our country's pride!
Yea, cats were flung, with dogs and dung,
Into the slimy tide!

About, about, and in and out,
The lights of steamers shone
At night, when waters dimly seen,
Beneath the stars, reeked on—

And some, in wrath, assured us all,
That the filth which plagued us sore,
Had festered there, to taint the air,
For nine long months or more!

'Till every "reach," with shelving beach,
Was choked with scum at last;
We could not safely breathe, no more
Than in some sewer vast.

* * * * * *

Ah, well-a-day! what looks I had
From "Boards," both old and young,
When I hinted just, for breach of trust,
Their "members" should be hung!
Orchis.

'Twas said we had done a clever thing,
And the Board of Works must know;
So the sewers were made, the big bill paid,
And the sewage to sea must go.
'Twas right said they, to make a way
To get rid of the sewage so.

They knighted the first who notions nurst
Of draining us thus to sea;
Famo's trumpet blew C.B. to a few,
And the banquet followed "free."

Now sewage swims up, sewage swims down,
'Tis bad as bad can be;
None now speak of Barking Creek
Unless with a big, big D.

Not clean, nor clear, but thick and queer,
The Thames runs up to town;
And all aver they would much prefer
The sewage to be kept down;
'Twas wrong, say they, to make us pay,
And not keep the sewage down.

Tide after tide carbolic's tried,
Chemics by tons and oceans;
But the daily trips in painted ships
Go through it with deep emotions.

Through mist and fogs dead cats and dogs
Go floating, foul to see;
Off Limehouse, things without legs or wings
Too oft come home to tea.

Above with gnats as big as bats,
Mosquitoes dance at night.
Apply to a drop a microscope,
To the microscope your sight:—

At first you'll see some frisky specks,
Volvoxes then, like globes;
Bacteria next, perhaps, at last,
Some cholera microbes.

'Tis sewage, sewage, everywhere,
Full well our Boards may shrink;
Sewage, sewage, everywhere,
No water fit to drink.
From Teddington Weir to Tilbury,
One weird, unspeakable stink. Skeiker.

"It is our ancient Father Thames,
And he stoppeth one from sea.
By thy strong foul breath and guttering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

He holds him with his guttering eye—
The sea-guest stood in swill
And listens, sniffing like a child—
Old Father Thames hath his will.

"My stream ran clear as mountain mere,
Merrily did it drop,
By village kirk, by village mill,
By farm and field in crop.

"And towns sprang up along my banks
Which made cesspools in me,
And unclean sights and stench that smites
Went down towards the sea.

"And then men did a hellish thing,
And it will work 'em woe;
They drained the source, the water-course
That made my stream to flow.
Ah! wretches they, the course to stay
That made my river flow!

"Day after day, day after day,
It falls and has loss motion;
It idles round the tainted banks,
Whose muck would taint an ocean.

"Water! water! Where, oh! where?
How all my reaches stink!
Water! None! none anywhere!
They 've taken it all to drink!

"From scot and lot, of things that rot,
Death-fumes rise day and night,
And scum, a poison in each drop,
Turns green, and blue, and white.

"I look upon my rotting wave,
And draw my eyes away;
I look upon my rotting bed,
And there the dead things lay!

"Oh! stream of joy! Is this indeed
Heaven's floodgates loosed? Oh, say!
Is this the hail? Is this the rain?
Is this Thames' washing day?" Observer.

It was an ancient Londoner,
And he'd had his shrimps and tea;
"Farewell! sweet Rosherville!" he cried,
And hurried down the quay.

The boat was cheered, the jetty cleared,
The town was left behind;
They steamed away beyond the mill,
Though not a breath of wind.

The helmsman steered, the boat moved on,
Yet never a breeze upblew;
Each passenger 'gan hold his nose,
And so did all the crew.

For why? The very stream did rot
With loathsome filth decay;
Yea, slimy beasts could crawl thereon,
As on a turnpike way.

A friend addressed the ancient one:
"Thou seemest sick and faint!
The cause, I fear me, is thy tea."
He answered, "No, it aint!"

He seized him with a fishy hand,
"Around thee cast one glimpse!"
"Unhand me, villain!" cried his friend,
"Thou savourest of shrimps."

Eft soon's the old one dropped his hand,
"I'm sick at heart," quoth he.
"Wistest thou not I represent
A water company?"

"How? Is it thou," the other shrieked,
"Who, for the greed of gain,
Thousands of men, so beautiful,
Unpiteously hast slain?"

"Thy game is done! Thy sand is run!
It seemeth good to me,
As thou hast lately fed on shrimps,
That shrimps should feed on thee."

He cast the ancient overboard,
With a fiendish look of glee.
Thus died that representative
Of the water company. Delphi.

The breeze blew dank from muddy bank,
Raising a noisome spray,
When we were first, by a doom accursed,
At the villa asked to stay.

Down was the tide; the mudbanks showed
'Twas foul as foul could be;
And we could tell by the hideous smell
That the tide owed nought to the sea.

All in the miasmatic air,
The sultry sun all day
Drew up a horrid yellow mist
That on the waters lay.

Day after day, day after day,
It stank, that horrid lotion.
We agitated, but in vain
Was all our mild commotion.

Sewage, sewage everywhere,
O heav'n! how it did stink!
Sewage, sewage everywhere,
And this the stuff we drink!

The very shrubs grew foul—Oh! shame!
That such a thing should be—
Microbic germs disseminate
From flower, and bush, and tree.

* * * * *

The sun goes down, the stars don't show,
They can't—not they—rush out;
But I can, and I do, and loud
Rings out my parting shout.

Tamesis Flumen, fare thee well,
Thou erstwhile silver tide;
Had I much more endured thy smell,
I should perchance have died. Scrivener.

Parodies have been also received from Pierre, Garryowen, Jack, Dora, Orguar, A. W., Sea Jay, Eigroeg, Risk, Keltie, Steward, Beauclerk, J. McGrigor Allan, Kerry Pippin, Van Diemen, Sambo-Japhet, C. Dick, Malignaut.

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CASINO OF BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.—Good news for the numerous frequenters of Boulogne-sur-Mer, and of the Casino. In view of the many letters which daily reach us, M. Hirschler has just decided not to close the establishment during the winter,—a decision which will, no doubt, be well received on every hand. The Casino will, therefore, be open to receive our many English patrons who love to go abroad during the winter, to leave London and take up their abode on our healthful and hospitable sea-coast. In these circumstances it is but natural that they should seek a meeting-place where they may enjoy rest and the pleasures of the Capital combined. Besides, it is not at all likely that those who generally frequent the South—Nice and Monaco—will go so far this year. Thus Boulogne whose sanitary condition has continued intact is destined to take the place of the shores of the Mediterranean. The English traveller and his family may, therefore, go abroad without apprehension, and will here find all the enjoyments associated with the South of France. Great improvements will be effected in the Casino; the theatre will be considerably enlarged,—already the finest, it will soon be the largest on the coast. Concerts will be given, and under an able management these musical entertainments will justify the great reputation of their organisers,—and, alternately with them, theatrical representations and balls will form a pleasant programme for the long winter evenings. There will be a welcome innovation in the shape of *bals masqués* and *fetes de nuit*, where young and old will find all the elements of pleasure which attract the fashionable world. The announcement of these entertainments has been well received by the people of Boulogne. Apart from its Municipal Theatre, Boulogne is a very quiet town, assemblies and levees being rare, so that the realisation of this programme, which fills up a blank in the otherwise pleasant life of the most beautiful part of the Northern Coast, is looked forward to with great pleasure. We have spoken of improvements in the Theatre, and there will be annexed to it a large room, which will accommodate social gatherings, and which will also be a rendez-vous for the lovers of pleasure. It is needless to say that the reading and writing-room will remain open. This favour the large number of English inhabitants deserve at the hands of the Municipality of Boulogne, though this just demand has never before been complied with, their finances not being sufficient to meet the wishes of English and French as well. For thus, free of all restraint, meeting the wants of all, much gratitude is due to M. Hirschler, the skilful organiser and lessee, of the Casino of Boulogne-sur-Mer.

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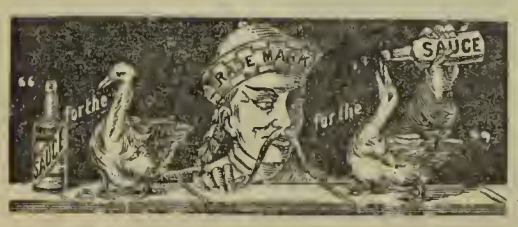

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No. 403. Vol. XVI. Thursday, September 18, 1884. Price Sixpence.

ENTRE NOUS.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales are to remain at Abergeldie till October 10, when they come up to Marlborough House. On Monday (the 13th) their Royal Highnesses start on a visit to Lord and Lady Hastings, at Melton Constable, and the young Princesses go to Sandringham. It is arranged that the Prince and Princess and the party at Melton Constable are to go into Norwich for the festival performance of the "Redemption" on Wednesday morning (the 15th), and for the miscellaneous concert on Friday evening (the 17th), at which Mendelssohn's "First Walpurgis Night" will be the principal piece.

I HAVE reason to believe that during the approaching session of Parliament the House of Commons will be favoured with a Royal Message requesting that a provision may be made for Prince Albert Victor of Wales.

THERE was some talk of the young Prince returning to Heidelberg next month, but it now seems probable that he will go back to Cambridge till Christmas. Early next year Prince Edward will go abroad for an extensive tour, which will most likely include a visit to the United States and Canada. The Queen is desirous that the education of her eldest grandson should be carried out according to the plan which was drawn up by the Prince Consort for the Prince of Wales.

WHEN Prince George has completed his course of study at the Royal Naval College, he will be appointed to some vessel attached to the Mediterranean Squadron.

THE Prince of Wales left Brantingham shortly after eleven on Friday night, and proceeded from Brough station by special train to York, where his saloon was attached to the Scotch express, which set him down at Perth at half-past eight on Saturday morning. Lord and Lady Dudley had a small party at Dupplin Castle to meet H.R.H., including Lord Hardwicke and Lord Suffield. The Prince left Dupplin on Monday for Abergeldie.

LAST week the Princess of Wales, with Prince Edward and her daughters, had a couple of days' fishing in the Dee, in the Queen's water near Balmoral Bridge, but the river is out of order, and sport has not been good. They got, however, several nice trout. The Prince of Wales owns some very good trout-fishing in the Muick, which flows past the house of Birkhall, and Loch Muick, which is also Royal property, is full of trout; and so are Dhu Loch (near Abergeldie) and Loch Dhu in Balmoral forest.

THE Duke of Edinburgh came to town early on Wednesday, and had a long interview with Sir A. Cooper-Key at the Admiralty in the afternoon. He left in the evening with his son for Birkhall, where the Duchess has been staying since she returned from Russia. The Duke and Duchess leave Birkhall for the season on Monday week.

I AM glad to see that the Duke has followed my advice with reference to the decoration of Hull, on the occasion of his visit there on October 1. As I observed a fortnight ago, it was proposed by the Town Council to spend £500 on unnecessary display, although great and widespread distress is prevalent in the town. The Mayor of Hull has received a letter from Mr. Christopher Sykes, in which he states that the Duke and Duchess "would be highly gratified if the sum in question were applied towards the amelioration of this distress, instead of being expended for the purpose for which it was voted." It is to be hoped that other Royal and noble personages will follow the Duke's good example, and put a stop to the silly extravagance commonly inseparable from their appearance in public.

THE Crown Princess of Germany and Princess Victoria left Balmoral early on Thursday morning, and drove by Braemar and the Spittal of Glenshee to Blairgowrie and Coupar Angus, where they arrived at three o'clock, having stopped for half an hour on the way for luncheon. A telegram was sent from Blairgowrie to stop the mail-train, but this precaution was superfluous, as the train was some forty minutes late. The party arrived in Edinburgh at seven o'clock on Friday morning. The Princess and her daughter visited the Exhibition of Scottish National Portraits, and then went to Holyrood, where they stayed some time, and afterwards to the Royal Infirmary, where the Princess remained three-quarters of an hour. Before leaving, she had a conversation with some German nurses, who were recently sent by her from Berlin to be trained there. In the afternoon they went to St. Giles's Cathedral, and then to the Forestry Exhibition. The Princess started for London by the night mail-train, and left Buckingham Palace on Saturday evening for Germany, crossing from Port Victoria to Flushing in the Royal yacht *Osborne*, which is to bring back the Grand Duke of Hesse.

MR. GLADSTONE drove to Balmoral last Monday morning, on leaving Invercauld, having been invited by the Queen to dine and sleep there. Mrs. and Miss Gladstone accompanied him, and, after they had lunched with Lady Ely

and Sir Henry Ponsonby, they had an interview with the Queen before starting for Mar Lodge. Mr. Gladstone had a lengthened audience of her Majesty in the afternoon, and was afterwards engaged for some time with Sir Henry Ponsonby. The Prime Minister was to have left Balmoral after the Council on Tuesday, but the Queen requested him to stay for another day, and Lord Fife, who had been summoned to the Council, was bidden to stop and dine. They left for New Mar Lodge after breakfast on Wednesday, driving through Braemar in an open carriage.

Mr. Gladstone contented himself with strolling about the grounds on Wednesday afternoon, but on Thursday morning the whole party started at ten o'clock to make the ascent of Ben Macdhui, which stands just in the centre of Lord Fife's forest of Mar, and is the second highest mountain in Scotland. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Fife drove together, by way of Inverey, to Derry Lodge, where they commenced the ascent. Most of the party were on ponies, but Mr. Gladstone, Miss Helen Gladstone, Lord Fife, and Lord Dalhousie accomplished the whole excursion on foot—a feat which proves that the Prime Minister is in the best possible health, for the distance walked was quite twenty miles, and some of the climbing was exceedingly steep. They passed through very wild scenery, but the view from the top was obscured by a haze. They stayed for some time on the summit, and commenced the descent at four o'clock, getting back to Mar Lodge soon after eight; but the party stopped *en route* to partake of tea at the Derry Lodge. They were accompanied throughout by a number of ghillies, some of whom acted as guides.

On Friday morning Mr. Gladstone was busily engaged with the contents of a number of boxes which had come from London by the "Queen's Messenger" special train, and had been sent on from Balmoral. In the afternoon the party at Mar Lodge (except some of the men, who were away deer-stalking in Mar Forest) went up by Loch Craggan to the beautiful Falls of Quoich, where they drank tea in Lord Fife's romantic summer-house, which overlooks the "Linn." The Crown Princess of Germany was here on Monday with her daughter and Princess Beatrice, and they also visited Linn o'Dee and Derry Lodge. Mr. Gladstone took a walk from the Falls up the glen, which is beautifully wooded. In the evening, the Fife clansmen were "called out," and there was a torchlight dance in front of Mar Lodge in honour of the Prime Minister, who was enthusiastically cheered, and who made a genial little speech to the Highlanders.

On Saturday the weather was again gloriously fine, and the whole party drove up to Glen Ey, through several miles of splendid mountain scenery, and had a picnic. They also visited the Black Colonel's Cave, which lies in the rocks on the bank of the Ey, three miles above its junction with the Dee at Inverey.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone left Deeside on Monday, to visit Lord and Lady Aberdeen, at Haddo House, at the other end of the county, and to-day they come south to Brechin Castle, where they are to be the guests of Lord and Lady Dalhousie till Friday, when they are going to stay with Sir Andrew and Lady Clark, at St. Martin's, near Perth. The Rev. Stephen Gladstone (rector of Hawarden) and the Rev. E. and Mrs. Wickham have been guests at St. Martin's during the last week, and are still there. It is probable that to-morrow Mr. Gladstone will go from Brechin up the valley of the North Esk to Edzell; and, if the weather be fine, the excursion will very likely be extended to Loch Lee and Invermark Forest.

Her Majesty has lent her house at Abergeldie Mains, near Balmoral, to Colonel Byng, one of the Equerries, who has brought his family there from Windsor. Mary Lady Ailesbury has arrived at Abergeldie from Ascot on a visit to Mrs. Byng.

The Duke and Duchess of Teck and their children arrived last Thursday at Gmünden, where they are staying with the ex-Queen of Hanover. They are on their way to the Castle of Rumpenheim, near Frankfort.

It is settled that the Duke and Duchess of Connaught are to leave India in April, on their return to England. The Queen was anxious that the Duke should come home this autumn, and it was not without difficulty that he obtained permission from her Majesty to pass another winter in India. The Duke and Duchess will probably return through America, by way of San Francisco; at least, they wish to do so.

The Lord-Lieutenant and Lady Spencer are coming over to England early next month for a few weeks.

Lord Spencer's visit to the South of Ireland terminated on Saturday, when he arrived at the Viceregal Lodge from Cork. Whilst with Lord Kenmare he spent a day on the Killarney Lakes. He also visited Lords Listowel and Bandon and Colonel Crosbie, having, while with the latter, an excellent day's sport after the red deer amongst the Kerry hills. Lady Spencer, with Lord and Lady Charles Bruce and Lady Sarah Spencer, returned to the Viceregal Lodge early in the week, the family party at Gowran Castle having broken up.

Military sports are the only amusements in Dublin now, which is deserted by all but the garrison and those who are the slaves of official duty. Last week the 5th Lancers at Island Bridge, and the Royal Horse Artillery at Portobello Barracks, assembled their friends to witness athletic games, partake of tea, ices, &c., and enjoy the strains of military music. The obstacle and animal races and the tug of war were the most popular items on the programme, as usual.

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Lord Ripon returns from India several months sooner than he had originally intended, because his health is becoming seriously impaired by the climate, and Lady Ripon has suffered still more severely. Lord Ripon had proposed staying for some time in Italy on his way home, but the outbreak of cholera will no doubt lead him to abandon this plan. He is to be offered a Dukedom.

I was enabled to announce positively several weeks ago that Lord Dufferin would succeed Lord Ripon. It is in every respect an excellent appointment, and one on which Mr. Gladstone is receiving the cordial congratulations of men and newspapers of all parties. It is the very best selection that could possibly have been made.

The Hon. Francis George Hay, who died last week of typhoid fever, was a man of somewhat varied experience of life. He served before the mast for three years in the Navy, and, at the time of his death, was in the service of the British-India Steam Navigation Company. One, at least, of his adventures is worth recording. One of the company's steamers was a few miles off Aden. Mr. Hay was in command of the watch about 4 a.m., when he fancied he noticed a boat drift by and that he heard a faint scream. He at once stopped the vessel, lowered a boat, and proceeded to search for the castaway. He was rewarded by discovering the dead body of a lady and a living child tied together in a boat, which was half-full of water. The child he adopted, and she is now in the charge of his family. Oddly enough, he was never able to discover her birth or parentage, or even the name of the vessel on which she had been a passenger. This sounds like a chapter from a sensational romance; but it is true, notwithstanding.

Commander Bradford, who led the party at the bombardment of Alexandria which swam ashore and spiked the guns of Fort Meks, last week distinguished himself by a feat of another kind near Padstow. A lady, while bathing, was carried out to sea by an undercurrent, when Commander Bradford dashed in to the rescue. Being unable to return against the current, he swam with the lady to a rock at some distance, where he contrived to hang on by one hand, holding his burden with the other, till assistance came from shore.

Sir Stafford Northcote quitted Mr. W. H. Smith's yacht at Helensburg, and, after a flying trip to Loch Lomond, he went to stay with Sir Graham Montgomery at Stobo Castle, Peebles. Sir Stafford was in Edinburgh on Friday, and passed two hours in the Forestry Exhibition. He left in the afternoon for Pitlour House, Fifeshire, on a visit to Mr. Skene, where he stayed till Monday, when he recrossed the Firth of Forth, and proceeded to Hopetoun House, where he is the guest of Lord Hopetoun for a few days. The *Scotsman* reports that "among all with whom he came in contact Sir Stafford's agreeable manner created a very favourable impression." I am pleased to hear that his health has been much benefited by his cruise.

Screens, with tea-cup shelf on each fold, from 21s. A large variety of screens in Japanese leather paper, needlework, stained glass, and hand-painted in all sizes and styles.—C. Hindley & Sons, 290 to 294, Oxford-street, London.

On Monday of last week, H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, accompanied by General Bateson, left Invermark Lodge, in Forfarshire, where he had been for some days the guest of Sir Robert Harvey, Bart., M.P., and proceeded to Taymouth Castle on a visit to Lord and Lady Breadalbane. The Duke did not altogether distinguish himself in the deer-drive at Invermark, for out of eleven shots, his Royal Highness only managed to bring down one stag and two hinds. With the grouse, however, he was more successful, taking on one occasion some thirty brace to his own gun. The sport at Invermark this year is fairly good. Eighteen stags have been taken since August 1, and the largest bag of grouse amounted to 132½ brace to six guns. Sir John Willoughby is expected at Invermark this week.

I understand that Lord Bath was greatly annoyed at the paragraph which appeared in the *Spectator*, suggesting that the vacant Garter should be given to him by Mr. Gladstone. Lord Bath has conscientiously supported the Irish policy of the Government, and was opposed to the Imperialism of Lord Beaconsfield; but, as he is still a Conservative, he could hardly accept a Garter from a Liberal Prime Minister, were it even offered to him. The Garter is a childish toy which is given to Peers for services to their party, and these services are often little more than condescending to vote with their party and to pay large sums into the party exchequer. As Lord Palmerston said, "There is no —— nonsense about merit in the Garter."

The papers have announced that the new Earl of Lauderdale is a Captain Maitland, who is serving with his regiment in India. Be this as it may, the style and titles of the late Earl of Lauderdale were last week assumed by Sir J. R. Gibson-Maitland, of Saughie. In all probability there will be some work for the Committee of Privileges in connection with this Peerage, and also for the Law Courts, as the estates are in strict settlement under an old Scotch entail.

Lord Rowton is staying at Torquay for a short time.

The Earl and Countess Clarendon and family have left the Grove, Watford, for the Granville Hotel, Ramsgate.

Lord and Lady Salisbury leave Dieppe next week for Hatfield House, and on the 29th they start for Scotland, going first to Whittinghame, East Lothian, where they will be the guests of Mr. A. Balfour, M.P.

The Duke and Duchess of Richmond are entertaining a succession of visitors at Gordon Castle, where they intend to remain till the meeting of Parliament. The men of the party usually pass the "inside" of the week at the lodge in Glenfiddich Forest, twenty miles away up the mountains.

Lord Orford has gone to Brighton for a few weeks.

The Duke of Devonshire has left Bolton Abbey for Holker Hall, his place in Lancashire, where he will stay with a family party till the beginning of next month, when he comes south, to Chatsworth, for a few weeks.

Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, who has been passing most of his holidays in Ireland, goes to Bowood next week, and is to attend a great Liberal demonstration which is to be held at Trowbridge on the 30th.

It is expected that Lord Edmond will contest North Wilts in conjunction with the "selected" Liberal candidate, Mr. Fuller, of Neston, at the first election after the passing of the Reform Bill, as the Redistribution clauses of that measure will certainly deprive him of his seat for Calne.

The Duke and Duchess of Abercorn passed through Dublin last week on their way to Baronscourt. A family party will join them there during the autumn.

Lord and Lady Derby have been staying at Walmer Castle on a visit to Lord and Lady Granville. It will be necessary for Lord Granville to take care of himself, as his last attack of gout pulled him down terribly, and has left him considerably shaken.

The Archbishop of York is staying at Whitby for his annual holiday. He will attend the Church Congress, and is to be the guest of the Bishop of Carlisle and Mrs. Goodwin at Rose Castle.

Lord Weymouth has left Longleat for Canada and the United States, and will be absent from England for nearly a year. There is no truth whatever in the statement which appeared in the *Times* and other papers last week that he is to be the Tory candidate for Westbury.

Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Granville Leveson-Gower will entertain a large party next week at Titsey Place, Surrey, for the coming-of-age of their eldest son. There is to be a county ball on Tuesday, and a garden-party on Wednesday, followed by a tenants' ball. The festivities will extend over four days, and all classes will participate in them.

Lord and Lady Mount-Temple, who have been staying at Ragatz during the last month, will return to Broadlands in about a fortnight. Lady Mount-Temple's health has been much benefited by a course of the Pfäffers waters.

The Bishop of London has taken Staunton Rectory, near Monmouth, for six weeks, and has arrived there with his daughters from Fulham Palace.

Lady Cardigan, who is entertaining a party at Deene Park, goes next week to her house at Newmarket for the October meetings.

The Duke of Argyll left Inverary Castle on Friday, in the yacht *Columba*, on a visit to his estate in Kintyre.

Last week the papers all announced that the widow of Admiral Hall had been given a vacant suite of "apartments" in Hampton Court Palace, a piece of news which appeared in Truth six weeks ago.

There were festivities last week on an extensive scale in South Devon at Flete Court, to celebrate the coming of age of the nephew of Mr. Mildmay, and at Membland Hall in honour of the majority of the eldest son of Mr. E. Baring.

I hear that Sir Lydstone Newman has sold his Stokeley Manor estate in South Devon, near Kingsbridge, to Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., who recently purchased a considerable property in the Exe valley from Lord Ilchester. The Stokeley estate includes the far-famed Slapton Lea, the largest lake in the south of England, and a favourite resort of anglers. There is some of the best wild-fowl shooting in the country around the Lea, and Stokeley has always been known as one of the crack sporting estates in Devonshire.

A few years ago there was a perfect craze for starting hydropathic establishments all over the country, especially in Scotland, where they really "rose like an exhalation." The majority of these speculations have not proved profitable, and while some have recently changed hands at a serious loss, many others are known to be in the market. The establishment at Dunblane, which cost £58,000 only six years ago, is now offered for £22,000.

The noted Barmoor Castle herd of shorthorns, the property of Mr. Meade-Waldo, will be sold next Wednesday. It is the choicest herd in Northumberland, and is especially rich in the Booth strains. This herd, which was established in 1860, has never been brought forward by exhibition, nor have animals in it ever been offered for public sale.

A very fine collection of pedigree Hereford cattle, over one hundred in number, left Liverpool last week for New York, consigned to breeders in the Western States. Among them were a score bought at the Stocktonbury sale, and also that splendid bull, Archibald, this year's Royal Show winner, for which 1,000 gs. was paid to his owner, Mr. A. Rogers.

The Duchess of Montrose does not propose to give up racing, but she will have a large "weeding" sale at Newmarket on the morning of the Cesarewitch day. For the future she does not intend to keep so large or so miscellaneous a stud.

It is now definitely settled that Lord Somerton will next season hunt two days each week in the country formerly occupied by Lord Radnor. The kennels are to be at Woodgates, near Cranborne. It has been arranged that the old boundaries with the neighbouring hunts are to be observed as nearly as possible.

A pack of harriers will hunt the country between Lulworth and Weymouth during the approaching season. Mr. Walter Norris has accepted the Mastership, and the pack formerly kept by Mr. C. Weld, of Lulworth Castle, has been purchased.

Lord Downe's famous Danby moors, near Whitby, have been shot over this year by Lord Sefton, whose party killed 1,751 brace in the ten days they were out. This beats any Scotch bag that I have heard of, and the sport on the Swinton moors, near Masham, was even better.

The *World* makes merry about the seventy stags. But, as a matter of fact, Lady Stamford and, of course, Sir Henry Allsopp are actually limited to fifty on Glenmore. My critic evidently confuses what might be done by the combination of Glenmore, which is the Duke of Richmond's, and Abernethy, which is Lady Seafield's. For some few years both of these have been held together, and are now, in fact, so held by Sir Henry Allsopp.

Colonel Hambro has left Milton Abbey on a hunting trip to Norway. He will be absent about two months. Dorsetshire "society" is getting excited about the representation of the county. Mr. Floyer, the senior Tory member, retires at the dissolution, and Colonel Hambro, Mr. Humphrey Sturt, and Mr. Farquharson have all come forward for the vacant seat. They are all Tories, but Mr. Farquharson is supposed more particularly to stand in the interests of the tenant-farmers. Lord Alington's diplomacy and Lord Salisbury's special mission to Dorchester last winter have so far been quite unavailing to heal the split, and the Liberals have a really good chance of returning two members. A new element of confusion has been added by a violent dispute as to which of the three candidates is to receive the "interest" of the Marchioness of Westminster, who is now as ardent a Tory as Lady Rolle herself.

Angling on the Tay has been miserably poor during the last month, but salmon are now swarming up the river, and if only there be a good fall of rain, sport may be expected to improve. Several nice fish have been landed on Lady Willoughby D'Eresby's water at Stobhall by the tenant, Mr. Barclay Field, and his friends; but nothing of remarkable weight. Lower down, on the short Luncarty stretch, a salmon of 31 lb. was taken last week.

Mr. Wilkie Collins is staying at Ramsgate for a month's cruising in a yacht which has been placed at his disposal.

Last Wednesday Mr. Albert Brassey's yacht *Czarina* returned to Cowes, after a six weeks' cruise along the coast of Norway.

Mr. Charles Wyndham is yachting in the Hebridean waters, and writes that this is the best restorative which he has ever tried, and that it puts the Engadine entirely in the shade. One undoubted advantage is that a yachtsman in these distant waters may escape from letters and telegrams, these being unquestionably the greatest nuisances of modern civilisation.

The original Eddystone Lighthouse which was built by Smeaton has now been placed on the Hoe at Plymouth, and it is to be formally opened next Wednesday by the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House.

From the social point of view, Doncaster was a brilliant success; for almost every house within reasonable distance was full for the week. Wortley Hall was, of course, closed; and there was only a small family party at Sandbeck, as Lord and Lady Scarbrough are still at Lumley Castle. Wentworth Woodhouse was closed in 1882, when the family were in mourning, and last year Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam were in Scotland; but this season they came over from Ireland for the meeting, and entertained an enormous party. Mr. Christopher Sykes' small "Royal" party at Brantingham included the Duchess of Manchester, Lord and Lady Zetland, and Lord Hartington. The Duke of Portland had an immense party at Welbeck (including the Duke of Beaufort, Lords Clonmell and Calthorpe, Lord and Lady Hastings, Lord and Lady Lascelles, and Mr. A. Savile); and so had Mr. Chaplin at Blankney (including Lord and Lady Bradford, Lord and Lady Kildare, Lord Cadogan, Baron Ferdinand Rothschild, Sir F. Johnstone, Lady Hilda Higgins, and Messrs. Craven and Calcraft). Northwards, Lord Wenlock had a party at Escrick, Lord Houghton at Frystone, Mr. and Mrs. Becket-Denison at Nun Appleton, Mr. and Mrs. Rowland Winn at Nostell Priory (over twenty), and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson at Tranby Croft. Lord Auckland had a few friends at Edenthorpe, and Sir W. Cooke at Wheatley Hall; and there were parties at Bawtry, Firbeck, and Burghwallis. There were eleven "private specials" into Doncaster each morning of the races.

There were no heavy winners on the Leger, and the usual story that the ring were "hard hit" is mere moonshine. It was all through a first-rate betting race, and the bookmakers must have won largely, even putting aside their benefit on Friday. The Dukes of Hamilton and St. Albans each won a few thousands (the latter came over from Ireland for the meeting); and the whole of the Yorkshire division went for Mr. Vyner's horse. It was also backed by many French sportsmen, including the Duc de Castries. Lord Hastings and Lord Lascelles each won a fair stake.

The week, however, on the whole, was a most disastrous one for the backers of horses, and, except those who did well on the great race, very few left Doncaster on Friday afternoon with winning accounts. One prominent plunger was over £12,000 to the bad.

Cricket, save for a few desultory and altogether unimportant matches, is a thing of the past as far as 1884 is concerned, and football, which for some weeks has been disputing with its rival the prior claim on public attention, is already in full swing, especially in the North. What with visits of teams from both Australia and America, the past cricket season has been an exceptionally busy one, and the comparative quiet which may be expected next year will be not only welcome to cricketers, but advantageous to home cricket, which is apt to fall into the background when Anglo-Australian contests are on the *tapis*. That this is so, the proposed abolition of the Gentlemen *v.* Players matches last July amply proves.

Should we be favoured next season with a visit from another Australian team, it will be, I understand,

under totally different management, and several of the present eleven will be conspicuous by their absence—notably the gentlemen—as although an Esquire is put after all the names in our daily papers, there is a wide difference in the social status of many of the team. The fact of this having been forgotten is, I think, responsible for many of the unpleasantnesses that have occurred.

There are three features of the Australian play which stand out prominently—Spofforth's bowling, Bonnor's hitting, and Blackham's wicket keeping. If we claim that Sherwin, and perhaps Pilling, are the equal of Blackham behind the sticks, we must cheerfully admit that we have not—and, what is more, never have had—so deadly a fast bowler as Spofforth, or so mighty a slogger as Bonnor, with whom even Thornton in his best days could not have compared for an instant. In the matter of general batting, however, we more than hold our own, for good as Murdoch is, he does not equal several of our cracks. McDonnell, however, deserves special mention as a splendid specimen of a very valuable and rather rare type of batsman.

"Anti-Gag" writes:—

"El Haak," to whose arguments you give liberal place, goes far afield for his illustrations. He does not uphold the bearing-rein—far be it from him to do so—but he states a case for the Egyptian donkey-boy, and says there seems to be "some truth" in that young gentleman's theory that bearing-reins not only improve the quadruped's appearance, but lessen the chance of its falling, or even stumbling. For "El Haak's" "some truth," read "no truth." If an animal, from overwork, bad shoeing, or other artificial cause, "becomes slovenly and slipshod," the bearing-rein may torture him into a new habit of picking up his feet for a time, but for a time only. The notion of improving a donkey's "action," from the showy point of view, is comical; but when we apply the same idea to a horse, we side with the gipsy and the coper. There are other practices for "improving" a horse's appearance, which I will not describe. They are condemned by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, but they are winked at annually in the Agricultural Hall. Nobody who knows what a horse is can be deceived by them; yet their object is deceptive, like all other trade trickery. You take the humane, scientific, and common-sense view of the question, which is needlessly complicated by appeal to the Egyptian donkey-boys' wisdom and experience. Far more to the purpose would be reference to home-observations of the subject. All who desire to get work out of horses, not show, abjure the bearing-rein. Heaven knows the horses that wear out their legs and lives in cab and omnibus service need to be kept from stumbling; but, for that very reason, no English cab or omnibus proprietor thinks of resorting to the theory or practice of the Egyptian donkey-boy. The plain fact is that gagged horses could not, by anything short of a miraculous interposition, accomplish the daily tasks imposed on the cattle in the cab and omnibus line.

The Pope is losing a golden opportunity. He and his predecessors have chosen to call themselves prisoners of the Vatican, because they have been hindered from maintaining a sacerdotal sovereignty outside of it. The position has become ridiculous, and one day or other the Pope will have to rest contented with a spiritual empire, and come to some sort of *modus vivendi* with the King of Italy. Could, therefore, there have been a better occasion to emerge from an impossible situation, than for the Pope to have gone to Naples? The people of that city are terror-stricken. They are believers in saints and images, and had the Head of the Catholic Church betaken himself there, his presence would have done much to allay the panic, which makes the Neapolitans an easy prey to the cholera. The King has been there, nobly and gallantly ignoring all risks. Why is the Pope not there?

A well-known establishment in Paris is about to disappear after nearly a hundred years' existence. The lease of the Café de la Rotonde, which occupies so conspicuous a spot in the Palais Royal, will soon be up, and is not to be renewed. When founded, in 1792, the tavern bore the name of Caveau Casimir, and was the resort of Robespierre, Danton, and other leading political characters. Bonaparte also went there every evening. Casimir, who made a fortune there, sold the establishment in 1806 to a man of the name of Angilbert, who erected the circular building now in existence. In 1815 it became the head-quarters of the English, Russian, and German officers. Of late the Parisians have somewhat abandoned the café, and it has been chiefly frequented by people from the provinces.

There is, I suppose, no particular reason why English people should not raise a subscription to relieve the distress occasioned by the cholera in Naples and other Italian towns, although there are a great many objects at home which have a prior claim on their generosity. But it is a little amusing to observe that the originator of the idea is an egg-merchant, who lately gained more notoriety than distinction by his method of conducting a society journal, and that the subscription-list is headed by a donation from an enterprising firm of wine-merchants. Philanthropy unaccompanied by advertisement is getting rarer and rarer nowadays.

A correspondent writes to me as follows:—

The visitors to Switzerland have now shifted their quarters, with few exceptions, from the mountains to the valleys and towns, where, during the present month, they will remain. The weather in the latter places has undergone a considerable change for the better during the last week, and is now fine and warm again, though cold at night. On the Lake of Geneva there has been a perfect irruption of French visitors of the *haute noblesse*, and princes and dukes are as common as blackberries—or as they are in Paris. At Montreux, Clarens, and Vevey they have taken possession of the place, and at Ouchy and Lausanne it is much the same. At the latter place, last week, a grand-niece of Talleyrand, and a daughter of the Comte Talleyrand-Périgord, late French ambassador to Russia (by his union with the daughter of Bernardaki, the wealthy Russian trader), was married with great pomp and circumstance; the Ducs de Montmorenci, De Gramont, and Lesparre, and Prince Brancovan Bibesco figuring at the ceremony. At the Hôtel Roy, at Clarens, the Duchesse d'Uzès has been giving some private theatricals, assisted by Octave Feuillet. The "Petits Chevaux" and "Mascotte" still go on at Evain-les-Bains, for the benefit of the second-rate individuals who patronise this watering-place; but Jambon, the proprietor of the Casino, reaps only a small harvest from them. At Geneva there are scarcely any visitors.

Apropos to Switzerland, a friend thus writes in defence of the action of the Swiss authorities towards the Salvationists:—

Certain Swiss undoubtedly have joined the Salvation Army; but there is a strong feeling against them in most quarters. For instance, in Geneva, last spring twelvemonth, a pamphlet entitled "Lisez et Jugez" was being sold at every corner of the streets. It contained a reprint of the rules and regulations of the army. The writer of the pamphlet treated the army as a league formed for the suppression of religious freedom, and compared "General" Booth to Loyola. Such was the view of an able writer, but the masses are much in the condition of the English "Skeletons," and are not sufficiently advanced in the exercises of religious toleration to regard conversion to beat of drum in any other light than a joke, or an invitation to a free fight.

Meantime the authorities, central and federal, who know the history of this country, and how, after centuries of religious disturbances people of different denominations have learnt to "dwell together in unity," are inclined to treat the Salvationists as Plato proposed to treat the poets—viz., to ask them to transport themselves to some other city, and not to trouble the peace of his Utopia by putting nonsense into people's heads. Such I consider the real position of things. As to our treaty rights, they merely give English subjects resident in Switzerland the same rights as Swiss subjects, and cannot be pleaded in bar of legislation directed against English and Swiss alike. If a State, sovereign within its limits, thinks it for the public good to pass a prohibitory or expulsive law, I do not think that any attention will be paid to the British Foreign Office—cer-

tainly not to the person alluded to in the *Times* as the British representative at Bienne, the only British officials in this country being at Berne and at Geneva.

The publicans of England form a large portion of the noble army of Conservatives, but I should imagine that their brothers in Switzerland would be equally loyal to a beneficent Federal Government. I see by a Blue-book published by the Council held at Berne on the 30th ult., that the Government absolutely refuses to recommend restrictive legislation, and then comes the following statement :—

The public house engenders intellectual activity, and is a remedy against misanthropy, egotism, vanity, narrow ideas, and vividness of imagination. Spirituous liquors give a cheerful tone to society, efface the traces of labour, and open the heart to other impressions.

Last week the Empress Eugénie left Carlsbad for Munich, and has since gone from there to Arenenberg, her villa on the Lake of Constance, where she has invited Prince Napoleon to meet her. The Empress will only stay in Switzerland for about a fortnight.

I expect there is a great deal of truth in the following letter from Montreal respecting the visit of the British Association :—

As your contemporaries will give a very "gushing" account of the visit of the British Association to Montreal, you will doubtless like to know the "unspoken" feeling about it. With the few distinguished men that we delighted to honour came a crowd of *individuals*, who made no secret of their taking advantage of the cheap trip by becoming members of the Association. These men (and women) travelled across the continent *free*, grumbled at accommodation for which they paid nothing, and abused the country and its customs in a most ill-bred way before the people who had liberally subscribed for their entertainment.

It would be well that in future wanderings abroad the Association should leave this element at home, and not mar the effect of their visit by encouraging a mob of "dead-beat" camp-followers.

Judex.

Do not credit the rubbish talked about the Canadian boatmen not standing Egyptian climate. They will stand any heat, and thrive on it.

The Big Elephant Hotel, at Brighton Beach, Coney Island, which has just been opened, can accommodate 6,000 visitors "without jostling each other."

To the list of novel inventions from the land of wooden nutmegs must now be added paper cigars, large quantities of which have been imported into the Australian colonies. A correspondent describes these as being such an exact imitation of the natural leaf of the nicotian herb, and to be so well flavoured, that it takes a magnifying glass to detect the deception. He adds, too, that they burn well, and hold their white ash firmly. Possessing so many excellent qualities, why should smokers bother about the magnifying glass

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Why do not our Railway Companies print the fares on their tickets, as is done on most of the Continental lines? It would be a great convenience to the public, and a check on any fraud by the employés. The Metropolitan is almost the only Company that does it, but the South-Eastern, I see, has lately made a beginning in the same direction. This new departure is the more creditable, because the South-Eastern fares, as I have often pointed out, are scandalously high, and it is not every one who cares to publish his own shame.

The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol has returned from his annual tour in Switzerland, his favourite summer resort. The Bishop, now in his sixty-fifth year, has recruited his mind and body by walking several hours every day in the high Alps. In that serene atmosphere, lifted out of the fogs of theological controversy, it is said that his lordship meets and converses with another great mountaineer, Professor Tyndall, who, in spite of his different standpoint, well knows how to appreciate the Bishop's keen and ready intellect and refined and animated conversation. The Bishop's diocese is one of the largest and most difficult to manage; but he is in full vigour of mind and body, and very well knows what to do with his clergy, an *irritabile genus*, who do not always know what to do with him.

All reasonable and progressive Churchmen will approve the vigorous and sensible letter of the Hon. and Rev. E. V. Bligh on the revision of the Prayer-Book. Mr. Bligh deals specially with the Marriage Service, which he roundly declares to be both absurd and indelicate; but he condemns the whole of the rubrics as anachronisms, and pleads for "common sense in the Church Services." He wants to know why the Lord's Prayer should be said four or five times over in one service; why two Creeds should be recited; and why the Collects for the day and for the Queen should be repeated. Mr. Bligh urges the Archbishops and Bishops to introduce a Bill into Parliament in order to release clergymen from their rubrical bondage. But if Mr. Bligh and his friends really wish to deal with the Church Services in a common-sense way, and adapt the methods of the Church to the needs of the age, they will have to go deeper than mere Prayer-Book revision. Common sense, no less than the great principle of religious equality, dictates that the wisest method of dealing with the Church of England would be to deliver her from her present thraldom, and endow her with the liberty which is her just right.

The Duke of Beaufort's disclaimer in regard to the living of Llangattock is very satisfactory. His Grace denies that he nominated an Irish clergyman who was ignorant of Welsh to the benefice. The Rev. T. J. Bowen was the only clergyman nominated. A few years ago a patron would not have thought of offering any apology for, or any explanation of, his action. He would have appointed whom he chose, fit or unfit. This little incident, therefore, shows that even the owners of livings are becoming more sensitive to public opinion.

However, the reign of squire and parson is by no means at an end in our villages. We talk glibly about liberty, civil and religious, but it is a thing unknown to multitudes of our countrymen. The late Dr. Gervase Smith said from the chair of the Wesleyan Conference that there were two thousand villages in England where religious freedom is unknown. One of these villages is, evidently, Great Thurlow, Suffolk, where the people are so thoroughly under the heel of the landlord that they dare not let either a house or apartments to a Congregational minister. Some of the villagers wished to receive one into their habitations, but they were threatened with a notice to quit if they did so. This gentleman—the Rev. J. Atkins—is, therefore, in the novel position of being compelled to lodge in the public-

house. To talk about liberty in such places as Great Thurlow is a cruel mockery.

I think it very likely that Mr. Hutchings, of Clewer, may, after all, be safely instituted to Kirkby Misperton. The Archbishop of York has just nominated the Rev. F. W. Pudsey, of Masborough, to the vicarage of Stainton, in Cleveland, of which his Grace is patron; so after himself preferring one of the Highest Churchmen in his diocese, he will hardly quarrel with a similar appointment when made by a lay patron. Besides, does not Sir Tatton Sykes erect and remove what he likes in his fifteen churches, while ordinary restorers are strictly held to rule? In Sledmere Church, for instance, Sir Tatton actually put up a statuette such as is not to be seen in any other Protestant church in the world, to say nothing of lamps and candlesticks without number, imported from Catholic Churches abroad. Yet the Archbishop has not gone to law with Sir Tatton Sykes or his parson.

Dr. Gifford, who has been appointed to the Archdeaconry of London, will be installed in the residentiary canonry in St. Paul's, which is annexed to that office, in the course of next week, and he will be in residence at the Cathedral during October. I presume that Dr. Gifford will resign the rectory of Much Hadham, which is worth about £1,500 a year, and to which, I believe, he was appointed by the Bishop of London a few years ago, on the death of Dr. Randolph, who was a son of the Bishop of London of that name, and who, in addition to his valuable living, held the prebendal stall of Cantlers in St. Paul's Cathedral, which was also given him by his father, and from which he is believed to have drawn over £100,000.

The Bishop of Ripon was enthroned last Tuesday before an immense congregation, including several hundreds of the diocesan clergy. The musical portion of the service was exceedingly well rendered, and the Dean preached a very fair sermon. At the subsequent luncheon, the Bishop delivered a most admirable speech, which has created the best possible impression. It was a mistake to fix the ceremony for a day in Doncaster race week, which is a sacred festival in Yorkshire, as many prominent laymen who would otherwise have attended were absent, including Lord Zetland, who has been acting as Lieutenant of the North Riding during Lord Ripon's absence in India. The Bishop has taken up his residence at the Palace, and on Sunday morning he preached in the Cathedral for the first time. There are no fewer than fifty candidates for his first ordination, which is to be held on Sunday next.

Cardinal Manning has passed his seventy-sixth birthday without understanding that "the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." In the holiday season his Eminence usually goes in for a kind of ecclesiastical Midlothian campaign, and makes a great many clever speeches on his pet subject—total abstinence—besides preaching a great many sermons, and opening as many Roman Catholic churches as may happen to want opening. This year the Cardinal's programme has unfortunately been seriously interfered with. He has in truth broken down, and there is much anxiety in Roman Catholic circles about his health. On Sunday week he preached three times at Chester, and on the Monday, when he reached Bishop Vaughan's quasi-country residence at St. Bede's Lodge, Alexandra Park, Manchester, it was found that he was seriously indisposed, and medical aid was invoked. The doctors were firm in their decision that the Cardinal must rest, and so the teetotallers of Warrington and Wigan, whom he was to have addressed on Wednesday and Thursday, were disappointed, as well as the advocates of denominational education, at whose meeting at Salford he was to have spoken on Friday. His Eminence was also to have preached on Sunday at Liverpool and at St. Helen's; to have opened a new hospital at St. Helen's on Monday morning; and on the evening of the same day to have given a temperance address at Father Nugent's "League Hall" at Liverpool.

A sum of £20,000 has been left to Cardinal MacCabe by the late Mr. James Scanlan, of Pollockshaws, for the purpose of establishing a Roman Catholic "Institute" in Dublin.

Last week a Roman Catholic Convent and Church, built chiefly at the expense of the late Dowager Lady Herries, were opened at Corbelly Hill, near Dumfries. Many Catholic notabilities were present at the ceremony, including Lord and Lady Herries, Lady Bute, Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, of Abbotsford, &c. High Mass was celebrated by Bishop McLachlan, assisted by about thirty priests.

It appears that the choice of the committee appointed to find a successor to Professor Badham, as Professor of Classics in the University of Sydney, has fallen on Mr. Walter Scott, Fellow of Merton. Mr. Scott has hardly the reputation of his predecessor, but he has a distinguished University record, having won the Ireland, Craven, and Derby scholarships. Another Fellow of Merton—Mr. Maurice Hutton—is Professor of Classics at Toronto.

The late Marchioness of Bute left a large sum of money (about £15,000) to trustees, who were directed to build several houses on a piece of land at Colinton, near Edinburgh, which were to serve as homes for poor widows or orphans of officers of the British or Indian armies. The houses are to be occupied free of rent and taxes, and they are to be kept in repair by the trustees. Six excellent houses, thoroughly well built, in a very picturesque, old-fashioned style, have now been completed, and each has a lawn in front and a productive garden at the back. The site is an excellent one, being within a pleasant walk of Edinburgh, and five hundred feet above the sea, at the foot of the Pentland Hills. Seven thousand pounds have been expended in the work. The houses will be known as the Lady Flora Hastings' Homes, as they have been raised in memory of that unfortunate and blameless lady by her sister.

There are complaints that "young gentlemen" who fail to pass the competitive examination for the Army now enter the ranks, and, in many cases, quickly obtain the commissions for which they have previously been declared unfit. This system is manifestly most unfair, not only to those who pass the examinations and get their commissions in the regular way, but also to the *bonâ-fide* private soldiers.

It has always been the practice of the Admiralty, and very properly, to supersede flag officers in their commands directly they are promoted. Under the present jobbing Board this sound principle has been abolished, for Lord John Hay, who commanded the Mediterranean Squadron, was promoted early in the summer, and he has since been ineligible for the post, which, nevertheless, he continues to hold. Of course, people who are *en connaissance de cause* perfectly understand that he is being kept on in the Mediterranean until the Duke of Edinburgh is ready to succeed him in this, the most coveted berth in the whole Navy; and the Duke cannot give up the Channel Fleet command until he has held it for a year.

These are right pleasant arrangements for the officers concerned, but such favouritism bears very hardly on the numerous Admirals who are anxiously looking for employment, and who will be glad when the death of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha removes his nephew to Germany, although by that time, no doubt, Prince Louis of Battenberg and Prince George of Wales will block the way, as it would appear that, come what may, the Royal personages who enter the service must be well taken care of.

Surely there is no foundation for the report that Sir Walter Hunt-Grubbe is to succeed Sir Houston Stewart as Admiral Superintendent at Devonport. He has only recently obtained his promotion, and would have to pass over the heads of nearly twenty senior Rear-Admirals, many of whom have never yet hoisted their flags.

I see it stated as a matter of common belief in naval circles that the *Agamemnon's* steering powers are very defective—indeed, that the ship absolutely refuses to answer her helm. A ship ought not to be sent to sea under a suspicion of this kind, and I hope to hear that the Admiralty have taken steps to prove or disprove the statement. Remembering the *Defence* incident, the *Agamemnon* would be anything but a welcome addition to the Mediterranean fleet if the charges against her have any foundation.

"One who has had personal experience" makes the following serious statements respecting the gambling on board troopships. The sooner the matter is inquired into the better:—

A hardly less damning indictment than that which has lately been brought against certain American liners and their officers with regard to excessive gambling on board ship could well be brought against her Majesty's troopships—notably those on the Indian establishment. There are, of course, certain marked differences to be carefully borne in mind, as to the number who play and the game played; still, the question is only one of degree—the main principle is the same in both cases. On board a troopship play does not go on all day long, it is true, but only on most afternoons and every night between the mess and the bugle sounding "lights out." As to the games played, although "nap," or "euchre," or "loo" are by no means unknown (in quiet corners of the saloon), by far the favourite "gamble" is whist—sixpenny points and unlimited betting on the rubber. The reason for the preference is not far to seek. "Nap," "loo," or "euchre," if played openly, might perchance, as games of hazard, bring down a rebuke—for high moral reasons, of course—from authority—*i.e.*, the Commanding Officer—which authority, however, could not in any way take exception to so virtuous-seeming and guileless a game as whist. As an instance of the sums at stake sometimes, the case of one gallant officer may be mentioned, who had lost £420 between Portsmouth and Aden, although he won it all back again, and £80 to boot, in the week's sail across the Indian Ocean from Aden to Bombay. The military authorities in Pall Mall would earn the gratitude of many a parent who can ill afford any allowance to his son, by looking to this.

Lieutenant Wyatt, of the *Serapis*, was tried by Court-martial on board the *Victory* last week, for having left his ship while in command of her on the night of August 24. It seems that when he was left in command, Lieutenant Wyatt happened also to be the "officer of the day," and the rules of the ship required the "officer of the day," among other things, to remain on board from 9 a.m. one day till 9 a.m. the next, in spite of which Lieutenant Wyatt went on shore, as he alleged on urgent private business, between 9 p.m. and 11 p.m. His defence was that, being in command, he could dispense with the rule—in fact, that he had only to go through the fiction of applying to himself for leave of absence. In this he was mistaken; but as he appears to have acted in perfect good faith, and had borne an excellent character in the service for twenty-one years, it seems decidedly hard that he should be dismissed his ship with a severe reprimand, besides forfeiting a year's seniority.

I last week referred to "Mr. Thomas Hughes." A correspondent now writes me that I ought to have written "His Honour Judge Hughes," as the Queen has conferred this judicial "style and title" upon him, in common with his colleagues, the fifty-six other judges of the County Court Bench, and commanded that he and they should be "at all times thereafter called, known, and addressed" in that way. I am afraid that it will require something more than a Royal command to ensure "His Honour Judge Hughes" being so well known as our old friend Tom Hughes.

The majesty which is ordinarily supposed to hedge a Judge does not, apparently, avail to shield the Registrar of the Canterbury Bankruptcy Court. On Friday a bankruptcy examination was proceeding, when the bankrupt's solicitor, one Mr. Johnson, of Clifford's Inn, became engaged in a somewhat stormy altercation with the Registrar. He complained that the Registrar's conduct was "unjust and indecent," and proceeded to remark that, "if he were to doff his wig, and put a dishcloth round his head, he would be in his proper position as a waiter." Contempt of Court would not appear to be as heinous an offence at Canterbury as it is in London.

Fearful and wonderful are the vagaries of the Scotch marriage-law. From time out of mind it has been considered legal for people to marry merely by making a declaration in the presence of witnesses. But by a statute of Charles II., which is about as obsolete as the Lord's Day Act, such marriages were forbidden and declared punishable. Last week a couple were brought up at the Edinburgh Police Court for having contravened this statute by declaring themselves husband and wife before witnesses. They pleaded guilty, and were fined a shilling each. Oddly enough, however, the conviction itself becomes a legal celebration of the marriage, and the document recording it is a certificate of marriage which can be produced in case of necessity.

The Watch Committee of the borough of Portsmouth the other day issued a decree that all the borough police should be photographed. Inspectors, sergeants, and constables had to march down to a certain local photographer's, where each man had his likeness taken in a set attitude, with his helmet beside him. A correspondent of a Portsmouth paper asks what such an order can mean. I should say it means that the photographer in question has valuable influence on the Watch Committee, or that there is a surplus on the borough rates which the Corporation are anxious to dispose of quietly. A more wasteful and senseless proceeding it would be difficult to imagine.

Last week, a man named Dawson was charged before the Darlington magistrates with poaching. The only witness against him was a policeman, whereas nine witnesses swore that the defendant was elsewhere at the time of the alleged offence. Nevertheless, the bench fined him £2 and costs. I should fancy that the number of witnesses on either side represents with tolerable accuracy the chances a man charged with poaching before a bench of game-preservers has of being acquitted. The numbers must, of course, be taken in inverse ratio, and thus it will be seen that it was about 9 to 1 on Dawson's being convicted.

The chief end and aim of most parochial officials appears to be to do as little work as possible for their salaries, and to shift the responsibility for every omission on to the shoulders of somebody else. The other day a poor woman died in Wandsworth. Her husband had not the means to bury her, so he applied to the inspector of nuisances. This gentleman referred him to the medical officer, Dr. Nicholas, who sent a note to the relieving officer, telling him to have the body buried at once. But the relieving officer refused, and referred the man back to the doctor, who sent him on to the police magistrate, Mr. Shiel. Mr. Shiel doubted whether he had any authority, and when asked by the inspector of nuisances to make an order on the relieving officer to bury the body, he recommended the inspector to apply to his board, who would look into their powers! And in the meantime the body had lain ten days in a cottage inhabited by seven persons! If such an inconceivable muddle is made over the burial of one woman, what on earth would happen if we had a visitation of cholera?

Here is another specimen of Bumbledom. Mr. Wynne Baxter held an inquiry last week on the body of Morris Higgins. The deceased had been a soldier in the Fusiliers, and had a good conduct certificate for eleven years' service, besides the Crimean medal and the Inkerman and Sebastopol clasps. He had a wife and six children, and had lived for some time in abject poverty. He applied for relief, but could obtain none, unless the whole family entered the workhouse. When the man was dying, his wife asked for medical aid at the police-station, and was sent to a parish doctor. But no help could be got until three hours before Higgins's death. The doctor explained that the house was not in his district, and the relieving officer said he had no power to give aid, as the man, who died from apoplexy and starvation, was able-bodied! It is not surprising that the Coroner remarked that the Poor Laws were a mystery he could not solve, and that "they certainly did not solve the problem of how to treat the poor, as many deserving cases did not get any help at all."

The Corporation of London will, on or about the 22nd inst., be called upon to elect a Secondary, in the place of Mr. De Jersey, resigned. There are at present seven candidates for the vacancy, amongst whom are three members of the Corporation (who are either Chairmen or ex-Chairmen of Committees). Now, before these gentlemen can become eligible, one of the Standing Orders of the Corporation must be suspended. It will be interesting to see whether, for the purpose of giving one of its members an appointment, the Corporation will adopt this plan.

A terrible accident is reported to have happened to a labouring man near Saham Tony, Norfolk. He noticed something strange lying in a hedge, and took hold of it. The article, which turned out to be a spring-gun set for poachers, at once exploded in the unfortunate man's face. Both his eyes were blown out, his face and head were utterly disfigured, and one of his hands was mutilated. It is to be hoped that a strict investigation will be instituted, and that the person who is responsible for this abominable act will be promptly arrested, whether he be squire, J.P., or nobleman. It is high time that a game-preserver who sets a higher value on his partridges than on the lives of his fellow creatures should receive a salutary warning.

Is it not full time to stop the exhibition of "lion-tamers"? Periodically one of them is either killed or seriously injured by his animals. I see that last week a "lion-tamer" was seriously injured at Calais. The sole interest that attaches to such shows is whether the lions will devour the tamer or not, and this is hardly an exhibition consistent with civilisation.

Ladies have been a good deal bothered during the last year or two by dress reformers and other busybodies to explain the *raison d'être* of the crinolette. They need no longer be at a loss for an answer, for an ingenious lady named Maguire has turned the garment to most practical account. On landing at Liverpool the other day, Mrs. Maguire's "dress-improver" seems to have attracted attention at the Custom House, and it proved on examination to contain no less than six pounds of smuggled tobacco. The bravery of the officer who made this capture certainly deserves recognition. At the same time, I hope the Custom House authorities will not feel it necessary after this to investigate every case of undue protrusion of the skirt in search of illicit eau-de-cologne and contrabrand Tauchnitz's, or a new horror will be added to the Channel passage.

A correspondent from Eastbourne writes to protest against my scepticism in regard to thought-reading, spiritualism, and clairvoyance. All that I have to say is that in not one single case have the so-called phenomena of

these occult mysteries been performed under scientific conditions—that is to say, under conditions rendering illusion or trickery impossible. This was the late Professor Faraday's invariable reply to those who asked him to investigate these matters. My correspondent sends me a long list of those who are believers in the trash. Amongst the names are the Duke of Leuchtenberg, the Prince of Solms, Prince Albrecht of Solms, Prince Emile of Sayn-Wittgenstein, the late Emperors of Russia and of France, Baron and Baroness von Vay, and Baron L. de Guldenstubbe. Even these august names fail to carry conviction to my sceptical breast. As for thought-reading, Mr. Stuart Cumberland has shown again and again that all the so-called phenomena may be performed by closely watching the unconscious indications given by the muscles of the subjects.

I HAVE received the following letter from a correspondent :—

I shall be glad if you will permit me to warn the charitably-disposed, through you, against an ingenious form of begging carried on successfully by some worthless parents through the instrumentality of their young children. The boy or girl (for both are equally employed) is sent out about dusk to the quieter streets and squares of the West-end. The child is presently discovered by the passers-by leaning against the area railings of one of the houses, and sobbing as if his (or her) little heart would break. Naturally the soft-hearted wayfarer stops and inquires the cause of all the trouble, when he is informed, amid hysterical crying and weeping, that the small sorrower has just lost a shilling near the spot, and that, having received it from his mother's hands to purchase necessaries with, a sound flogging is the certain result upon a return to the family mansion. Eager to relieve the childish sorrow, the charitable people standing round make up the missing coin from their own purses, and go on their way rejoicing in the consciousness of a good deed done. Happening one evening to meet with one of these distressed juveniles, I promptly dispelled the gloomy fear of a whipping by the gift of the sum alleged to be lost, and was rejoiced to have been the means of relieving so great distress at so small a cost; but I was disagreeably enlightened as to the real truth of the matter when, happening to go out half-an-hour later, I found the tiny hypocrite admirably acting the very same part over again in another street close by. I returned home a sadder and a wiser man.

A COUNTRY contemporary calls attention to the fact that Mr. James William Defoe, the great-great-grandson of Daniel Defoe, is paralysed, nearly blind, and in urgent need of help, and asks for subscriptions on his behalf. I do not precisely see why the public should be expected to provide for the descendants of talented authors to the third and fourth generation, though I fear that, as Mr. Gladstone has given colour to such a theory by granting a Civil List pension to a descendant of Southey, we must expect to see others follow the unfortunate example he has set.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* of last Thursday contained a lamentable letter on "The Wrongs of Authors," from "An Injured Scribe." The writer had certainly been singularly unfortunate in her experiences. A publisher of high standing grossly defrauded her in the matter of a novel which he brought out for her. The editor of a first-class lady's journal rejected her article, and then, after a few months, published a copy of it, but, on being challenged on the subject, he refused satisfaction. Lastly, the injured scribe contracted to furnish a column of paragraphs to "a society journal." Those which were used she could not obtain payment for, and those which were not used (and which were to have been returned to her) were disposed of by the unscrupulous manager of "the society journal" to other papers. I should vastly like to learn the names of these various delinquents.

I DON'T know about the exactitude of Mr. Hubbard's figures respecting the circulation of other newspapers in his Index to the leading newspapers "of all kinds in all countries of the earth;" but, if they are not more correct than the number which he sets down as the circulation of TRUTH, they are not worth much as a guide. All newspapers are supposed to be inclined to exaggerate their circulation, and so I have no intention of stating exactly that of TRUTH, as the odds are that I should not be believed. But, if Mr. Hubbard is inclined to make a bet that its circulation is not nearer three times what he puts it at, than the figure which he sets down, I shall be happy to accommodate him. It might interest Mr. Hubbard to know that Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son alone dispose of considerably more copies each week than he mentions as the total circulation.

"EYRE'S ACQUITTAL," the novel which has just been issued in three volumes, was originally published as a special number of an illustrated weekly paper. Thus the absurd price of thirty-one shillings and sixpence is at present asked for what was originally offered for a single shilling!

M. RICHEPIN, the adapter of "Macbeth" for Sarah Bernhardt, has kindly added a scene to the tragedy, illustrating the murder of Lady Macduff—an incident which, no doubt, Shakespeare forgot.

HENRY IRVING'S leave-taking last Sunday was unspoilt by the speech-making which often mars such entertainments. More than seventy friends dined, by his invitation, at the Continental. A short, sensible address, equally graceful and hearty, came spontaneously from the host, and might have covered all, as, on its conclusion, good healths and good wishes of every kind were reciprocated. And yet it could hardly be taken as a proposal of the speaker's own health, so just one more cordial little speech was needed, and this was supplied by Edmund in his best style, and with an explanation to the effect that Sir Frederic Pollock, having set his face against the encore system, had transferred the pleasant task to a willing substitute. Rather hollow rang the laughter among some of the guests when Irving reminded them that his return, next April, would immediately precede the opening of a third annual exhibition at South Kensington, in view of which recurring series of evening festivals he proposed an arrangement by which all the London managers might unite in a grand season on Margate sands.

A CORRESPONDENT writes :—

A friend of mine purchased lately the following books at a second-hand book-shop in an obscure town of Essex, for less than half a handful of loose change :—The original edition (1775) of Johnson's "Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland;" a whole set of *The Satirist*, a notoriously scurrilous paper, but exceedingly useful in these days as a speculum of life, manners, and customs in the past; four volumes of the "Welcome Guest" (second series); the first editions of Macklin's "Man of the World" and Dibdin's musical farce, "The Waterman;" and a bulky folio of old newspaper cuttings, neatly arranged by a clergyman sixty years ago. My friend says he might have bought, but did not know what to do with them, an old bookcase and an upright eight-day clock for a mere trifle.

According to the *Sheffield Independent*, certain of our hereditary legislators have curious ways of amusing themselves. One of them recently engaged a railway carriage to convey himself and his brothers from Scotland, and the following is the description of the condition of the carriage on its arrival at its destination:—"The interior was suggestive of the cabin of a ship which had been caught in a storm, and had come out of it with much damage. Fittings were injured, several of the windows were smashed, the mirror in the lavatory had a hole in it big enough to permit a moderately-sized man to crawl through, and the carriage generally had the appearance of having been the scene of a battle royal." Now, who dare say that an individual who shows such refinement in his amusements is not qualified by nature to put a veto upon the actions of such an assembly as the House of Commons?

The country hardly seems pronouncing in favour of the Ministry with that enthusiasm which was anticipated; indeed, were it not that Mr. Gladstone is personally popular, I hardly think that there would be any enthusiasm at all. The reason is, that plain men are inclined to think that if we are to have an Upper Chamber composed of hereditary legislators, and if this Upper Chamber is to act as a moderating assembly, it can hardly be blamed for insisting upon having the entire scheme of Parliamentary Reform before it assents to a portion of it. To say that the Upper House is constitutionally invested with certain functions, and yet that whenever it exercises them it is acting unconstitutionally, is somewhat of a contradiction.

Thus the Peers say:—"We conscientiously believe that the country is opposed to a Franchise Bill separated from a Redistribution Bill, and we agree with the country in this estimate. We are therefore ready to consider the two together; or, if this be objected to by Ministers, we challenge an appeal to the constituencies." If the Peers are not to be permitted to refuse anything but these two alternatives, I should be glad to know under what circumstances they are to act as a legislative body. Obviously, if their House merely exists to register the decrees of the Lower House, it is a farce to give them the trouble and to put the country to the expense of this registration.

Am I, then, prepared to take sides with the Peers against the People? By no means. But I am logical. If the Liberals will insist on giving an Upper House, composed of Tory partisans, power to interfere with Liberal legislation they ought not to be either surprised or indignant that these partisans act in accordance with their own convictions and with the interests of the party to which they belong. The folly lies in perpetuating this state of things, and not perceiving that, when Liberal Ministers are in power owing to their representing the majority of the nation, they, and they alone, ought to have the power and the responsibility of legislation. If the Peers were to say, "We will resist the nation," then one could understand all this indignation against them; but, on the contrary, they say: "We are ready to submit to the will of the nation, but we claim that this will should be made known." It is true that this position involves a right to provoke a dissolution whenever the Tory Lords please; but, unless it be admitted that the Lords have this right, I hardly see how any one can contend that their legislative existence ought to continue.

We are, therefore, faced with this. Either the House of Lords ought to be abolished, or it must be allowed to insist upon an appeal to the nation whenever it differs from the House of Commons. Ministers have failed to perceive this, and, whilst they indignantly protest against the Lords making this appeal in regard to the Franchise and Redistribution Bill, they go out of their way to explain that the rights of these hereditary legislators ought not to be curtailed, and that an Hereditary Upper Chamber of Tory Landlords is an institution almost divine in its perfection.

The common sense of the rank and file, not only of Radicals, but of Liberals, revolts against such transparent sophistry, and as Ministers refuse to lead a movement to sweep away this legacy of the "wisdom" of our ancestors, they hold aloof, and leave their leaders to fight out alone their quarrel with the Tory Upper House as seems best to them. When the error of this fencing-match with buttons on the Liberal foils has been made manifest, the Liberal leaders will, perhaps, see the expediency of calling to their aid the Radical hosts. When they do, however, it must be understood that there must be no more of this sham fighting, and that the battle must be waged to the bitter end.

I do not quite understand what is the view adopted by the Conservatives respecting Redistribution. If we are to take literally the utterances of their leaders, they are in favour of electoral districts. But if this be so, why do they not themselves bring in next October a Redistribution Bill, based upon this very simple principle? Nothing would more effectually dish the Whigs. The Radicals could not, and would not, vote against the Bill, and consequently it would be passed.

Once admit that a vote is a right, and it seems to me to follow as a natural consequence that each vote should be of equal weight. If it be laid down that all guests have an equal right to a slice of a cake, surely this involves equality of the slices.

Electoral districts would give representation to minorities, for it is impossible to conceive that any political school or any particular class could be of sufficient importance to be represented if it could not obtain a majority in one single electoral district. A Redistribution Act with a numerical basis would be fair to all parties, for gerrymandering would be impossible.

Lord Rosebery's speech urging that a closer tie should unite us to our colonies would have been of more practical value had he explained what the tie ought to be. If it be meant that the colonies should be associated more closely with us under our hegemony, the scheme would not recommend itself to them; if it be meant that we and they should be federally united on absolutely equal terms with regard to matters that concern them and us, I doubt

whether the scheme would recommend itself to us. We want hegemony, they want equality, and until our aim is the same it is a waste of time to deal in generalities.

I suppose that the Highland question will soon assume an acute form. It is a simple one. The land used to belong to the entire clan. After the rebellion of '45, it was practically vested in the chief of the clan. The chief found that he could make more by letting the land to large sheep-farmers than to small crofters, who had a few acres which they tilled and a common right of pasturage. Of late the sheep-farmers have been doing badly, and land lets more advantageously as deer-forests, so the deer-forest has replaced the sheep-farm. Certain of the population have, therefore, been forced to emigrate, whilst the remainder have been driven to the coast line, with the hope of earning a living by fishing—an occupation, however, by which they can hardly keep body and soul together. It may be, and I believe that it is admitted, that there are parts of Scotland where there is only a living for deer, but in many parts hardy, industrious crofters could live in decent comfort were they allowed to cultivate the soil.

That this state of things requires drastic legislation is obvious. The Highlands belong to the Highlanders. It is preposterous that the inhabitants should be excluded from vast districts in order that some American or English sportsman should rent a desert, on which he shoots stags for a few months in the year. The Irish would never have brought their landlords to reason had they not taken the matter in hand themselves. Agrarian outrages would be unnecessary in Scotland to produce the same result. All that the Highlanders have to do is to slay the stags; this may, perhaps, be illegal, but, before allowing their country to be converted into a wilderness, I am surprised that they do not have recourse to this political expedient. If there were no deer, there would be no deer-forests, and families of hard-working, decent crofters would replace these animals. It may possibly be a delightful sensation to creep about a mountain with a gillie all day in hopes of getting a shot at a stag, but the sum of human happiness would not be materially diminished were Peers and brewers deprived of this sensation.

It looks very much as though the boats and the Canadians who are to navigate them will not reach Khartoum by water, owing to the absence of that element. This I in no way regret, because I no more understand why we are exposing the lives of soldiers and sailors in an expedition to Khartoum than why we murdered a quantity of Arabs in the vicinity of Souakim. Military men are far too apt to cut Gordian knots with the sword. A general who is sent out with an army considers that he has not done justice to himself and to his soldiers unless he vanquishes some one. Every officer serving under him is equally anxious for a fray. I trust, however, that Lord Northbrook will at once endeavour to find out whether Gordon can withdraw from the Soudan, and if he can, and is acting contrary to his instructions in remaining, that the life of no Englishman, Egyptian, Soudanese, or Canadian will be sacrificed to his obstinacy.

SCRUTATOR.

SCARBOROUGH.

BRIGHTON is called the Queen of Southern Watering-places; Scarborough the Queen of Northern Watering-places; and I presume that—if one only knew their whereabouts—there are eastern and western water queens. The northern sovereign, to my thinking, entirely cuts out her southern sister; indeed, I confess that, before coming here, I had no notion that the place was so entirely *sui generis*. It is situated in a bay formed by lofty headlands. In the centre of the town there is a deep ravine, over which a bridge is thrown. On one side there is the Casino, or Spa as it is called, on the other there is a harbour and fishing-village, and the whole is dominated by the Grand Hotel. There are fine streets and squares, and one realises the fact when one is in them, but where they precisely are I fail to make out, for I have not been endowed with a topographical bump, and they seem to hide themselves away. The objection to all watering-places near London is the absence of trees, but here they flourish, and clothe the sea-cliffs. I do not think that I ever came across a seaside town so well laid out by nature or so little spoilt by art. The country inland is really beautiful. There are hills and woods and ravines without number.

They tell me that it is never too warm in summer and never too cold in winter, and possibly this is, to a certain extent, true. Be this, however, as it may, the season is from about July to October, and at the present moment the air is fresh and bracing and the sun warm. Still I should imagine that when the wind blows from the east and brings up a sea fog it must be a little damp and chilly.

The Grand Hotel is an enormous structure of ten stories, with a series of terraces rising from the sea. Internally it is florid and comfortable, with huge drawing-rooms and eating-rooms. The latter are a good deal better than the food which is consumed in them, which leaves much to be desired. This is often the case where a hotel belongs to a Company; why, I do not know, unless it be that the directors are too grand to look to such minor details. After the manner of American hotels, there is a large central hall, which is usually filled with ladies and gentlemen. Once or twice a week there is a ball. Gentlemen with red ribbons—whether masters of the ceremony or committeemen, I know not—introduce partners, and all shake up together as though they were on the Continent, and not in their native country. But even when there is no ball, there is a good deal of dressing, and every man who respects himself (I, alas! have long given up this sort of thing) arrays himself for dinner in a suit of black and a white tie. Where the fair sex is concerned, heaven forbid that I should be critical, otherwise I should say that the ladies do not shine in the matter of toilettes. Their dresses are—with very few exceptions—extremely badly made, and remarkable rather for their eccentricity of cut and colour than for their beauty. Only this evening I remarked a pretty girl in a white dress, with a bunch of

Minton's (Limited). — Minton's China. A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century and a half.

red ostrich feathers hooked on to it as a sort of "improver." "What is the use," I was inclined to say to her, "of nature having given you a pretty face, if you insist upon balancing it with ostrich feathers 'où le dos change de nom?'" But even a badly-fitting dress can be made to look tolerable if the wearer knows how to put it on. In this art the Scarborough hotel young ladies are singularly deficient. One may suppose, without any derogation to them, that they would not be averse to marrying; and, if so, why do they not cultivate that art which I had imagined makes all the sex akin? Beauty unadorned may be all very well amongst a community of savages, although even amongst them the squaws who know how to paint have an advantage over those who do not. But beauty adorned in a draggle-tail fashion is beauty spoiled. Englishwomen as a rule do not know how to dress. If they get an expensive milliner to make their clothes, and have a clever maid to help them to put them on, they turn out well enough; but left to their own taste, there is not one little working girl in Paris who does not cut them out, although her expenditure may be limited to a few francs.

The Spa is the daily and nightly rendezvous. It consists of a wide and long terrace, against which the waves beat when the tide is up. On this a sort of casino, with a theatre, a restaurant, and many large rooms, has been built, and behind it there are wooded gardens on the upward incline of the cliff. Morning and evening a band plays, and the visitors sit about doing nothing in a manner which is very reposing. There is a club-house which is capitally managed, where visitors are received as temporary members on the invitation of the permanent members, and where a rubber of whist can be got of an evening. If the northern Britons work hard when they are at work, I must say that they conscientiously do nothing when they are at play. Small-talk is not their forte; they enjoy themselves sadly, and remind me of ruminating animals chewing the cud. The event of the past week has been the performance of "Pygmalion and Galatea" by Scarborough amateurs, with Miss Fortescue to help them. As the young lady was, I hear, paid £50 for two performances, the financial wind is tempered to this breach-of-promise lamb.

The fishing community lives apart at its end of the town, and seems to ignore entirely the fact that they are inhabitants of a fashionable watering-place. In their quarter the air is pervaded with a smell of fish, and one walks on herrings. It is curious to see the boats unloading when they return from a successful catch. The herrings are pulled up from the wells in large baskets. They are then separated, those which are broken being put aside for manure; the others are either packed in casks with brine, and sent off to be sold as fresh herrings, or they are taken to the curing-houses, and converted into kippers and bloaters. They are sold by the "last" of 10,000. Sometimes a "last" costs £11, but the next day it may only cost £5. Lately the catch has been so enormous that "lasts" have been sold for 15s. Considering what excellent food a fresh herring, a kipper, or a bloater is, and how many people there are who would be glad to eat them, the entire business seems to me to be conducted in a very wasteful manner. So far as I could make out, about half the herrings caught are broken when they come into the sheds, and are used as manure.

Altogether, I think that Brighton and other southern watering-places might take a good many hints from Scarborough. The great object of its inhabitants is to convince the world that it is an excellent health-resort in winter. Owing to its protected position, they insist—and I believe with truth—that it is never cold until January, and that during the entire winter the air is warm and bracing. Probably if one or two physicians would send patients here instead of to the Engadine or to Norway, the place would soon become as much the fashion in winter as it is in summer.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT WORCESTER.

I had every opportunity of hearing the Worcester Festival. I see the daily papers have been deluged with special criticisms, with some of which I cannot agree. As usual, the cloven hoof is tolerably apparent. One is a friend of the Dean—I should hope every one was; another of the "Done"—(Mr. Done is the Worcester organist); whilst a good many appear to be friends of Novello—(Novello is the publisher of Gounod's "Redemption"). I need not say that all the principal singers had their friends in the Press, and I can frankly say that, whether they wanted it or not, they richly deserved the praise they got, and the blame too.

The Festival, on the whole, was remarkable among festivals. Worcester was crowded by people who in September are commonly abroad, but who this year preferred a feast of sacred music to cholera or fumigation. I am told that about four millions of holiday money will this year be kept in England, instead of being lavished on the Continent. *Tant mieux.*

I think this one hundred and sixty-first meeting of the Choirs is a good opportunity for saying a few things not to be found in the daily papers, but which are sufficiently disagreeable, important, and more than sufficiently true. I detest carping criticism, but I also despise reticence when a little plain speaking is calculated to do good; and I mean to do a little good to everybody all round connected with the Worcester Festival this time.

I will begin with Canon Knox Little and his Festival sermon. He addressed a vast congregation, but, like Moses, though with somewhat less provocation, "he spake unadvisedly with his lips." I think I understood him correctly when he spoke of the irreligion of culture, and called its votaries Apostles of Satan. He merely meant that culture was not religion, and could not take its place. But he addressed the musicians *en masse*, and the next time the orchestra met, the ball of bitterness and misconstruction was already set a-rolling. "We're all Apostles of Satan," they said one to another, by way of greeting. Now I don't care what a preacher means, or what his sermon says next day in the papers; the real question and the real test is simply this: What was the impression made at the time? Not only was a slight put upon the musicians (so they took it), but a slur was cast upon

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the secular aspects of the Festival, the social rejoicings, the money made in the town, and other things dear to the people of Worcester. All this was a great mistake.

Personally, I did not agree with the Canon's statement that the pathos of music lay in its transitory sweetness. In point of fact, nothing in this transitory world is much more permanent than music, for it can be revived in the mind's ear at any moment. As to the danger of the power of music, every one is entitled to his own opinion—on both points the preacher's statements were a little mixed. Still, when all is said, Knox Little can preach—he can speak, and forcibly, too, without book. He has the oratorical gift, and it was right to put him in the pulpit. I only regret that, being there, and doing, in some respects, so eloquently and so well, he was so obviously deficient in any real knowledge of his subject, in general tact, and I must add, in sequence and coherency of thought. I was told by one of the Canons of Worcester that I should be electrified with Knox Little's eloquence, which was characterised as a startling combination of "cayenne pepper and champagne." I am easily satisfied, for I do not expect much from pulpit orators, but I should say that what I heard, at the most, only amounted to "Worcester sauce."

I have next something to say about Gounod's "Redemption." When it was first heard, all the papers let off their best fireworks. M. Gounod had culminated; the greatest master of the fleshly school, the author of the highly sensuous "Faust," was also the most religious and spiritual composer of the age, &c. I went to the Albert Hall. I heard; I was not conquered. I said at the time, amidst a chorus of derisive jeers, "M. Gounod is incapable of writing anything not musicianly and ingeniously orchestrated, but the book of the 'Redemption' is irreverent and the music is dull." I have not altered my opinion. The "Redemption" will draw; it drew at Worcester better than the "Messiah;" yet many dissentient voices in the direction of my own views were to be heard, and I was surprised, and not a little delighted, to find the Oxford Professor of Music, amongst others, very much of my own way of thinking.

Now, what is the truth about the "Redemption"?

This oratorio is, in point of fact, a colossal job. It was ordered by Novello, and heavily paid for; but it is no better as a religious work than are Gustave Doré's religious pictures. That may sound a little rough upon Gounod, but his conception of the sacred story is coarse and unpoetic, and his general arrangement of the events inartistic and ineffective. The great bangs on the drum to signify the knocking of the nails into the cross have been, I allow, judiciously reduced to three for the English public; but the effect is still shocking. Equally shocking are the words from the cross put into the mouth of a baritone—even when Santley is the baritone. Mendelssohn has skilfully avoided the sacred impersonation in "St. Paul" by a celestial chorus of treble voices—"Saul! Saul!" &c. The much-criticised and rather rollicking march to Calvary, I do not find fault with. The Pagan and secular element is thoroughly in place; but in spite of isolated beauties like "From thy love as a Father," Gounod nowhere in the "Redemption" reaches his highest level of inspiration, whilst the libretto he has to work upon is poor, vapid, and *décousu* to the last degree.

No! the prodigious success of the "Redemption" is the result of organised puffing on a scale absolutely unprecedented. It was produced simultaneously in all parts of the civilised world; it had to be paid for, so it had to succeed somehow. The press shouted applause, and still does, though rather more feebly. I don't say "Bravo, Gounod!" but I do say "Bravo, Novello!" Such a thoroughly business-like transaction has met with the kind of success it deserves; but in coming years we shall not hear much of the "Redemption," or I am very much mistaken. I am told that Gounod's next great sacred work—for which he is to have his £4,000 cheque before ever a line of the music has been seen—is to be better than the "Redemption." That it might well be, and as Gounod is a clever Frenchman, and attends to criticism, the blots of taste into which he is apt to fall will probably be avoided.

Now I will say a word about Madame Albani, the prima-donna at the Worcester Festival, who had to be paid so many hundreds more than any one else, because her name was thought to draw on the bills. I was duly laughed at for preferring Albani's Traviata to Patti's, and, of course, all the world knows that Patti draws more than Albani. And now I shall perhaps be laughed at for saying, in the most emphatic manner, that I prefer Anna Williams to Albani in oratorio. A few people were incautious or bold enough to say so last week, but they were sorry they spoke. All the time at Worcester Albani seemed oppressed with the necessity of distinguishing herself at least £200 more than the others. In the quartet music she sang solo, and screamed down the others; the others, I am bound to say, had the good taste not to scream up to her—they let her have her full fling, and the breach of musical taste was all the more glaring. Even in Bach's "God so loved the world," Madame Albani must needs make her point at the expense of the music, and in the "Elijah" all repose and solemnity were lost. The papers talk of her "devotional singing." Lloyd's "If with all your hearts," Madame Patey's "Oh, rest in the Lord," and Madame Enriquez's "Woe! woe!" were devotional enough, but Madame Albani's "Hear ye, Israel" was simply "Footlights." The qualities of an actress can, or ought to have, no field for display in an oratorio. A dramatic faculty, a good power of articulate declamation, and a finished style of singing,—these are, indeed, requisite,—but the extra gifts needed for "Trovatore" or "Lohengrin" are just those things which enable Albani to command extra pay, and the Festival committee, in fact, pay for just those qualities—in a word "Footlights"—the display of which they don't get. When the people begin to understand this, they will dispense with the services of star actresses in the cathedrals, and the charities for which the Triennial Festivals of Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester are held will be several hundred pounds the richer.

I admired Mrs. Hutchinson's voice; but a touch of the amateur, which I fear she will not now have the courage

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to train out of her style, remains, and for me impairs the charm of her vocalisation—often, too, at moments when I should least expect to be disenchanted.

Mr. Brereton, the rising bass, again made his mark in the "Redemption" as bass narrator. He also sang with great effect in the "Messiah" and in Bach's "Cantata." I note some of the papers don't think much of him. I am not surprised at that, for every one is aware that he is a rising man, or he would not be at Gloucester and Worcester; and although he cannot yet declaim like Foli, he sings much more carefully. As for criticism, it is very good for him. Every rising man is treated very much in the same way. First he is ignored. Mr. Brereton has got through that stage. Then he is lectured, patted on the back, and damned with faint praise—that is Mr. Brereton's present stage. At the next Festival he will be furiously abused; and in a year or two, if he gets up his declamation and strengthens his middle register, he will be accepted as the standing oratorio bass, just as Lloyd is the champion oratorio tenor, and Santley has long been the champion bass and baritone.

"Hero and Leander," a charming cantata from the pen of Mr. C. Lloyd, was the chief novelty produced in the concert-room. I cannot speak too highly of the poetic libretto by Mr. E. Weatherly. He ought to be engaged for cantatas *ad lib.*, for very seldom do we meet with an oratorio, opera, or cantata word-book which is even respectable. Lloyd's music is charmingly fresh and spontaneous. Critics are unanimous as to the merits of Dvorak's "Stabat Mater," and the sensation produced by his fine Symphony.

The Festival performances were under the direction—if direction it can be called—of Mr. Done, the organist. I need only say further of Mr. Done that he is an agreeable, elderly, and rather nervous gentleman, who plays upon the organ, but has only a rudimentary acquaintance with the conductor's *bâton*. I believe that he retires before the next Worcester Festival, without leaving the Festival musicians in absolute despair.

I ought to say a word about Canon Cattley's excellent organisation of these vast gatherings in the Cathedral. Not a hitch seemed to occur—every steward was at his post and knew his duties, and the leading Canon was quietly ubiquitous and ubiquitously courteous.

Canon Hall's beautiful intonation of the services greatly added to the attractive solemnity of the Festival; whilst it would be ungracious not to allude to the genial hospitality of Lord Alwyne Compton, the Dean, and Lady Alwyne Compton, who received large numbers of guests to luncheon every day at the grand old Deanery. Indeed, the Cathedral dignitaries all kept open-house, and the whole town seemed in profound sympathy with the Festival. Worcester was hung with flags and patrolled with orderly, but truly festal, crowds till a late hour each evening. The total receipts have been about £1,060, an excess of about £30 over 1881; whilst the attendances have exceeded those of 1881 by about two hundred. These figures are rough, but near enough for all practical purposes.

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Goode's Depôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—The Tortures of Touring.

As the days of June were waning, a hale old man I met,
With a lengthy stride and look of pride, and shoulders squarely set;
And his eyes were brightly glancing, and his voice was like a bell,
As he firmly walked and gaily talked on the shady side Pall Mall;
He spoke of London's pleasures, of the season's joys told he,
And I saw a smile on his face the while as he praised his club to me.

* * * * * *

Two days ago I met him, a weak, distraught old man,
With a halting pace, and a way-worn face, it grieved me much to scan;
His healthful smile had vanished, his shoulders down were bent,
His cheeks were pale, his voice a wail of doleful discontent,
As he in weary accents, that feebly fell and rose,
To me addressed, at my request, this story of his woes.

"You wonder to see me so feeble, you say,
But I am amazed that you see me at all.
It seems quite astounding I'm living to-day,
When all that has happened of late I recall.
When I think of the dangers through which I have passed,
The insults they've heaped on my innocent head;
When I think of each ordeal, more dread than the last;
It fills *me* with wonder that I am not dead.
For I've been sick in steamers, and packed in stuffy trains;
In diligences I've been racked by cramp's outrageous pains;
In *char-à-bancs* I have been wedged like one of many clams;
They've rattled me in 'buses, they have chevied me to trams;
In lifts I have been hoisted, up mountains I've been dragged;
By couriers been swindled, by landlords neatly bagged.
I've been fleeced and I've been cheated, I've been bullied and been 'booked;'
And if not devoured completely, yet most surely wholly 'Cooked!'

"Not a moment of peace would they give me at home
Till I weakly consented to try change of air:
We started at first *vid* Zurich for Rome,
But then, as you know, came the cholera scare;
So we halted *en route*, and I ne'er shall forget
The pestilent stench of the vile fumigation
That they gave us at Delle—I can smell it, sir, yet,
And it seems to bring back all the old suffocation.
For I've been all but smothered in airless waiting-rooms,
Been housed in draughty huts all day and kept in living tombs;
I've been hustled by officials and dragooned by fierce gendarmes,
And for days and weeks been haunted by the cholera's alarms;
I've been hooted by the peasants—once they pelted me with bricks—
I've been teazed by foolish bye-laws and departmental tricks,
My luggage has been rifled whichsoever way I turned,
And a box with *Nice* stuck on it was incontinently burned.

"As soon as I could I made haste to come back,
And I longed for a rest at my place near Penzance;
But mama and the girls, still insisted, alack!
That complete change of scene must our pleasures enhance;
And so to a north-country Spa I was led,
So full, by the bye, it was my sorry fate,
To put up each night with an improvised bed,
In a pantry devoted to cleaning the plate.

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And I was forced from slumber at unearthly hours at morn,
And douched, and packed, and pumped on, 'till I wished I'd ne'er been born;
I was forced to swallow water like decoction of stale eggs;
I was all but starved at meal-time, and walked nearly off my legs;
I was bye-lawed and be-ordered from the dewy dawn till eve,
Till the chance of further travel I considered a reprieve;
And with pity for the victims, and abhorrence for their host,
I was hurried off one morning to a place upon the coast.

"But alas! as I only too quickly found out,
I had plunged from the frying-pan into the fire,
And the roar, and the rumpus, the rabble and rout,
Were e'en than the Spa's dreary slowness more dire.
Through a hot autumn day, till the sun had quite set,
Did we seek all in vain for apartments or beds,
And all in the end that we managed to get
Were three attics, *en suite*, beneath somebody's leads.
And here two weeks we frizzled and sweltered in the heat,
With no one to attend us, with nothing I could eat;
The cooking was too awful, and yet the sum I paid
Might well a *chef* have tempted to come there to our aid.
And when, forced forth by hunger or longing for fresh air,
The street or beach we made for, it was nowise better there;
Nay, worse! for countless hundreds of vulgar *parvenus*
Walked everywhere, with rackets and brand-new tennis shoes.

"The sea, too, with 'trippers' was everywhere choked;
The sands were by 'Arry and 'Arriet stormed;
There were bands, too, unnumbered, and niggers that joked;
And the few pretty nooks with excursionists swarmed.
Rank upstarts their dearly-jobbed chargers bestrid,
With the suits of the ready-made tailor be-clothed;
And try as I would, I could never get rid
Of the sounds that I hated and sights that I loathed.
Pray fancy then my torture, condemned to live like that,
Far away from my club cronies, far away from news and chat;
Pray fancy me thus starving, and longing all in vain,
For my pint of sound club claret, and my own arm-chair again;
Pray fancy me thus wasting persistently away,
Till I became the scarecrow that you see me here to-day;
And oh! from me take warning, lest any you ensnare
With that silly social fetish—'Leaving London for fresh air!'"

NOTES FROM PARIS.

WIGS, FRONTS, AND "FRISETTES."

THE wild cat expedition to Tonquin and its immediate consequences will oblige the hairdressers of Paris to turn over a new leaf. False hair having become a second nature to the ladyhood of the civilised world, the heads of peasant-girls in villages where coifs are worn by them no longer supplies the demand for borrowed locks. All they can do is to furnish tresses to beauties who are regardless of expense when a question of the toilette is to be solved by money. Twenty years ago the price of a first-rate "natte," or long tail, to serve as "back hair," was 40 f. It would now cost 250 f. It is possible, however, to buy one that can replace it fairly well for 60 f. or 70 f., but certainly not for less than the former sum. The Frezzolini lawsuit shows what tremendous prices are asked and given for "nattes" marked A 1. There are Morbihan heads of hair worth 800 f. The capillary harvest furnished by Brittany peasant-wenches is the best. It is long, silky, elastic, and retains "vitality" for years after it is cut. Basque locks come next in these qualities. They lend themselves to the curling-tongs, which neither adult Italian, German, nor Scandinavian tresses do after severance from the roots. The Bavarian head produces hair most plentifully. But as it soon gets "dead," it is only good for braids and "stuffing." The European supply being insufficient, hair merchants went to the far East to shear Chinese and Malay heads. A brisk and lucrative trade has sprung up, although the hair of the yellow race does not suit the Caucasian type of loveliness. Our hair forms a round tube, that growing on a Chinese or a Malay skull forms an oval one. Light plays on it in a different manner from what it does on heads of European hair. It seems to form a denser mass, and gives a harsh expression to a face the skin of which is naturally fair. I have had a long talk on this subject with a capillary artist, who was coiffeur to the Variétés theatre when Mdlle. Schneider was there, and who was frequently employed by the Princess Metternich, not, as she herself frankly said, to enhance her beauty, but to give spice to her ugliness. He still pursues his art, and has for clients pretty actresses and warblers who have an almost world-wide reputation. His special gift is to create styles which harmonise with individual physiognomies. A strongly-marked face, he tells me, like that of Mdlle. Agar (who has just re-entered the Français) or of Marie Laurent can bear juxtaposition with Celestial hair, albeit of jet black hue. A round visage, fresh, fair, and rosy, is seen to most advantage when it has for its accompaniment a curly Théo wig of a burnished blond, and made of the hair of a Thibet goat, or of very young children. The child's head used to be neglected in the fairs and markets where purveyors for coiffures reap their provincial harvests. But it is now eagerly sought after because it is the best for those wavy scalps and fringes which most successfully hide falsity. Our grandmothers' fronts, with their distinct "parting," took in nobody. Those calculated to deceive were bound on the head with a narrow velvet band that went twice round and covered the place where the edge of the front met the forehead. When nature fails to well clothe the coronal region, art steps in with a *frisette*, the Parisian name for a scalp bordered with a curly fringe made of child's hair. Old ladies who disdain to dye are not above resorting to borrowed locks, which enable them to dispense with caps. Grey "nattes," chignons, and poodle scalps look very well, provided the decorative arrangement of jewels, plumes, or artificial flowers is judicious, and that the hair employed in them is shorn from European heads. The hair merchant now enables the old women at the Salpétrière to enjoy many little comforts which formerly they were obliged to go without. Long and elastic grey hair of a natural tinge is ruinously dear. A lady of venerable years can only dispense with caps and dyed tresses by paying a great price for undyed ones.

Nearly every actress and theatrical singer wears wigs. The real hair is done up in a number of small braids twisted round the head, and the different parts of the artificial edifice are then attached to it with hair-pins or strings. Our grandmothers used to wear wigs *tout*

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d'une pièce. A well-contrived *perruque* of the present day is divided into many parts, which form an harmonious whole when reunited on the same block or skull. This result could not be attained were sleek Madonna-bands still the fashion. The apparent disorder and poodle-curliness in which heads of false hair are now worn, are necessitated by the wig in four or five separate pieces.

Sarah Bernhardt is inseparable from her wig, which comes down low on her forehead. She likes to be at home exactly what she appears to be on the stage. Théo, also, is perpetually bewigged. Léonide Leblanc is capricious, and varies her hair-dyes. She also reinforces her hair with tresses fetched from Brittany. Thérésa is of opinion that real hair is always stupid-looking. The ex-coiffeur of the Variétés whom I have cited is of her mind. "Impossible," he says, "to be so daring in working in a real as in a false *chevelure.*" A capillary artist who knows his business operates on the latter just as his fancy prompts. He is not held back by the fear of giving pain. Besides, the attainment of a splendid result in false hair is a thing to be proud of. George Sand had in youth a luxuriant head of black hair. She could never reconcile herself to the whitening action upon it of time and cerebral activity. It, therefore, remained dark to the end. Hating caps, she reinforced it with a borrowed chignon, and waved the front hair with irons. She used to wear in summer a broad-brimmed hat, or merely protect herself from the sun with a parasol; a hood of woollen stuff was her winter head-gear. The baldest man in France, M. Charles Edmond, was towards the end of her life one of her best friends. "Why is his head so much barer than yours?" asked her granddaughter Aurora. "Because he sits up at night and thinks so much." "That's not it at all," replied the youthful demoiselle. "It is because when men grow bald they must stay as they are, while women can heap upon themselves as much false hair as they choose to wear."

Patentees of hair-restorers used to make a good deal of money twenty years ago. The sale of their fluids was carried on irregularly, and often through the agency of millinors, who recommended them in selling bonnets. If doubts were expressed as to the alleged restoring virtue of the capillary wash, a young work-girl whom Nature had endowed with a splendid head of hair was brought into the shop or show-room. She was ordered to take down her locks and comb them out to prove that they were all her own. When asked about her treatment of it, she said she owed it to the use of a fluid which her mistress had given her. Her hair was originally poor and wiry, but the restorer had not only stimulated its growth, but had made it glossy and elastic. When her story was believed, a provision of the restoring wash was bought. Perfumers who dealt in this commodity generally had shop-girls from Brittany and Bavaria, whose raven or golden tresses fell like mantles over backs and shoulders. L'Eau des Fées brought Sarah Félix, the sister of Rachel, a large fortune. Its wonderful properties were certified to by a Dr. Penel, who had a share in the profits. The lady who wrote the advertisements for L'Eau des Antilles, "the secret of which was obtained from a negress of Martinique," was paid 9,000 f. a year; and when her services were no longer, required, she forced her employer to allow her 12,000 for the copyright of the puffs. The said negress was "the granddaughter of the one who foretold the elevation of the Empress Josephine to the Imperial throne." What the prescience of one black crone had to do with the hair wash of the other, I fail to see. Yet I was told that the allusion to the fortune-teller was a great commercial stroke, and enabled L'Eau des Antilles to run L'Eau des Fées very hard.

I do not well understand why there should be any attempt by those who wear false hair to make it a secret. It is always more politic to brazen out a defect than to let it be suspected. I should say to those who colour their hair, Vary the tint of your dye often. It merely behoves you to look well. There is no worse slavery than that involved in concealing the fact that dye is resorted to. Who admires Sarah Bernhardt the less because her wig is manifestly what it is?

Were I the Comte de Paris, I should break with the throne, altar, and boudoir journals. They place him in a ridiculous light in trying to rob his private life of the simplicity in which, if they were wise, they would glory. I read in two of them: "M. le Marquis de Beauvoir has gone to Eu to resume his duties of gentleman-in-waiting to Monseigneur le Comte de Paris." The fact that the head of the Orleans family has a gentleman-valet is rather to his disadvantage than otherwise. A train of menials, be they high-born or of humble rank, are only of service when they impose on the vulgar by speaking to the eye. As an intelligent and simple-mannered country squire, the head of the Orleans family might, and indeed does, command the respect even of his Republican neighbours. The Marquis de Beauvoir, who was his youthful companion in exile, travelled round the world with his cousin, and remains his friend. No doubt he went in this capacity to the Château d'Eu to attend the approaching christening there. I regret that the Comte and Comtesse de Paris did not think of asking the ex-King of Naples to stand for any of their children before Empress Mary Anne of Austria left him the best part of her enormous fortune. Francis II. has no children; and, as he was unkindly treated by his father and stepmother, he is not very much attached to his half-brothers and sisters. The name of Ferdinand, which the infant son of the Comte and Comtesse de Paris will be given, was that borne by a Montpensier uncle, by his grandfather, the late Duc d'Orléans, by his great-uncle, Bomba, and by his two great-grandfathers, Ferdinand of Naples and Ferdinand VII. of Spain.

The appreciation accorded by the highest circles during the last sixty years to Jewsbury & Brown's Original and only Genuine Oriental Tooth Paste proves the efficacy of this refined toilet luxury. It is compounded of rare and fragrant herbs in an especial manner known only to the sole proprietors and manufacturers, Jewsbury & Brown, Chemists, of Manchester. Its use keeps the teeth and gums in a state of preservation and soundness to old age, while its rare aromatic properties render the breath always exceedingly pleasant. It retains its invaluable properties in all climates, and can be obtained through all perfumers and chemists at home and abroad.

Warwick Farm Dairies. International Health Exhibition.—Messrs. Welford & Sons' working Dairy. *The Standard*, 10th May, 1884, says: "Of all the dairies the Warwick Farm Dairy is the finest." *The Live Stock Journal* says (June 27th, 1884): "H.R.H. The Prince of Wales expressed himself highly pleased with all he saw at Messrs. Welford's Model Dairy." Families supplied in all parts of London with absolutely pure milk. Chief office, Elgin-road, Maida-vale, W.

SPORTING NOTES.

THE inference that may apparently be drawn from the Leger running is that the Two Thousand and Derby horses were a very bad lot, and that Little Duck would have "swept the board" if he had been entered for our "classic" stakes. It may be hoped that the Duc de Castries will engage his steed in next year's Ascot Cup, in which, all being well, he would meet St. Simon and Archiduc, as a contest between the three would be most interesting. Considering the ease with which Lambkin won, it is rather absurd to remember that in the City and Suburban he had only 6 st. to carry. That Sandiway was interfered with in the unfortunate scrimmage which took place is unquestionable, but I do not for a moment believe that this mishap lost her the race. In the opinion of those who were best qualified to judge, Mr. Vyner's horse had the race in hand a long way from home. Having given a "plumper" last year for Ossian, perhaps I could hardly expect to be again successful, but Scot Free was very much knocked about in the scrimmage, and pulled up so lame that Mr. Foy shortly afterwards struck him out of the Cesarewitch, for which he had been heavily backed. He was thoroughly trained, and looked quite as fresh and well as on the Two Thousand day, but I understand that he was much upset by the delay at the starting-post. It would appear from the prominent running of Sandiway that she ought to have been very much nearer in the One Thousand, and also that the Duke of Westminster made a mistake in not starting her for the Oaks. The mare has never been tried with Cambusmore, who, by the way, is named after a moor of the Duke of Sutherland's, which was formerly rented by her owner. He ran wretchedly, and so also did Harvester, for whom I have never had the ghost of a fancy since Goodwood, and how people could back him after what they saw there really passes comprehension. Cormeille grievously disappointed his friends, who made a great deal too much of his race at Goodwood; but Hermitage ran well, and if he had been ridden out he would have been placed. He only went back in the betting because it was discovered that he was so greatly inferior to Archiduc, who is very likely to win the Cesarewitch. I never believed in Superba, who was only placed third because other horses were eased when it was found that they could not win. She will no doubt be relegated to the stud forthwith. Sir Reuben ran creditably, and so did Queen Adelaide, who was much interfered with, but neither ever looked like winning. Lambkin ran in the colours of the late Mr. Clare Vyner, who bred him. His victory was a most popular one.

Before the race, an ill-conditioned and very frivolous objection was lodged against Lambkin by Captain Machell, "on behalf of Sir John Willoughby," on the ground that the horse's nomination was invalid. In the first place, the Stewards ought not to have entertained the objection, because, unless Captain Machell is, *de jure*, the trainer of Queen Adelaide and Harvester (of course, he fills the position *de facto*), he had no sort of right to move in the matter. By the first clause of the 38th Rule of Racing, it is enacted that "every objection must be made by the owner, jockey, or groom (*i.e.*, trainer) of some other horse engaged in the same race, or by a Steward." Captain Machell presumably is not the legal guardian of Sir John Willoughby, who does not appear to occupy a very creditable or dignified position in the affair. The objection itself was idiotic and vexatious, for one would suppose that even the dullest tiro is aware that it is only the death of the nominator which invalidates an entry; and if Captain Machell had taken the trouble to look through the Rules of Racing before again making himself and his pupil ridiculous and troublesome, he would have found that, under the second clause of Rule 24, "Entries made under another person's subscription" do *not* become void on the death of the person in whose name they are made. In 1882, when Mr. Vyner's health was rapidly failing, Lambkin, Juventus, and his other yearlings were nominated for their engagements by his brother, Mr. R. Vyner. For the last two years, in the same way, Lord Scarbrough's yearlings have been nominated by Lord Lumley. The entry in the Calendar runs: "Mr. R. C. Vyner na. the late Mr. Vyner's c. The Lambkin;" but in the original entry the words *the late* are not to be found, as Mr. Vyner was alive when it was made.

Hermitage walked in for the Scarborough Stakes on Thursday, when he gave 7 lb. and a very hollow beating to Darlington, who ran such a close race with Superba at Sandown, and behind the pair was North Riding, a most ungainly brother to Robbie Burns, who was backed on Wednesday night for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire to win very large stakes. On Friday, however, the Leger form was pretty well snuffed out. In the morning the card looked like real good business for backers, and the only fear was that the bookmakers would demand exorbitant odds on the presumed "certainties." Everyone knows how fearfully their sanguine expectations were disappointed. In the Doncaster Stakes Cambusmore and Quilt were great "pots," but the Duke of Westminster's colt was done with some distance from home, and the Brighton Stakes winner was somewhat cleverly defeated by Limelight, who is a sister to Quicklime; this was her first appearance in public. Lord Bradford did not think much of Limelight as a yearling, so he did not engage her heavily. He backed her on Friday for £50, and was about her only supporter, except Lord Lascelles and Colonel Forester, both of whom had a trifle on. The Cup was a still more crushing blow to "the talent," as it certainly did look like "picking up money" to bet 7 to 4 and even 2 to 1 on Lambkin, who had only 6 lb. to give Pizarro, who is no flyer; while Ossian, being a roarer, might safely be discarded from the calculations; and Louis d'Or, who was running with the favourite at 12 lb., had been beaten only a fortnight before in the Queen's Plate at York by the moderate Crim Tartar. Perhaps, however, Lambkin was stale after his exertions on Wednesday, for he was beaten, after a pretty race, by Baron Rothschild's horse, a truly tragic issue to "the best thing of the week." A selling race and an over-night

Sanitary Inspection.—Fee, 2 Guineas. Improvement works undertaken. The Sanitary Engineering Co., 115, Victoria-st., Westminster.

I certainly recommend Mr. & Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most just and liberal purchasers of Cast-off Clothes, Jewellery, and every description of property. They punctually keep appointments, and remit P.O.O. for articles per return.

handicap which followed, made matters considerably worse, but in this horrid emergency "the gentlemen" (as "Pavo" calls them) were sustained by the reflection that the Parkhill had still to be run, and there was generally a wild conviction that, after all these knock-down blows, Cherry would be able to set everything right. Accordingly, the Kingsclere mare was plunged on with the frenzy of desperation, and a few extra-cautious people "saved themselves" by backing Queen Adelaide for a trifle, but Cherry was "all out" a quarter of a mile from home, and Belinda won for Lord Ellesmere, after an exciting finish with Sir John Willoughby's filly, whose defeat was the final catastrophe of a smashing week for the Machell division.

St. Helena and Royal Hampton were great favourites for the Champagne, but Lord Zetland's filly was never in it, and the colt was beaten in the last stride by Langwell, on whom Archer rode a very fine race. This was just the sort of course on which the Duke of Portland's colt might have been expected to distinguish himself, and moreover, he has thickened out and improved vastly in every respect during the last few weeks. Langwell, by Springfield—Formosa, cost 115 gs. at last year's Hampton Court sale. He is named after his owner's place in Caithness. Royal Hampton is a good-looking colt on a big scale, but I hear that he has manifested symptoms of roaring. I recently advised Lord Zetland not to over-race his slashing filly, and it would have been well for him if he had "thrown her up" after Goodwood until the ground became soft. She certainly ought not to run again this season, and as she has no fewer than nineteen engagements next year (many "heavy" ones, moreover), it may be hoped that we shall not see her out again before the Two Thousand. The great tip for the Tattersall Sale Stakes was Lucebit, by Isonomy, for which "Mr. Manton" paid 1,050 gs. at the Bonehill yearling sale; but Cora won very easily with 9 lb. the worst of the weights. This filly's defeat of Rosy Morn in the Whitsuntide Plate at Manchester was evidently no fluke, and she has proved a rare bargain to Mr. Mainley, as she cost only 200 gs. at the Beenham sale. Cora is by Uncas—Gratinska, and through her dam she represents one of the best strains in the stud of Mr. Bowes. The 520 gs. sister to Hauteur ran badly in this race. She has no fewer than forty engagements. The Rous Plate (won last year by Lambkin, when he was backed against the field with ten runners) lay between Lonely and Chopette colt, and the former won after a splendid finish. They were sold last year at Newmarket on the same morning. Lord Cadogan paid 530 gs. for Lonely out of the Blankney team, and Mr. Gerard paid 800 gs. for the other out of the Mentmore lot. Thebais gave Toastmaster 10 lb. and an easy beating in the Cleveland Handicap, and would, no doubt, have won the Cup if she had started. Hauteur ran some 25 lb. worse than Lawminster in the Yorkshire Handicap; but on Thursday, over a shorter course, she won the Alexandra Plate, upsetting the supposed good thing of the day in Sweetbread. The Portland Plate is no longer a Yorkshire Stewards' Cup, but it produced a fine race, and Leeds just scrambled home a head in front of Fraga, who is believed to be about the worst animal in training. The winner ran at Northampton in the spring looking like a brood-mare. Energy was knocked about a good deal, or he would probably have won. The defeat of Goldstone in the Clumber Plate was one of the most satisfactory incidents of the week. He opened favourite, but was knocked out to 20—1 offered (in a field of six), and it transpired, after he had been beaten by a short head, that the sharp party who managed him had backed him heavily at starting price.

The sales are now preposterously overdone at Doncaster, and there positively is not time for all the lots to come up. Last week many were sent back because the company had departed for the course, and others did not realise half as much as they would have done if they had been in the ring a little earlier. Again, much time is wasted (as at Newmarket) with animals on which absurdly high reserves are placed by their anserous breeders. Four hundred and sixty-seven lots came up, and 287 were sold for a trifle over £50,000. The biddings were not as "sensational" as usual, for only three yearlings reached four figures. The racing-like brother to Luminary was sold for 1,700 gs. to Mr. Mannington, who was understood to be bidding on behalf of Mr. Abington. A very handsome colt by Rosicrucian—Mantilla was sold to R. Peck for 1,050 gs., and a sister to Sir Reuben, which was not generally admired, was purchased by Lord Falmouth at her reserve of 1,000 gs. He also bought a good-looking brother to Keir in the Yardley lot for 450 gs., and a colt by Robert the Devil—Evergreen for 550 gs. A brother to Hermitage went to Mr. Mannington for 800 gs. Mr. H. Webster sent up four mares from Marden Park, but only sold one, Darnaway, half-sister, by Scottish Chief, to Busybody, for which Lord Falmouth gave 1,000 gs. Three years ago he sold her for 100 gs. Lord Scarbrough's average for eight was 395 gs., against 362 gs. last year for ten. Mr. C. Harrison sank from 1,012 gs. last year for four to 477 gs. for the same number. Mr. Carew Gibson went up from 240 gs. for seven, to 469 gs. for eleven. The Waresley average also rose from 231 gs. for eleven to 289 gs. for thirteen. The half-brother to Geheimniss, by Chevron, sadly disappointed expectation. On Friday, eight yearlings were sent up by Mr. C. Perkins from the Blinkbonny stud, but only three were sold, as the reserves of the others were not even approached, and Mr. Perkins will, no doubt, race them himself.

NEWMARKET.

There ought to be some really interesting sport next week, and the tangle in the three-year-old form may be to some extent unravelled. The Foal Stakes (A.F.) will be worth about £1,500, but no less than £500 goes to second and third; and as the breeder of the winner gets £100, there is not as much left for the winner as there ought to be. It is absurd and unfair to let the whole of the added money go to second and third. It would be quite enough to give £100 to the second and £50 to the third. The runners may include Limelight, Brest, Harvester (7 lb.

Pfungst's Extra Quality Champagnes.—Pfungst Frères & Cie., Aÿ, are now supplying their 1880 Vintage Champagnes, which are the choicest and most successful they have ever shipped. To be obtained of all Wine Merchants.—J. L. Pfungst & Co., Agents, 23, Crutched Friars, London.

Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street Grosvenor-square.

extra), Legacy, Talisman or Damietta, and Cambusmore; the last must indeed be miserably bad if he cannot win the race. The Three-Year-Old Triennial (A.F.) has Limelight, Harvester, Clochette, Damietta, Talisman, and Cambusmore. The Grand Duke Michael, on Thursday (A.F.), will be worth £775, and may bring out Royal Fern, Cambusmore, and Hermitage; the last ought to win easily. The St. Leger, on Friday, over the severe D.I., worth £975, has Harvester, St. Médard, Loch Ranza, and Royal Fern. The Four-Year-Old Triennial (D.I.), which last year produced so exciting a race between Dutch Oven and Quicklime, is at the mercy of Highland Chief, if he starts fit and well. If he does not run, there seems nothing better in the large entry than Grenville, Jetsam, and Narcissa.

The Hopeful Stakes has Lonely, Match Girl, Glamour, St. Helena, and Rosy Moon, of the "public" lot; the best of the dark contingent are, doubtless, waiting for the Middle Park and Dewhurst Plates. I should think that Rosy Morn ought to win. In the Triennial (T.Y.C.) Risingham seems to have the best chance. Luminary is in the Rous Memorial on Friday, with 5 lb. extra, but will, no doubt, be kept for the Middle Park Plate, as this stake is not worth more than £500, for the forfeits go to the Memorial Fund. Laverock, Match Girl, Glamour, White Nun, St. Helena, Risingham, Golden Ray, and all the "cracks" of Lord Falmouth's sale are entered.

I will discuss the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire next week; but, in the meantime, it may be as well for me to state, for the benefit of speculators on the short race, that I have reason to believe that Sandiway will run for the Newmarket Oaks on the Thursday in the Second October week.

MAMMON.

THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

THE National Bank has, through the Minister of Finance, presented a Bill to Congress for powers to borrow, at home or abroad, £4,000,000. This Bank was started without capital. It issued notes, convertible, on demand, into gold. Soon—as was natural—those who came into possession of these notes wished to convert them, when the difficulty was met by giving a forced currency to them. After a time, they were again made convertible, and, as again many want gold, the Bank is most anxious to procure it, and has been borrowing here and there and everywhere metal, whilst it has had also to maintain the exchange artificially. Of course, if people in England like to lend without security, they will apply for an allotment of this loan when it is launched. The Municipality of Buenos Ayres has, also, a 6 per cent. loan on the home market, which stands at 23 discount, and it has submitted a Bill to Congress to obtain powers to borrow £4,000,000 in order to lay out a new railroad. Here will be another chance for those who like somewhat risky securities.

The finances of the Argentine Republic are, as I have frequently pointed out, rotten. We have had lately far too many of its loans. So long as it can borrow, it will pay interest, but this borrowing cannot go on for ever, and when we cease to lend there will most assuredly be a smash. Until, however, the smash comes, we shall be told by those interested in bolstering up Argentine finance that its securities are rather better than our Consols.

MEXICO.

The proposed "arrangement" of the Mexican debt merely means that a number of Mexicans—unsecured Mexican creditors and cosmopolitan philanthropists who are seeking to bring about the arrangement—are to be given £2,700,000 worth of bonds, which are to be foisted upon idiots who know nothing of the financial condition of this impecunious Republic, and the course is to be made clear for the speedy issue of a new loan. The Central Mexican Government has but one *bonâ-fide* resource to meet its expenses—the Custom dues. Of these dues 64 per cent. are already pledged, and it is proposed to pledge a further 10 per cent. for the interest on the debt, thus leaving 26 per cent., or less than one million, for Governmental expenditure. The first business of a Mexican President is to provide funds to pay the Army. If he fails in this, he is immediately ejected. Having already pledged the greater part of the national resources, the President must have recourse to borrowing. But unless he can annually borrow, far from being able to alienate further taxes, he cannot keep faith with those who already have a lien on these resources. Except by borrowing, there is not the remotest chance of one farthing being paid upon the "arrangement" bonds. Why, then, should the bondholders give up the greater portion of their claim in consideration of a promise which cannot be fulfilled? Why, too, because Mexico cannot pay her existing "bond" creditors, should they allow further bonds to be issued and to rank with theirs? Let us know how these new bonds are to be distributed. Who is to have them? I see that the Mexican Bondholders' Committee and the Council of Foreign Bondholders are in favour of the "arrangement." What do they get by it? It may be a very good "arrangement" for them, but it by no means follows that it is equally good for the bondholders.

A NEW ANGLO-FRENCH BANK.

A few years ago some enterprising French financiers took it into their heads that banking establishments with English titles would be popular in France, and would carry a prestige which could be utilised for their own purposes. So the Anglo-Universal Bank, the English and French Bank, and similar concerns were started; but, although bearing the English name, and having head offices in London, these undertakings lacked the solid basis of the English banking system, and the French financial crisis brought them to the ground, with many other concerns of mushroom growth. It is somewhat surprising, therefore, to find that the pro-

Profitable Investments, Trust, Mortgage, and Investment Companies, paying from Five to Ten per Cent. Further Fall in the Value of Money. Reduction in the Rates allowed on Deposits. See Abbott, Page, Co.'s Special Issue, Stockbrokers, 42, Poultry, London, E.C. Complete Copy, with Monthly (September) Circular, sent, post free, on application.

John Shaw, Share Broker, Wardrobe-chambers, Queen Victoria-st. deals at tape prices at an inclusive commission of one-sixteenth.

moter is busy again in this direction, and that a Company has just been registered under the name of the "English Banking Company," the surroundings of which bear a suspicious likeness to those of the defunct Anglo-French Banks. I know nothing against the seven signatories of the memorandum of association, who may be very worthy people; but there is the coincidence that they are all French, and resident in France. Two are Counts, two are engineers, and one is a merchant, the others being, apparently, without any occupation. The Company proposes to transact all business connected with banking, exchange, commerce, and finance in England, France, Belgium, and elsewhere. As the subscribers are to act *ad interim* as directors, the bank will start with an entirely French board. Mr. N. Green is appointed general manager for three years. If I am not mistaken, that gentleman was identified with several abortive schemes for the promotion of Anglo-Foreign banking concerns. The real promoter, however, appears to be in this case a Mr. Robert Stewart Craig, who is to receive a commission of no less than 2½ per cent. upon the capital, when subscribed, which, on the two millions proposed, would work out to the comfortable sum of £50,000. This commission is to include "all expenses incurred up to the date of registration." So I suppose the expenses of promotion will be another big slice for somebody else. Mr. Craig is also to have 1,000 founder's shares, carrying one third of the surplus profits after five per cent. dividend is paid. Fancy a large Banking Company disposing *in perpetuo* of one-third of its surplus profits to a promoter! I should be glad to know what advantages the latter will confer on the Company in return for such monstrous terms? I wonder, also, whether this promising new enterprise is intended to be offered to the British investor, or whether it is to be exclusively reserved for our more favoured foreign neighbours?

SHAM FIRE INSURANCE OFFICES.

A correspondent writes to call my attention to the proceedings of what, if his assertions are well founded, must be called "Sham Insurance Offices." These offices have been registered under the Limited Liability Act, with a very small capital of £2 000 or £3,000, which, of course, one moderate loss would swallow up, and there is no proof that even these small amounts have been subscribed. I find that two out of the four Companies named to me have offices situate within a stone's throw of the Mansion House, but their doings are shrouded in mystery, for, amongst leading insurance men, nothing is known about them. My informant has it, however, that these offices are doing business and issuing policies, they being evidently private speculations by certain individuals, who had hitherto existed upon commission on fire insurance business procured by them for other offices. These gentry, by means of their former connection, now obtain applications for policies in their dummy offices with high-sounding names, pocketing the premiums. Should a fire occur, the probability of the Company being able to meet the claim is, of course, very remote. In fact, I am told that in the case of one of these Companies a claim has been made, which cannot be met. What makes the matter even more suspicious, is that several of the signatories of one of these offices are identical with those of two others, so that it seems to be a case of a regular ring. I recommend the matter to the attention of our leading fire insurance offices. In their own and the public interest they ought to expose the swindle.

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C.

THE TRAMWAYS AND GENERAL WORKS COMPANY.

When an undertaking shows a loss for seventeen months of £13,200, in addition to a loss of £7,400 previously incurred, it is, to say the least of it, unusual for the directors to talk of an improved position, or to claim a continuance of the shareholders' confidence. Yet Mr. Maclure, the Chairman of the Tramways and General Works Company, had no hesitation in doing so at the recent meeting, regardless of the avowed loss of over £20,000 made by this unfortunate concern, at the same time scouting the idea of a winding-up of the Company, as proposed by some of the shareholders. The latter very naturally wanted to see the end of their losses, and did not appreciate the fun of paying directors' fees to the tune of £1,770 for seventeen months, in order to make a heavy deficit. If the balance-sheet, according to the chairman, shows an improved position, the Company must have been in a hopeless condition previously, for anything less promising it is difficult to imagine. The Company appears to have taken, in lieu of payment, shares in tramways which are avowedly unsuccessful. After writing off £37,000 of the value of assets, these shares still rank in the balance-sheet as worth £108,000, on which a loan of £42,000 has been obtained. The Company has debts and acceptances to meet to the amount of £34,000, against which the sum of £62,000 is receivable under contracts and from debtors. But, then, the question is, whether these assets may not also be payable in shares. The cash at bankers and in hand is only £928, and if the accounts cannot be realised in cash, it is difficult to see how the Company can meet its liabilities. As part of the capital of £100,000 is undoubtedly already lost, and as the chances of retrieving the Company's fortunes are exceedingly limited, I venture to think that the shareholders would do well to insist upon the Company being wound up whilst there is still something left to save.

QUEER STORIES.

A LOST LETTER.

EVEN prim old Mr. Parchment, the lawyer, succumbed to the enervating influence of the tropical weather, and could not resist the temptation of discarding his coat and waistcoat while at work in his private room. To be sure, it was the Long Vacation, and nearly all his clients were out of town; but he was constantly apprehensive of being discovered in a state of déshabille, and would not have allowed a client to see him without a necktie for the world.

One particularly hot day, when the atmosphere seemed almost suffocating, there came a knock at his door, and as the handle was being turned from the outside he was

startled by the sound of a woman's voice and the rustle of a silk gown. Could it be possible that a lady was being ushered in by one of his clerks without any previous warning? Mr. Parchment was perfectly aghast at such impropriety, especially considering the very unprofessional state of his attire. It was evident, however, that this was not a false alarm, and a moment's hesitation would have been fatal. Fortunately, close at hand was a baize screen, concealing a toilet apparatus, and behind this Mr. Parchment rushed with breathless trepidation, just as a clerk, followed by a lady, entered the apartment.

"Mr. Parchment must have gone out," murmured the clerk, after a pause, apparently greatly relieved, having no doubt realised his indiscretion.

"I thought you said he was within," said the lady, sharply.

"He was a moment ago," blundered the clerk.

"Then I will wait here," said the lady, seating herself in the clients' chair.

"Perhaps you had better take a seat outside, ma'am," suggested the clerk.

"I can remain here," said the lady quietly, as she took up the newspaper.

The clerk lingered a moment, evidently overawed by the lady's manner, and ill at ease in his mind, and then slowly disappeared; while Mr. Parchment, behind the screen, gnashed his false teeth with rage. He altogether failed to realise the ludicrous side of the situation, and was conscious only of mingled discomfiture and humiliation. It was out of the question that he should confront the lady in his present state, minus his coat and waistcoat, collarless and cuffless. The alternative was to remain in his hiding-place till the visitor's patience was exhausted, although this involved the risk of detection, which would only add to his embarrassment.

To make matters worse, the visitor was the last person in the world he wished to see at any time. She was the wife of Sir Hector Bannister—a hard-drinking baronet, whose family affairs Mr. Parchment had managed for years. Unfortunately, proceedings for a separation, and even for a divorce, were pending between Sir Hector and Lady Bannister, and the lawyer had to bear the brunt of the unpleasantness. Matrimonial controversy was a branch of his business which Mr. Parchment particularly disliked, being a highly-respectable, straitlaced old practitioner; and he had neither tact nor confidence in dealing with female clients. He had been worried to death over the unhappy affair already, and, feeling no respect or esteem for either of the parties, he would have been delighted to wash his hands of it. He particularly dreaded *tête-à-tête* interviews with Lady Bannister, for she was a violent-tempered woman of vulgar origin, and Mr. Parchment found it necessary to stand very much on his dignity with her. This made it all the more impossible for him to present himself looking as though he were stripped for a bout of fisticuffs, and his natural primness and old-bachelor modesty caused him to feel more nervous and embarrassed every moment.

After a short pause, Lady Bannister threw aside the newspaper impatiently, and rose to her feet. Mr. Parchment shuddered at the action, for if she should stroll up to the window, he would inevitably be discovered. To his great relief, however, Lady Bannister walked towards the fireplace, no doubt to arrange her bonnet-strings before the looking-glass over the mantelshelf. But, ere the lawyer had recovered from his first fright, he was seized with a fresh paroxysm of dismay as he remembered that upon his desk there lay open a letter he had received that morning from the lady's husband. Lady Bannister could hardly fail to perceive it if she cast her eyes in that direction, and she would then learn what Mr. Parchment had received such particular instructions to conceal from her—namely, her husband's present address. Sir Hector and Lady Bannister were engaged in a perpetual game of hide-and-seek, the baronet desiring to keep out of his wife's way at all hazards, and she being equally intent upon unearthing him. Mr. Parchment felt it to be his duty to aid the baronet in this respect, the original terms of their separation being that the husband was not under any circumstances to be molested, and the lawyer's attitude on this point was an endless cause of unpleasantness between him and the lady.

Mr. Parchment was so startled at the idea of Lady Bannister seeing her husband's letter that he very nearly rushed out from the screen; but, while he was endeavouring to screw up his courage to interfere, the lady suddenly walked towards the door. The lawyer heard her deliver a curt message to the clerks in the outer office, requesting them to tell their master she had called, and before he could realise the fact she was gone.

The lawyer waited until Lady Bannister had had time to reach the street, and then, emerging from his hiding-place, he summoned the indiscreet clerk in a furious rage, and rated him soundly. While giving vent to his outraged dignity, Mr. Parchment was making hay of the papers on his desk in an agitated manner in search of the baronet's letter. He had felt a trifle reassured at first upon finding that the document had not been lying conspicuously upon the table. But, upon failing to come across it, the idea suddenly occurred to him that Lady Bannister had carried it off bodily, and, when he remembered her abrupt departure, his suspicions seemed confirmed.

"Confound her! She must have it, sure enough," he growled, throwing himself into his chair with an air of profound vexation. "There is nothing in it, however—that is one comfort. It was only to give me his new address. She will be after him by the next train. Well, it can't be helped. All I can do is to send a wire to warn him."

Mr. Parchment mechanically took up a telegraph form as he spoke, and seized his pen. The next moment, however, he was confronted by a fresh difficulty. The letter having disappeared, he did not know where to telegraph to. In vain he racked his brains to endeavour to recall the address. The fact was he had barely glanced at it, and a moment's reflection convinced him that for all he remembered the baronet might be located in any part of the kingdom. As ill-luck would have it, the envelope had also disappeared.

The lawyer felt doubly vexed with himself for what had occurred, now that it appeared he was unable to put

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his client on his guard. It was not that he cared so much about having subjected the baronet to the inconvenience of an interview with his wife, for though Sir Hector's father had been a much respected client, Mr. Parchment felt completely indifferent to the son's good opinion. But he was an extremely conscientious old gentleman, and could not acquit himself of having betrayed, though involuntarily, the confidence of a client. It was this disquieting thought which finally induced him, after deliberation, to return Lady Bannister's call, in the hope, at all events, of succeeding in obtaining from her the baronet's address. That he could prevent her from going in search of her husband if she were so minded did not seem the least probable. But he might, at all events, place himself in a position to warn Sir Hector of the pleasure in store for him.

Accordingly Mr. Parchment resumed his ordinary professional appearance, and drove straight to Lady Bannister's hotel. Lady Bannister always lived at hotels, and this was another bone of contention between her and the lawyer, the latter having constantly to find fault with her extravagance while representing her husband in the capacity of paymaster. On this occasion, however, it suited Mr. Parchment to appear as cordial as possible, and he even went so far as to express admiration at the rare exotics with which the room was profusely decorated.

"I am glad you admire them, as I am just about to send the bill in to you," remarked Lady Bannister, who never attempted to conceal her aversion for the lawyer.

"You called upon me just now," returned Mr. Parchment, ignoring the question of the flower bill.

"Yes; you were out," said Lady Bannister, tritely.

"I happened to be passing, so I thought I would look in," said Mr. Parchment nervously.

"You are very attentive all of a sudden," said Lady Bannister, with undisguised irony. "You have brought your cheque-book with you, of course?"

"I shall be writing to Sir Hector, and I thought if you have anything important to communicate——"

"Thank you," interrupted Lady Bannister abruptly; "I can make any communication I wish to make to my husband without your intervention."

Mr. Parchment thought he perfectly understood this remark, and coughed uneasily behind his hand.

"Had you any—any special reason for calling upon me this morning?" he inquired, quite at a loss how to proceed.

"I called to inquire," said Lady Bannister, steadying her voice and speaking with unusual earnestness, "if there is any prospect of an alteration in Sir Hector's conduct towards me. Am I still to remain the despised and neglected wife that I have been for years past?"

The lady paused abruptly, as though her speech was checked by suppressed emotion. Mr. Parchment shrugged his shoulders, and resigned himself to listen to the lady's recital of her wrongs, as he had often done before. His demeanour appeared to irritate Lady Bannister, for she proceeded with great volubility to utter sweeping denunciations of her husband's behaviour, and was not particular about hurting the feelings of his legal adviser.

When she had finished, Mr. Parchment said dryly, "I am not aware of any change in Sir Hector's domestic arrangements."

"Very well! Remember that answer when you next hear news concerning me."

The lawyer glanced involuntarily at Lady Bannister as she uttered these words. She was a handsome woman, still under thirty, with dark eyes and a resolute chin. She met his gaze almost defiantly, and he noticed that her lips were firmly clenched. The look upon her face, in connection with her words, made him feel vaguely uneasy, and recalled to his mind that the immediate object of his visit was to seek the means of putting Sir Hector on his guard against being surprised by his wife.

"Are you going a journey?" he hazarded, taking up his hat, and pointing with his stick to a bundle of travelling-wraps which reposed upon a chair.

"Yes, Mr. Parchment, I am going a journey," answered Lady Bannister, still speaking in the hard, defiant tone, which appeared so significant to the lawyer.

Mr. Parchment confessed to himself that he was no match for Lady Bannister at the best of times, and to-day she seemed more than usually unapproachable. He therefore rather hastily took his departure, without venturing even to allude to the letter or to Sir Hector's address, but he was nevertheless more than ever impressed with the necessity of communicating with the Baronet.

"It's my belief she would murder him as soon as look at him," he thought to himself, as he took his seat in the cab again, after telling the man to drive to Sir Hector's club. "If anything happened I should never forgive myself. She is just the sort of woman to blow a man's brains out. I positively *must* find out that address somehow."

He was unable, however, to obtain the information at either of the clubs Sir Hector belonged to, and, being at his wits' end to know what to do, he finally resolved, in desperation, to consult an ex-detective and private inquiry agent named Gimblett, of whose energy and tact he had the highest opinion.

This astute individual rather scoffed at Mr. Parchment's fears, but undertook to watch Lady Bannister's movements for the next few days, and report to the lawyer in case of anything suspicious occurring. Meanwhile Mr. Parchment hoped he would succeed in discovering the missing address, so as to avert any awkward consequences resulting from his remissness.

Greatly relieved by these precautions, Mr. Parchment returned to his office and resumed his day's work with tolerable equanimity. He felt comparatively free from apprehension now that Mr. Gimblett had the matter in hand, and, indeed, he was somewhat inclined to smile at his former uneasiness. But almost before he had time to

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The Nile Expedition.—The contract for water filters for the 800 boats sent by the War Office on tho recommendation of Lord Wolseley has been obtained by Mr. P. A. Maignen, of 22 and 23, Great Tower-street, for his well-known "Filtre Rapide," and a supply of 40,000lb. of his patent powdered carbo-calcis has been ordered at the same time. "The filters, which are furnished to the boats," says the *Daily News*, "have been selected especially on account of their simplicity and easy management; the impurities are arrested so thoroughly that new charges of charcoal have to be supplied every week." Full particulars and price to be found in pamphlet, "Water, Preventable Disease, and Filtration," sent free on application to P. A. Maignen, 22 and 23, Great Tower-street, London, E.C.

dismiss the incident from his mind, Mr. Gimblett called and sent in word that his business was urgent.

"Well?" inquired Mr. Parchment, with reviving anxiety, as the detective entered in obedience to his summons.

"I was only just in time, sir," replied Mr. Gimblett, glancing at his natty figure in the glass, and running his fingers through his neatly-brushed grey hair. "When I arrived at the hotel, the cab was driving off."

"You followed, I suppose?" said the lawyer.

"Yes, sir, I followed, of course. The lady took a ticket for Southampton," said Mr. Gimblett.

"Southampton," repeated Mr. Parchment, casting his mind back to the baronet's letter. "I—I don't remember, but I think if Sir Hector had written from there, the address is so familiar I should have remembered it."

"I thought you would probably recollect whether it was Southampton or not, sir, and, until I knew, it hardly seemed worth while making a journey there," said Mr. Gimblett, quietly.

"Oh! I can't be certain. It might have been near there, at all events. If Lady Bannister should surprise her husband——"

"She won't, sir," said Mr. Gimblett, interrupting the lawyer, who manifested uneasiness; "I took care of that. I tipped a guard who is a pal of mine, and he put the lady into a wrong train. She went by the Exeter express, and can't anyway reach Southampton to-night, even if she discovers her mistake and changes at the first stopping-place."

Mr. Parchment did not know whether to smile or to frown at Mr. Gimblett's summary expedient for gaining time for reflection. He was inclined to feel remorseful for the trick that had been played on Lady Bannister, but the detective was evidently a hardened sinner, for he related the incident as coolly as though it had been a perfectly natural occurrence.

"I'm at your disposal, sir," he added, as Mr. Parchment remained silent. "If you have any doubt, I will go down to Southampton, and should Sir Hector be in the neighbourhood he shall be warned."

"Well, I really don't know what to say," said the lawyer, fingering his blotting-pad reflectively; and half unconsciously he drew from between the leaves a letter, the end of which had slightly protruded. "Bless my soul, what is this?" he exclaimed, suddenly turning as red as a turkey-cock, and staring at the piece of paper as though it had been bewitched.

"The letter, I suppose, sir," said Mr. Gimblett, quietly.

"Yes; and the address isn't Southampton, or anywhere near it," cried Mr. Parchment, looking the picture of discomfiture.

"Well, sir, there is no harm done, anyway," said Mr. Gimblett, reassuringly, after an awkward pause. "I will say good-day, sir."

The detective took his departure, leaving Mr. Parchment aghast at his own stupidity, and decidedly conscience-stricken with reference to Lady Bannister. It was so eminently satisfactory, however, to find that, after all, he had betrayed no professional confidences, that he easily forgave himself for his oversight. For the rest, when Mr. Parchment came to think the whole affair quietly over from beginning to end, while enjoying his wine after dinner, he chuckled heartily, and began to reflect how he could tell the story as having happened to somebody else, at his next dinner-party.

The following morning, by a strange coincidence, his first visitor at the office was Sir Hector himself. The baronet looked preternaturally solemn, and was particularly careful to close the door behind him.

"A very painful thing has happened, Mr. Parchment," he said, when they had exchanged greetings. "My lady has bolted."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Parchment, with uncomfortable forebodings.

"Yes. She went yesterday evening to Southampton, on the invitation of that scoundrel Holgate, and they have, no doubt, sailed off in his yacht by this time. She made no secret of her intention, and told her maid. That settles the matter, Parchment, and we must apply for a divorce at once," said Sir Hector, displaying considerably more excitement than tender emotion.

"I think you have been misinformed," remarked the lawyer, smiling.

"My man had a telegram from Lady Bannister's maid yesterday evening," said the baronet, reddening as he spoke.

"Indeed," said the lawyer, raising his eyebrows and looking his client in the face. "I was unaware that you had caused your wife to be spied upon. You may recollect that I said I would have nothing to do with that sort of thing."

"I suppose I can do as I please," blustered Sir Hector.

"However," continued the lawyer, ignoring the other's tone, "I am glad to inform you that there is yet time to save your wife from disgracing your name. Lady Bannister did not go to Southampton last night, so by travelling down there by the next train you may possibly arrive in time."

"What for? Do you think I would be such a fool as to stop her?" said the baronet, with a coarse laugh. "Besides, I tell you she did go to Southampton last night, and Holgate's yacht sailed early this morning."

"Then Lady Bannister was not on board her," returned the lawyer, almost exultantly, and he proceeded to give a hurried account of the events of the preceding day.

"Why, you 've been and spoilt everything!" roared Sir Hector, after digesting the lawyer's story, with a countenance full of dismay.

"Is it possible, Sir Hector," began Mr. Parchment, in a tone of indignant amazement; "is it possible that you have tacitly connived at the intended elopement of your wife?"

"Confound you, sir, don't lecture me!" interrupted the baronet, in a furious rage. "If Lady Bannister had gone off with Holgate, it would have been a devilish good thing for all parties."

"You must pardon me, Sir Hector," said the lawyer, with his loftiest air, "for saying that after that remark I can no longer continue to act for you."

"Oh! very well," returned the baronet, looking a little

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shamefaced. "Of course, what has passed between us was in strict confidence."

Mr. Parchment did not deign to reply to this, and Sir Hector departed without vouchsafing a farewell salutation. The lawyer was a good deal upset by the scene, and, for awhile, was too much agitated to reflect calmly upon the interview.

"Well, I am glad it has come to this, after all," he murmured, after a pause. "I was bound to quarrel with him sooner or later. All the same," he added, as he passed his handkerchief across his heated brow. "There is no doubt I've made a fool of myself over this business. I suppose it must be the weather."

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—Here we are at Coblentz, at the Anker Hotel, quite close to where the boats land their passengers. I try in vain to analyse that delightful something that renders existence so much more enjoyable on the Continent than in our foggy little island. I suppose I should have to analyse the atmosphere in order to discover the subtle cause of the unwonted lightness and exhilaration that one feels. But I must give you facts as well as a record of sensations.

We crossed by the Harwich steamboat to Rotterdam, to do which we left London at seven or eight o'clock in the evening, by the Great Eastern Railway. We had such a smooth passage, that no one even thought of being ill, and we all sat up till ever so late on deck, watching the waves and the moonlight. I could distinctly see that Charlie was holding Amy's hand under the rug that covered our knees; but possessing, as I do, certain gifts of discretion, I supported nearly all the conversation, and chattered to the dear pater.

We would not go down to the saloon to supper, but had a delightful little impromptu picnic by moonlight. If you have ever dined, or lunched, or supped on board a steamboat, you must have noticed that the people one meets on such occasions are a class apart: silent, absorbed in their food, vigilant and wary as to the dishes, keeping one eye on the waiter and the other on their plate, unwilling to part with the cruets, and eating and drinking as though determined to have their money's worth. Remembering these things, therefore, we had our little meal on deck, Charlie waiting on us. He and papa had a more practical, if less poetic, supper in the saloon afterwards, while Maud and I talked a little refreshing nonsense above.

We put up, next morning, at a hotel on the Boompjes, at Rotterdam, and after breakfast had a ramble through the "vulgar Venice." It is wonderfully picturesque, and we discovered "bits" that made us long to be artists. Of course, we visited the Cathedral, and found it frightfully clean. The Dutch exaggerate their virtue of cleanliness to such a degree that it almost topples over into a vice. The Cathedral is built in to such an extent that the beauty of the architecture is almost lost on beholders. The bridges over the canals are so narrow that when a waggon comes over, the foot-passengers have to wait at either side till it has passed. The poor dear dogs look as patient as ever, harnessed in little carts, in which are vegetables, &c., for sale. I cannot agree with Mrs. (Isabel) Burton that they are proud and pleased to be of use. Perhaps Italian dogs are, but I saw no signs of it in the Dutch variety.

Next day we went by train to Cologne, and arrived in that city of odours in the afternoon. We heard an English nursemaid at the station account in a very homely way for the fact of Cologne being celebrated for eau-de-cologne. She remarked to a fellow servant that she "supposed they was druv to it." Perhaps the poor, dear, original Jean Maria Farina had special experiences in the matter of smells. You know, things always go like that. It was a homeless man who wrote "Home, Sweet Home." Turner painted his sunsets in London. Dwellers in towns gush over the delights of the country, and *vice versâ*.

We put up at a huge hotel, and dined on the terrace at the back of it. Afterwards musicians arrived, and the guests all came out and sat at the little tables, listening and talking. The place was brightly lighted, and the whole scene was so thoroughly foreign that we enjoyed it because of its complete change on what we are used to.

On our way to bed we went into a wrong room. It was the right number, but the wrong floor, and when I opened the door I had a glimpse of a truly frightful figure sitting up in bed with a tall white nightcap on his head. I soon shut the door again, nearly overturning Maud, but not before we heard a few vigorous specimens of the German oath. Moral: Lock your door when stopping at a hotel.

The following day we took boat up the Rhine, which, though uninteresting for some miles, afterwards becomes too beautiful for description. But all those castles and ruins, are they not written in the chronicles of Murray and of Baedeker? I will not, therefore, inflict them upon you.

We have had some pleasant rambles about here, to see the Old Palace, and this morning before breakfast we crossed the Bridge of Boats. Fancy! *before breakfast!* But we feel able to do anything here. I wish I had time to tell you about some of our ridiculous mistakes in German. We could not think of the word for eggs when we wanted to order some for breakfast, so, with the French *œufs* running in our minds, we ordered "zwei ochsen"—two oxen. The waiter stood, twirling his napkin, without a gleam of expression in his face, so I suppose he simply put down this unusual order to the eccentricity of the English. No eggs appearing, I ran up, unpacked my pocket dictionary, and found that "Eier" was the right word. At Cologne, Maud told the chambermaid to shoot her portmanteau, instead of to shut; and Charlie asked the waiter to "nennen" him at six in the morning, instead of "wecken."

We stay here for a day or two, and then turn our faces homewards. We are already tired of veal cutlets! Papa ordered a bottle of Bass at dinner yesterday: the price was four shillings. We like the lager beer and the light Rhine wines, and the salads are delicious. The fruit, too, is riper and of richer flavour than we ever see it in England. Such golden greengages! Such pears!

But oh, the table manners of the people! They treat their food as if it had insulted them, and after slapping it about on their plates, they pitchfork it in large instalments down their throats. A man opposite us yesterday conveyed some queer-looking stuff to his mouth with the most marvellous rapidity, first on his fork, then on his knife, keeping both hands plying as fast as possible between plate and mouth. We watched him with shuddering horror; I felt certain he would at least cut a bit off his nose, which was quite inconveniently long. But no catastrophe occurred. He evidently had a practised hand

The women dress vilely and have the most awful figures. They are very ugly, with a sort of gaunt cast of features, and they do stare so at Maud and me, with a cold, antagonistic glare, as if we were something quite out of the common. They seem to do little else but knit. It wearies one to see them. They keep the body of the knitting in a kind of pouch hung at their side, and at every available moment, even at meals, out comes the scaffolding—in other words, the knitting-needles. They do not look at the work as they do it, but glare about with their hard eyes, that nothing seems to escape.

I had a letter from Ethel this morning. She went to the wedding of Mr. Erskine Pollock with Miss Hayne, at the beautiful old Savoy Chapel, on Thursday morning. The bride looked very well, she tells me, in her wedding-gown of cream-coloured satin and lace. The bodice and the front of the skirt were embroidered with pearls.

Old Lace.—The finest collection in London at A. Blackborne & Co.'s, 35, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square.

The Belgrave Laundry, 194 & 196, Ebury-street, Belgravia A laundry for high-class families.

She wore a magnificent *rivière* of diamonds, the bridegroom's gift. The bridesmaids' dresses were made of cream-coloured muslin and lace, the folds being held up with long pink ribbons. Their hats were very pretty, sailor-shape, and made of lace. The bridegroom's present to each consisted of brooches of aquamarine stones.

I adore aquamarines. Don't you? Ethel continues:—

The Rev. Henry White performed the ceremony, with some assistance from two other clergymen, relatives of the bride and bridegroom. The dear old Savoy is under repair, so no one "repaired" to the vestry, and the registers were signed at York House, Kensington, where the wedding guests were entertained after the marriage. Sir William Anson was best man; and, in fact, nearly all the guests were baronets and baronetesses.

London is again very hot, and I have seen nothing of late but crushed and faded summer frocks. There is hardly any one in town, so one can't expect to see good toilets. However, I saw a lady go into the Grand Hotel at Charing Cross the other morning, dressed most perfectly. Her gown was made of nut-brown canvas, pleated to the waist in wide folds, and worn over a brown silk skirt with a wide ruche round the edge. She carried on her arm a dust-cloak of light brown surah, trimmed with dark brown ribbons, yards upon yards of them. Her bonnet was made entirely of brown canvas, like her dress, and was of the peaked shape, with the daintiest little bow you ever beheld, perched on the top of her pretty fair hair under the eaves. A small group of poppies was placed far back on the outside. Tyrol gloves completed a really *good* get-up.

I hear that Mrs. John Wood is going to wear the most wonderful gowns in "New Men and Old Acres," at the Court Theatre. We are going on Monday. One of her dresses is to have a pleated skirt, each pleat being of a different colour. Whenever I see her, I feel as if I should like to walk round and round her, or else coax her to rotate before me, her millinery is so novel, and suits so well the sort of part she plays.

There is no conversation to be had. There is just that one eternal subject, "Will the boats get up the Nile?" I am so tired of it, and shall be glad when you get back with something fresh to tell me about.

So there you have London news and Coblentz in the same letter.

There is a budget of new music at home. I hope to tell you about it in my next. We all decided to-day that we have a genius for trips like our present one, because we equally enjoy the start, the excursion, and the return—the beginning, the middle, and the end.

There was a letter on dress allowances in last week's *Queen*. If you have not already seen it, look it out. It is signed "Œnone." This lady describes a treasure of a workwoman, who turns out stylish and charming-looking dresses at a low rate by doing exactly what she is told. This *rara avis*, saith "Œnone," is to be found "in almost every little town and in some villages." Now, let the villages and the little towns lift up their voices and rail against "Œnone." Too well do they know that such a one is not to be found in their midst. "Œnone" says she dresses on forty pounds a year, and sometimes on even less, although she goes out a great deal. Just think of it! Ten pounds a quarter, to buy walking-costumes, dinner-gowns, ball-dresses, tea-gowns, bonnets, jackets, coats, hats, gloves, boots, underclothing, and the endless little etceteras that make such a hole in one's allowance. "Œnone" must be remarkably clever to manage it—don't you think so?

Have you heard of the "carrier-pigeon" travelling dress? There is a skirt of bright grey mohair or alpaca, quite plain in front, and forming two large pleats behind. The bottom of the skirt is edged by a sort of triangular festoon. The bodice, full in front and tight to the back, is closed by as many little steel buttons as can find room in a row. (Horribly troublesome when people are in a hurry!) A scarlet silk jabot covers the bodice, forming a sailor's collar and crossed fichu; and, of course, a tiny, white linen collar appears above the silk one, which must be sky-blue if the wearer be fair haired. There is a dust-cloak of grey mohair, all the pleats being held back on the pouf by a huge knot of grey velvet, and lined with plaid silk. The grey straw hat has a high crown, and is turned up at the side; a carrier-pigeon is the only ornament.

One of Lily's friends has just come back from Evain, where the fun has been fast and furious—regattas, balls, parties, and, of course, a good deal of yachting. Many of the ladies wore "modified" sailor's dresses: thus Baroness Rothschild, on her yacht the *Gitana*, wore a white flannel double skirt, looped up with blue ribbons, a white silk jersey, and a loose jacket of dark blue cloth, with the *Gitana* arms embroidered on the left side; a straw hat, sailor's shape, trimmed with blue, completed this very nautical turn-out.

Table *surprises* are rather old-fashioned, but I confess to liking them, sometimes. If you can have an omelette soufflée done to perfection at home—that is to say, if your kitchen is blessed with a trustworthy and punctual oven, as well as a skilled cook—you can just as well as not have your omelette soufflée with a firm fruit ice inside; hot and cold, that is to say, together. You must get, first, a thick round of stale bread, and stain it with cochineal, or any innocent dye that gives it the colour of your ice. Cut the bread to the shape of the ice-mould, before the staining process, and then lay it (the slab of bread) on the soufflée-dish, as a base for the ice, which you will turn out upon it when you have your soufflée whipped and ready. Then put this last over the ice, and pop it in a quick oven. The soufflée will brown in the usual rapid way without affecting the stability of the ice. It is a little scientific trick, that is all. Of course, the bread is a sufficiently good non-conductor to keep the heat beneath from the ice, which is so completely insulated that it has no time to think about melting.

But I remember a funnier "surprise" than that when I was quite a little thing, and used to come down towards the end of dinner, when the other sweets came up. That was a sort of soufflée, too. What you saw, or thought you saw, was a dish of baked potatoes. Externally, and as regards their brown jackets, that was what you really did see. But these "murphies," as Uncle Ffrench called them, had been scooped out very clean, leaving only the leathern skins. "Whip up a sweet cream, and, just to keep up the name of the dish, use some of the potato. Flavour with vanille; return the frothy mixture into the skins, plug them neatly, and bake in a quick oven." That's how it's done, or how it used to be done, in the dear short-frock days.

And, talking of vanille, never use the "extract" or "essence," but only the real bean. As a matter of economy, get the dearest. You may pay up to eighty shillings a pound for it; but, of course, unless you are going into the wholesale confectionery line, you do not want anything like that quantity. Expensively luxurious persons, I believe, use only the inside of the vanilla bean, scraped from the split halves. But you may be content with chopping up a good-sized bean, or two small ones, of the best quality, and pounding them in a mortar with lump sugar enough, when all is reduced to a speckly white powder, to fill an ordinary glass bottle of the size known as six to the dozen. Take care that your bottle is perfectly dry and sweet. If it is of white, transparent glass, so much the better, because you can the more readily see what there is, and how much, inside. Cork it up tight. This is the best possible way of keeping vanille ready for use, without loss of flavour. Wherever you use vanille you also use sugar. Then, sugar is the best of all preservatives, and the reason I tell you to pound the sugar in whole lumps is this: You want to tear the chopped bean, or rather pod, into minute particles, and this is better done by aid of the edgy crystals, which you are pounding to fine powder at the same time, than it would be with already powdered caster-sugar—seldom a pure commodity in retail commerce. There is a story of a confectioner to whom one of his customers came in a fury to complain that the ice-pudding he had sent was "bad." The worthy man began to tremble for his eggs. "In what manner was it bad?" he stammered out. "Oh, it was full of nasty-looking black spots!" was the reply. Proudly, and in the consciousness of rectitude,

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did that good pastrycook draw himself up to his full height, and rejoin in these words, delivered with grave emphasis, "We use vanille, not flavoured spirits of wine, at this establishment."

I must just give you a recipe for poulet aux concombres while I remember it. It is a delicious dish :—

By the time your fricasseed chicken is ready, you will have prepared some boiled cucumbers (ten minutes in boiling water are sufficient to cook them). Make a white sauce with stock or milk, according to taste, a spoonful of flour, the yolk of an egg, and season with pepper, salt, nutmeg, thyme. Arrange the pieces of cucumber and chicken in symmetrical fashion in a round dish, pour the sauce over the whole, and serve, sprinkling the dish with minced parsley, after having added some triangular pieces of fried bread.

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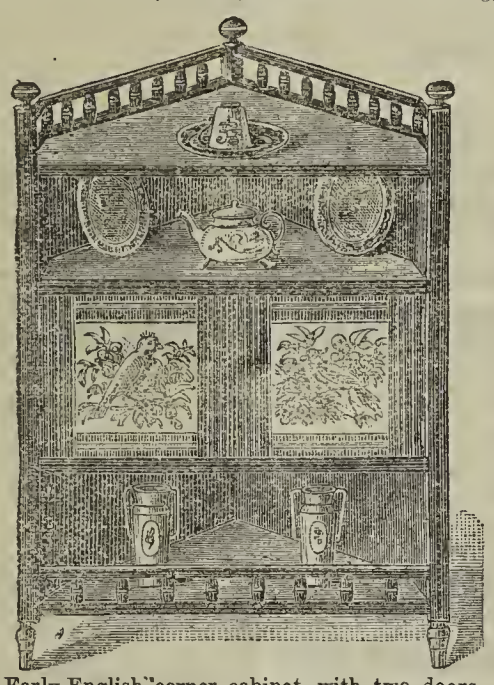

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OUR PUZZLES.

RULES.

1. The sum of £2. 2s. will be given every week for the best Epigram, Conundrum, Lipogram, Bouts-Rimés, or whatever the announced subject of the competition for the week may be.

2. The Puzzle Editor reserves the right, however, of dividing the above sum between two or more competitors, or of withholding the prize, should exceptional circumstances render such a course desirable.

3. The decision and award of the Puzzle Editor must be considered final and irrevocable, and, for obvious reasons, no appeal from his critical judgments can be entertained.

4. In every instance the Prize will be given in money, subject to no condition whatever, except the publication of the winner's real name and address in this journal.

5. Competitors will be allowed eight days for the composition and despatch of their efforts; but all such communications must, at the latest, be received at the Truth Office by the first post on Friday morning in the week succeeding the publication of the subject for competition.

6. Not more than one Prize will be given in a Quarter to the same competitor.

7. All New Contributors are Required to Forward with their First Answers their Real Names and Addresses for Registration; such names and addresses will not be published except in the case of Prize-winners.

8. The *nom-de-plume* chosen by competitors should not exceed 12, and must under no circumstances consist of more than 14 letters.

9. Competitors must on no account change the noms-de-plume they have once assumed.

10. On the announcement of the Prize-winner's *nom-de-plume*, the successful competitor must write and make formal application for the Prize, stating the address to which the cheque must be sent. Any competitor failing to do so within three months of winning the Prize will forfeit all claim to the same.

11. No communications can be received on post-cards, by telegraph, or by hand. They must all be sent by the time named above, in post letters addressed—

PUZZLE EDITOR OF "TRUTH," Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, S.W.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 291.—LISTS OF BEST MODERN NOVELISTS.

Don Pedro (Miss Ada M. Grant, 14, Leven-terrace, Edinburgh) £1 1 0

The Porpoise (No Application received) 1 1 0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 290.

At last, then, I am able to publish my decision as to the recipes published in this competition. I am bound to say that, as a whole, they are not marked by any great originality. Many of them are fairly good, but most of them are well known. One of the best of the cold dishes described was the former of the two furnished by "W. M. & Co." But, good though it is, it is, after all, only a Galantine, and as such is not sufficiently original to merit a prize. The *recipe* that is at once the best and most original I consider to be that of the "*Medallions à la St. James*," which was sent by Practice. This I have tried, and it is excellent. Amongst the "Sweets," the best and most original is that sent by Tout-Paris, which makes a very pretty and ornamental as well as toothsome dish. The prize of Two Guineas will, therefore, be divided equally between Practice and Tout-Paris. As to the other recipes, I can only repeat that several of them are good, as, for example, that of a "Floating Island," which I received from two different competitors; but that in no other cases is the originality such as I can specially commend.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 292.

I am able to publish two or three more parodies this week, and accordingly postpone the award until next week. I much regret that unexpected demands upon the space have prevented me from making more extended selections of "Specimens."

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 295.

Alliterative versification has been previously made the subject of the week's competition, but it is at least two years ago that it so served, and to many competitors it will be a novel exercise of skill and patience. The prize of two guineas will be given to the competitor who best succeeds in

Composing Twelve Rhyming Lines, on any Subject, each Word in which Begins with the Letter M.

The metre must be the often-used octosyllabic measure, of which a specimen is given below. The use of compound words made up for the occasion must be avoided, and from the term "rhyming lines" competitors are intended to infer that each line must rhyme with at least one other. The lines may run on or be arranged in stanzas. In writing this and other metres, the use of an occasional extra syllable, if it be one that can be easily elided in scansion, is not considered objectionable.

This is the metre to be used:—

"My Madeline! my Madeline!
Mark my most mournful midnight moans;
Much may my melting music mean,
My modulated monotones."

Answers to Correspondents.

Dora.—The words "Courageousness," "Discretion," "Stedfastness," and "Honour" must not be used in the paragraph in competition No. 294. No paragraph should contain less than 75 words, though the prize *may* necessarily fall to one which contains a less number.

Jani.—Your parody had been set up by the printer, and was only held over at the last moment. Thus it was that it was not acknowledged.

E. H. O.—I should like to make the list you propose; but the task, seeing the large number of competitors, is one I am unable to undertake at present.

Orchis.—I used my discretion, as you wished.

Reviescat and Pell.—It is doubtless my power of comprehension which is at fault; but I am really unable to grasp the meaning of your answers to Puzzle 293.

Alchemist.—I must apologise for the omission of two of your novelists.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 293. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

SUGGESTIONS FOR TITLE OF NEXT YEAR'S INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

*** The article "The" has been omitted in all the following specimens.—The Puzzle Editor.

Too-tout-eries—Cockly.
Happy-Thoughteries—Boomershire.
Cleveries—Plumepierre.
Model-eries—Mosh.
Mustrumventionries—Onoma.
Playworkeries—Noah.
Stringventories—The Dod.
Rowderies—Batley.
Musentioneries—Browser.
Musicoveries—Tottie.
Faddleries—Eggans.
Crocheteries — The White Bear.
Patentuneries—Barnes Pool.
Inventnniries—Pivert.
Crazeries—E. De M.
Choralities—Meg Merrilees.
Novello-ties—Remus.
Ventionrics—Eccles.
Musico-venteries—Smytche.
Inventusicaries—Old Log.
Invento-musicaries—Sophia.
Harmonies—Ovingdean.
All-and-Soundries—Sealing Wax.
Conglomerenterperies—Daphne.
Harmonicinventeries—Hortus.
Ventamuseries—Duncru.
Fiddleries—Braco.
Inquiries (In-choir-ies)—Friar Tuck.
Tuneries—Bluebelle.
Bandgenuities—Ellart.
Skill-and-tuneries—Rolyta.
Bubble-and-Squeakeries—Thomas à Becket.
Inventriloquistries—Truth.
Operies—G. C.
Musarteries—L'Egérie.
Fiddle-faddleries—A. N.
The Novelties and Sounderies—Senor Nunez.
Musoriginalities—C. L. Parkinson.
Founds and Sounds—E. Richmond.
Nostrum-meries or Strummeries—Septon.
'Ventions and Instrumentions—A. Carpe.
Inventunal or Tuneries—Bails.
The Tubal-jubals—Squelette.
Artificeries—Tan Tun.
Invenstrumusicalities—Sophocles.
Instriventories—Malignant.
Improveries—R. S.
Musichemeries—Mrs. Poyser.
Newhanderies or Noveluteries—Spero.
Muventories—Risk.
Inventstrums—The Gardener.
Invent harmonies—Dumnoix.
Melodivices—Daphnis.
Invenstrumentals—Fred.
Music-frame—D. Field.
Suggestives—Geo. H. Campbell.
Genuimoniscum—Gibn.
Invusiceries—Jayessess.
Hobby-go-Bangeries—E. B. H.
Musibition—Cabby.
Vents and Harmonies—Bird-Swansea.
Tune and Braineries—Mat.
Squealeries (Sq-Wheeleries)—Romulus.
Scienceries, Muventeries—Cherry.
Musentions or Skilleries—Twee.
Museries and Inventeries—Shotover.
Miscelleries or Inventries—A Knowing One.
Novelties or Designeries—J. R. Colson.
"Scarteries" (exhibition of science and arts)—Delphi.
Constructeries or Excesseries—Provident.
Notabilities, Noveltuneries—G. E. F.
Dinventories; Skillharmonic—Colin Clout.
Pandodgeries; Fiddlefaddleries; Fidfads—Esterel.
Instruventions; Instrentions—Gifford.
Geniuses—Norah.
Jumbleries; Omnium Gatherum; or Jubal-Tubaleries—Sissie.
Venturies; Clevertries; Clatteries—Observer.
Miscellies—Skryne.
Skilleries; Miscellaneries; Musicianeries; Humstrumeries—J. T.
Dinventries; Cuteflutes; Patentrumps—Melancthon.
Venteries; Miseries—W. W. Woodd.
Allinventionaries—Hibou.
Strumtions—Six Knons.
Deviseries — Montezuma; Sunnram.
Ventions and Strumentions—Picador.
Instruventries—Norna.
Dodgeries—Chee; Magic.
Designeries or Noveltries—Llewellyn.
Pandemonium—Manuscripts.
Novphonarteries—Miss A. G.
Ingeneries or Talentories—Frano.
Omniaries—Miss K. B.
S(o)undries — Little John; Rose Island.
Strummeries—Cecil Smythe; Delphi; Great Scott; Melancthon.
Jubalcaineries — Lord Bab; A. M. C. B.; Sealing-wax; Jokist.
Tubalcaineries—Bunshire.
Strumventories or Instrumentionaries—Kittifonia.
Dineries or Patents-Horseshoe.
Thoughteries—Rose Island.
Harmoniventeries—E. Q. E.
Notions—Plumepierre.
Musicetinventeries—Yarn.
Inventomusicaries—Yevram.
Scienceries—Timbo; Cæsar's Corner.
Strummeries or Museries—Van Diemen.
Trumperies—Little Billee; Hildebrandt; Univ.; Pessimist; Friar Tuck; S. Richards. Right Bower.
Panopera—Blue Bell.
Necessities (Necessity being the mother of invention) or Musicalities—Nutshell.
Collectives or Inventives—Miss E. D.
Discoveries — Rose Island; Ghost.
Inventoneries—Tamoht.
Inventsicalries—Little Jones.
Grinderies—Univ.
Harmonies — Ada Dawes; Cæsar's Corner; Nineveh; O. P. Q.; Harold W.; P. D. J.
Invenstruments—H. A. S.
Lyres—Frère.
Apollo-gies or In-vent-aries—Père.
Apollonia—Vandrdecken.
Jutuberies (a combination of Jubal and Tubal, the first musician and first artificer)—S. W.
Harmonious Blacksmitheries or Smitheries—Petrarca.
Discoveries and Mnsicries—B. A. F.
Braineries—Polypody; Nineveh; Wild Thyme; Sunnram.
Crotchets or Crotchetries; Tubaljubalries; Pufferies or Dineries—Skriker.
Machineries—Lottie Roberts; Sloe; Jumbo; Montrzuma.
Patenteries—Convo.
Braynories—The Wolf.

Inventuneries—B. M. Perkins; Montezuma; Sophie; Emjaem; Warsaw; Tobias; Spero; Nil-Desperandum; E. G. Bevan; Nemo; C. H.
Museries—Clive; Ham; and Skrybe.
Fiddle-Faddles—H. B. C.
Fiddlededees—Harold W.
Inventuneries, Ventuneries, or Tuneries; Mus-patents; Drummeries—Veni.
Noiseries—Paste; Bob Ridley; Sound.
New E(a)string—C. F. Reid.
Musiventions—Rosary; F. N. W.; Télémaque.
Mu-chineries or Musi-chineries—Hop Bitters.
Drumeries—Foreigner.
Science and Art-eries—Cyprus.
Tom-tomfooleries or Humdrummeries—Little Billee.
Musiculturies; Musiopolis; Musicorium, or Orchestries—Rogger Shurt.
Musinventories—Artemus.
Looms and Lutes, or Instructments—Bob Ridley.
Composeries; Noteries; Progresseries; Workeries—Mahdi.
Inventstrumentories — Dora; Esa, and Sea Dog.
Inventries—Esa.

Inventories—Frano; Fluke; Paste; Kate; Asthma; Harold W.; Timbo; The Gardener; H. O. Sey; Rita; Dora; W. J. Taylor; Claymore; P. D. J.; Ruperto; Frumski; Alfredo; Vrachie; E. Richmond; Cæsar's Corner; Bob Ridley; Sunbeam.
Musicries or Muventries—Esa.
Muzoddities or Jumbles—Bricks.
Tumtumeries or Bangwell—Mortar.
Invenstruments or Invenstrumenteries—Fiddlestick.
Tunenotioneries (Two-notioneries)—Warsaw.
Norganisms; Discoveries; or Inventionaries.—Philebine.
Tootle-Utilise (Tootle-ootiles); Strainun'braineries; Musique-Eurekaries; or Melody-Mudelies—Prima Donna.
Instruventories—Fluke; Osborne W.; Mercury Colt; E. de M.; Romantic Bar; Puena; Little Ben; Seadog; August.
Instrumentories — Fluke, Sunbeam.
Inventoneries — H. Barker; Albert's Own; Georgius.
Tuniventories—Emjaem.

Instruventions—Little Ben.
Musico-Inventories — Alchemist.
Harmonyeries—Sailor
Wealtheries; Varieties; or Specialties—Asthma.
Harmo-patenteries or Inventio-Harmonies—Three Friends.
Musinventories — Cautium and Thug.
Diniventories—Hanover.
Dinventories — Colin Clout, Hanover, and Eastbourne.
The Audivideries; Newtonic(s); Noteries; or Humdrummeries—Stultissimus.
Gatherums (Omnium): Discordia; Accordia; Fiddle-deedees; Jubalees—Nimroch.
Musinstrumventories — Drummer.
Harmonious Blacksmitheries—H. S. Bradwell.
Pan-show—J. Yuill.
Inventimusicries—Disco.
Artful Dodgeries, or Discord and Dodgeries—H. J. Powell.
Musiventhibition, or Inventimusicries—Thug.
Inventharmonies; Patentuneries; Patentharmonies — Dum Spiro Spero.
Fiddleries—Hugo.

Invenmusimenteries, or Inmumenteries—Vanity Fair.
Patinstrumeries, or Amusinventries—Claymore.
Arteries — H. O. Sey and Cæsar's Corner.
Dutch Concert; Accompaniments; Extempories—Magellen.
Symphentories; Symventories—Eastbouene.
Novelyries—Nuts.
Sciencries—S. A. Row.
Novelties—Sambo Japhet and Asthma.
Inventionries or Musicries—Sailor and Neologist.
Mustrumentions—Liddleton.
Inventsounderies—Apollo.
Inventuneries—Sirod.
Musinventeries — Harroviens, Harold, Coaly, Alfredo.
Contriveries—Sunbeam.
Musiments; Invensicals; Minstrutions—Alfredo.
Inventmusicries — Telegraphist.
Musicalries or Musicinventories—Spitr.
Inventruments — Deux Negands.
Music-foundries—E. M. Hall.
Muntories—Tomnoddy.
Musicalies—Georgius.

Melodies or Soundoyers—Louisa Hammon.
Melodics; Harmonies; Museries; Wealtheries; Noiseries—W. & A. White.
Harmonic-Inventories — Scrivener.
Musitechnic—Tav.
Neonoiseries; Novomuseries; or Necessities—Aias.
Inventorchestries; or Patentmusicries—August.
Musico-venteries—M. T.
Invensounderies—Glowworm.
Inventstrumentuneries; Instrumventuneries; Inventomusicries; Musiconoveltries—W. E. McCarthy.
Wealtheries; Novelties—Oæsar's Corner.
Mechanics—Benreoch.
Musinvents—Major.
Muventories—Tomahawk.
Jubal Tubal-Cain—Weston-super-Mare.
Juventi-tones—Will H. Holttum.
Muso-Machenical; Melodia-Machenicus—Emerald.
Musiventions—Carlton.
Maories (from Mao, to invent, and Mousa, a muse)—Kerry Pippin.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 292. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

PARODIES ON PORTIONS OF "THE ANCIENT MARINER."

The fair breeze blows, the river flows
  Along the banks of mud,
We row along with splash and song
  While some do chew the cud.

But how is this, our oars are stayed?
  'Tis sad as sad can be,
For down the tide on either side
  Dead cats and dogs we see.

Alack-a-day! why this delay?
  We've struck—no sign of motion,
As idle as a painted boat
  Upon a painted ocean.

Water! water! is the cry,
  'Tis like a kitchen sink;
Water! water! deep we sigh,
  To float us—not to drink.

The very fish now rot: O Thames!
  That ever this should be!
Yea, on thy slimy banks of mud
  Real slimy things we see.

And every tongue through sheer dismay,
  Seems withered at the sight,
For creeping things with poisoned stings
  Have filled us with afright.

We look upon the rotting mass
  And turn our eyes away,
We look on banks at either side,
  But there the dead fish lay.

The wind that blows ne'er stirs our boat,
  No rowing moves it on,
So fast it sticks in slime and mud,
  While we do sit and groan.

But soon the odours grow so strong
  We feel we cannot stay,
So down we jump into the mud
  And through the slime make way.

We go like men that have been stunned,
  And feel of sense forlorn,
And sadder much, and wiser men
  We rise upon the morn. Van Diemen.

I fear thee, ancient river Thames!
  I fear thy deadly breath!
For thou art foul, and rank, and brown,
  And in thy clasp is death.

I fear thee, and thy surging filth,
  Thy surging filth so brown—
Fear not, fear not—O river Thames,
  In thee I ne'er will drown.

For not alone thy waters roll—
  Roll on to the wide, wide sea,
But many a gruesome, odious thing
  Rolls in their company.

And many men, once beautiful,
  All dead in thy bosom lie,
And a thousand thousand slimy things,
  Close mixed, pass slowly by.

Once gazed I on thy rotting waves,
  But drew my eyes away,
For there I saw a floating corse,
  Midst things unwholesome, stray.

I turned aside, and tried to think
  Of other things less dread,
But the mem'ry of that altered face
  Weighed on my mind as lead.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
  But the balls like pulses beat;
For the dead and the wave, and the wave and the dead
Lay like a load on my weary head;
  And the dead was at my feet.

The cold wave lapping round his limbs,
  Rocking him on to decay:
And the sight and thoughts that filled my mind
  Have never passed away.

A dying man will carry down
  A spirit bounding high;
But, oh! more horrible than that
  Was that sight which met my eye:
For days and days I've seen that sight,
  Its memory will not die.

And when the moon does mount the sky
  And send from thence her light,
I fear me most this memory
  Of that unholy sight. Sambo-Japhet.

Water falling everywhere,
  The Thames began to shrink;
Water falling everywhere,
  Will soon leave none to drink.

The very banks did rot! O Thames!
  And mud as thick as cream,
Did slime and slide with crawling legs,
  Upon the once fair stream.

Lower, lower, the water sank;
  The banks began to crack;
The river, like a stream of ink,
  Looked no more blue, but black.

And one in Truth assured all
  Of the demons that plagued them so;
'Twas the Water Companies, he said,
  Had made the river so low.

And then the smells, that through the drought,
  Were issued from the bed!
We could not breathe, and many ones
  With fever soon were dead.

But spite of all that has been said,
  And all that could be done,
The Thames, thanks to the Board of Works,
  Polluted, still flows on. M. T.

It is the ancient Father Thames,
  And he stoppeth wondrous low;
And neath a hot and glittering sky,
  He smelleth when he's so.

And folk beside his muddy banks,
  Do live in fear and dread;
The fisher, turning round, walks home,
  With handkerchief outspread.
Because he knows that from such smells,
  The cholora gains a head.

I fear thee, ancient Father Thames,
  I fear this noisome smell;
When thou art dank and low in bank,
  It makes me feel unwell.

There's little water anywhere,
  And what there is, I think,
In such a state as thou art now,
  Is little fit to drink.

Lower and lower every day,
  The mud is left at noon;
The boys, they say, at cricket play,
  And football, doubtless, soon.

Contractors do a hellish thing,
  And it will work 'em woe;
They take the water out by tuns,
  And grumble 'cos it's low!

He liveth well who washeth well,
  But this I'll say, at least,
Unless they wash thee of thy "slosh,"
  They'll kill each man and beast.

How long like this thou art to lie,
  I have not to declare;
Bnt ere again thou'rt fit to taste,
The Board of Works no more must waste
  Vain "voices in the air."

Oh sweeter, sweeter, wilt thou be,
  Thy odours, too, far fewer;
When seen to by a company,
  Who'll purify each sewer.

If only something sensible
  Upon their minds wonld dawn,
A better and a purer stream
  Thou'dst flow the morrow morn.
Malignant.

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Mrs. S. A. Allen's
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INDIARUBBER BREAK BLOCKS.

Grip the wheels perfectly, prevent all Jar or Strain on the Carriage, and are silent.
Prospectus free on application.

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£5	per	£100	Debenture Stock	on Application.
20	,,	,,	,,	on Allotment.
25	,,	,,	,,	on 15th October, 1884.
25	,,	,,	,,	on 15th November, 1884.
25	,,	,,	,,	on 15th December, 1884.
£100				

Interest payable quarterly, on 1st March, 1st June, 1st September, and 1st December, in each year. The first payment of Interest will be made on 1st December next. Interest will be paid on each instalment of the Debenture Stock from the dates of payment by allottees; the option is reserved to them to anticipate the dates of the instalments, and to pay the whole on allotment if convenient to them. The interest will be remitted to the registered holder's address by interest warrant, payable at the Manchester and Liverpool District Banking Company, Limited, Southport, or, if preferred by any holder, at their London Agents, Messrs. Smith, Payne, & Smiths, Lombard-street, London. In addition to the £250,000 Five per Cent. 1884 Debenture Stock, of which the £100,000 now for subscription forms part, the Company's capital consists of £229,126 Debenture Stock and £687,500 Preference and Ordinary Shares, all of which have been issued and paid up, the £250,000 1884 Debenture Stock ranking in priority to the above £687,500 Shares.

The West Lancashire Railway was completed and opened throughout for public traffic on the 16th April last year, and has a progressive traffic. The total length of the railway is 17 miles of double line, fully equipped with rolling stock, and running powers over the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway to Blackburn, for a distance of 10 miles, making a total of 27 miles of railway operated by the Company. The Company was incorporated by special Act of Parliament for the purpose of making a direct communication between Preston and Southport, the most fashionable watering-place on the north-west coast of England, and by subsequent Act of Parliament the Company was authorised to effect a junction between their Preston Terminus and the main line of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company to run over that Company's line for a distance of 10 miles to Blackburn. By the Company's running powers to Blackburn they have free access over the whole of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Company's system, and all other railways in connection therewith. In the last Session of Parliament the Company obtained the following additional powers, and a reference to the map and the following brief statement will show their importance. By them the West Lancashire Railway will be in direct communication, amongst other places, with the important centres of Blackburn, Preston, Southport, Blackpool, and Liverpool, and through the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railways to Wigan, Stockport, and Manchester, and the Directors believe that not only will it benefit greatly by them, but they feel convinced that, when the new lines are constructed, the West Lancashire Railway will become one of the leading trunk lines of the North. The lines are :—

PRESTON DOCK EXTENSION.

This Extension is, pursuant to an agreement entered into between the West Lancashire Railway Company and the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company, to be constructed and owned by them jointly, and will be a continuation of the West Lancashire Railway system from their present terminus at Preston to the Preston Docks, about to be constructed by the Corporation of Preston.

MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, AND LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAY EXTENSION TO PRESTON.

This Extension (power to construct which was obtained in the last Session of Parliament) is an extension of that system from Wigan to Preston and Southport, with running powers over the West Lancashire Railway, whose system it joins at Longton, and will afford a through route between all West Lancashire stations and the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire and Great Northern systems, and also give the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway direct access to Preston, Southport, Lytham, St. Anne's-on-the-Sea, and Blackpool over the West Lancashire Railway.

BLACKPOOL RAILWAY.

This Line, which is to form a junction with the West Lancashire Railway at Preston, is to be constructed from Preston to Lytham. St. Anne's-on-the-Sea, and Blackpool, and will of necessity open up a large passenger traffic from the great centres of population in the manufacturing districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, which the West Lancashire Railway and the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway from their positions cannot fail to participate in.

LIVERPOOL, SOUTHPORT, AND PRESTON JUNCTION RAILWAY.

This Line, which is to be worked by the West Lancashire Railway, forms a junction with the Southport and Cheshire Lines Extension Railway, giving access to the Cheshire Lines system, Liverpool, and the Liverpool Docks, in addition to providing a through route between Blackburn, Preston, Southport, and intermediate stations, and Liverpool and the South, and by means of the Blackpool Railway a through route between Liverpool and Blackpool.

The Debenture Stocks of English lines of railway rank for security next to Consols, and become each year more difficult to obtain. They are constantly rising in value, the following quotations showing that in the last six months the Debenture Stocks of the following railways have risen on an average 10 per cent. They stand in price at about 125 for £100 Four per Cent. Stock, and 146 for £100 Five per Cent. Debenture Stock.

Quotations taken from the Official Stock Exchange List.

	March 1884	Sept., 1884
Great Western Railway 4 % Debenture Stock	114-115	125-127
London and North-Western Railway ditto	114-115	125-127
Great Eastern Railway, ditto	109-110	118-120
Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, ditto	112-114	123-125
London and South-Western Railway, ditto	113-114	124-126
North-Eastern Railway, ditto	114-115	124-126
South-Eastern Railway, ditto	109-111	120-122
Midland Railway, ditto	114-115	125-127
Great Northern Railway, ditto	114-115	125-127
Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway 4½ % Debenture Stock	122-123	128-130
South-Eastern Railway 5 % Debenture Stock	137-139	145-147

As the great resources of traffic inherent in the West Lancashire Railway become developed and the advantages of the connection formed with the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire and other Railways become realised, its Five per Cent. Debenture Stock should rise in value equal to those of the lines herein quoted.

Directors.—EDWARD HOLDEN, Esq., Laurel Mount, Shipley, Yorkshire, Chairman; Sir Thomas G. Fermor Hesketh, Bart., Easton Neston Hall, Towcester; Thomas Fisher, Esq., Manchester-road, Southport, Lancashire; Thomas H. Isherwood, Esq., The Willows, Blundellsands, Lancashire; Albert Ricardo, Esq., Maidenhead, Berks.

Bankers.—The Manchester and Liverpool District Banking Company, Limited, Southport.

Auditors.—J. B. Reay, Esq., A.C.A. (Messrs. J. B. Hughes & Reay, Public Accountants, Liverpool); Wm. Twist, Esq. (Messrs. J. & W. Twist, Public Accountants), Southport.

Secretary.—Thomas Gilbert, Esq.

General Offices.—Central Station, Southport.

Applications, to be made on the Form of Subscription accompanying the Prospectus, and accompanied by a deposit of 5 per cent. on the amount of Debenture Stock applied for, must be sent to the Bankers of the Company, the Manchester and Liverpool District Banking Company, Limited, Southport.

Prospectuses with Time Table containing May, showing its connections with other Companies, and Form of Application can be obtained of the Secretary at the Offices of the Company, as under.

By order, THOS. GILBERT, Secretary.

Secretary's Offices, Central Station, West Lancashire Railway, Southport,
Sept. 15, 1884.

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No. 404. Vol. XVI. Thursday, September 25, 1884. Price Sixpence.

ENTRE NOUS.

THE Queen has been greatly benefited by her stay in Scotland. Her health is now excellent, and she is in good spirits, and in every way much better than when she left Osborne. Her Majesty takes long drives every fine day, and has made excursions to most of her favourite resorts in the neighbourhood of Balmoral. She has twice visited her cottage at the Glassalt Shiel, where she is going to stay for a few days shortly; and she has been several times to her new chalet at Danzig, in Ballochbuie Forest.

The Prince of Wales had some deer-shooting last week on the Queen's ground, and a deer drive from Abergeldie woods; and the Duke of Edinburgh was out two days in Balmoral Forest, and killed a splendid stag in the corries of Lochnagar. Prince Edward went deer-stalking in Mar Forest on Friday, by invitation of Lord Fife.

During the first three days of the week following the Newmarket Houghton meeting, the Prince of Wales is to be the guest of Lord Cadogan at Babraham Hall, near Cambridge. Only a small party will be invited to meet H.R.H., and the object of the visit is to slaughter partridges.

The Prince will also have a day or two next month on the Cheveley estate of the Duke of Rutland, which has long been renowned for its partridge-shooting. The late Duke of York was a regular visitor at Cheveley every autumn, and in those days all the partridges which were devoured at Belvoir were forwarded from Cambridgeshire, as it was a rule of the house that a Leicestershire bird should never be dressed in the kitchen.

As I long ago stated would be the case, the Duke of Connaught returns to England to be appointed to a high post at the Horse Guards. This will be one more step towards his succeeding the Duke of Cambridge as Commander-in-Chief, which has all along been the pole-star of his military career. The Duke and Duchess will reside principally at Buckingham Palace in the large suite of rooms which was given them on their marriage, but their ultimate abode is to be the spacious and excellent house in St. James's Palace, which has for many years been occupied by the Duchess of Cambridge.

The announcement in the daily papers that Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne have arrived at Munich is a mistake, for Lord Lorne is in Scotland, and was present at the Inverary games on Thursday.

Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg have returned to Sennicotts, their residence near Chichester, from Kent House, East Cowes, where they had been residing for two months.

The *Osborne* is under orders to leave Portsmouth on Friday next for Flushing, with the Princesses Sophia and Margaret of Prussia on board. They have been residing at Osborne Cottage for several weeks, and did not return to Germany with their mother, the Crown Princess. They are going first to Wiesbaden.

A Leipsic journal has compiled a list of morganatic marriages which have taken place within a comparatively short period, with the object of showing that when the Grand Duke of Hesse espoused Madame de Kalomine he did nothing at all exceptional; and it points out that the wrath of his relatives in England and at Berlin is really very unreasonable, which has all along been the general opinion in Germany. There have been seventeen unions of this sort, and it is added that "they all turned out most happily." The list includes one Emperor, four Kings, one Elector, two Archdukes of Austria, and nine Royal Princes. The indignation of the English relatives is all the more absurd as, according to German law, the marriage of Princess Louise with Lord Lorne is a morganatic union.

I hear that the meeting of the Emperors was not a very cheerful business, for the German Kaiser arrived in such a state of exhaustion that he could scarcely step out of his saloon, and he appeared so very infirm that apprehensions were expressed that he would never be able to bear the journey back to Berlin after so much excitement. He, however, rallied, as he has so often done before, and not only did he accomplish the return to Berlin without a mishap, but next day he started off for Düsseldorf for the manœuvres, which had been postponed in consequence of his trip to Poland. The Emperor and Empress go this week to Baden Baden, where they are to remain till the middle of October.

The Emperor is to visit Strasburg on Sunday, October 19, to inaugurate the new buildings of the University.

His Majesty's physicians did their best to keep him from going to Skiernewiczy, but he is by no means an obedient patient, and the matter was clenched by an unlucky suggestion that the Crown Prince should represent his father. The Emperor is morbidly jealous of his

heir, and grudges him the least share in the Imperial Government. He thinks him weak and sentimental.

The Emperor has, however, consented to abandon his plan of always attending reviews and inspections on horseback. A carriage is now being built for him at Berlin, the whole of the upper portion of which is constructed of glass, so that he will be able to see everything without fatigue or exposure to the weather.

Skiernewiczy, where the Emperors met, is a mere "Jagd-Schloss." It was the residence of the Archbishops of Poland till the partition of that kingdom; and when Napoleon ravaged Germany he gave it, with a vast estate, to Marshal Davoust. Subsequently, after changing hands once or twice, it became the property of the Emperor Nicholas. It has rarely been visited by the Imperial family; but it is a comfortable, homely place inside, and contains some interesting pictures and some fine old tapestry. Many waggons of furniture and a large supply of wine and other goods were forwarded from St. Petersburg and Warsaw, as soon as the Emperor decided to visit the Castle. The grounds are well wooded but flat, and there is an extensive forest all round, which swarms with game.

I hear that the Crown Princess of Germany has gone away declaring that she enjoyed nothing so much during her visit to England as the conversations which she had with Mr. Gladstone at Balmoral on the congenial subjects of literature and art, and especially about pictures and china, in both of which this accomplished Princess is almost as well versed as the Prime Minister himself. The Crown Princess gave Mr. Gladstone a hearty invitation to Berlin and Potsdam as soon as he can obtain leisure for a long holiday.

Mr. Gladstone greatly enjoyed his stay at Deeside, and he was evidently much the better, both in health and spirits, for his visits to Invercauld and to Mar Lodge. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone left Lord Fife's beautiful and hospitable residence directly after breakfast on Monday, and drove in an open carriage and four through Braemar to Abergeldie, where they stopped for a few minutes to say farewell to the Princess of Wales. Horses were changed at Invergelder, and, crossing the Dee by the Victoria Bridge near Balmoral, the party drove direct to Birkhall, the Prince of Wales's picturesque place in Glenmuick, where Mr. Gladstone had promised to lunch with the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. After the meal, the party drove direct to Ballater station, whence they went to Aberdeen by the special "Queen's Messenger" train, which runs "every lawful day" when her Majesty is at Balmoral, to catch the south mail, which leaves Aberdeen at 4.40, and reaches Euston Square at 7 next morning.

From this stage the receptions and speeches commenced, and Mr. Gladstone had scarcely ten minutes of quiet till he reached Haddo House at seven o'clock. He was greeted with quite frantic enthusiasm in Aberdeen, and during the seven miles' drive from Old Meldrum to Haddo his carriage was escorted by over seven hundred mounted farmers. It was a veritable triumphant progress, and waiting for him in front of Haddo House was a crowd of at least three thousand persons from the neighbouring villages for many miles round.

The party at Haddo included Lord and Lady Elgin and the Hon. and Rev. Edward and Lady Mary Glyn (who had come direct from Inverary), and the Rev. Principal Tulloch, who had been preaching at Balmoral on Sunday.

Tuesday was a dull, cloudy day, but in the afternoon Mr. Gladstone and most of the party at Haddo drove to the neighbouring village of Methlic to open a training-home for girls which has just been established by Lord and Lady Aberdeen, and from thence they went to the romantic ruins of Gight, which Byron has rendered famous.

Mr. Gladstone had another "Royal progress" from Haddo to Brechin Castle on Wednesday. On Thursday the party at Lord Dalhousie's drove over the Cairn o'Mont to Glendye, the shooting-box of Sir Thomas Gladstone, which lies in a beautiful situation at the foot of the Grampians. Here they were met by Captain Gladstone, who had lunch ready for them, and later in the afternoon they drove back to Fasque House for tea. Sir Thomas Gladstone, who has been very unwell, is in London for medical advice, or Mr. Gladstone would have stayed for some days at Fasque. The party returned to Brechin by way of Edzell, after a drive of over forty miles. On Friday, Mr. Gladstone drove to Panmure House, Lord Dalhousie's place near Carronstie, a distance of eighteen miles. The party lunched at Panmure, and afterwards passed some time in the beautiful gardens for which the place is famous. Mr. Gladstone planted a memorial tree on the lawn, and so did Mrs. and Miss Gladstone. They went on Saturday to visit Lord and Lady Strathmore, at Glamis Castle, and thence on Monday to St. Martin's, Colonel Macdonald's fine place between Coupar Angus and Perth, which has been rented for the autumn by Sir Andrew Clark. They return to Hawarden in the course of this week, to stay there till Mr. Gladstone comes to London for the Cabinets which are to be held the week before Parliament meets.

The tree which Mr. Gladstone planted at Haddo House stands on a line with two trees which were planted by the Queen and the Prince Consort when they were there in the autumn of 1857, on a visit to the grandfather of the present Lord Aberdeen. Mr. Gladstone had several times previously been a guest at Haddo. He was there first in 1836, and his last visit was paid in 1858. There is a fine bust of him in the south corridor, and his portrait hangs in the library, with those of Lord Aberdeen, the Minister, Mr. Pitt, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Melville, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Palmerston, M. Guizot, and Prince Metternich, the last two having been

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presented to the fourth Earl by the individuals represented. There is also an engraving of the Aberdeen Cabinet "deciding upon the expedition to the Crimea," which is *not* "after" Mr. Kinglake's version of that disastrous transaction.

Lord Ampthill was in the habit of keeping a daily journal of the Greville sort, in which he recorded his impressions of the personages with whom he came in contact, and his opinions on current events. His "Recollections" will form a most interesting and valuable contribution to the historical and social literature of our time, but I do not suppose that any of his papers are likely to see the light for the next ten or fifteen years. As a letter-writer, Lord Ampthill had very few superiors, and it is earnestly to be hoped that his representatives will be able to recover the bulk of his private correspondence, for it will be found that his sparkling letters were both entertaining and instructive in the highest degree, and they may preserve his name long after his career as a diplomatist (brilliant though it was) has been forgotten.

Lord Dufferin goes to Balmoral next week on a short visit to the Queen.

There is not a shadow of foundation for the report that Lord Ripon is coming home to succeed Lord Spencer as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Lord Ripon's public career may be regarded as closed, for he is heartily sick and tired of "affairs," and, moreover, he stands in great need of entire rest and quiet.

Lord and Lady Ripon are expected to reach Studley Royal shortly before Christmas. The house is being overhauled and thoroughly cleaned, and several of the rooms are being redecorated. The splendid museum, which is one of the great attractions of this beautiful place, has been removed to another part of the mansion, in order, it is understood, to make way for a collection of rare Indian objects which Lord Ripon is to bring home with him.

The Duke of Portland has returned to Scotland for a fortnight, but before leaving Welbeck, he had two days' shooting in the Clipstone Park portion of his estate, between the Abbey and Mansfield, and the party (11 guns) killed an enormous number of partridges.

Lord Randolph Churchill has left Auchnashellach, the residence of his brother-in-law, Lord Wimborne, in West Ross-shire, for Glenquoich Forest, Inverness-shire, where he is now staying on a visit to Sir Arthur Bass, M.P., and where, I hear, Mr. Bright is also expected. Lord Randolph has not troubled either the deer or the grouse during his stay in the Highlands, but has been daily engaged in "the contemplative man's recreation," and has enjoyed some capital sport in Loch Doule.

Mr. Bright has left Cassencary, Sir James Caird's place in Kirkcudbrightshire, for Tulchan, the late Mr. Bass's shooting-lodge in Morayshire, where he hopes to have some salmon-fishing in the Spey; but the river is low and out of order, and there is little chance of sport until after a heavy fall of rain and a good "spate."

Lord Howth has been spending the season at Howth Castle, where he has received parties of visitors. His sisters, Lady Henrietta Guinness and Lady Geraldine St. Lawrence, have been staying with him since the Horse-Show week. The Hill of Howth seems to have a special attraction for judicial functionaries, the Master of the Rolls, Lord Justice FitzGibbon, and Mr. Justice O'Hagan being villa-residents there in the summer time.

The Duke and Duchess of Bedford have gone to Norris Castle, their place in the Isle of Wight, where they intend to reside till they go to Woburn for the winter.

Lord and Lady Feversham received their usual "after Doncaster" party at Duncombe Park last week. Lord and Lady Kildare went there on leaving Blankney, and Maria Lady Ailesbury has since arrived from Newburgh.

Sir George and Lady Julia Wombwell's party at Newburgh Park visited the Easingwolds Agricultural Show on Wednesday last, and all the men were present at the luncheon, except the Duke of Cambridge, who was detained at Newburgh by urgent business, so that he did not reach the Show till late in the afternoon. Captain Brocklehurst (Master of the York and Ainsty) took the chair at the luncheon.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mrs. Childers are now visiting Lord and Lady Reay, at Laidlawstiel, Selkirkshire. This place is on the banks of the Tweed, and came to Lady Reay from her first husband, Mr. Mitchell, of Stow.

Mr. Chamberlain, who has been in Germany for the last month with Mr. Collings, M.P., has visited Dresden, Prague, and Leipsic; and is now making a short tour through the forests of Thuringia.

Sir William and Lady Emily Hart-Dyke have gone to Scotland to visit the Duke and Duchess of Richmond at Gordon Castle.

The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland are entertaining a succession of visitors at Alnwick Castle, where they intend to reside till the middle of January. Lord and Lady Salisbury will be guests at Alnwick early next month for a couple of days.

Lord Fife has rented the shooting on Mr. Craven's estate in Cambridgeshire for the season.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Ormonde, who have been staying for some time with the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, at Stack Lodge, have gone to Dunrobin Castle on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, on their way back to Ireland.

Lord de Clifford's party of six guns killed 2,082 head of game on the Beachamnell Hall estate, in Norfolk, in six days' shooting. This bag included 1,560 partridges.

I referred recently to the troubles which had arisen between the late Sir Archibald Grant and his tenants in consequence of his excessive and rigorous preservation of game. I am glad to hear that his brother and successor, Sir Francis Grant, has already given the tenants the right to kill the ground-game on their farms, and he proposes shortly "to call personally upon every farmer, and, in meeting them with hearty friendship, hopes to be met by them in the same cordial way." The estate of Monymusk, in Aberdeenshire, extends to 15,000 acres. It contains some of the finest woods in the county.

Oakley Court, the late Lady Otho Fitzgerald's charming residence on the Berkshire bank of the Thames, above Windsor, has been let furnished for a short term to Colonel Learmonth. The place has been in the market for sale for several months past.

The Battenhall estate, near Worcester, belonging to Sir John Sebright, was sold last week in fifty-three lots, which fetched nearly £55,000.

Lord Rosebery's place in Norfolk, Bixley Hall, has just been thrown upon his hands in consequence of the death of his tenant, Mrs. Martin, who had occupied the mansion for nearly fifty years. It is hoped in the county that in future Lord and Lady Rosebery will occasionally reside at Bixley, which is pleasantly situated on the banks of the Yare, within a few miles of Norwich.

The Wolverley estate, in West Worcestershire, was sold at Kidderminster last Thursday, in nineteen lots, and realised over £27,000. One lot was purchased by the trustees of the late Lord Stamford, and will be added to the Enville estate.

Lord Hampden has resolved to devote the whole of his home farm at Glynde to grazing, so last Wednesday he sold all his choice herd of pure-bred Sussex cattle, which he established in 1858, and his still more famous flock of Southdown sheep, which has been in existence for half a century. Very high prices were realised.

The herd of shorthorns belonging to Mr. Rolls, M.P., will be sold off next Wednesday at The Hendre, Monmouthshire. There are fifty-one animals in the catalogue.

On the same day a selection from Lord Southesk's noted herd of polled cattle at Kinnaird Castle will be sold at Perth, as well as the herd belonging to Mr. Charles Carnegie, who has recently taken the home farm at Mount Melville, Fifeshire.

The Duke of Marlborough shows a disposition to take a practical interest in agriculture. While the Duchess is selling unreservedly the live and dead stock of the Blenheim home farm, and distributing the remnant of the famous flock from whence in other days one or two Oxfordshire Down breeders, notably Mr. Brassey, obtained their blood, the Duke is, to some extent at least, following his father's footsteps. At the show in June last of the county agricultural society, of which the late Duke was a liberal supporter, he gave a prize, and last week the Woodstock Cattle, Root, and Flower Show was held in his park. At the dinner in connection therewith he attended, and, his health having been proposed by one of his principal tenants, he made a speech which dealt in a pleasant and popular manner with farming topics. He surprised his audience by expressing sentiments even beyond Sir Stafford Northcote's "pious opinion" about "Fair Trade."

The Duke of Argyll has lately taken in hand a large farm on his Kintyre estate, and is going in extensively for the breeding of blackfaced stock, with a view of improving the breed of sheep in the district. The first annual sale was held at the farm last week, and very high prices were realised both for the sheep and for Ayrshire cattle. At the luncheon, the Duke made a capital speech, in the course of which he stated that in five years he had spent £50,000 in improvements on the Kintyre estate.

A new Club has been opened at St. Leonard's-on-Sea. The building cost £18,000, it is lit by electricity, and there are a number of bedrooms for the use of members. The old Club had rendered itself objectionable, owing to indiscriminate blackballing.

A correspondent writes:—

The weather in Switzerland seems to have taken a backward tendency, and it is now as fine and warm as in July, no rain having fallen for eight days. The consequence is that the country still remains crowded, and at Interlaken, Lucerne, and in the neighbourhood of Geneva, there are a large number of visitors. The idea having got about that a quarantine would be established on the Italian frontier in consequence of the cholera in that country, many travellers who were staying at the Italian lakes have made haste to get into Switzerland, and the St. Gothard Railway—the traffic of which has lately languished—has been quite busy during the past week. Amongst some of the notables who are still in the country are Lord and Lady Napier of Magdala, Sir A. and Lady Mackenzie, M. Octave Feuillet, who has hired one of the celebrated *coffee-pot* villas at Clarens, the Comtesse von Moltke, M. Alphonse Daudet, the wife of Nubar Pasha, and Dr. Evans, the American dentist, of Paris. The last idea in the country is that Jambon, of Evian-les-Bains, will get a concession for a gambling-saloon from the French Government, and that the good old days of Saxon-les-Bains will be revived. The hotel-keepers in the immediate locality believe firmly in this, but they are more than likely to find themselves doomed to disappointment.

New York society is in a flutter owing to the daughter of Mr. Morosini, the partner of Mr. Jay Gould, having run away with her father's coachman and married him. When a domestic affliction overtakes an American, he consoles himself by pouring his woes into the ear of a reporter. The following is Mr. Morosini's interview with the reporter of the *Morning Journal*:—

Mr. Morosini received a *Journal* reporter in his private office yesterday. His face, manner, and speech indicated the terrible blow that had fallen on his home, and in alluding to the unfortunate step of his favourite daughter, Victoria, sorrow, humiliation, and anger were alternately depicted on the fine, noble looking features of the old man. Motioning the reporter to a seat, he fell into an easy chair himself, and, running his hands through his iron grey hair, exclaimed:—

"Oh! why could my girl, my pet, the idol of all of us, do such a thing? Was there anything in the world she could possibly have wished for that was not at her command—an elegant house, the kindest friends and neighbours, and the devoted affection of her father, mother, brothers, and sisters? I cannot tell how that miserable man got her under his influence; but that it was a conspiracy, plotted and planned thoroughly and systematically, is now very clear to me, when I look back and put the proper construction on many incidents that in the past were clouded."

"Were there any suspicious circumstances?"

"Yes, many. Part of Schelling's duties was to attend Victoria in her horseback excursions. She was usually accompanied by her sister Julia, and Schelling rode another horse, the ladies being generally a little in advance of him. Victoria was a splendid horsewoman, and took daily gallops with her sister, who rode a favourite horse of her own that was a great pet of hers. In all their excursions on the beautiful drives in the vicinity of Yonkers and Mount St. Vincent they were always attended by Schelling, who was instructed not to let them out of his sight. Suddenly we noticed that Julia's favourite horse was sick, and as she declined another mount Victoria's rides were taken after that with Schelling. I have reason to know now that he doctored Julia's horse so that he migh

be alone with Victoria, who, infatuated as she was, spent much more time on horseback than ever before."

"It was reported in religious circles at one timo that your daughter was about to embrace a religious life. Is there any truth in that?"

"Well, there was some foundation for it at one time, and I uow only wish she had taken the veil, for then we would have been spared this blow. She was educated by the Sisters of Charity at Mount St. Vincent, and during one of her brief stays at home she came to me oue evening as I sat in the porch, and putting her arms round my neck, she said: 'Papa, I'd like to be a sister of charity. Will you let me euter the convent?' She was very religious, and though I hoped and looked forward to a different career for her than that of the humble, self-sacrificing sister of charity, I told her that rather than see her unhappily wedded, or married below her station in life, I would prefer to see her a nun. But I tried to dissuade her, telling her that I could not bear to lose her, aud that was the last I heard of her desire to be a sister."

"How did you learn of the occurrence?"

"My first suspicions were aroused when I returned on Tuesday afternoon. The conductor of the train told me that my danghter had gone to the city with him on his former trip. I thought he was jokiug, and said, 'I think not. You must have mistaken somebody else for her.' He was, howcver, certain, he said. When I asked him if any one was with her, and when he auswered, 'Schelling,' even then the idea of an elopement never crossed my mind.

"As I neared home I thought there was something strange going on, and said to myself that the conductor could not be mistaken, for he knew both of them well. I asked him again, and he was positive. He said that Victoria boarded the train, followed by Schelling; that she took a remote seat aud tried to avoid being recognised by keeping her handkerchief to her face. When I left the train, the station agent met me with the same story, and then I was forced to the conclusion that the worst had come."

Mr. Morosini was greatly excited during thc recital, and, to use his own words, "was entirely broken up." He seemed utterly overwhelmed, and pathetically dwelt on Mrs. Morosini's serious illness.

An American writes to the *Times* to say that tips are not usual at American hotels. This was once the case, but it has long ceased to be so, and tips are as recognised an institution across the Atlantic as they are on this side of it. Periodically an outcry by our newspapers is raised against the system, but it is improbable that much is gained. One is expected to tip in every hotel, both at home and abroad, a chambermaid, a waiter, and the porter at the door. On the Continent the latter is generally a man of considerable wealth. He receives a percentage upon every carriage or cab that is hired. In many Continental hotels, too, the head-waiter farms the waiting, finding all subordinates, to whom he pays wages, and from whom he receives all tips given to them. Some years ago it was suggested that there should be a fixed charge for service in lieu of tips. The hotel-keepers at once assented, and charged this item in their bills. The tips, however, go on as before. Consequently it is better to bear the ills we have than to attempt to remedy them.

In many English restaurants the waiters show their intelligence by the mode in which they add up accounts. "Soup, sir," says the waiter, "one shilling; a chop, a shilling —two and sixpence. Cheese? no cheese—three shillings." I have often been amused at listening to these ready-reckoners.

Here is a description of a recent masquerade ball, given by James Gordon Bennett, at his Newport, U.S.A., villa, in honour of his principal guest, President Arthur:—

Electric lights were profusely used around the grounds and within a large tented ball-arca of shaven and rolled tan. Beneath the pines, maples, and oaks were many small pavilions connected togcther, as well as with the ball-room and thc supper pagodas, by carpets. At one end of the dancing pavilion was a mimic iceberg, composed of tweuty tons of ice, over the sides of which, from invisible pipes, gushed little rivulets, that escaped into grassy basins beneath, the whole lighted by an ingeniously concealed electric light. At the other end of the pavilion was a massive pyramid of maiden fern, surmounted by the flags of the host's large steam yacht *Namouna*. The thermometer beyond the grounds stood at eighty degrees, but the icy atmosphere is said to have destroyed all sense of heat in the six hundred guests.

The Western Meeting at Ayr used to be called "the Goodwood of Scotland," but it has greatly degenerated of late years, not merely in the character of the sport, but also from the "society" point of view. Last week there was a comparatively small show of county magnates, and there were none of the large parties from the great houses of the shire, which used to make such a stir. The race balls were well attended, but old *habitués* complained of the sad omnium-gatherum, and certainly the company was decidedly "mixed."

During their late season the Royal Portsmouth Corinthian Yacht Club has been allowed a gunboat, and when that was not available, a Government tug to act as a "mark-boat" at their weekly regattas. With all respect for these Corinthians, I should like to know why the taxpayers should incur the expense of the coal consumed, the powder discharged, and the labour of the officers and men in this "mark-boat."

Lord Worcester is having a good season's cub-hunting with the Badminster hounds, the average kill having been a brace each morning. The pack met last Thursday at Doddington Park, Sir Gerald Codrington's place, where there was a large field out, including Lord Rocksavage. There was some capital sport, and three cubs were despatched in the course of the morning.

Mr. Phipps, of Leighton, Wilts, will next season hunt the old Mendip country, between Frome and Wells, two days a week, with a pack of foxhounds which he purchased a few months ago.

The season for polo is nearly at an end now, and during the winter the committees of the leading clubs might with advantage decide on some definite rules with regard to county representatives. Mr. E. Kenyon Stow, who captained Gloucestershire against Monmouthshire, at Abergavenny, last week, has also played this season for Surrey, at Ranelagh, and for Sussex, at Hurlingham. The Earl of Harrington, the well-known tent-pegger, who is a Derbyshire man, also played for Gloucestershire. It is but small honour to a county to collect a team of strangers to represent it.

Tiny Park, co. Carlów, was the scene of a very interesting contest last week. The men of the county cricket club turned out to do battle with their fair sisters between the wickets, the sterner representatives of the willow being armed with broomsticks, while their opponents guarded their wickets with the orthodox bat. The ladies were most bewitchingly attired in light costumes, their skirts being reduced to the smallest possible dimensions during their innings. All through they played capitally, and showed themselves no mean disciples. Their score was:—First innings, 52; second, 83. The gentlemen, however, with their broomsticks managed to defeat their fair opponents by running up a total of 94 in their first innings, the score for the second standing at 42 for the loss of two wickets.

The North Shields Bicycle Club have reason to be proud of their champion, Mr. R. H. English, who has just been down South to give the Londoners a taste of his

quality. Riding at the Crystal Palace the other day in a fifteen miles race, he not only beat some of the best Metropolitan men easily, but demolished all records from two miles to the finish, and then going on, he accomplished 20 miles 560 yards in the hour, surpassing the previous best by 235 yards. If only there were no such things as hills, and if all roads were smooth, what a grand thing bicycling would be! But the exertion required, even for a slight ascent, is quite sufficient to debar all but the active or enthusiastic from its pleasures, whilst a road a few inches deep in dust is even still worse.

The management of Drury-lane Theatre have introduced a sensible and much-needed reform, which, it is to be hoped, will speedily be adopted at other houses. Like Virgil's Hades, the theatre is easily reached, but the getting away from it at midnight is by no means an equally simple matter. The difficulty of procuring one's carriage or cab is generally immensely aggravated by the gratuitous and persistent attentions of a herd of ragged men and boys, who, by their importunate offers of assistance, oaths, and quarrellings, render the scene's "confusion worse confounded." The nuisance has been effectually abolished by Mr. Harris's official corps of boys, conspicuous by their neat uniform of light blue and grey, whose duty it is to procure cabs and perform other services free of charge.

If Mr. "Hugh Conway" has not legal title to the dramatic right of his own story, "Called Back," at any rate he should have some claim to the name, which is being freely turned to account, to his injury.

The registration of the Gaiety Theatre as a Company, with a capital of £50,000, is interesting from the fact that for the future all accounts will have to be made public, and thus the precise gross expenses and net profits of a large London theatre will henceforward be accurately known.

I am glad to hear that Mr. John Morley will himself undertake the volume on John Stuart Mill in the "English Men of Letters" series. He is admirably qualified for the work, and I shall be surprised if his book is not fully equal to his delightful monograph of Burke, in the same series, which one of the most famous critics of the day told me he considered to be "quite perfect."

In the course of the next month, a volume will be published entitled "The Old World and the New," which will be an account by Serjeant Ballantine of his experiences in both hemispheres. The Old World will be interested to hear what the learned Serjeant thought of the New World.

The library at Syston Hall, Lincolnshire, which, in certain departments of literature, is one of the finest collections in England, is to be sold off in December, as Sir John Thorold has resolved to follow in the steps of the Dukes of Marlborough and Hamilton and desires to get rid of his old books before the market is glutted.

I see that Dr. Hayman has just published in a Church magazine a paper entitled "How to meet the Modern Infidel." The modern infidel, it seems, is to be met and overthrown with this question: "If the Gospel is not true, how came it to pass that with literally nothing to conciliate the passions and propensities of mankind, it so rapidly overcame the paganism of the Empire?" That the modern infidel should be overthrown is the desire of many, but I am afraid that this will hardly be the result of Dr. Hayman's paper. I would remind him that the question has already been answered with some appearance of success by a representative modern infidel, in certain well-known chapters of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

The Mayor of Lichfield has adopted a sensible course in leaving the public to decide whether there is to be a Dr. Johnson Centenary. My own impression is that these Centenaries are rather overdone. Johnson was born at Lichfield, but he was essentially a Londoner. Instead, therefore, of wasting money in theatrical mummeries at this provincial town, I should think that it would be more practical—if the requisite funds can be obtained—to erect a statue of him in London. If I am not mistaken, he himself thought Boswell a fool for the share which he took in a Shakespeare demonstration at Stratford.

I cannot say that I think either of the designs for the decoration of the dome of St. Paul's, which are now placed *in situ* (Mr. Poynter's on the north and Mr. Hugh Stannus's on the south) are very successful. I am told that the works can only be seen properly by going up to the Whispering Gallery, but that is only another form of condemnation; for, after all, the dome is meant to be seen not from the gallery but from the body of the church. The truth is that the designs are over ambitious and aim at too much detail, whilst they should have been content with masses of light and simple figures. A few large angels and saints looking out from gold back-grounds, such as those in St. Mark's, at Venice, would have been far more effective.

The Bishop of Worcester lately set a most honourable example to Churchmen—indeed, to Christians of all denominations—by sending a cheque for £10 to the minister of a Primitive Methodist congregation in Worcester, towards liquidating the floating debt on his chapel. Nevertheless, a correspondent of the *Church Times* has the bad grace to sneer at the act, and to talk about raising £10 to counteract the effect of the bishop's subsidy to "the enemy." This precious letter is headed, "The Bishop of Worcester's way of strengthening the Church." It strikes me the bishop has a much more practical knowledge of the way to strengthen the Church than his critic.

I hear that the Dean of Gloucester, who is in his eighty-eighth year, is about to publish a theological work, this being his fifteenth production. The volume is to be dedicated to Lord Cairns, who is the Dean's neighbour at Bournemouth. As Dr. Law hardly ever visits the Cathedral over which he is supposed to preside, and as he has long been incapacitated from duty, it is a pity that he does not resign his stall. It is a very general opinion at Gloucester that he ought to have done so many years ago.

The Hon. and Rev. M. F. St. John, who has accepted the residentiary stall of Gloucester, which became vacant by the death of Canon Lyttelton, has agreed to reside in Gloucester for eight months in each year, so he will shortly resign the vicarage of Kempsford, which is in the gift of the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, and is worth about

£600 a year. This living was held for many years by the Bishop of Ely, who resigned it when he was appointed to the vicarage of Leeds, in succession to the present Bishop of Hereford. Canon St. John is to be installed next week, but he will not be officially in "residence" before April.

The Bishop of Lincoln has been ordered to abstain from all work for the next three months. Dr. Wordsworth hopes to be able to resume his duties in January, but if he then finds that he is unequal to the work of the diocese, he will at once make arrangements to resign his See.

It is a pity that the honoured name of Lightfoot should be tarnished by association with any sort of mean or unworthy conduct. But Archdeacon Lightfoot, of Wellingborough, has displayed a spirit of bigotry and intolerance which would have befitted the Middle Ages. He has refused to allow an organist to play in his church because he had previously officiated in a Congregational Chapel, and, not content with that, he informed the offending musician that he was cut off from all the offices and ministrations of the Church. This is not the first time, I understand, that the Archdeacon has acted thus. He justifies himself on the ground that it his duty to oppose heresy and schism, and no doubt he thinks he is "doing God service." But a system which can engender such a spirit stands self-condemned, and cannot long survive in an age like this.

In consecrating a new cemetery last week, the Bishop of Manchester made some sensible observations upon the working of the Burials Act. He pointed out that by the removal of what had formerly constituted a constant irritation, a great source of bitterness between Church people and members of other communities had been satisfactorily abolished, and that the feelings of alarm and dread with which the reform had been anticipated by a large section of Churchmen had proved to be perfectly groundless, both as affecting the best interests of the Church itself, and the cause of religion generally. In insisting upon the wisdom of the legislation which had served to prevent the periodical exhibition in the hour of death of sectarian animosity, his lordship's remarks were particularly happy, and should be laid to heart by certain mutinous members of the clergy.

The Rev. J. Lee Warner, Rector of Tarrant Gunville, recommends himself to the favourable notice of the Bishop of Salisbury by writing "indignantly" to the *Guardian* to defend that prelate from the "attack" of Truth ("a scurrilous publication") on the charge of nepotism. I rather think that the "old age" of the Bishop would be more "honoured" if he had before this resigned a post to the duties of which he has for some time been quite unequal; and I may add that this is the opinion of many personages to whom Mr. Lee Warner would listen with obsequious acquiescence. I have no hesitation in charging the Bishop with nepotism in the case of the living of Leigh, which ought to have been given to some deserving curate (there are more than a score who have worked long and hard in the diocese), instead of to a young clergyman who was only recently brought into the diocese to act as chaplain or secretary to the Bishop. Mr. Lee Warner's zeal is considerably in excess of his knowledge, and he must be an exceedingly foolish person, or he would be aware that the present position of the Bishop of Salisbury is absolutely indefensible.

Did he read the strong article which appeared only a few months ago in the *Guardian* on the subject of aged bishops. If it did not point to Dr. Moberly, I shall be glad to learn at whom it *was* aimed? Dr. Moberly is a distinguished man, and has done good work in his day, and his true friends (and, indeed, all except parasites and interested persons) must lament that he has not thought proper to resign his see. These are not days when an important diocese can be confided by an incapacitated prelate to the charge of an ex-Colonial Bishop. What on earth was the use of passing the Retirement Act if aged and infirm prelates pertinaciously refuse to avail themselves of its very liberal provisions?

Lord Lyttelton has offered the important rectory of Hagley to the Rev. W. C. Gibbs, Vicar of Abingdon. Mr. Gibbs is a son of the late Mr. Gibbs, of Tyntesfield, who was a munificent benefactor of Keble College, and I hear that Lord Lyttelton has offered him the living by the advice of his brother-in-law, the Warden of Keble.

The two new appointments of Assistant-Masters at Eton keep up the policy of "as-you-were," which was marked by Dr. Warre's selection as Head-master; for both Mr. Rowlatt and Mr. Inge were, I understand, Eton and King's men. Mr. Inge is a son of the Provost of Worcester at Oxford, and has been for a short time assistant-master at Winchester. The new masters are, I believe, both of them excellently well qualified by academical attainments, but I should have thought it would have been better to introduce some new blood. Most of the public schools, however, follow the same line in this matter, with the inevitable result of a certain narrowness of view. This reminds me of an unkind description once given of a member of the Alpine Club, who "having begun his education at Eton and King's, and completed it at the top of the Jungfrau, naturally regarded the universe as an equilateral triangle, the three sides of which were formed by his school, his college, and the Alps, while he himself was the apex."

On the 9th of October it is proposed to open the Pusey House at Oxford. In 1841 Dr. Pusey wrote to Mr. Hope Scott as follows:—

> What penances do persons who have the guidance of consciences employ for persons whose temptations are almost entirely spiritual, of delicate frames often, and who wish to be led on to perfection? I see in a spiritual writer that even for such corporeal severities are not to be neglected, but so many of them are unsafe. I suspect the discipline to be one of the safest, and, with internal humiliation, the best. Could you procure and send me one? What was described to me was of a *very* sacred character: five cords each with five knots.

I wonder whether a stock of these disciplines forms part of the instruments of training at Pusey House.

Sir William Jenner and Sir James Paget are endeavouring to force on an arrangement by which the College of Surgeons will benefit at the expense of young medical practitioners. The latter can now obtain a general certificate of proficiency, after having passed certain examinations, at a cost of about £16. It is proposed to make the examination for surgeons a separate one, at the cost of an additional £21. The present single certificate

embraces medicine, surgery, midwifery, &c., and satisfies the Poor Law Board; there seems, therefore, no reason for the change, except to benefit the coffers of the College of Surgeons.

I have been asked to publish the following correspondence between Lord Saltoun and Mr. Haweis. Lord Saltoun writes:—

I have just seen the article in the *Contemporary Review* of this month by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, in which he mentions that the late Duke of Wellington once said to him, "By the way, do you know that the famous 'Up Guards and at them!' is not my father's at all, but Lord Saltoun's, and the right words are, 'Up Guards, and fire low'?"

But it is, at least, doubtful whether these words were ever used by any one in either form, for, in a letter from my uncle, the late Lord Saltoun, of date January 19, 1838, to Captain Siborn, who was then engaged upon the model of the Battle of Waterloo, and had applied to him for information, occurs the following passage:—"Your last point is whether the Duke made use of the words, 'Up Guards and at them!' I did not hear him, nor do I know any person, nor ever heard of any person, that did. It is a matter of no sort of importance. It has become current with the world as the cheering speech of a great man to his troops, and is certainly not worth a controversy. If you have got it I should let it stand."

However this may be, the late Duke of Wellington was certainly under a misapprehension in attributing the words to Lord Saltoun, for it is impossible that he should have given any order, or addressed any words to the Brigade of 1st Guards, as it was under General Maitland, and he was in command of only a portion of it, the 3rd Battalion; but what he did say on the occasion is related in the "History of the Grenadier Guards," by General Sir F. W. Hamilton, K.C.B., where, after describing the terrible effect of the well-sustained fire of the Brigade of Guards, at so short a distance, upon the heads of the French columns, he proceeds:—"The confusion into which the enemy's columns were now thrown became every moment more manifest, and the Duke, seizing the opportunity, ordered Maitland to charge, which order was instantly obeyed. At the same time Saltoun, equally alive to the real state of the enemy's columns, shouted to his battalion, 'Now's the time, my boys!' This brigade answered with a cheer, and, led by Maitland, Saltoun, Reeves, and Gunthorpe, who placed themselves in front, sprang forward to the charge, and as they continued down the hill in pursuit of the Imperial Guard, they passed over a hedge of dead and dying bodies that lay in front of the position they had so gloriously defended."

Mr. Haweis replies:—

"I can understand the Waterloo Saltoun's reluctance to lay claim, publicly, to any words which he found passing current as the Great Duke's, especially during his lifetime. He probably knew the Duke's extreme sensitiveness about Waterloo. He never could bear to hear even the Marquis of Anglesea speak of it as '*Our* battle.' But I believe that the late Duke's statement to me was, nevertheless, correct, and I think I can give a rather curious confirmation of his accuracy. In 1841, Professor Ella, whilst at Philorth on a visit to the late Lord Saltoun, happened to be seated after dinner next to Lord Douro (the late Duke of Wellington). Says Ella to Lord Douro, "Can you tell me whether your illustrious father ever said those words at Waterloo—'Up Guards and at them?'"

"No such thing," said Lord Douro. "My father was a great deal too far off to say anything of the kind; but you ask Saltoun what *he* said."

Lord Saltoun, thus appealed to, replied, "The words I used when Maitland ordered the charge were, 'Up Guards, and *fire low!*'"

Says Ella, "May I ask why you said 'Fire low?'"

"Because," replied Saltoun, "when men are nervous or excited, they always fire over the enemies' heads."

Lord Saltoun had four horses killed under him in the garden, during his defence of Hougomont. Later on, a general officer being killed, Maitland promoted Saltoun to the important post in the 1st Brigade which he occupied at the close of the great day. So unexpected was this move, that Waterloo despatches attributed Saltoun's charge to the General who had been killed. Whether or not he said "Now's the time, my boys!" according to Sir F. W. Hamilton, is immaterial; but it is certain that he was in a position of high command; and as to his very words, it seems, on the whole, unnecessary to doubt the late Duke's accuracy or that of Professor Ella, who was long and intimately acquainted with the Waterloo Saltoun, and is happily alive to give chapter and verse to what I can hardly call the above correction.

It seems a very doubtful question whether Lord Wolseley was justified in writing to Lieutenant Armit to assure him that he will aid him in starting an opposition newspaper to the *Army and Navy Gazette* by becoming himself a writer in it, all the more as the letter was written when Lieutenant Armita was the paid servant of Dr. Russell, the editor of the *Army and Navy Gazette*. It strikes me that Lord Wolseley's letter was a private one, and that he will be surprised to see it published as a puff for the contemplated new Service journal, which evidently, owing to its connection with the Horse Guards being thus made public, will lack all independence.

There is a complaint that Highland regiments are unable to obtain recruits. But do the authorities go the proper way to work to induce men to join these corps? If the Highland regiments were more widely distributed in the different Scotch towns during their tour of home service, the War Office martinets would find an appreciable improvement. At present there are six Highland corps serving at home, and they are distributed as follows: 71st Highland Light Infantry, Dublin; 72nd Duke of Albany's Own Highlanders, Parkhurst, Isle of Wight; 73rd Perthshire, Aldershot; 74th Highlanders, Devonport; 92nd Gordon Highlanders, Devonport; 93rd Sutherland Highlanders, Portsmouth. And this while Inverness, Fort George, Aberdeen, Perth, Dundee, and Stirling all have garrison accommodation.

The need of a definite dress for field service is most urgent. During the past week frequent inquiries have been made as to what dress is to be worn in the Soudan, and nobody seems to know. Some are in *khaki*, others in grey, others in red, and some in blue. What is wanted is a field dress which an officer can have made once and for all, and know it will be only varied in material with the climate. To-day the English officer is elaborately dressed in peace, but in war the army becomes a most extraordinary sight. Every one follows his own whim, and disorder is the result. Surely, with all the sittings of the Dress Committees, something should be settled by this time. I venture to think that a committee of three Scotch deer-stalkers would devise a dress in a few hours that would fulfil all requirements.

I think the warrant rank which stands between the existing sergeants and the officers of our army is capable of great development. In the commissariat service these important officials are counted by the dozen, but hardly any exist in the rest of the army. They practically correspond with the foremen who in so many factories fill most trusted positions. We keep up a swarm of subalterns, to provide for whose promotion we are compelled to devise all kinds of compulsory retirements, running up a very heavy charge for non-effective services. The subaltern ranks require a considerable thinning, and in their stead warrant officers are needed in every troop and company to do ordinary routine duties. Such positions would keep our good men with us in the ranks and aid recruiting. If the four-company system does not suit our army, the six companies to the battalion would probably work well and afford ample scope for diminishing the number of officers, increasing their pay, and developing a large body of warrant officers.

Continual complaints are made by the soldiers of the Woolwich garrison of the bad character of the rations issued to them. The meat is frequently uneatable, and the bread is of poor quality. The inspection by the board of officers is so perfunctory in character as to be a mere sham, and it is really injurious, as it stifles all complaints by the men. One would like to ask, Does the General ever

inspect the rations at uncertain times, and so stimulate the contractors to good service? Is there any inspection by the medical officer of health, as in civil markets, and has the power to condemn bad supplies?

But, in truth, what is wanted is that a sub-committee of the sergeants and men in every garrison should assist the garrison board in their inspection, and this sub-committee should have power to record their opinion. This system works well in India, and it stands to reason that the men who have to eat the food will be careful in seeing that it is fit for consumption. The officer, with his excellent mess arrangements, has never to eat the rations he passes as good; if he had, all perfunctory discharge of his inspection duties would soon cease. Let us trust the soldier more, and good will surely come of it.

It was proposed to employ Baker Pasha in connection with Lord Wolseley's expedition to Egypt, but the project was peremptorily vetoed by the Queen. I hear that her Majesty took advantage of the opportunity to announce that her decision on this subject is unalterable, and, therefore, she wishes to hear no more about it. The personages who urged in favour of General Baker were sharply snubbed.

The prize-list of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, for the last session has just been published. It is noticeable that of the six prizes offered for proficiency in various subjects, only two were presented, viz., those for foreign languages, and marine engineering and naval architecture. In the other four subjects, pure and applied mathematics, physics and chemistry, navigation, nautical astronomy and marine surveying, and fortifications and other military subjects, the requisite standard was not reached. Are naval officers deteriorating, or is the required proficiency too great?

Since my mention of the *Agamemnon* last week, the Admiralty have decided to send the ship to China as soon as her torpedo defence fittings can be got ready. Seeing the state of things in China, it is a pity that the Admiralty could not have found a ship to despatch without delay. The *Temeraire*, for instance, could very well have been spared from the Mediterranean, I should have thought. The *Agamemnon* will be the largest war-ship ever sent through the Suez Canal. At any rate, that portion of her voyage will settle all doubts as to her steering capability.

Whenever one of her Majesty's vessels of war is commissioned for service, or re-commissioned, as the case may be, according to the Admiralty regulations, and as common sense would suggest, she has to be inspected and pronounced on as to her fitness for sea, and the general condition of her hull, engines, furniture, &c. A correspondent assures me, however, that instead of the ship being thoroughly overhauled and examined from hurricane-deck to keel, in the majority of instances the so-called "inspection" is a mere pretence and a farce. The inspecting officer—generally the Port-Admiral or his deputy—simply walks round the upper deck, accompanied by the captain and one of the ship's officers, hurriedly dives below, looks into the cook's galley, and, after a hasty glance round 'tween decks, withdraws for a glass of wine and a biscuit (not a ship's biscuit) to the captain's cabin. It seems to me that H.M.S. *Dryad*, at present on the East India station, must at least have been inspected after this fashion, for, according to a morning paper, "The Admiralty have directed the *Kingfisher* to be recommissioned for the relief of H.M.S. *Dryad*, which has been ordered to return to England immediately, on account of the rotten state of her hull. The *Dryad* is a nine-gun wooden sloop, and was only re commissioned last January for three years' service." Now, if this latter assertion be really and indeed the fact, surely an exemplary punishment should be meted out to whoever is responsible for her "inspection."

The appointment of a certain naval officer for service with cadets on board H.M.S. *Britannia* has been the subject of much adverse comment in naval circles. The officer in question has been specially favoured by "My Lords," he having already been serving at home for the last seven years. Their Lordships are very chary of breaking the Regulations, even in exceptional cases, where officers not in the swim at Whitehall are concerned, but it seems as though they had very little compunction in infringing rules of their own making when it is to advance the interests of one of their own set.

Mr. W. H. Smith's letter in Tuesday's *Times*, suggesting a Committee to inquire into the efficiency of the Navy deserves serious consideration. When there is a debate on Navy Estimates in the House of Commons, those not possessing technical knowledge learn very little beyond a conviction that money is squandered, and that somehow or other the Navy is not what it ought to be. The "ins" insist that this is the fault of the "outs," and the "outs" retort the charge on the "ins." The Radical creed has always been that we ought to have a Navy able to hold its own against all comers, and to insure the protection of our coasts and of our commerce against any combination which may be formed. I would, however, point out to Mr. Smith and to his Jingo friends that taxation has its limits, and that, mainly owing to them, the money which would have given us good ships has been fooled away in Afghan, Zulu, and Egyptian expeditions, or in aiding our "ancient ally," the Sultan, to oppress the nationalities that groan under his rule. Once let these gentlemen admit that the British Empire must be maintained and defended on the sea, and they will find that Radicals—irrespective of party—will give them their cordial support.

Mr. Gladstone by no means enjoys the monopoly of inventing substitutes for the word "war." A French newspaper has collected the following phrases employed by M. Ferry for the same purpose. There is no war in Tonquin, but only a "state of reprisals," a "capture of

Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street Grosvenor-square.

Iron Wine Bins.—The original makers. Medal and Five Awards, Sydney Exhibition, 1880. Farrow & Jackson, 16, Great Tower-street; 8, Haymarket, London. Illustrated Price Lists post free.

pledges," a "system of intelligent destruction"; whilst the so-called "war" against the Kroumirs was really "an enforcement of police," "an operation of gendarmerie," "a salutary demonstration," and "an operation for recalling ill-disciplined bands to their duty." The French Academy will have to add a page to the next edition of its Dictionary for all the synonyms of "guerre."

It seems that at Llandudno the French system of families bathing together, which I have commended in these columns, is in vogue. But, until the other day, some of the notables of the place were ignorant of this arrangement. A member of the Board of Commissioners complained that a male teacher of swimming was permitted to visit the ladies' bathing-place. It came out in the conversation, that the ladies went to bathe among the gentlemen. The Chairman of the Board was horrified. Now, will he be consistent, and refuse to allow his wife or daughters to attend a ball or a dinner-party in evening dress, or decline himself to be present at such entertainments unless ladies appear in walking costume?

I see that the Catholic Committee for the Improvement of the Dwellings of the Poor are appealing for funds, in order to be able to put into repair certain premises in Duke's-court, Drury-lane, of which they have taken a lease from the Duke of Bedford. Now, I have the greatest respect for Cardinal Manning and the other gentlemen engaged in the work, but I must say that on the face of it their appeal looks rather like "a rate in aid" of the Duke of Bedford. Before subscribing, one would like to know how it was that the Duke allowed his property to fall into an insanitary condition, and why the necessary repairs were not at once carried out by himself, instead of being left to public charity.

Another Billingsgate abuse! A fish-porter was drowned one day last week whilst landing a cargo from a steamer. Four other porters also fell into the water, which was hardly surprising, seeing that they had to walk from the steamer to the quay with the boxes of fish on their backs, along a narrow plank. Similar accidents, it appears, often take place, as the swell of passing vessels naturally causes the planks to wobble, if not to fall bodily into the water. Seeing that the Corporation makes a profit of something like £10,000 a-year out of Billingsgate, I quite agree with the coroner's jury that it is "scandalous" of the Market Committee not to prevent such "accidental deaths" by providing proper landing arrangements.

Sir Edward Watkin and Mr. Forbes have been greatly wronged. An idea has always prevailed that a pronounced rivalry—not to say hostility—existed between these two great men. Mr. Forbes took occasion, at the Inner Circle completion festivities, the other day, to give the lie to this libel. The differences of himself and Sir Edward, said Mr. Forbes, were "slight, and only on the surface. In all substantial matters there was perfect union between them." Sir Edward did not reply that, on the whole, he preferred Mr. Forbes to his own brother, but no doubt those were his sentiments. In fact, henceforth the two chairmen will pose as modern Siamese twins, with the Inner Circle completion as their bond of union. For the sake of universal brotherhood, I hope the "perfect union" will not be marred next session by Mr. Forbes again trying to run a Chatham and Dover line to Folkestone, or by Sir Edward Watkin persevering in his attempt to connect Praed-street with Westminster Bridge. If they would be good enough to fuse themselves into one Chairman, the shareholders of the two Metropolitan lines would financially gain by the phenomenon.

During the last week, St. James's Park has presented what is for London an unwonted sight. The water has been drawn off the lake, and hundreds of urchins from the slums of Westminster have been daily dabbling barefooted in the mud and the puddles, in a manner suggestive of Herne Bay or Margate. The children have enjoyed themselves; but the empty bed of the lake under such a sun as we have had lately must be the reverse of a healthy playground. The authorities are, of course, not answerable for the sun; but they might very well have put off the cleaning of the lake till there was a chance of cooler weather. When the water was first drawn off, the smell was simply pestilential.

As all modes of successfully treating cholera are interesting at present, I give the following extract from a letter:—

> Whilst the 78th Highlanders' were stationed at Bombay some years ago, an outbreak of cholera occurred, and the regiment suffered severely. The doctors were unable to give proper attendance to all the sufferers. A young lieutenant, desirous of alleviating the suffering around him, and hearing or imagining that heat applied to the stomach was a good remedy, administered internally to each sufferer for whom the doctor had not time to prescribe, a mixture of brandy and cayenne pepper. Strange as it may appear, these efforts were attended with remarkable success, for no man so treated died. The mixture was set alight before being drunk, but I am unaware whether this was prior to or after the addition of the cayenne pepper; the flames, of course, were extinguished before the mixture was swallowed.

The miners of Lanarkshire held a meeting at Hamilton, on Thursday, for the purpose of forming an "Anti-royalty League." In the course of the proceedings it was stated that last year the Duke of Hamilton received £114,487 as "royalty" from the coal-fields around Hamilton, which extend to 9,000 acres. It is estimated that the four upper seams of these mines contain one hundred and twenty-three million tons. The output last year by 12,000 miners was 2,289,647 tons.

I have seldom read of so gross a case of cowardly inhumanity as that which came to light at an inquest at Wye a few days ago. A party of men had been drinking together, and one of them made a wager that he would swim across the River Stour. The man, it appears, was drunk, and promptly began to drown. A stranger tried to rescue him, but without success; whilst the ruffian who had made the wager remarked that "the fellow meant to drown;" and drowned he consequently was before the eyes of the whole party, who then returned to the public-house for "another glass." The coroner's jury had to content themselves with censuring the inhuman conduct of the men, who certainly have good reason to rejoice that the law accepts the distinction drawn in Clough's "New Decalogue":—

> Thou shalt not kill, but need'st not strive
> Officiously to keep alive.

An applicant at the Hammersmith Police-court a day or two ago called the magistrate's attention to a new form of torture which is inflicted on the London householder. Cock-crowing, organ-grinding, beggar's-screeching, German bands, these the householder has always with him, but to be awakened at five o'clock every morning by calls of "sweep" is a fresh horror. It unfortunately appears to resemble the others in admitting of no certain legal remedy, and the magistrate could only recommend "writing to the newspapers"—a measure which, I am afraid, would have about as much effect on the sweeps as on the cocks. Cold water would, I should think, be more useful in both cases—certainly in the former.

Many have been exercised by an announcement that certain men were arrested and fined for gambling with monkeys at Doncaster. This is how the game is played :—The speculator sells twenty-four tickets, variously coloured, at 1s. each. He then places the same number of balls, coloured like the tickets, in a bag. The monkey then comes forward and draws one out. This represents the winning ticket, and the owner receives one pound.

Certain "lucky balls" have turned out rather unlucky for a Manchester confectioner. This gentleman announced a sale of lucky balls containing half-crowns, florins, shillings, sixpences, and coppers, and said that they were all prizes. But he found himself before the magistrates, who told him that he was liable to a heavy penalty, though they let him off on his promising not to repeat the offence. Now, if this man had done the very same thing at a bazaar the police would have winked at it. There is evidently one law for people at bazaars and another for common tradesmen.

A Mr. Manning had an unwelcome lesson in Mansion House justice last Friday. He is a contractor, and happened to pass down Farringdon-street at the moment when a carman in his service, named Norman, was grossly ill-using one of his horses. Having seen Norman strike the horse four violent blows on the nose with his clenched fist, Mr. Manning interfered, and stopped the fifth blow by striking the carman. Both parties consequently appeared at the Mansion House, when the Lord Mayor, of whom I should have expected better things, fined Norman five shillings and Manning ten. At the Mansion House, therefore, a cowardly assault on a horse is measured at about fifteenpence a blow, while a single blow in defence of the horse costs half-a-sovereign.

Even reporters sometimes make unfortunate mistakes. In a recent case beforc Mr. Mansfield, upon which I commented last week, and in which a girl named Clara Govier was prosecuted by a Mr. Phillips for assault, it was reported that the latter was the father of her five children ; hence the reason for the manner she persecuted him. It appears, however, that her statement to that effect was denied at the time by the prosecutor, and that, as a matter of fact, the girl has no children. This explanation clearly accounts for the determination of the magistrate to sentence her to two months' hard labour.

To all who Shoot or Travel.—Visit Ulster House, Conduit-street, and see B. Benjamin & Son's Specialties. Pamphlet on application.

According to a case heard by the Stratford Magistrates last week, there seems to be another side to the question of female rights. A woman, who was known to be habitually drunken and dissipated, and her husband, who was, naturally enough, described as "irritable" under such circumstances, were bound over to keep the peace towards each other. The woman was the husband-beater, and the police were constantly called from their duties to quell her disturbances. Were the case reversed, the wife could get a separate maintenance ; but what is the husband to do ?

Raiatea is one of the Society Islands, and is under a native government. A few months ago the Reverend Albert Pearce, the representative of the London Church Missionary Society, issued a code of laws which are binding on natives and upon all foreigners in the island. The latter have sent a complaint to the Church Missionary Society of the action of their representative, and it would be well if the Society would issue orders to all its representatives to leave to Cæsar the things which appertain to Cæsar. The code is entirely at variance with all ideas of civil, social, political, and religious liberty. Lately Messrs. Ross and Swain played a game at cards ; they were at once taken before some sort of Court and fined. As they refused to pay the fine, they were turned out of the island, and a boat belonging to them was confiscated. Missionaries are only useful when they carefully avoid meddling in things temporal.

I am struck more and more by the extreme helplessness of the average Briton, when inclined or forced to travel out of his usual routine. A correspondent writes to ask what he is to do if he wants to go out of town and leave his houseful of valuables in safety. He is not satisfied with a servant in charge ; he wants a reliable *locum tenens*, with whom he would leave a servant, if necessary. If he were in Russia, he says, he would engage an "Artelschik"—from a sort of society which guarantees a supply of reliable *employés*. But in England he seems at his wits' end. Now there are plenty of places where people every bit as good as "Artelschiks," —whatever they may be—may be got to inhabit furnished houses. The average policeman and his wife, or house-agent's caretaker, may not be thought reliable enough ; but most district clergy know of middle-aged ladies of excellent antecedents and small means who are only too glad to earn a trifle. Or let my correspondent apply at the Charity Organisation Society's central offices in the Adelphi, Strand ; at Miss E. Faithfull's offices in Regent-street ; or at Miss Fay Lancaster's, 44, Berners-street, when his troubles and difficulties will soon be at an end.

Mill's remark that the Tories are "the stupid party" is one of those truths for which one sees circumstantial evidence every day, but which has never, so far as I know, been reduced to mathematical demonstration. The Democrats in the United States are ahead of us in this matter, for they have elaborated a mathematical proof to show that their opponents, the Republicans, are the stupid party.

"Liberty" Art Fabrics.—Original designs for Curtains, Chintz, Upholstery and Furniture Stuffs. Patterns post-free Regent-st., W.

This is how they do it. According to the last census there were 1,871,217 male citizens in the States unable to write. Of these, 1,008,302 were coloured, and of the coloured voters the Republicans secure nine-tenths. Assuming the illiterate whites to be evenly divided between the two parties, this gives the Republicans a majority of 800,000 in illiteracy.

The Oxford Liberals, who have for some time been looking about them for candidates, have, at last, made an excellent choice in Mr. E. E. Bowen, the best-known of the Harrow masters, and the guiding spirit of the "modern side" there. Mr. Bowen made a plucky attempt at the last election to take the borough of Hertford out of Lord Salisbury's pocket, and he is a first-rate speaker. A second candidate is not yet chosen, and, perhaps, will not be wanted. As any spare seats will be "gladly accepted" in the redistribution scheme, it would not be a bad thing to mulct all "corrupt boroughs" in one of their members.

A word about "Hideous Hertford":—

Sir,—Happening to be in Hertford to-day, I called on the editor and proprietor of the local journal, *The Herts Guardian*, and asked him to supply me with copies of his paper containing articles or correspondence on the subject of the deplorable condition of certain quarters of that town as recently described in the columns of Truth. He replied that "as yet he had not printed a single line upon the subject." He added, however, that the matter was "under consideration." "Will not your references to 'hideous Hertford' be rather late?" I inquired. "Rather," he answered, "but it is not my fault; when the article in Truth appeared, I wrote to the Marquis's agent, to ask him whether he thought that his Lordship would have any objection to my quoting it in *The Guardian*, but I have not yet received his reply." The editor or proprietor then produced the number of Truth containing the article referred to, and very courteously offered to allow me to look at it, expressing at the same time his regret that he was unable to give me precisely what I wanted. The *Guardian* is a handsomely printed and well-conducted eight-page sheet, devoted to the Conservative cause, and reputed to enjoy a good circulation in this locality. It seems, however, pretty clear that without the express permission of the Marquis of Salisbury, whose name is great in Hertford, it cannot be much relied on for awakening the chief town of the county of Herts to a sense of its shortcomings in the matter of poor people's dwellings or sanitary arrangements, Yours, &c.,

Sept. 15. T.

Radicals, rejoice! I bring you glad tidings of great joy. Mr. Gladstone and his principal colleagues have been so impressed with the attitude of the country towards the House of Lords that it has been determined to take energetic action, should the Lords throw out the Franchise Bill in the autumn session. If it be thrown out by a small majority, there will be a creation of Peers—if by a large majority, the House of Commons will be asked to express its views as to the future position of the House of Lords in the Constitution, either by resolution or by address to the Crown. Should a Dissolution be deemed advisable after the autumn session, the country will be consulted, not as to the House of Commons, but as to the House of Lords. I believe that her Majesty's assent has been given to this bellicose policy, and it would not entirely surprise me were the Royal Dukes to be found voting with the Liberals in the autumn.

The minor will, therefore, give place to the major. As I have always said, it is impossible to arouse enthusiasm against the Lords expressing their views upon a Bill by their votes, if the Liberal leaders protest against any action being taken tending to put an end to the power of the House of Lords for future mischief. Lord Salisbury's clever tactical move must be met by a change of front on the part of the Liberals. This has proved to be the view taken at every Liberal gathering, and had Mr. Gladstone either dissolved on the Franchise Bill, or merely brought it in a third time next year, a feeling would have grown up that leaders who will not fight are not worth fighting for.

A reform of the House of Lords, in the sense of an election of Lords by Lords, or in the sense of a small admixture of life members, would be undesirable; for the Chamber would still remain Conservative and obstructive, whilst its power would be augmented. I should greatly prefer its abolition to reducing its action to a suspensive veto. But in this country we proceed step by step, and if Mr. Gladstone proposes a suspensive veto, he ought to be supported by all Radicals.

One great advantage of this suspensive over an absolute veto will be that it will pave the way for the final political extinction of the House of Lords. If its members use the suspensive veto except on the rarest occasions, they will be regarded as pernicious and troublesome obstructives who, having been prevented from biting, annoy their fellow-citizens by barking, and a Bill will be brought in for their abolition. This Bill they will not be able to hinder from passing, for if they throw it out when submitted to them, it will be carried a second time in the House of Commons, and become law without their assent.

Under these circumstances, the hands of Mr. Gladstone should be strengthened by resolutions being passed at all Liberal meetings calling upon him to clip the wings of the Lords. Merely to pass resolutions in favour of the Franchise Bill is a waste of time. The Bill will take care of itself. The war must be carried into Carthage. My only fear is that the Carthaginians will shirk the issue by abjectly eating the leek in the autumn. Cheerfully would I vote at any Conservative meeting in favour of a resolution imploring them to stand firm.

Speaking of meetings, it is a pity that the London papers do not report many of the gems of eloquence of the minor Conservative lights. Here is the report of a speech delivered by the Hon. and Reverend L. Irby in seconding a vote of thanks to Lord Carnarvon at a Conservative picnic in Hedsor Park, as reported in the *South Hants Free Press*:—

The Hon. and Rev. L. Irby, who said he had come 100 miles to attend that meeting, seconded the motion. In the course of his remarks he said he thought they would agree with him that his nephew, Lord Boston—of whom he was very proud—was "a very promising pup." (Laughter and cheers.) He stated that the present Government got into office at the last election by "evil speaking, lying, and slandering"—these words were in the Catechism—and concluded by putting to his hearers a conundrum. The original was, "Why does the grand old man wear such high shirt-collars?" but he preferred to put it thus, "Why does the grand old artful dodger wear such high shirt-collars?" The answer was, "To hide his infernal cheek." (Great laughter.)

Excellent as Mr. Trevelyan's speeches are, I doubt whether the Conservatives will accept the premiss in his argument against their attempting to turn the Liberals out of office. Mr. Trevelyan asks whether they can expect to have a majority exclusive of Ireland. I do not think that they would; but as only ten years ago the country returned

a large Conservative majority, Conservatives may reasonably imagine that they will do so again.

A few months before the election of 1874, the Liberals were probably in a majority. Yet the election went against them. So, again, had Lord Beaconsfield dissolved immediately after his "peace with honour" tomfoolery, he probably would have had a majority. Yet at the election which took place not many months later, he was hopelessly defeated. To predicate, therefore, the result of a General Election is idle.

"Could the Conservatives hope for the Irish vote," Mr. Trevelyan asks, "without assenting to the full programme of Mr. Parnell?" Here again they may say:—"The Irish possibly will make the calculation that Liberals out of office are more likely to vote against Coercion Bills than when in office, whilst perhaps Mr. Parnell and his friends will assent to keep us in power for a few years, on condition that we vote large sums for public works and for buying out the landlords." In any estimate of the political future we must take these contingencies into consideration.

The Tory newspapers complain that there was nothing novel in Sir Stafford Northcote's speeches in Scotland. I hardly, however, see what poor Sir Stafford could have said which had not already been said a hundred times. The very last people to twit politicians for a want of novelty in their utterances on the Franchise question are journalists. For months they have been playing the same tune on the same hand-organ, and they are perforce obliged to go on grinding out assertions and arguments which are by this time worn to the thread. Disagreeing, as I do, entirely with Sir Stafford, his speeches struck me as neat, and as containing much that's oft been said, but ne'er so well expressed.

On the other hand, the Jingo organs profess to be agreeably surprised that Mr. John Morley expressed himself in favour of the integrity of the Empire the other day at Newcastle; and yet neither Mr. Morley nor any other Radical has ever declared himself averse to the full maintenance of our rights abroad, or to money being expended in such precautionary measures as may place us in a position to hold our own against the world.

What Radicals object to is further extension of our Empire in Africa, Asia, Polynesia, or anywhere else, and to our meddling in European disputes which do not concern us. Commercially, they hold that there should be no wall around our Empire; politically, that there should be a Chinese wall, and that we should limit ourselves to taking good care that our neighbours do not encroach within this wall.

With respect to Egypt, what is the Radical view? We hold that we have a perfect right to insist upon the absolute neutrality of the Suez Canal, because it is the connecting link between the East and the West. But we see no grounds why our blood and treasure should have been expended in forcing this or that man on Egypt as its ruler, in maintaining the rule of Egypt over Suakim and the adjacent coast, in defending the Nile Valley against the Soudanese, or in building up this or that Government in the Soudan. Still less do we hold that we are in any way responsible for the financial condition of Egypt, or that it is our business to see that its bondholders receive the usurious interest which they would exact from that unhappy country. Far from believing that we should gain by the annexation of Egypt, we think that we should lose.

The Eastern policy of England has for many years been a foolish one. We engaged in the Crimean War to prevent Russia from obtaining paramount influence in European and Asiatic Turkey. As a result, we doomed the nationalities of the Balkan Peninsula and of Armenia to the misery of living under one of the vilest governments that ever disgraced the globe. At present we dimly perceive that, even supposing that it concerns us that Russia should not acquire paramount influence in Turkey, there is no chance of this taking place, owing to the rivalry of Austria. The money expended on the Crimean War, and that expended by Lord Beaconsfield after the treaty of San Stefano, has been absolutely wasted.

So, too, has been the money spent in Egypt. What have we gained? Are the Egyptians better off? They are not. Are we in a better position in Egypt than we were before we meddled in its affairs? Precisely the reverse. We are hated by the Egyptians, we are distrusted by Europe, and, as Mr. Gladstone pointed out would be the case, we have seriously imperilled our good relations with France. Every shilling spent has been an argument for spending a further shilling. We sent Gordon into the Soudan, and now we are sending an army to enable Gordon to withdraw. *Cui bono?*

India we hold. We intend to hold it. It has a mountain frontier to the north. Beyond these mountains there are semi-civilised tribes in deserts. Far from protesting against Russia civilizing them, or converting these deserts into fruitful lands, we ought to rejoice at her doing so. In any case, whether we rejoice or not, we ought not to interfere, but simply to point to our mountain wall and say "No further."

The old doctrine of the Liberals was non-intervention. We recognised that Continental Powers have to watch each other, owing to their being Continental Powers; and when they quarrelled we kept aloof, because, being an island, what may have been a necessity for them was no necessity for us. To this policy we ought to revert. It is that pursued by the United States. In the East, we should make an intimate alliance with Greece the cornerstone of our policy, instead of setting up Khedives in Egypt, who become loathed because they represent an attempt to force our views and civilisation upon a Mahometan population, and instead of saying "hands off" to Austria and to Russia. We should thus have for allies, not Sultans or Khedives, but a free, intelligent, and progressive nation; and provided that we take good care to maintain a formidable and efficient navy, we should be sufficiently powerful in the Levant to ensure our commerce navigating in safety between the East and the West. What more do our interests require?

Lord Northbrook, by the tenor of his instructions, is to report upon the financial position of Egypt. His first step should be to clear Gordon out of the Soudan. Having done this, we ought to withdraw entirely from the Soudan, and leave the Egyptians to defend the Nile Valley. His next step should be to establish some sort of Council of Notables in Egypt, who would be the Government of that country. With regard to finance, he should simply suspend all payment of interest upon the bonded debt, until the floating debt has been paid off out of revenue. Egypt, we have solemnly declared, cannot pay the present interest upon her bonded debt; how then can she pay it upon an augmented debt? After the floating debt is paid off, the Egyptians should enter into some sort of composition with their creditors. The best way to force on this composition is to pay nothing for the present. A floating debt has been accumulated, because the free revenue which can be legitimately raised is not sufficient to pay governmental expenses. And so long as taxation is excessive, and the greater portion of it goes to the bondholders, the financial condition of Egypt will be rotten. This proposition is so plain and simple that it would command universal assent, were it not that foreign Powers are pleased to have a bone to pick with us, and Egyptian bondholders want the inevitable collapse to be put off until they have had an opportunity to force off their bonds upon ignorant dolts.

No doubt is cast upon the authenticity of the recent despatches received from Gordon, and it is impossible to peruse them without coming to the conclusion that their author is not in full possession of his senses. How can he pretend that he cannot evacuate Khartoum if he can send a large force to attack Berber? Why should this latter town be doomed by him to destruction? Why should he encourage the Soudanese to murder the Mahdi? Why does he insist that Zobehr, with a large salary, should be sent to him? Why does he expect Turkish troops, and why will he only hand over the Soudan to them? What, too, is the meaning of the enormous sums which he is spending, or, rather, which he is promising, every day? My reading of the despatches is that he has some sort of blood feud with the Mahdi, whom he seems to hate; that he is still determined, if possible, to sacrifice everything to the pleasure of "smashing" him, and that this idea has so invaded his brain, that, provided he can obtain assistance in order to effect it, he cares neither for the Soudanese, whom he would hand over to the tender mercies of a slave-dealer and to the Turks, nor for the Government which sent him, and whose instructions he is setting at naught. Probably the secret of the demand for money is, that he has maintained his influence over the troops that are with him by large promises of money.

In any case, communications with him do not appear difficult, and Lord Wolseley, before advancing into the Soudan, should send immediate orders to him to evacuate Khartoum at once, and the order should be accompanied by directions to Colonel Stewart to replace him, if he proves disobedient. It is really too outrageous that valuable lives and millions of money should be sacrificed, because this most extraordinary General declines to obey orders. He may be of opinion that we ought to turn loose a number of Turks on the Soudanese, and to expend a thousand or two every day in raising up enemies against the Mahdi. There is no reason, however, why he should force us to act upon these views, although, of course, they find favour with those who, not satisfied with the mess in which intervention has involved us in Egypt, would have us take the future of the Soudanese on our shoulders.

A correspondent who claims that he well knows the ins-and-outs of Spanish politics, vouches for the correctness of the following:—

Important changes may soon be expected in Spain. The King has not benefited by his visit to Betelée. In fact, his disease is believed to be incurable, and the Royalists are preparing for contingencies. A marriage has been arranged between the Princess and the son of Don Carlos, and until they come of age it is proposed to constitute a regency. The ex-Queen is manœuvring to recover the Throne, and has offered the premiership to Sagasta if he will support her claim. He has lately been visiting at the summer residence of the ex-Queen. Until lately the state of the King's health was kept a profound secret. Now it is well known to the anti-dynastic parties, who also are preparing for emergencies. The Republicans are sanguine of success, and hope, by making certain concessions, to bring over the Liberals to the popular side. The Government has lost its equanimity. Several anti-Ministerial journals have lately been fined, and the rest are tightly gagged. English correspondents have noted the fact, without explaining it.

SCRUTATOR.

A LOST STATUE.

GOOD examples of sculpture are not so many in the public places of the capital that we can afford to lose even one; though of the bad and indifferent we have enough and to spare. I myself should not grieve if during one of my daily walks abroad I were to miss Brunel from the Embankment, or Cobden from High-street, Camden Town, or the Prince Consort and his straggling steed from Holborn Circus, or Queen Anne from St. Paul's Churchyard. Nor do I mourn the removal of the Iron, or rather gun-metal, Duke from Apsley Gate. Most of us are agreed that the departure of his long-suffering Majesty George I., on his three-legged charger, from Leicester-square, was a happy release; while those who are old enough to remember the Fourth "King George's statty at King's Cross," the design of which was proudly claimed in immortal verse by "The Literary Dustman," may recall emotions anything but sorrowful in reference to the time when that rubble-and-plaster dummy was cleared away.

Happening, however, to stroll the other day through Clement's Inn, a pang of regret shot through my breast when I looked for the kneeling statue of the Moor which supported a sundial in the middle of the railed garden. To my taste, that neglected production of an unknown hand seemed almost the only really beautiful piece of statuary in huge and gloomy London; and it is gone! So much concerned was I to "find only that it was not to be found," that I turned aside into an adjoining passage, and made

Screens, with tea-cup shelf on each fold, from 21s. A large variety of screens in Japanese leather paper, needlework, stained glass, and hand-painted in all sizes and styles.—C. Hindley & Sons, 290 to 294, Oxford-street, London.

Riding Habits.—Specialty of John Redfern & Sons. Ladies' Tailors by Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 26, Conduit-street, London, W. Also at Cowes and Paris.

anxious inquiry at a book-stall, where much of my silver had been sunk in years gone by. Clement's Inn, it seems, is being disposed of piece-meal, and, as nearly as I can make out, the Society is keeping the sales pretty much to itself, buying-in everything of historical or artistic value. There had been, said my informant, a "mock-auction," at which somebody had been allowed to get possession of Afric's child and his sun-dial, at a paltry price. "Mock-auction" is an ill-favoured phrase, which I cannot adopt or approve. But I must own that an auction among friends does not look to me like any auction at all, in the generally understood sense of the term. If the Society of Clement's Inn has the right to grab, for private distribution, treasures which have long conduced to please the public eye, it is a right which, in these days of improving taste and growing enlightenment, might well be waived. A grudging and surly spirit of possession ill accords with the character of a learned society, such as an Inn of Court must be deemed to be. But the question may be raised, and sturdily prosecuted, whether this ancient society—an off-shoot of the Inner Temple—can "do what it likes with its own," abjuring its obligations while enforcing its presumed rights in a manner which hardly deserves the epithet high-handed. Supposing the Apothecaries' Company, to whom Sir Hans Sloane gave the Botanic Garden at Chelsea, should take it into their heads to raffle, ballot, or draw lots for Rysbach's fine statue of their benefactor. How then? Would the public put up with the loss, and be content with a grumbling protest against the selfish act of vandalism? I think the apothecaries would not be let off so easily as the lawyers seem likely to be.

RUSKIN'S WAR PAINT.

When Ruskin puts on his war paint and mounts his pulpit he is always amusing, but hardly so edifying as he might be if he paid more attention to common sense. His disciples would probably say that he preached nothing but uncommon sense; and all must agree that whether he happens to talk sense or nonsense, he is always sure to say something uncommon. He once remarked that Mr. Whistler was evidently in the habit of throwing his paint pot at the canvas. Mr. Ruskin might similarly be accused of throwing his ink-pot at the clergy; indeed, he never now seems happy unless he is throwing his ink-pot at somebody. He probably little suspects in himself the sort of slap-dash recklessness which he is ready to impute to others, but his recent statement in some notes to Miss Alexander's "Songs of Tuscany," that "nobody but a bishop or a bank director can ever be rogue enough to deserve hanging," is, for carelessness and effrontery, quite as remarkable as Mr. Whistler's fogs or his half-dozen nondescript pencil-marks framed and labelled "Three Cats." Mr. Ruskin is an old man, and a chartered libertine amongst critics. He had something to say about art many years ago, and has chiefly employed his latter days in spoiling his earlier books and writing others—mostly small ones—on a variety of questions which he has studied but little, though he has handled them with his customary vigour and rigour. A man who does this is likely to make mistakes, and certain to offend against good taste. Mr. Ruskin has done both. His political economy—if anything which savours so little of politics or economy deserves the name—may provoke a smile, but it is scarcely likely to call forth a serious rejoinder. His characteristically irreverent treatment of the Lord's Prayer in a few fugitive letters to a silly clergyman some years ago was not openly attacked, because it was understood that Mr. Ruskin was "not very well." He shares, it appears, with Mr. Gladstone and others a singular impatience of criticism, a failing which, like ambition, seems to be one of the last infirmities of noble minds. But Mr. Ruskin's wrong-headed exaggeration is peculiarly his own. It is beneath so clever a man as he is, and little short of childish in one who evidently desires in the midst of his wildest aberrations to be thought sincere, to speak of a banker, a bishop, and the gallows as three ideas obviously related by the simplest of affinities. Bishops and bankers might retaliate with equal justice that the only people who obviously deserve hanging are slanderous and libellous critics. One has only to place the two fractious statements side by side to see that they destroy each other. The experience of life, and the incessant flattery of æsthetes and the apostles of culture, have done nothing to soften the arrogance or to mellow the judgment of Mr. Ruskin. With the decline of freshness and originality there seems to have come to him almost a passion for saying sharp things—a trade which he might surely leave to meaner men. In all things external to art, it may be said of Ruskin's influence as Dean Stanley once said of Samuel Wilberforce's in his last days, "Happily, he had none!" No one really cares to strike back at the author of "The Stones of Venice" when he lives in a notable glass house, and throws stones of another kind at his neighbours. No one in his senses would go out of the way to shout libel when the author of the "Seven Lamps" declares that "everything evil in Europe is primarily the fault of bishops." Perhaps the bishops and clergy, conscious of their own shortcomings, prefer to stand afar off, and smite upon their breasts with the Publican, leaving Mr. Ruskin alone with the Pharisee to rehearse their sins instead of his own, and "thank God he is not as other men;" but, if I remember rightly, it was the "other man," after all, who went down to his house justified.

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Goode's Depôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THOUGHT-READING AND HAND-SHAKING.

LAST week a handsome and self-assured military-looking gentleman came up to me in a public place. He was bald, and far on the shady side of forty, and slightly resembled the late Duc de Morny. He shook hands with me and said, "I have been to your house to see you, but did not find you. Allow me to introduce my friend, Mr. Capper." "You should," I thought, "get yourself first introduced." It turned out, in after conversation, that I had known the person who thus accosted me during the Empire, and that his name was Chander.

But so many faces had since passed before my gaze, that his countenance, which was then very young and associated with the uniform of a cornet in the 12th Lancers, was obliterated from my memory. I bowed to Mr. Capper, and he to me. The citizen of the world proceeded to tell me who Mr. Capper was, and about his thought-reading feats, performed at Marlborough House, with the Prince of Wales and "Sir" Christopher Sykes as subjects, and the Princess and Lord Suffield as "objects." The diviner of thoughts, in listening to the *léoniment* (pray don't take this word in a bad sense), was apparently unconcerned and cool as a cucumber. I saw that he was "a type," and he soon aroused my curiosity. He was as English as he could be, raw, and still not at all uncouth; very tall, and had the air of a young squire on the stage, who had been transformed by a tender passion from a gawky hobbedehoy into a beau having nothing coxcombical about him. The complexion, naturally fair and pale, had been brought by sea air up to a healthy and uniform red tone, which made blond eye-lashes appear milk white. The dark blue eyes were inquiring, shrewd, and now and then a bit sly; but it was clear they were not in the head of an Artful Dodger. Capper's profile struck me as being the image of Cadet Coquelin's. His mouth needed a sustained effort to keep it closed. Finally the ex-cornet of Lancers asked me to a thought-reading exhibition at the Continental, and promised to send a formal invitation. "What a delightful Barnum!" I said to myself, as he took his leave. "I should ask him to be my impresario were I going on a starring tour of any kind in the United States." He spoke at the rate of a hundred miles an hour without making himself a bore, and covered me with compliments; but so adroitly that I did not blush once, as he was laying them on. All the time Capper did not say a word. I did not well know what to make of him.

In due time the invitation came. It was printed on Japanese paper of a crape texture, and had an ornamental border in a Far Eastern style. At ten o'clock in the evening named in the invitation I went to the Continental, and was shown into the large room where Cumberland performed. The ex-cornet of Lancers was there to receive, but was presently summoned to the next room. I had just time to ask him who Capper was, and whence he came? He is the son of a rich timber merchant at Southampton, who is a partner of the mayor of that town. When Bishop was exhibiting there, his curiosity was in the highest degree excited, and he never rested until he found out in what his art lay. Having been very active in getting up charity entertainments, he turned the talent that he had discovered in himself, and sedulously cultivated, to account at some recent ones, and when he had well tested his strength, asked Mr. Chander (the ex-cornet of Lancers) to be his bear-leader and take him over the world. This was rapidly told me when Chander was summoned "behind the scenes." The three rows of chairs and arm-chairs placed round the large apartment were soon filled. Perrin, the manager of the Français, and Jules Claretie had come from Ville d'Avray. Garnier, the architect of the Opera House, had agreed to be a subject. The private secretary of M. Grévy and a Foreign Office official had no objection to be on the committee. There were three curés in the company, and a Bishop *in partibus infidelium*. Sarah Bernhardt had been invited, but sent word that she would prefer to see Capper and Chander after midnight at her villa, where the former might exhibit. Jules Glouvet, the novelist, whose real name is Beaurepaire, and whose function as Procurator of the Republic is to hunt down knaves and felons, was half-hidden in a window embrasure. Specialist doctors who apply themselves to nervous diseases, who had followed with curiosity Cumberland's exhibitions, wanted also to follow those of Capper.

I was disappointed in not seeing the Princess Paschkoff, who lives at the Continental, and was to have come, but did not. The Princess had consulted Capper on a very delicate point, and one he was unable to deal with, *i.e.*, whether she would or would not commit suicide next winter. She asked him to give a *séance* in her rooms. As an inducement to him to close with her offer she proposed to invite the ladies on the staff of the *Gil Blas*. The Princess physically resembles certain fairies who come to christening feasts, to which the parents of the neophytes have forgotten to invite them. Though a sentimental lady, whose heart is always young and tender, one could fancy her turning with a stroke of a wand men and women who were so unlucky as to vex her into toads, snakes, and other undesirable creatures. She is of the pocket-Venus size. Notwithstanding the profusion of jewels she wears morning, noon, and night, and her short Dolly Varden dresses, the Princess has quite the air of a *grande dame*. Why, with her means of enjoying life and still commanding admiration, she should speak of suicide next winter, I am at a loss to explain. I daresay that nothing in reality was farther from her thoughts, and that she only wanted to gauge Capper's sensibility. I own to a feeling of refreshment when in the society of a person of her originality. Modern society is like a shingly beach. One man or woman is just like another. Every one has smoothness, and nobody fixity. After a lot of human shingle, the clear, bold originality that stands out from the mass like a sea-side rock is delightful.

It was a quarter to eleven before Chander and Capper emerged from the next room, and took up a position behind a table. They had each a great expanse of white shirt-front, and a small white nosegay in the coat-button hole. The diviner's hair (a golden brown) was brushed flat, with English neatness. I imagined, and subsequently heard, that he and his companion were very nervous. Capper was afraid that it would be regarded as an impertinence to exhibit before a room filled with somebodies. A committee was next formed of persons, some of whom might be credulous or unscientific, but who were all above being

"Liberty" Arabian Furniture and Decoration. A new Sketch-book post-free. Liberty & Co., Chesham House. Regent-street, W.

Welford & Sons, Limited. Warwick Farm Dairies.—Chief Office, Elgin-road, Maida-vale, W. *The Times* of 14th May, 1884, says: "The first and best dairy is that of Messrs. Welford & Sons." *The Lancet* of 21st June, 1884, says: "There is no doubt the contagia of typhoid and scarlet fever are disseminated by impure milk." *The Echo* of May 22nd, 1884, says: "Messrs. Welford do all that is possible to supply their customers with pure milk." Families supplied in all parts of London with absolutely pure milk. Dairy Farm, over 300 acres.

accomplices in an imposture. The exceedingly sharp M. Meyer, who is proprietor of *La Lanterne*, was a committee-man. He had brought his beautiful wife with him.

Capper, I thought, signalled to his bear-leader that he would like to retire then and there from the trial of skill. The other seemed to take no notice, but, to give him time to regain coolness, made a speech in French. Though he spoke well, and complimented us all round, I was impatient for him to (figuratively speaking) pronounce the blessing, and let the performance commence. He got through his discourse at last, and Capper had to *s'exécuter*. He and Chander left the room when the "subjects" were hiding "objects." The failures were very few, and, indeed, were *almost* successes. With Garnier as a subject, Capper never failed, because the former does not allow his mental attention to wander. This famous architect, artist, and man is thin, of middle height, takes striding steps, as if measuring building ground, wears loose clothes, has a shock of curly black hair, burning black eyes, a swarthy complexion, hollow cheeks, prominent cheek-bones, a William III. nose, and a coarse and not firmly closed mouth. The searches were made in the blind-man's-buff way. Naturally, the action of the diviner, and particularly in the legs, was not statuesque. He had, however, in a plastic point of view, the advantage of a slim figure. A burly fellow in a swallow-tailed coat, with body bent, and legs apart rushing blindfold round a large room, is the most grotesque object in creation. In the "search without contact," the subject held the back of his hand some inches below Capper's palm and fingers, which were curved downwards. It appeared to me that, in this kind of ordeal, the subject had the harder work of the two in avoiding contact, which, I am certain, did not, in any of the experiments I witnessed, take place. Bouquets were taken to ladies who were thought of. The number, 215, which M. Meyer had in his mind, was picked out of a row of ten metallic ciphers. Garnier, in imagination, bound down a corpulent bystander on the table, and stuck him with a penknife at the lower verge of a white waistcoat. Capper picked out of seven penknives the instrument with which the murder, or rather the act of butchery, was in fancy accomplished, put his finger on the spot where the blade, in the imagination of the butcher, entered, and struck with his fist the part of the table where the victim was immolated. This part of the exhibition caused great hilarity.

At Sarah's, Capper was in search of Richepin, of whom the hostess thought, upstairs and downstairs and in my lady's chamber. Sarah was the subject. It was impossible, of course, for any one except her and Capper to affirm that there was no contact. Richepin had received a virtuously indignant letter from Father Hyacinthe for daring to send him a copy of "Les Blasphèmes," and thought about it for the missive. The poems out-Zola Zola, and surpass Marie Colombier. There is one of them which Ham, I dare say, would have shrunk from repeating when he saw Noah drunk. It is in the feeling of some of Nero's exhibitions in the Circus, and, to make it decent, is flavoured with Byronic blasphemy extracted from "Cain" and "Manfred." Richepin and Sarah are again on the best of terms. He has proved himself a tamer of felines, and she would not for the world (she fancies) break with him. She does not feel angry about his sketch of the skeleton siren in "La Glu," it being, on the whole, a testimonial of her power. The gifted actress had a lot of other friends around her. There was a luxuriantly-spread-out table in the dining-room. Sarah stuck a pin in a pear in a heap of fruit. Capper found it. The *soirée* became a *matinée*, seeing that it only ended at four in the morning.

I have had some private talk with Capper. "Pray don't call me a thought-reader," he very honestly said. "It is quite a wrong term. I don't *read* thoughts. Nobody can. What I can do is to detect a subtle, physical impulse proceeding by a thought. I could perhaps describe the sensation when there is contact; but I can with difficulty do so when there is no contact, it almost defying definition. I think I may risk saying that my palm and fingers are conscious of a sort of magnetic or sympathetic current. At any rate, there is a something, though it is in the ordinary sense impalpable, that I feel, and more distinctly when I am blindfold than when I am not. My hand, from practice, has acquired abnormal sensitiveness. The fatigue I experience after a series of trials of skill is dreadful. My whole nervous system seems transferred to my hand." Capper spoke in a sincere tone, and impressed me as being very honest and open. I asked him, while we talked, to sit in a strong light, in order to see well the expression of his eyes and facial nerves and muscles. He had no objection, and looked me fair in the face without blinking of the eyelids or any kind of effort. His father, who is a highly respectable man, and the rest of his family, saw him off when he was coming here. What I have seen of him disposes me in his favour. Though knowing well what he is about, he is ingenuous, and has the ways and little turns of a person who has been well brought up, and is blessed with a good temper and disposition.

This "thought-reading" (as the term is invented, I suppose I must use it) is not a new thing. It was, you may depend upon it, the origin of our hand-shaking custom. I am extremely sensitive to the state or degree of feeling betrayed in a hand-shake, and the manner in which I am impressed greatly affects my judgment of character. Frankness, shyness, cordiality, weakness of will, richness of temperament, decision, antipathy, jealousy, deceit, are revealed unconsciously in shaking hands. Irish Pat, when he meets a neighbour at a fair to whom he wants to sell a horse with a hidden vice, skakes hands blusteringly, because he has an intuition that if he were quite natural he would betray his design. An accomplished coquette drills her hand not to let out her secret hopes, fears, or desires. A Western American shakes hands with heartiness, and a Wall-street one with the hesitancy that reveals double-mindedness. The Scotch grasp of the hand, in common with that of the Irish peasant squire, lady, or country girl,

Tourists in Scotland can be supplied with Pfungst's (old landed) Extra Quality Champagnes at the Windsor Hotel, Edinburgh; Central Station Hotel, Glasgow; Forrester's Restaurant, Gordon-st., Glasgow; British Hotel, Dundee; and Queen's Hotel, Dundee.

I certainly recommend Mr. & Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most just and liberal purchasers of Cast-off Clothes, Jewellery, and every description of property. They punctually keep appointments, and remit P.O.O. for articles per return.

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is very cordial. The virtue of sociability is chiefly expressed in the Celtic handshake, unless when a courtship is going on, or a tender passion merely felt. I think I could tell blindfold whether a Swiss, German, French, English, Scotch, or Irish person was shaking hands with me.

The Scotch hand-grasp is the roughest; the Frenchman shakes hands with the tips of stiffened and drawn together fingers, which signifies that he walls himself round with politeness as with a fortress, to keep off intruders. Never expect anything of a person who shakes a soft hand in a limp way. I have had a wide experience of false cordiality, which was betrayed by "old soldiers," who, in battering through hotels and boarding houses, have lost all womanhood, by hardened diplomatists, by persons thankful for past favours and hoping for favours to come, and by exhibitors at universal exhibitions wanting puffs. An Italian, who, in all cases, tries to hide his little game, hates to offer his hand. To avoid doing so when he meets an Englishman, he rubs both his hands slowly together, as if washing them. An enthusiast about ideas, principles, and systems rarely puts cordiality into a handshake.

There is a tendency, very much shown in the statues and pictures of Gothic saints and martyrs, in the hand of the idealist to become attenuated. Thiers's handshake, though brusque and dry, was not unpleasant. That of Gambetta contrasted with his apparent openness and heartiness, and did not express character. Clémenceau's is nervous and rapid, and, with a friend, very friendly. Grévy scans your countenance in a good-humoured way in holding your hand. Madame Adam's handshake is that of a fearless and amiable woman who wants to make a conquest of every man, woman, and child she meets. It is counted improper for a French miss in her teens to offer so much as the tips of her fingers, whether they are gloved or not, to a gentleman. The French lady shakes hands in a pussy-cat style, and the German frau in an honest, simple, motherly fashion. Victor Hugo does so in the manner of a grandiose statue, into which, as into Galatea, the breath of life has been breathed. When he has to do with a lady, he, with Olympian majesty, tempered by chivalrous feeling, takes her hand slowly, gravely, and kindly, and, after holding it to his lips, lowers it to the level where it was when he raised it.

[Note by the Editor.—The speculative Chander and Capper have managed to hoodwink my Paris correspondent. When next Capper exhibits, I would suggest that Chander be requested to withdraw. As for Capper being able to read any one's thoughts except his own by detecting "a subtle physical impulse proceeding by a thought," the youth may well say that the sensation "defies definition." Where there is contact, there may be involuntary muscular action; where there is no contact, there is jugglery. This is the dictum of Mr. Stuart Cumberland, himself an eminent proficient in so-called thought-reading.]

Warwick Farm Dairies. International Health Exhibition.—Messrs. Welford & Sons' working Dairy. *The Standard*, 10th May, 1884, says: '"Of all the dairies the Warwick Farm Dairy is the finest." *The Live Stock Journal* says (June 27th, 1884): "H.R.H. The Prince of Wales expressed himself highly pleased with all he saw at Messrs. Welford's Model Dairy." Families supplied in all parts of London with absolutely pure milk. Chief office, Elgin-road, Maida-vale, W.

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—A Christian Crichton on a Children's Curse.

"TORTURED by law!"—Yes, the term's not sensational;
Thanks to red tape and its pestilent rules,
Thanks to a craze that is called educational,
Children are tortured to death in our schools!
Learning, transformed to an ogre ferocious,
Follows them e'en to their humble abode,
Only the specially sharp and precocious
E'er can escape from the curse of the Code.
If you'd see this written down,
Read the words of Crichton-Browne!

Far from exacting belief, we would say to you—
Get his report and its paragraphs scan;
Let his own startling statistics convey to you
All that he states as a medical man.
Read for yourselves what his painful conclusions are;
See for yourselves what the facts he declares,
That you may gather what risky delusions are
Crammed down our throats by half-mad doctrinaires.
Look yourselves the pages down,
Penned by Dr. Crichton-Browne.

Children, by no means inert or refractory,
Suffer each day from o'erpressure so great,
That a remove to the workshop or factory
Could not but better immensely their fate.
Then they would gain, by the Law's kind persistence,
Leisure for play that they now ne'er obtain;
Then, they would lighten a hard-worked existence;
Now, no relief ever comes for the brain!
Nothing helps their grief to drown,
As you'll find from Crichton-Browne.

Day after day they've to work away wearily,
After school hours at their arduous tasks;
Day after day long detentions act drearily,
Stopping those sports for which childhood e'er asks.
Even at home they find lessons pursuing them,
Keeping them close to a badly-aired room,
'Till, despair of successfully doing them,
Some seek relief in a premature tomb.
These are facts you can't cry down,
They are vouched by Crichton-Browne!

Think of the victims, then, left in their anguish,
Doomed by the law to a torture prolonged,
Think of the way that they hopelessly languish,
By a mistaken philanthropy wronged.
Doubtless the Act was well meant by the nation,
That was instruction to everywhere spread;
Now, though, 'twould seem what we call Education
Scatters dismay and diseases instead.
This, past doubt, is written down
In the words of Crichton-Browne.

One hard-fast rule, most unyieldingly rigorous,
Presses on strong and on feeble the same;
Children, though dull, must compete with the vigorous,
Delicate scholars no mercy can claim.
Nothing is thought of the varying facility
This child or that may for learning possess,
All are expected with equal ability
On through the exigent "Standard" to press.
Yes, the clever and the clown
Fare alike, says Crichton-Browne.

Swiftly, indeed, has a Nemesis ghastly
Swooped on the track of these ill-advised rules;
Children's diseases have multiplied vastly,
Nervous disorders are rife at our schools;
Earache, neuralgia, headache are prevalent,
Fits have increased to a startling degree,
Sleeplessness, too, in a form most malevolent,
Threatens the curse of our scholars to be!
Well may it alarm the town,
This report by Crichton-Browne.

Nor are these all of the ills that humanity
Daily, from rank over-pressure, must bear;
Suicide's victims and those of insanity
Ever a total augmented declare;
Lunacy grows at a rate statisticians
Tell us has very nigh doubled of late,
Whilst nerve-diseases, we're told by physicians,
Prey on the heart and the brain of the State.
You'll find the figures all set down
By candid Dr. Crichton-Browne.

Nor can we plead we are ignorant longer
Of this most hazardous state of affairs;
Nor need we wait for an argument stronger
Than this report in its pages declares.
None of us, even in artless simplicity,
Can for a moment such scandals defend;
There are the facts—and their widespread publicity
Surely to quick reformation must tend.
At once the country must put down
The evils told by Crichton-Browne!

Delay implies torture still harshly persistent;
Delay must result in disease and in death!
Then let us, aware of the scandal existent,
Demand its repeal with unanimous breath.
In short, let us see that the wish of the nation
No more is distorted by malice perverse;
And take instant steps to prevent education
Becoming a widely-spread national curse!
Then, indeed, success shall crown
The work of Doctor Crichton-Browne

SPORTING NOTES.

I HOPE that the proposal of the Stewards of the Jockey Club to reduce the Craven Meeting to three days will not be carried; but it may turn to be a good thing that the question has been brought forward, because in all probability it will lead to a discussion on the whole subject. Up to the present time there has been no adequate "revision" (*i.e.*, cutting down) of the list of fixtures, and, most assuredly, this is a matter which all well-wishers of the turf will commend to the immediate and careful attention of the Jockey Club. The old meetings are clamouring for some protection against the reckless and increasing competition with which they now have to contend, and the answer of the rulers of the turf is to propose to knock a day off one of their own fixtures, which day will, of course, be seized upon by one of the gate-money speculations. A more grievously imbecile proceeding it would be difficult to conceive. The Stewards apparently declare that they will not abate the nuisance, but that they are willing to manifest the sincerity of their sympathy by themselves suffering in the cause. It reminds one of the story of Sheridan, who, coming home full of wine from a dinner, heard a voice from the gutter of the street, in tones of evident inebriety, saying, "Lift me up; pray lift me up." "No," said the author of the "School for Scandal," "that's impossible; but I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll lie down beside you." Such is the answer which the Jockey Club gives to the managers of the struggling meetings: "We won't lift you up, but we'll lie down beside you."

At the next meeting of the Club, the troublesome squabble as to horses carrying penalties for sums of money which have been paid to breeders out of stakes will be dealt with. It never would have arisen but for the hare-brained fashion in which such matters are ignorantly decided at Newmarket. At present, if a race be worth £500, and £100 goes to the breeder, the owner has to put up the penalty for winning £500, which is manifestly absurd and unfair; besides, it is directly contrary to the third clause of the 11th Rule of Racing. Mr. Leopold Rothschild purposes to make an addition to this clause, which will decisively settle the matter in dispute, and it may be hoped that he will be successful; but I am not sanguine on this point, as Lord Cadogan (presumably in the interests of "the stupid party" in the Club) will bring forward an amendment, which, if carried, will so alter the rule, that in future a horse will be legally penalised for the bonuses which are so unfairly diverted from the owner to the breeder.

The racing of last week was very interesting. At Manchester, Mr. Gretton's colt by Nuneham—Rebecca won the principal Nursery, thereby making amends for his defeat at Derby. This was the colt's first victory since he won the Maiden Plate at Ascot, when he let the Kingsclere people know that they had a flyer in Luminary; but the information came too late for them to profit by it. I hear, by the way, that Luminary's lameness has increased recently, and that there is no chance of his running again this season; so that we shall not see him out before the Two Thousand—if, indeed, he stands his preparation for that race. Lord Alington made an egregious blunder when he sent his horse to run on the hard course at Lewes. He ought to have been contented to carry off the Molecomb, especially as Luminary looked rather groggy at Goodwood. Another two-year-old at Kingsclere that has dolefully disappointed Porter is Louisbourg, for which 4,000 gs. was paid at Lord Falmouth's sale. It is doubtful whether he will ever run, and all idea of training him for his two-year-old engagements has been abandoned.

It may be remembered that about two months ago I announced the fact that there was in France a remarkably good-looking two-year-old, who was believed to be a real "flyer," and who I had reason to anticipate would trouble the best of our "cracks" in the classic stakes of next season, supposing him to be sent over for them. The animal in question is M. Lupin's Xaintrailles, by Flageolet—Delaine, and he has arrived at Newmarket from France, and is to run for the Middle Park Plate. Xaintrailles is also engaged in the Criterion and Dewhurst Plate, and I shall be greatly surprised if he does not win at least one of these stakes.

The Manchester Handicap was won for the Duke of Westminster by Whipper-In, who gave 11 lb. and a clever beating to Ben Alder, winner of the Ebor Handicap, but perhaps the distance (a mile) was not far enough for the Malton horse. Whipper-In is by Hermit—Scarlet Runner, and was bought by R. Peck out of the Blankney team in 1880, at the same time as Shotover. By the time his career has finished, the horse will have proved quite as profitable a speculation as the mare.

Writing last week before I had heard the result of the Prix Royal Oak, I expressed an opinion that Archiduc would be very near winning the Cesarewitch. He literally walked in at Longchamps, and had Fra Diavolo hopelessly beaten a long way from home. M. Aumont's horse was perfectly well and thoroughly fit, so there was no excuse for his defeat, and as he ran close up

with Archiduc in the French Derby, it is evident that the latter was then stale or amiss. It may be worth while to remember that Fra Diavolo also "troubled" Lambkin in the Grand Prix. If only Little Duck had been in a condition to start for the Prix Royal Oak it would have been one of the most interesting contests of the year, but, unluckily, he is lame. Archiduc certainly had no difficulty in staying the distance at Longchamps, but this race can hardly be regarded by practical people as a conclusive test of his stamina, as it was run at a very slow muddling pace. He has, however, been backed for the Cesarewitch for a large stake in anticipation of his victory, and he is now not only favourite for this handicap, but he is second in demand for the Cambridgeshire. People who back him for the short race are, of course, anticipating a defeat on Tuesday week, as it is out of all reason to suppose that he could win the Cambridgeshire with 9 st. 9 lb. He might, however, miss the one, and then take the other, for he seemed to like the hill when he won the Criterion last year, for which race I recommended him in preference to that abject impostor, Royal Fern, about whom everybody was then in ecstasies. The winners of the year's "classic" stakes are lucky animals, for no rational being can doubt that St. Simon would have won the Two Thousand, and Archiduc the Derby and Leger, had they not been disqualified for those events. That St. Gatien can give 5 lb. to Archiduc (or beat him at even weights, for the matter of that) I do not for a moment believe, and on what form Mr. Hammond's horse is backed, with 8 st. 10 lb. to carry, it is impossible to conjecture. People who depend on his Ascot victory over Corrie Roy and Tristan will find themselves woefully misled. Blue Grass was pointed out by me a fortnight ago as likely to be the best of Marsh's lot, and to run prominently if he could be got to the post fit and well; but I should think by all accounts that it is only the slightest shade of odds on Blue Grass running as against his breaking down, and after the equivocal manœuvrings in connection with him, his victory would be most unpopular. This horse was head and head with Ossian a fortnight before the Leger last year; and I know that it has always been supposed that he would show his best form over a distance of ground. Stockholm is still in demand, and if it be "good business" to take 1,000—60 about her, I should like to know where people would have been if she had been put aside after the Leicester tragedy, in which case she would have been let off with, say, 6 st. 3 lb. in the Cesarewitch. She walked in at Goodwood, but the company will be better here, and she will have an extra 18 lb. to carry. Quicklime, in this race, strikes me as a flat-catcher, for, apart from the fact that he is a difficult horse to train, we have yet to learn that he can stay this distance in a fast-run race. I rather fancy that stamina is not Quicklime's strong point. Last year Colonel Forester would not hear of him for the Cesarewitch, and although he started at 8 to 1, he was not backed for a *sou* by the stable. It is true that a fortnight before he had run Dutch Oven to a neck over the severe D.I., but Lord Falmouth's mare had then greatly degenerated, and, moreover, in that race they only really raced for half a mile. Great Northern is the colt by Camballo—Florence Aislabie, and if he wins I apprehend the Stewards will think it necessary to demand an explanation of his recent ignominious exhibition at Stockton. It is said that he is as good as Ben Alder, so people can judge for themselves. I do not fancy either Sir Reuben or Lambkin any more than St. Gatien, for I feel sure that Archiduc will beat all this division. Of course, it is palpable enough that, with 7 st. 3 lb., Royal Angus must be the pick of the handicap, if there was any justification for his starting second favourite for the Leger; but in the spring he was backed (by the gullish herd) for the City and Suburban with 7 st., and he never started. Macheath has to give him 12 lb., and as a two-year-old he could give him a stone, but I shall not be surprised to find him the best of the Manton team. I shall give a definite selection next week.

With regard to the Cambridgeshire, Sandiway is fairly steady, but (as I stated last week would be the case) she is to run for the Newmarket Oaks to-morrow fortnight. This, however, ought to be only an exercise gallop for her, as (in the absence of Busybody) there is nothing to beat except Spring Morn, Wild Thyme, and Damietta. It might turn out that Sandiway is best over a longer distance than the Cambridgeshire course. In this race, with 7 st. 7 lb., she means Duke of Richmond at about 8 st. 10 lb. There are occasional random nibblings at St. Blaise, who was backed at 25—1 before the weights appeared, but who now stands at 33—1 offered. By all accounts it will require all Porter's skill to get him to another starting-post. Lord Alington and Sir Frederick Johnstone have not been fortunate in their management of this horse. Legacy, on the Ascot running, seems to look like Thebais at about 8 st. 4 lb., which is too good to be true. I see the papers are saying that Captain Machell will "puzzle the backers," but, in my opinion, nobody will be half so much "puzzled" as that astute gentleman himself, and the best plan will be to leave his lot alone until the numbers are up. Prestonpans has been backed for some money, and it is asserted that "Porter, who formerly trained him, has a great fancy for this horse." I suppose this means that Porter would fancy him if he were in his three-year-old form; but it is nearly three years since Prestonpans left Kingsclere, and he has never won a race since the Liverpool Autumn Cup of 1880, although he started six times in 1881 (first favourite for City and Suburban and for Manchester November Handicap), and seven times in 1882 (first favourite for Ebor Handicap). His most recent appearance was in the Manchester Cup last year. This does not strike me as being a very seductive record. Fulmen will take a deal of beating for this race, and so also will Macheath, supposing both to start "all right," and unless Mr. Naylor scratches the former, in a rage, he will be a good favourite. Mr. Naylor has something like £10,000 to "get back," but he cannot keep the horse for ever, and if he kept him for another year "the talent" would still be waiting for him. The fact is, that people who touch the Cambridgeshire until after the second October week will deserve to lose their money; and the Cesarewitch market is thoroughly rotten and untrustworthy, except in the case of an exceedingly limited number of the candidates. The long lists of quotations which daily appear are mere flim-flams.

MAMMON.

THE ERIE RAILROAD.

"MORE money," is the cry. Mr. Jewett, the late President, kindly undertook to manage the Railroad during a brief period for the modest sum of £40,000 paid down, and new bonds were issued to settle everything on a permanent basis. Now Mr. Jewett retires, the Company cannot pay interest on its indebtedness, and the new President declines to serve if more money be not forthcoming. Considering that the shares never have paid a dividend, and never will, does it not occur to the shareholders on this side of the Atlantic that they would do well to be satisfied with their present losses, and to decline to incur the probability of losing more? I suppose that Englishmen have lost, at a moderate estimate, at least £10,000,000, by their folly in having anything to do with this corrupt and greedy Company. Presidents, directors, and philanthropists who have come forward as committee-men, have made fortunes by it. None of them has been able to touch this pitch without being defiled. What the holder of any of the securities of the Company—bonds or shares—should do is to at once sell them for what he can get, and to register a vow that, come what may, he will henceforward have nothing more to do with them. The railway is in America, it is managed by Americans; if it requires money, let the Americans provide it. I go even further than this, and say that until the laws relating to railroads in the United States are altered, any one is silly to invest in them. The following observations from a recent circular of Mr. James McHenry are not, I believe, in any way exaggerated:—

Every source of traffic on most American railways is worked in the interest of private associations. Cattle-yards, elevators, warehouses, &c., &c., are managed by marauders. Branches and bridges are constructed with money advanced by the Railway Companies, and then leased to them as the private property of the officials. The petroleum traffic, equal in yearly tonnage to six cotton crops, is in the hands of a few men calling themselves the Standard Oil Company—whose original capital consisted of contracts with four or five railways securing the monopoly of railway transit. The grain traffic has ceased to be profitable through fraudulent "rebates" and free use of "ghost" trains. There is not a single bond or share or guarantee of any railway in the United States, under whatever name the engagement may be called, which gives the holder an indefeasible title to or "fixity of tenure" in a corresponding interest in the Company—bonds and shares being issued at the will of presidents exercising absolute power in their disposal and appropriation. The phrases "wiping out," "assessment," "prior liens," "war of rates," &c., have been found useful in blinding the public to their real dangers, and profitable to the few persons who know how to play a game not generally understood. Investors, looking at the unparalleled resources of the United States, and the moderate capitals of railways there, have had reason to believe themselves safe, but find themselves periodically plundered. In the United States "scaling down" the capital to the president's fancy of the earning power is considered clever finance. The possibility of developing the traffic to the level of requirements for interest and dividends is seldom considered. It would interfere with managerial profits. The most profitable portion of railway traffic is surrendered to so-called Express Companies, or fast freight lines, in which railway officials are generally interested, and it is said that of this traffic not a tithe, and of the general traffic scarcely one-half, of the amount paid by the people, reaches the treasuries of many American railways, and out of these proportions all working expenses are paid.

THE TROUBLES OF A BRITISH-AMERICAN LAND COMPANY.

The fact which I have maintained for some time, that the business of British-American Land Companies is a precarious one, can no longer be disputed. There is money enough in America for investment in first-class mortgages, so the British Companies have to lend on second-rate security, which the shrewd Yankee does not touch. But even in this field business has become almost impossible for the British-American concerns so recklessly started within the last few years, none of which, however skilfully managed, can be made to pay. It cannot, however, be said that the British Land and Mortgage Company of America has been skilfully managed, and a heavy loss on the first year's working is the result of almost every sin of omission and commission on the part of the Board. The confessions of Sir Stuart Hogg, the chairman of the Company, at the annual general meeting, were of an extraordinary nature. He said that "in an evil moment he had allowed his name to appear on the prospectus. He did not know anything about American business then, but he knew more now." The experience so acquired by Sir Stuart Hogg has, unfortunately, cost the shareholders in the Company over which, "in an evil moment" for them, he consented to preside, very dear.

The Company was formed in February, 1883, for the purchase and development of land, and for making loans on first mortgages in the United States. Considerable purchases of land had been made by a Mr. Warden, on behalf of the Company in Kansas. Sir Stuart Hogg then went out to America to improve his knowledge of American business, and at an expense to the Company of £500. He there contrived to upset the whole of the arrangements made by Mr. Warden, who holds 1,000 shares in the Company, and entered upon four costly law-suits against that gentleman, whose services were dispensed with in favour of those of a Mr. Purcell, whose acquaintance the chairman made in Kansas. That gentleman undertook the agency of the Company without salary, an instance of generosity which in these matter-of-fact times would be open to some suspicion. Sir Stuart Hogg then, and then only, became aware of the fact which I have urged so often, that no profit could be made by a new Company by lending on mortgage in America; so without much ado he utterly perverted the objects for which the Company was formed. He lent the bulk of the Company's money on chattel mortgages—namely, on the stock-in-trade of the Kansas farmers. Pitchforks, spades, wheelbarrows, and such like are very well in their way, but they do not constitute any security on which a sane man would lend money, even on usurious terms. Having disposed in this manner of the bulk of the Company's available capital, Sir Stuart Hogg bought land, cattle, and grain to the tune of £16,600, and, notwithstanding the fact that the accounts of the ranche are not yet made up, and that grain has gone down ever since the purchase, I find the profits on this investment estimated in the accounts at £2,300. Finally, Sir Stuart placed all the securities of the Company in the hands of his son, a lad of twenty summers, who is engaged as a farmer in Manhattan, and who "keeps a check on everything in Kansas, and whom he intends to be paid for his services." The meeting at which these strange disclosures were made was adjourned to Wednesday last week, when Sir Stuart Hogg announced

Vanity Fair says:—"Mr. Benjamin is still the Prince of Ulster and Stalking-Coat Makers." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C.

to the shareholders that a majority of the board had arrived at an amicable settlement with Mr. Warden in opposition to his (the chairman's) and one of his colleagues' opinion, and he forthwith again asked for the adoption of the report and accounts. Then came a *mauvais quart d'heure* for the directors. One of the shareholders, Mr. Roberts, submitted the conduct of the board, and more particularly that of the chairman, to a scathing criticism, in the course of which he very naturally asked to be informed whether the directors had the qualifications necessary to continue the concern. Mr. Roberts contended "that if they had had as chairman plain Tom Jones, who has been in the City several years and knows all about buildings and mortgages, he would have been glad to take £150, instead of the £500 charged by the chairman for the excursion to Kansas." To this I cannot help adding that "plain Tom Jones" would not have left the cart in the mud, as has been the case in this instance, and that it is time that chairmen or directors should no longer be appointed for the sole reason of their having a handle to their names, or of their being "men of position," when that position is not supported by adequate business knowledge. In the result, the appointment of a committee of investigation was negatived by the majority of the shareholders present, but another amendment, that the meeting should stand adjourned for six months, was adopted by 22 against 12 votes. A poll was then demanded by the chairman, and opposed as illegal by the opposition. The latter then left the room in a body, and the resolution that the report and accounts be received and adopted was carried by the remaining minority of 14. It is hardly necessary to comment upon the farcical nature of this proceeding. The paid-up capital of the company is £29,800, debentures £58,370. Of this sum £8,630 has been squandered in all kinds of expenses, amongst which directors' fees rank as £900, office expenses in America, £1,166, and legal expenses in America, £613. The revenue has been £4,619 in interests and discounts, for the estimated profits on land and grain cannot for a moment be taken into account. There is, therefore, an avowed loss of £4,013 on the year's operations, but it is probable that a considerable loss will accrue on the investment in land and grain, while the money invested on chattel mortgage is, to say the least of it, a very doubtful asset. I recommend the shareholders to promptly liquidate the concern. There is not the shadow of a chance of making money on the lines originally laid down for it, while the incapacity of the Board, and the rash and ill-considered proceedings of the chairman, have brought the undertaking into utter discredit. Let them, even at the risk of a further call, as threatened by the chairman, wind up the Company, and fix the responsibility for the heavy loss in the proper quarter.

FRENCH TRAPS FOR THE BRITISH INVESTOR.

The fraternity of advertising stockbrokers is multiplying to an alarming extent in this country. Thousands are spent by them in flaring advertisements, and millions of circulars are sent out to appear on the breakfast-table of the British investor. It is somewhat surprising, therefore, that our French neighbours should try to compete in a field already so fully occupied. I suppose, however, that since the financial panic which last year impoverished the *petit bourgeois* as well as the large speculator the game has grown more difficult, and that the doubtful financial concerns which used to live on the small Fr investor find their occupation gone. This, probably, is the cause of the following advertisement in the *Times*:—

> Large Profits.—Securities of 250 f. to 500 f. are sold for 10 f. to 15 f. Large profits are sure to be secured in a very short time. For full particulars, address La Société Générale Financière, 4bis, Rue des Ecoles, Paris.

A letter to this address draws a couple of circulars from this so-called General Financial Society—by the way, in execrable English. This concern, it is stated, "has for purpose to maintain and to rise (*sic*) financial and commercial bonds." The circulars offer such sweepings of the Bourse as £10 shares of the Mines d'Herserouge et Moulaine at 11s. 4d. each, £10 shares of the Chemins de fer Graissessac à Béziers at 10s. 8d., £12. 10s. shares in the Sucrerie et Distillerie de Semaize at 10s. 10d. each, and £2 shares of the Crédit Viager at 4s. 5d. each. Every one of these shares, the circulars say, may reach five and even six times the price paid. Is it necessary to state that these are all semi or wholly bankrupt concerns, the shares in which are of no practical value whatever? Surely even the speculative country parson or the widow-lady looking for a high interest will fight shy of these French advertising pests.

A SPECULATION IN SECRETARIES.

The promoter's fertility of resource is every now and then illustrated in a startling manner. I am, therefore, hardly surprised at the experiences of one of my correspondents, although this latest means of raising the wind is as ingenious as it is novel. My correspondent applied for a position of secretary advertised in the *Times* about a month ago, and is now in receipt of a reply from Wharton & Co., Liverpool, making the following overtures:—Persons applying for the post of secretary in a Limited Company now being formed (to acquire an Oil and Chemical Works at Milton, near Stoke, Staffordshire, with a capital of £25,000 in £1 shares) must commence operations by applying for at least one share. The appointment of secretary, at a salary of £150 per annum, will take place after allotment, and is to be made by ballot. If applicants apply for more than one share, they will increase their chance in the ballot. All candidates for this precious secretaryship, which seems to be very much *en l'air*, will, moreover, be expected to place as many shares as possible before October 1, 1884, amongst their friends. I wonder how many embryo secretaries have fallen into the trap, and what the ultimate result of this speculation in secretaries will be.

John Shaw, Share Broker, Wardrobe-chambers, Queen Victoria-st. deals at tape prices at an inclusive commission of one-sixteenth.

Profitable Investments, Trust, Mortgage, and Investment Companies, paying from Five to Ten per Cent. Further Fall in the Value of Money. Reduction in the Rates allowed on Deposits. See Abbott, Page, Co.'s Special Issue, Stockbrokers, 42, Poultry, London, E.C. Complete Copy, with Monthly (September) Circular, sent, post free, on application.

MEXICO.

It is understood that the Franco-Egyptian Bank, and those connected with that institution, have bought about five millions of Mexican Bonds, in order to carry into effect the "arrangement." By the "arrangement," it is further understood that the new bonds, the issue of which is to be authorised, and which are to rank with the old bonds, will be mostly devoted to paying off money due, directly or indirectly, by Mexico to the same combination. As a result of the operation, the combination will have above seven millions of bonds, which it will endeavour to sell to the confiding public. But this is not all. By Article 12 of the arrangement the bondholders pledge themselves not to oppose a settlement on the Stock Exchange of an issue of a new Mexican loan of five millions. The scheme, therefore, amounts to this: Mexico promises to pay a trifle on its old bonds, provided that the public are good enough to absorb twelve millions of those bonds.

It never rains but it pours; so the City of Mexico, being jealous of the Central Government, has sent over a proposal for a municipal loan of £400,000.

THE ROAD TO WEALTH.

Many of my readers have doubtless noticed in the columns of the daily press a glowing advertisement inviting the support of capital, under the heading "Scientific Enterprise.—Fortune for little outlay, without risk." Those who were attracted by the bait will have received a circular from a Mr. Thos. J. Barnard, soliciting their support for the Anglo-Peruvian Silver Mining and Smelting Syndicate (Limited). For the purposes of this Syndicate, that gentleman requires £5,000, and he is very generously prepared to "share his anticipated fortune" with those who assist him. Against £10 cash the investor receives ten fully-paid £10 shares in this Syndicate, which is described as positively certain to return, as the minimum amount, £1,000 for each £10 employed. Mr. Barnard bases his hopes of success on the properties of a furnace, which he has invented, for the extraction of silver from ores. On reading his statements as to the future of this invention, one cannot help feeling surprised that Mr. Barnard's furnace has not yet been adopted by our leading Mining Companies. This, I should think, would have placed Mr. Barnard in a position to realise his great fortune for himself. This enterprising gentleman intends, when the capital is subscribed, to proceed to Lima to commence operations upon a mountain containing immense veins of silver lead. In Lima Mr. Barnard possesses many relations holding high positions, and this naturally suggests the question, How is it that they will not find the money and share his fortune? Investors attracted by "the marvellous tales of the fortunes realised in silver mining," and by the promises so emphatically made by Mr. Barnard, will do well to remember that millions have also been lost in mining ventures, and that the "road to wealth" is not generally so easy as that gentleman would have them believe.

Minton's (Limited). — Minton's China. A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century and a half.

QUEER STORIES.

A SCARBOROUGH SCANDAL.

THE season at Scarborough was at its height. The hotels were crowded, and innkeepers and tradesmen were doing a roaring trade. Not only were there the usual holiday-makers, Yorkshire manufacturers, sprigs of nobility, overworked City men, with their wives and superabundant families, but the cholera had sent over a goodly contingent of foreign notabilities, with high-sounding names, and of more or less distinguished appearance. There were French Marquises and Counts, German Barons, and an Italian Duke; there was a Russian Prince, and there were dozens of wealthy Hebrews of every nationality, "rivalling the sun in Oriental splendour." Many of these personages were accompanied by their wives and daughters, and most of them were exceedingly affable in their demeanour, joining in whatever amusements the place afforded, and dancing away at the periodical assemblies with an energy which, if somewhat misdirected, was obviously well-meant. The Miss Mungos, from Bradford, and the Miss Shoddys, of Halifax, grew quite sated with the adulation of foreign noblemen, and if it had not been for the advent of the brilliant and fascinating Count Splitzentoff at the Regalia Hotel there is no knowing but their affections might have returned to the somewhat deserted Toms, Dicks, and Harrys of their native county. But before the Count's superior attractions all minor constellations waned into insignificance. He was young, apparently about two or three-and-thirty; he had lovely teeth and magnificent black hair; he was evidently possessed of untold wealth, wore little jewellery, and drove an admirable mail phaeton and pair of horses. With one consent, therefore, the maidens of Scarborough fell down and worshipped him.

The Count was accessible, and speedily made a vast number of acquaintances. He was universally popular; the women all liked him, and the men, though not a little jealous of his success, were forced to confess that he drove very well, and played a remarkably good game of billiards. He spoke moderately good English, with a strong foreign accent, and conversed fluently in French with any one who had sufficiently mastered the intricacies of that language. There were, of course, certain envious persons at Scarborough who hinted broadly that the fascinating Count was no Count at all, but an individual in a very much humbler station of life. The Baron von Stufguzz, for instance, insinuated that he had met him before in a gambling-hell in Vienna, and that his duties there were of a character both menial and disreputable, while the Marquis de Tombola Ferrara said he was a courier; but, as neither of these gentlemen adduced any evidence in support of their assertions, they were pretty universally disbelieved. Moreover, as both the Baron and the Marquis—and, for the matter of that, quite half of the most eminent personages in the hotel—had very good reasons for wishing that their own antecedents and pretensions should not be too closely investigated, they

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were content, as a rule, to act upon the excellent proverb which regulates the conduct of those who live in glass houses. So the Count increased in favour with all his acquaintances, and became quite a leader of the local society. Just when he was at the zenith of his popularity, there arrived at the Regalia Hotel an American gentleman, accompanied by two young ladies. The party attracted no little interest. The American was a spare, dried-up looking man of fifty or thereabouts; he had an abrupt, decisive manner, and he gave his orders with the air of one accustomed to be obeyed with promptitude and precision. His name, according to the visitors' book, was Julius K. Dexter, and he had scarcely retired to his private sitting-room before he was recognised by the hotel gossips as one of the largest and most successful speculators in Wall-street. There was no doubt at all about Mr. Dexter's millions; his name was known on every Bourse in Europe. City men looked upon him with awe and admiration, while needy scions of nobility hung upon his lips, eager for the slightest indication of the course of the markets. The two young ladies rather puzzled the company at the Regalia Hotel. Mr. Dexter was known to be childless; and he had simply entered his name in the visitors' book as "Julius K. Dexter and Party, New York." One of the girls was apparently very delicate; she always went to the Spa in a bath-chair, closely wrapped up, and wearing a thick veil, the other being in constant attendance. The second, who was of a sufficiently attractive appearance, dressed plainly, but well, and seemed to enjoy excellent health. Mr. Dexter himself never alluded to them except by name as "Clara" and "Annie;" and the male visitors grew prodigiously anxious to make their acquaintance. But a week passed, and the foreign noble men, spring captains, tailors, money-lenders, and seedy honourables had not succeeded in attaining the object of their aspirations. Matters were growing desperate, so the Count was deputed to devise a scheme which might produce the desired effect.

"Clara, my dear," remarked Mr. Dexter one evening to the invalid, "that black-whiskered Italian brigand-looking chap, who calls himself a Count, wants us to join in a driving excursion somewhere."

"Of course, you told him you'd do no such thing," answered the young lady, somewhat fretfully.

"I said I'd ask you—not that I ever supposed you'd mix with the tagrag and bobtail lot of people there are here."

"So you're not going?" said the other girl.

"Certainly not. Why?"

"Nothing, but I thought you might like a change in the monotony," and she rose and left the room.

"I wish to goodness some Italian brigand or nobleman would take a fancy to Annie," sighed the invalid. "Her temper is really unendurable. Italian counts are generally on the look-out for heiresses. Why can't you send her on this expedition instead of me? Nobody here knows that she hasn't got a farthing in the world. We might get rid of her, and what a blessing that would be!"

"I am afraid you are getting uncharitable. It would, however, be rather sport to let these hungry fellows think she is an heiress. But if I take her, what is to become of you?"

"I shall get on. The people are amusing to look at, and Hannah will take care of me. Besides, Annie positively irritates me, I know she thinks nursing such a dreadful infliction."

"Have it your own way, my dear. I'll tell the Count that we shall be delighted."

So when the appointed day came, Mr. Dexter, accompanied by Miss Annie, and duly mounted on a moderately well-appointed coach, was piloted by the triumphant Count to a well-known show-place a dozen miles from Scarborough.

Mr. Dexter omitted to inform Count Splitzentoff that the young lady under his charge was not his niece at all, but the daughter of a defaulting clerk, who had committed forgery, and then blown out his brains. Neither did he say that she had not a sixpence in the world, or that he had allowed her to assume the name of Dexter owing to the disgrace which had stained that of her father. The excursion was, therefore, highly enjoyable. The Count had asked the Baron von Stufguzz to join the party too, on the condition, of course, that he did not make himself too agreeable to the pseudo-heiress; and the rich Miss Mungo and her mother had been invited for the Baron's amusement. So, after inspecting some more or less interesting ruins, the party paired off in the grounds, the Count, of course, monopolising Miss Dexter, and the Baron Miss Mungo, while Dexter was left to the tender mercies of the chaperon. The latter gentleman had decidedly the worst of the bargain, for Mrs. Mungo, who had originally been a Halifax mill-girl, subjected him to a cross-examination of the most searching and irritating description about himself, his fortune, his nieces, the amount of money he intended to leave them, and, in fact, all his most private and personal affairs.

"I hope you enjoyed yourself, my dear," said Dexter to his protégée, somewhat grimly, when his torments were over, and he found himself once more at the Regalia.

"Immensely," answered the young lady with much emphasis. "The Count is simply charming, and he is so well off; he has a house in Paris, a villa at Cannes, and any amount of estates in Lithuania and the 'Caucasus.'"

"A house in Paris and a villa at Cannes!" growled Dexter to himself. "I must make further inquiries."

Miss Annie Dexter, once having inserted the thin end of the wedge by getting an introduction to Scarborough society, gave her guardian no peace until he allowed her to go to the ever-recurring balls which were the almost daily solace of the young men and maidens at the various hotels. She had no difficulty in getting Mrs. Mungo, or some other affable matron, to look after her, an arrangement which suited Dexter and his niece to perfection, as thereby they got rid of her for the evening, and were left to their own devices.

Everybody knows what a Scarborough hotel ball is. The guests of one hotel ask those of another alternately. There is usually a gentleman who officiates as master of the ceremonies, and introduces everybody,

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whether they like it or not. Hence one sees young ladies of title revolving with Hebrew money-lenders, ambitious mammas gushing over their daughters' perfections to the managers of Haymarket restaurants, and respectable British merchants worshipping at the shrine of French ballet-dancers and demi-mondaines. Miss Alice Dexter was not a young lady of very refined tastes, and this sort of thing suited her admirably. Her various chaperons impressed upon the company that she was the heiress to untold wealth, and Dexter's millions made such a sensation that the young lady had half-a-dozen proposals in as many days. She herself did nothing to enlighten her many adorers as to the real state of the case, as she was quite shrewd enough to know that any such statement would most materially decrease both their numbers and their ardour. On the contrary, as she generally borrowed Miss Clara's dresses and diamonds, sometimes with and sometimes without her leave, she did her best to confirm the popular error.

After a few weeks of this sort of life, the Count's attentions became so exceedingly marked that Annie began to expect a proposal daily. The Count, however, was a very wary gentleman, and, before proceeding to extremities, he determined to ascertain from her uncle what the young lady's prospects really were. He accordingly wrote him, begging the favour of a few minutes' conversation in his private room. The American, of course, knew pretty well what was coming, but, not being over confident in his own abilities to deal with an ardent lover, he took his niece's advice as to the course he ought to pursue.

"That Polish Count, swindler, courier, or whatever he may be, means to propose for Annie. What am I to say?" he began.

"Oh, let him have her, by all means."

"But I don't believe he will, unless he thinks she is an heiress, and I don't intend to perjure myself on her account; though, of course, I shall give her something when she marries."

"That is a little awkward," said Miss Clara, musing. "We must think it over. Have you made any inquiries about him?"

"Yes, and I have no reason to believe that he is not the man he represents himself to be. He is well known both at Paris and Cannes. And yet I believe he is a fraud!"

"That is quite possible; but if he really be Count Splitzentoff, I don't see why Annie should not marry him."

"But he thinks she is worth a million?"

"Let him think so!"

"I am not going to tell the man a pack of lies."

"I don't want you to," said the invalid, with unusual animation. "Attend to me. When Splitzentoff proposes, you must positively refuse to hear of it, without saying a word about her prospects."

"And then?"

"Why then they will elope, of course!"

Dexter burst out laughing. "Well, that is certainly an ingenious idea. But I am afraid he will ill-treat her when he finds out."

"Oh, nonsense! She is very well able to take care of herself, and you will make her a decent allowance."

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So Mr. Dexter went to meet the Count, having made up his mind to put his niece's plan into operation. The interview was brief. The Count avowed his devotion to Miss Annie Dexter, and formally asked for her hand. Dexter, whose repugnance to the fascinating foreigner rather increased than diminished, point-blank refused to entertain the proposal. The Count waxed eloquent and expostulatory; enlarged upon the splendour of his family and the extent of his possessions; went even so far as to produce a number of papers which established his identity beyond all reasonable doubt, and invited Mr. Dexter to come into his private room and inspect a quantity of foreign orders and patents of nobility. But the American was obdurate; and, seeing that all his pleading was in vain, the Count went off in a terrible rage.

The next few days were somewhat trying, both for uncle and niece. As soon as Miss Annie heard the dreadful news of her lover's rejection, she attacked her guardian with every species of argument and abuse she could invent, and was only pacified by the threat that he would disclose her identity. Failing to make an impression upon him, she resorted to Clara, whom she pestered for her good offices, and reproached bitterly for having marred her prospects in life.

"My dear Annie," protested Clara, "I assure you it has nothing to do with me. I should be delighted to see you the Countess of Splitzentoff. Uncle takes such violent dislikes, you know. If I were you I should elope; he would be sure to come round afterwards."

"My dear Clara, what a magnificent idea!" cried Annie, embracing her, effusively.

As the days passed, the love-lorn young lady's temper improved materially; the Count was as devoted as ever in his attentions, though less obtrusive, and the Dexters, uncle and niece, professed to take no notice of the affair. The St. Leger week came on, and the hotels were crowded to suffocation. The night before the great race there was a ball at the Regalia of unusual splendour.

"I suppose you are going to-night, Annie?" inquired Clara.

"Yes, with Mrs. Mungo; and I have a great favour to ask you—perhaps it may be the last," said that young lady, demurely.

"What is it."

"I want you to lend me your diamonds. I am *so* anxious to look well to-night."

"Oh, yes, you may have them," answered Clara, smiling. "Don't forget to leave them behind, though!"

So Miss Annie went to the ball, arrayed in Miss Dexter's jewels, and naturally enjoyed herself immensely.

The next day nearly every one in the hotel went off to Doncaster. The Scarborough air had done Clara so much good that she determined to accompany her uncle; Annie, however, pleaded fatigue and a bad headache, and Dexter did not press her to go. Just before starting, Clara entered her uncle's room.

"Lend me £200," she said, laughing.

"What for?" he asked, with a responsive grin.

"Now you know you are not to ask questions, but to do as you are told."

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Arriving on the course, Dexter disposed of his niece, and began strolling about the ring. Presently he felt a touch on his sleeve.

"I beg your pardon, sare," said some one with a strong foreign accent, "but haf I ze pleasure to address Mr. Dexter?"

"That 's so!" said Dexter, turning round.

Two men stood before him, one tall and somewhat distinguished-looking, the other shorter, with a sharp hatchet face and business-like appearance. Dexter fancied he had seen the tall man before. Oddly enough, he was singularly like Count Splitzentoff, but his whiskers were nearly white, and his face was wrinkled and worn, as if from a recent illness. Moreover, he might have been at least thirty years older than the Count; but still there was a likeness.

"You are Mr. Dexter," he continued, with much volubility and many gesticulations; "then you know a *misérable* who call himself the Count Splitzentoff, and reside at the Hotel Regalia? Vere is he—can you tell me?"

"Hanged if I know!" said Dexter, feeling somewhat uneasy.

"Is he not here?" cried the stranger, excitedly.

"No; I don't think he came. Ill, or something."

"Hang the fellow!" interposed the short man. "He 's given us the slip!"

"This, sare, is to you a mystery," said the other, trembling with rage. "*I* am ze Count Splitzentoff; that *sacré* brigand is my valet, Jules le Guillon. Look you, sare, he is a *voleur*—what you call pique-pocket. I am at Naples; I catch ze accursed cholera; Le Guillon, he pack me to a hospital; I grow worse; he leave me to die; he go to my hotel; he steal my luggage, my money, my papers—everything; he go off I know not where. But I recover; I get on his traces, wis ze aid of my good friend Monsieur Ferret, of Scotland-yard. At last I have catch him—is it not so?"

Dexter was not easily surprised; but he stared at the infuriated stranger with amazement.

"The devil!" he ejaculated.

"Perfectly correct, sir," said Mr. Ferrett. "But we are wasting time. Where is the gentleman?"

"At Scarborough, I believe."

"By Jove! I trust he mayn't have got clear off! If I had only wired to the police! But I wanted to collar him myself."

Dexter promptly found his niece, and the whole party returned to Scarborough as fast as a special train could carry them. The journey was by no means a pleasant one. The real Count was frantic at the thought of losing his prey, Ferret was silent and sulky, while Dexter was seriously uneasy about Annie.

"I never meant to let her in for anything like this," he whispered to Clara, who was crying quietly in a corner.

"Where is Count Splitzentoff?" shouted the party in chorus, when they arrived at the Regalia.

"Went to London this morning on important business," answered the manager, and a volley of imprecations burst from the group. Dexter rushed upstairs to his ward's room. The door was locked. He kicked at it violently, and there was a faint "Who's there?"

"Open the door!" cried the American, feeling thankful things were no worse.

"Oh, Mr. Dexter!" sobbed the forsaken damsel; "where is Count Splitzentoff? We were to have eloped to-day!"

"You'll never see him again," said Dexter, savagely. "He's a swindler. By the way, did Clara give you £200?"

"Yes, and I g-g-gave it to him to take c-c-care of! And he took Clara's diamonds, be-c-c-cause he said one of the s-s-stones was loose! Oh, gracious, what shall I do?" And Miss Annie went off into a violent fit of hysterics.

"That was a very excellent joke of yours, Clara," remarked Mr. Dexter, grimly, as his niece came to the disconsolate Annie's assistance; "but, at present, M. Jules le Guillon has got slightly the best of it."

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GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—We are back in town, and are not sorry to be home once again. We enjoyed our return-journey from Coblentz quite as much as our journey out, for we did not make the mistake we had done on a previous occasion—viz., that of coming down the Rhine by means of the railway that runs along quite near the banks. The dust when we took this route before was almost unbearable. Our garments were covered thickly with its grey particles, and our hair impregnated. So this time we returned by boat. The heat was very great, and a smart thunderstorm came on and lasted for some twenty minutes. The cabin soon filled, but there was not room for everybody, and, among others, a fat little Dutchman got very wet, and became thereby transformed from a dapper little smiling dandy into the most abjectly limp and miserable of human beings. His clothes were very brilliant in colour and thin of texture. Some important portions of them appeared to be made of a sort of thin calico, on which you can imagine the effect of the huge drops of rain, as large as a florin. But the change in the clothes was nothing as compared with the change in the man. He had been rather inclined to stare hard at Maud, with a little smile that said: "You must, I'm sure, find *me* fascinating;" but after the wetting he was so subdued and disconsolate, and seemed to entertain such a poor opinion of himself, that we were rather sorry for him. He was a good illustration of the kind of man who reckons up his valuation of himself on the amount of his tailors' bills.

German men are frightfully rude; they even excel the women. If one happens to be in their way, they simply push and shove the human obstacle as though it were a chair or other inanimate object, until their path is cleared. But what can be expected of a nation that talks and writes so much of the "Ego?"

The railway officials behaved better than the so-called "gentlemen," but their voices are very rough, and they are *so* unbelieving. Papa fell fast asleep in the railway-carriage when we were returning to Rotterdam, and the guard came to look at our tickets. They do this quite an appalling number of times, as you perhaps remember. We tried to awake the poor dear tired old pater, but, as you know, that is a task needing both science, determination, and patience. Maud and I searched all his pockets, getting hotter and hotter as each receptacle failed to reveal the missing tickets. Charlie shook him and shouted at him, but Papa only grunted, and went on sleeping more resolutely than before. We said we would get him awake by the time the next station was reached, but the guard only shook his head, and called another guard who was worse than himself. He said he "had seen that trick tried before." It reminded me of that lovely bit in the "Wedding March" where the policeman says, "What, agin?"

Three of them, by this time, stood at the door. The

whole train was waiting on Papa's slumbers, and, at last, seeing the urgency of the case, Maud and I resolved to pinch him, which we did with such effective violence, that he roared frightfully loud and made a dash for the door, from which the three guards disappeared in an instant. I suppose he vaguely thought they had done it. He then produced the tickets from an express little pocket somewhere in the cuff of his left coat-sleeve, and all the fuss was over. He complained, at first, of the pinches; but, at last, when he realised the situation, and heard that the guard had "seen that trick tried before," he shouted with laughter so long and so loud, that even two Germans who were in the carriage joined in.

On reaching England, we could not help contrasting the beauty and variety of the trees with the stunted monotony of those in Holland; but Papa says that Normandy is the place to enjoy autumnal foliage in its full glory of colour. I shall ask him to take us there before very long.

We went to the Haymarket before it closed, and very much admired some of Miss Kate Munroe's dresses as the young widow, Mrs. Lynn Loseby. Her tea gown in the second act, of pink silk with loose, trained overdress of canvas, looped with pink ribbons, is perhaps the prettiest. We liked, too, her walking dress of white veiling, with black velvet collar, cuffs, belt, and hat.

Charlie says: "And don't forget the hanging tapes on her skirt," by which this ignorant person means gracefully drooping loops of black velvet ribbon, arranged on the left side of the skirt. *Tapes*, indeed!

And now I am going to winnow my budget of new music for your behoof. Papa has just given us a new piano, and it is a most delightful one, so mellow in tone, so easy yet crisp in touch. A charming little composition by Ernst J. Reiter, called "Bagatelle," sounds delightful on it. It is in gavotte time, and has a quaintness that recalls the Shakespearean music. You will be delighted with it, because it will remind you, here and there, in little delicate touches, of your beloved Handel. "L'Invitation, a Musical Picture," published by Patey, Willis, & Co., and composed by C. J. Beazley, is very graceful—a picture in subdued tones and delineated with the gentlest of touches. It is quite the composition for a twilight hour, containing no fireworks or "sudden sallies," in the shape of leaping, and running, and pounding accompaniments to the melody.

"Pleasing Strains" is the name of a collection of melodies easily arranged for the violin, with an accompaniment for the piano. Among them are "Home, Sweet Home," "Auld Lang Syne," "March of the Men of Harlech," and "The Last Rose of Summer." They are published by Wood & Co., Great Marlborough-street.

"Espoir," by Tito Mattei, is a very brilliant composition, but it is written in that repulsive key that possesses six flats. It is very effective, however, and Maud has taken kindly to it. "Will-o'-the-Wisp," a slightly eccentric piece, is by Herbert F. Sharpe. I suppose it ought to be eccentric in order to be consistent with its title, which some portions of it very cleverly illustrate, in their erratic phrases and wanderings hither and thither. "Spagnoletta," by the same composer, is a gentle little lament in the minor key, expressing no depth of grief, but rippling along upon the surface of a regret, as it were, and rising almost to passion at one moment, and then dying away in a long sigh. These are all published by Patey, Willis, & Co.

Our parcel contains a few pretty valses. "Cinderella," by W. A. Propert (London Music Publishing Agency) is good. The first part of "La Vogue" (Henry Klein) is so charming that it is disappointing to find the rest rather commonplace. "Love's Evensong," a more than ordinarily brilliant valse, with effective melodies, is composed by Maurice Moser, and published by E. B. Tree, of Highbury. The picture on the cover represents a young woman seated in a most insecure attitude upon a crescent moon, with such diaphanous drapery as to warrant the belief that her medical man would disapprove of such insufficient attire in the night air. The principal melody is that of Arthur Briscoe's popular song of the same name. You would also like the "Dream of Love" valse, by F. Eavestaff (Wood & Co.).

"The Golden Wedding March" was heard so often at the Fisheries that it sounds, by contrast, poor and thin on the piano. I like better the "Cloister March," by Carli Zœller. The publisher of this is Davison, Notting-hill, and of the former, Cox, of King-street.

In "The Last Muster" the words were suggested by Herkomer's famous picture of the old Chelsea pensioners. They are written by Juba Kennerly, and the music is by Henry Pontet. There is an accompaniment for the harmonium. It may be called a sort of sacred song, and should be sung with much feeling. Though not remarkable for originality, it will find many admirers. "Saved by a Child" belongs also to the sacred order, and will be equally popular with those who love to sing on Sundays. In the last verse the music is cleverly suited to the words. The latter are written by "Nemo," and the former is by M. Piccolomini. These are all published by Henry Klein.

Two songs published by Osborn & Tuckwood are perfectly charming. One is "Hearts are Trumps," by Ciro Pinsuti, and the other, "The Drummer and His Lass, or, Rub-a-dub-dub," by Vernon Rey. But there! I think I have given you enough music for one week.

Here is a bit of good news for people who are fond of handsome lace; and we all know their name is legion. The art of making Venetian point lives again! Queen Margherita of Italy, aided by several great ladies, has just established a regular school of lace-makers. When proficient in their art, the makers are sent into the islands and lagunes of Venice to teach the mysteries of the bobbin, needles, and patterns. There are already four thousand pupils in the school, and they can execute thirty-four kinds of Venice point! It appears that by the colour alone can a connoisseur distinguish this new lace from the old.

As you are such an admirer of Ellen Terry, you will be glad to hear that she is as *spirituelle* off the stage as she is in her various parts. Charlie saw her reply to Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy's letter asking permission to dedicate to her his new book, "The Life and Adventures of Peg Woffington," and one sentence struck him as very original: "When Mr. Irving speaks, his words seem to me *to live*, and that is what yours do in the scenes you have depicted."

I hear that the novel you liked so much, "The Pity of It," is about to be dramatised by an able hand. When it appears as a play, you really must come up to town to see it.

You remember the nice little game for children that I sent you last year called "Merry Matches"? It has just been brought out by Messrs. Wyman in a new edition, printed in colours. It is *such* an improvement. The colouring appears to bring out better the cleverness of the drawings. You will adore Baby Bunting and Humpty Dumpty; and the Man all Tattered and Torn is beautiful enough to make our long-haired æsthetes tear their hyacinthine locks with envy. It is just the game for a wet day, and will keep the nursery atmosphere free from storms.

I saw such a pretty dinner-dress at Russell & Allen's the other day. The front was made with jet embroidery over black satin, and was edged with a very thick pinked-out ruche of poppy-coloured silk. The bodice and demi-train were composed of red silk covered with black lace, and round the edge of the train ran three ruches, the middle one being red and the other two black.

Another was made of black tulle, the front being covered with puffed flounces, beaded with jet. Down the side of the skirt ran a panel of gold-embroidered black net, with large raised flowers, also in gold. The back was draped with many folds of black net, under a large bow of black satin. A similar bow trimmed the lower part of the

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front. The black satin bodice had a pointed plastron of gold-embroidered net like that on the skirt, and was richly trimmed with sparkling jet round the shoulders.

Sometimes, when fowls are over-roasted, they become so dry as to be tasteless. This is what we did lately with a pair in this condition. We had them cut up as though they were to be devilled; into the frying-pan was poured sufficient olive-oil in which to fry the pieces; into this were well stirred two tea-spoonsful of raw mustard. When the oil reached boiling-point, the pieces of fowl were placed in it, and covered with a plate. In ten minutes they were turned; in ten more they were turned out on a very hot dish, and sent up with equally hot plates. But I ought to mention that in the oven, meantime, merrily frizzled some rashers of bacon, and these formed the lower stratum on the dish, which was pronounced a great success.

We had some grouse sent us the other day, but they proved rather high for our taste, so I had a brace cut up and made into soup, adding a small ham-bone, an onion, some whole pepper, and a bunch of herbs. That, too, was pronounced very good, and not in the least reminiscent of the "height" of the birds. It was, at all events, better than burying them—the plan usually pursued under such circumstances.

Brains *en mayonnaise* is a *plat* that is fit to set before a king. To produce it, proceed as follows :—

Let the brains whiten in lukewarm water; place in a saucepan a few slices of bacon, two slices of lemon, two onions, and a clove. Then put in the brains and pour over them some good broth, and let them simmer for three-quarters of an hour. Then take them off the fire, let them get cool, cut some hard eggs and some lettuce-hearts into quarters, arrange them in a circle on a dish, put the brains in the centre, and pour a mayonnaise sauce over the whole.

I am going to tell you of a new sauce next week, the simplest you ever heard of, and *so* nice.

Till then, good bye, dear.—Your loving cousin,

MADGE.

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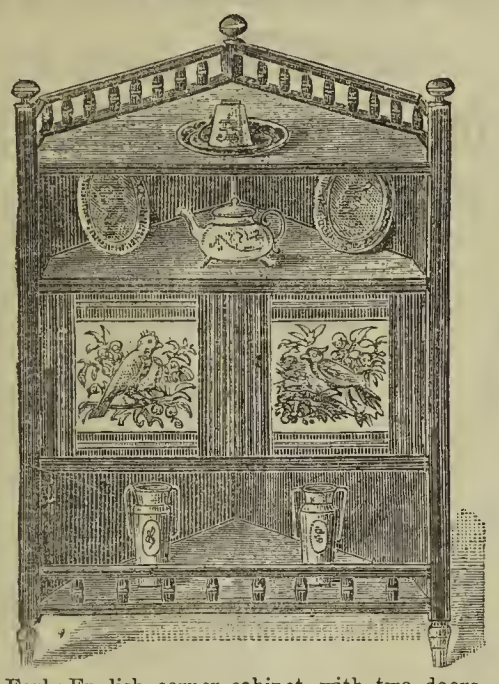

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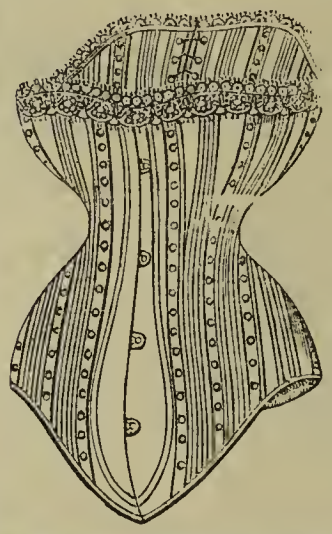
WILLIAM TONKS & SONS,
MOSELEY STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

PRIZE MEDALS: London, 1851; Paris, 1855; London, 1862; Paris, Silver, 1867; London, 1874.

Symington's Patent Eyeletted Seam Corset.



Eyeletted from top to bottom of each seam, making the strongest seam ever known, and providing the necessary ventilation, without which no article of clothing is perfect.

The Makers undertake to replace, gratis, every pair giving way at the seams.

Drab, Fawn, White - - 5/6
Black, Cardinal - - - - 7/6

From Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters.

APPETITE RESTORED.
DIGESTION ASSISTED.
The World's Table-Talk.
Ask your Grocer for Mandarin Sauce.

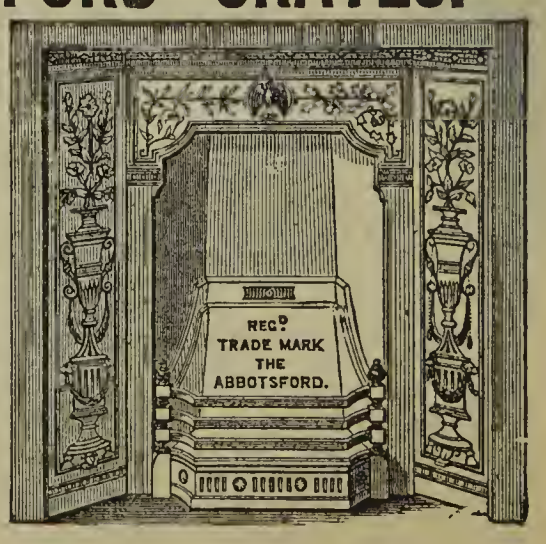
MANDARIN SAUCE is Sauce for ALL.

Mappin & Webb, 158 to 162 Oxford-st. W.
ABBOTSFORD GRATES.

"STOVE" CATALOGUE FREE.

Large Stock of
MARBLE and WOOD CHIMNEY-PIECES. BRASS FENDERS, FIRE-IRONS, and DOGS.

Tile Hearths and Sides. Brass Chandeliers and Fittings.
LAMPS,
New Special Designs.



LIFE ASSOCIATION OF SCOTLAND

Founded 1838 for Life Assurance and Annuities.

Funds **£2,740,000**
Annual Revenue **£470,400**

LOANS made on Freeholds, Leaseholds, and other securities, including Life Interests, and Absolnte or Contingent Reversions. Loans upon Reversions are made at annual interest, or in consideration of a deferred charge.

London: 5, Lombard-street, and 123, Pall Mall.
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PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED,
HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.

Every description of Life Assnrance and Annuity Business transaoted.
Reversions Purchased.

The invested assets exceed Four Millions. Whole World Licenses granted to Seamen and others permanently engaged on board ship at an extra premium of £1 per cent. Limited licenses for voyages not extending beyond 33 degrees North Latitude 10s. per cent.

The last Annual and Valuation Reports can be obtained upon application to the Secretary.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY (Established 1803), 1, Old Broad-street, E.C., and 22, Pall Mall, S.W.—Capital £1,600,000; Paid-up and Invested, £700,000. Total invested funds over £1,500,000. Insurances against fire on property in all parts of the world at moderate rates of premium. Prompt and liberal settlement of claims. Policies falling due at Michaelmas should be renewed on or before 14th October or same will become void.

E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited),
No. 10, St. Swithin's-lane, London, E.C.

General Accidents. | Personal Injuries.
Railway Accidents. | Death by Accidents.

C. HARDING, Manager.

National Stock Exchange

110, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

STOCKS OR SHARES BOUGHT OR SOLD AT MARKET PRICES.
Speculative accounts opened from £1 per cent. cover.
Options granted at market prices.
Clients giving refereuces are not required to pay any cover in advance.
Prospectus and Investment Circular forwarded by the proprietors,

A. S. COCHRANE & SONS,
STOCK AND SHARE BROKERS.

MONEY.—UNION DEPOSIT BANK, No. 17, King William-street, Charing-cross, London, W.C.
Established 1867.—Capital, £225,000; reserve, £120,000.
ADVANCES made without deductions, for short or long periods, in sums of £20 to £2,000, on personal security, furniture, stock-in-trade (without removal); also deeds, life policies, at 5 per cent., without mortgage expenses, from one to 10 years. Prospectus gratis, or post-free on application (personal visit preferred).

ROBERT P. HART, Manager.

N.B.—No fees. No sureties. First letter of applicant immediately attended to. Special terms for country loans. Distance no object. Easy repayments, and no genuine application refused. A gentleman sent from the bank to carry out all arrangements. Deposits received at three-and-a-half per cent.

CONSOLIDATED CREDIT AND MORTGAGE CORPORATION, Limited, 40, Great Tower-street, E.C. Advances £10 to £1,000. No delay. No fees. Personal application to the Secretary.

£175,000 Four per Cent. "A" Debenture Stock, of
THE WREXHAM MOLD and CONNAH'S QUAY RAILWAY COMPANY, ranking as a first charge, with priority over £175,000 "B" Debenture Stock, and over £387,750 Consolidated Stock. Price—Par or £100 per £100 stock.

Actual clear net revenue available for the "A" Debenture Stock, after payment of rent of leased line, for the half-year ending 30th June, 1884	£5,503 13 11
Amount required for half-year's interest on the whole of the "A" Debenture Stock	3,500 0 0
Surplus clear half-yearly net revenue	£2,003 13 11

The interest accrues from 1st July, and is payable by warrants half-yearly on the 1st February aud 1st August, at the North and South Wales Bank, Limited, Wrexham, and at their London Agents, the Londou and Westminster Bauk, Limited, Lothbury, London.

The Directors of the Wrexham Mold and Connah's Quay Railway Company are authorised to receive applications for £90,000, being the balance of the above £175,000 Four per Cent. "A" Debenture Stock, created, by virtue of Special Act of Parliament 46 & 47 Vict., cap. 108, in substitution for Debenture Stocks bearing higher rates of interest, and for the purpose of doubling the line, and providing additional rolling stock, &c., rendered necessary by the great increase of traffic.

Price £100 per £100 Debenture Stock, payable £10 per £100 Stock on application, aud the balance on the 1st of October.

The traffic actually carried by the Railway during tho six months ending 30th June last was as follows:—Minerals, 323,068 tons; general merchandise, 27,823 tons; passengers, 82,140. The traffic receipts of the Company for the year ending 30th June last amounted to £33,117. 10s., equal to £45. 10s. per mile per week; a return greater, it is believed, than that of any other single line of railway (except one) in the United Kingdom.

Without reckoning the great increase of traffic which must come upon the Railway when additional collieries are connected with it by means of the new branches, and taking into account only the receipts from the working of the railway as it is, the clear net annual revenue of the Company now available for payment of interest upon the "A" Debenture Stock, after deducting working expenses, rent of leased line, and all charges, is considerably in excess of the sum required to meet such interest, which is a first charge thereon.

The Wrexham "A" Debenture Stock is therefore as amply secured as that of railway companies generally, the market price of whose four per cent. debenture stocks average at least 110, or 10 per cent. above tho price of the "A" Debenture Stock now offered at 100. It is intended to apply to tho London Stock Exchange for an official quotation of the stock.

The Acts of Parliament and last report and statements of account of the Company can be seen at the offices of Messrs. James Fraser & Sons, 2, Tokenhouse-buildings, King's Arms-yard, E.C.

Applications for Debenture Stock (which can be for any sum being a multiple of £10) must be forwarded to the North and South Wales Bank, Limited, Wrexham; the London and Westminster Bank, Limited, Lothbury, London, E.C.; or to the Secretary of the London offices of the Company, 2, Tokeuhouse-buildings, King's Arms-yard, London, E.C., from all of whom detailed prospectuses and forms of application can be obtained.

Applications will be received up to Saturday, the 27th inst.

CONVERSION of the BALANCE of the HUNGARIAN SIX PER CENT. GOLD RENTES against the issuo of £12,473,960 Hungarian Four per Cent. Gold Rentes, completing the amount authorised.

Messrs. N. M. ROTHSCHILD & SONS have to announce that, in conformity with the Royal Hungarian Law No. XXXII. of tho yoar 1881, SUBSCRIPTION LISTS will be OPENED for the ISSUE of £12,473,960 HUNGARIAN FOUR PER CENT. GOLD RENTES for the sole purpose of redeeming all the Hungarian Six per Cent. Gold Rentes now in circulation.

Subscriptions may be made either in cash or in Bonds of the Six per Cent. Gold Rentes at present in circulation. Subscribers in bonds will receive a preferential allotment. Forms of application under both the above conditions are annexed, and it is expressly stipulated that any applicant having olected to pay, either in cash or in bonds, canuot alter his engagement.

Subscription lists will be opened in London on the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th instant.

Lists will also be opened in Vienna, Buda-Pesth, Paris, Berlin, Frankfort-ou-the-Main, Cologne, Amsterdam, Brussels, and Antwerp.

Applications for the above Bonds, in exchange for existing Six per Cent. Gold Rentes, will be received on the following conditions:—

The Six per Cent. Bonds presented for conversion must be furnished with the talon and the coupons of aod from the 1st of January, 1885, and the Four per Cent. Bonds given in exchange will bear the January, 1885, coupon.

In the conversion every £75. 11s. 6d. nominal capital of the Six per Cent. Rentes will be equivalent to £100 nominal capital of the Four per Cent. Rentes, thus every £300 Six per Cent. Rentes represents £397 of the Four per Cent. Rentes. The exchange will be effected as nearly as the smallest denomination of Bond (viz., £10) will permit, and any fractional difference will be covered by a cash payment.

Application must be made on the anuexed form, and accompanied by a deposit of £5 per cent. in money or an approximate amount in Six per Cent. Gold Rentes. The failure to deliver the Six per Cent. Rentes when the Four per Cent. Rentes are ready to be given in exchange will render the deposit on applicatiou liable to forfeiture.

Subscriptions in cash are payable as follows:—

For every £100 Stock—	£5	0	0 on application.
	£22	7	6 on allotment.
	£23	0	0 ou 28th October, 1884.
	£25	0	0 on 25th November, 1884.
	£77	7	6

Subscribers may pay up the remainiog instalments under discount at the rate of £2. 10s. per cent. per annum, ou any Tuesday or Friday after the scrip has been issued.

In case the allotment should not require the whole deposit, the surplus will be returned; and if the deposit be insufficient for the first instalment on the amount allotted the balance required must be paid forthwith. Iu case of no allotment being made the deposit of the applicant will be returned.

The failure to pay the wholo of the instalments subjects all previous payments to forfeiture.

Scrip will be issued, which will be exchanged for the Bonds after payment of the last instalment; the Bonds will be similar to those already in circulation.

Immediately after the subscription is closed, the repayment of all the Hungarian Six per Cent. Gold Rentes, not presented for conversion, will be notified by his Excellency the Hungarian Minister of Finance.

New Court, September 18, 1884.

FORMS OF APPLICATION FOR ALLOTMENT.
ROYAL HUNGARIAN FOUR PER CENT. GOLD RENTES.
Issue of £12,473,960 nomiual Capital.
Payment to be made iu Six per Cent. Bonds.

To Messrs. N. M. Rothschild and Sons.

Gentlemen,— request that you will convert for £ say pounds nominal Capital of the above Stock, into Hungarian Four per Cent. Gold Rentes, on which enclose the required deposit, viz. (£ iu cash, or in Bonds, as particularised on the back of the prospectus), and agree to convert that amount, and to deliver to you, in exchange for the allotment of Four per Cent. Gold Rentes, the necessary Six per Cent. Gold Rentes, according to the conditions of your prospectus of the 18th September, 1884.

Gentlemeu, your obedient servant,
Name at length.....
Address .....

Payment to be made in Cash Only

To Messrs. N. M. Rothschild and Sous.

Gentlemen,— request that you will allot to £ say pounds nominal capital of the above stock, on which enclose the required deposit of five per cent. or £ and agree to accept that amount or any less sum that may be allotted to aud to pay in cash the balance of such allotment according to the conditions of your prospectus of the 18th September, 1884.

Gentlemen, your obedient servant,
Name at length.....
Address .....

London, September , 1884.

OCEAN STEAM YACHTING COMPANY, LIMITED.—The Steam Yacht CEYLON, 2,200 tons, R. D. Lunham, commander, will sail from Gravesend on WEDNESDAY, October the 22nd, on a seven weeks' cruise to the Mediterranean, so arranged as to avoid quarantine, visiting GIBRALTAR, MALTA, CORFU, ATHENS, SMYRNA, if quarantine regulations permit, ALEXANDRIA (for CAIRO, and witnessing the arrangements connected with the Expedition for the relief of General Gordon), TUNIS, and ALGIERS. Fare—£100 for a single berth, two in a cabin, or £175 for a whole cabin reserved for one person. Passengers wishing to remain at any of the above ports may, subject to the approval of the commander, sub-let their berths.—For further particulars apply at the Company's Office, 7, Pall Mall, S.W.

BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

THE NEW SANITARY WALL-HANGING.

CHEAPER than a Painted Wall, and MORE DURABLE.
MAY BE SCRUBBED WITH SOAP AND WATER WITHOUT INJURY.
Manufactured by THE EMBOSSED TAPESTRY COMPANY,
LONDON DEPOT: 33, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

Patterns, Prices, and Particulars on receipt of 6 stamps.

FURNITURE,
Pianofortes, Luggage, &c.
Removed or Warehoused
AT EXTREMELY LOW RATES.
Removals to or from All Parts of the
United Kingdom & Continent
PROSPECTUS AND ESTIMATES POST-FREE.
Advances made on goods warehoused if required.

RUSSELL'S DEPOSITORY,
KING'S ROAD, CHELSEA, LONDON.

The Share List will close on Friday, the 26th September, 1884.

JOKAI (ASSAM) TEA COMPANY, Limited.

(*Incorporated with limited liability under the Companies Acts of* 1862 *and* 1883.)

CAPITAL, £120,000, IN 12,000 SHARES OF £10 EACH.

Present Issue £60,000 in 6,000 Shares of £10 Each.

3,000 Share are held by existing Shareholders; 1,900 Shares are to be allotted to the Muttuck Tea Company, Limited, in payment for their Estates agreed to be purchased by the Company. 1,100 Shares are now offered for public subscription.

Price:—Par, or £10 per Share, payable 10s. per Share on Application, £1 per Share on Allotment, and the balance, £8. 10s., early in 1885.

DIRECTORS.

J. BERRY WHITE, Esq., late of Assam, Director of the Assam Railways and Trading Company, Limited, Chairman
ALEX. LAWRIE, Esq. (Messrs. Alex. Lawrie & Co.), London and Calcutta, 14, St. Mary Axe, E.C.
JOHN MACKINTOSH, Esq., of the Nahor Habi Tea Estate, Assam, Seymour Chambers, Adelphi, W.C.
J. MYRIE HOLL, Esq., late of Assam, Chairman of the Dejoo Tea Company, Limited.
A. C. C. DeRENZY, Esq., C.B., late Sanitary Commissioner of Assam.

Bankers.

THE DELHI AND LONDON BANK, 123, Bishopsgate Street Within, London, and Calcutta.

Brokers.

Messrs. WHITEHEAD & COLES, 39, Throgmorton Street, E.C.

Solicitors.

Messrs. SANDERSON & HOLLAND, 46, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

Auditor.

J. F. KANE McGWIRE, Esq., Chartered Accountant, Queen Victoria Street.

Officiating Secretary and Offices.

CUNNINGHAM HUDSON, Esq., 14, St. Mary Axe, London, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

THIS Company was formed in Calcutta in 1873 for the purpose of acquiring and working the Jokai and other Estates, and the head office was transferred to London in 1882.

The Dividend for the past three years has averaged Six per cent., and with the view to lower the cost of production through economies in administration and European management, negotiations have been completed for amalgamating the Muttuck Tea Plantations, which are contiguous to, and in some instances interlace with, the Jokai division of the Company, and contain an area of 435 acres under plant, from which 180,160 lb. of Tea were gathered last year, and showed a profit of about 7 per cent. on the value taken over by this Company.

The award on which the basis of the amalgamation has been fixed was given by Mr. J. J. J. Keswick, President of the Bengal Chamber of Commerce, who, as Senior Resident Partner in the firm of Messrs. Jardine, Skinner, & Co., of Calcutta, has had large experience in the valuation and financial management of Indian Tea Estates. He determined the price to be paid to the Muttuck Tea Company, Limited, for their Estates and Assets to be £19,000.

Favourable arrangements have also been made to purchase or lease several smaller estates in the neighbourhood, the management of which will not involve any increase in the present staff of the Company. The Board intends to take advantage of any further opportunities for acquiring other estates in the immediate vicinity, provided such amalgamation will help still further to reduce the cost of production.

In order to provide for the purchase of the above Estates, the Capital of the Company has been increased to £120,000, of which £30,000 was raised, and a further issue of £30,000 is now made comprising £19,000 allotted to the Shareholders of the Muttuck Tea Company, and the balance, £11,000, is offered for public subscription. The remaining 6,000 Shares are reserved for future issue upon the purchase of additional estates, and for other purposes of the Company, in terms of the Articles of Association.

The amalgamated estates already purchased, and those agreed to be purchased, will comprise more than 8,500 acres, of which 4,581 acres are held under fee simple tenure, and the remainder on very satisfactory leases, direct from Government. They are all within from 3 to 9 miles of Dibrugarh, the chief town in Upper Assam.

The area which has been brought to the condition of high-class Tea plantation is about 1,460 acres, the remainder is well adapted for cultivation, and is to a great extent covered with timber, suitable for the requirements of the estates.

The Assam Railway runs for about 6 miles through the property, the Bokol and Lahowal passenger and goods stations being situated upon it, and connected with the two principal factories.

The factory buildings are of a complete and substantial character, being chiefly constructed of iron, and are fitted with extensive steam machinery, and approved appliances for the economical production of Tea.

A force of 1,487 labourers, imported under indenture, and in addition a large number of time-expired immigrants, are settled upon the estates.

The out-turn of tea this season is estimated at 581,600 lb. (458,000 lb. from the Company's own Estates, and 123,600 lb. from gardens held under lease) which it is expected will be produced at a cost of 10¾d. per lb. laid down in London. The out-turn to end of August has been telegraphed—viz., 357,900 lb., or more than three-fifths of the total season's estimate, thus giving every reasonable hope that the full crop, as mentioned above, will be realised, and possibly exceeded.

The new Shareholders will have the benefit of the present season's crop.

The gross amount realised for the produce of 1882 and 1883 was £28,495, showing an average of 12·62d. per pound. Taking the cost at say 10¾d. per lb. laid down in London, there remains a margin of, say, 2d. per pound, which, on the above out-turn of 581,600 lb. estimated for 1884, would show a surplus of £4,850, or equal to a dividend of over 8 per cent. upon a called-up capital of £60,000. The portion of the current season's crop so far sold—viz., 64,621 lb.—has averaged gross 1s. 2·15d., or 1¾d. per lb. in excess of the figures on which the revenue calculations have been based.

When such of the plants as are still young arrive at maturity, the cost of production, it is expected, will be diminished, and by the considerable economies in the cost of supervision and administration effected by the fusion of the several gardens into one large concern. The improved and economical means of transit afforded by the recently constructed railway, and the substitution of cheap fuel (coal and coke from the coal fields now opened out by the railway) for the more costly charcoal in the process of manufacture must also materially cheapen production.

The Company's mark has for years maintained a good position in Mincing-lane, the crop having realised 1s. 2¼d. in 1881, 1s. 0¾d. in 1882, and 1s. 1d. in 1883.

A return, issued by the Secretary Indian Tea Districts Association, shows that the position of this Company compares favourably with fourteen other first-class dividend-paying Tea Companies in Assam; the average cost per acre being £49. 10s., and the cost of production 11¼d. per lb. of Tea.

The capital cost per acre of the Estates of this Company on the same basis is £40, and the cost of production por lb. is estimated at 10½d. for 1884 season.

The following Agreements for Sale and Purchase of Properties have been entered into:—

Between the Jokai (Assam) Tea Company, Limited, and the Liquidators of the Muttuck Tea Company, Limited, dated 11th March, 1884; Correspondence between John Berry White and Messrs. Finlay, Muir, & Co., regarding purchase of Sherwood Estate; Contract dated 9th February, 1884, between John Berry White and Richard Rowe, as to Lease of Kalijan Estate; Contract dated 28th February, 1884, between John Berry White and Khetsee Doss, regarding Lease of Baugpara and Poma Gardens; an Agreement to act as Produce Brokers of the Company has also been made between Messrs. Lloyd, Matheson, & Co., and Mr. Alex. Lawrie, dated 9th June, 1884.

There are numerous Contracts with managers and coolies connected with the ordinary business and working of the Company's Tea Estates, the particulars of which it is not necessary to set out; applicants for shares must therefore be considered to have waived the furnishing of particulars of all Contracts other than those specifically mentioned above.

Copies of the above Agreements specially mentioned, and of the Memorandum and Articles of Association, can be seen at the Offices of the Company's Solicitors.

A Map of the Estates on the combined Jokai division of the property, and the last Report and Accounts, can be seen at the Company's Offices, where, as well as from their Bankers and Brokers Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained.

14, St. Mary Axe, E.C.,
London, 20th September, 1884.

PLYMOUTH PIER COMPANY, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1877.

DIRECTORS.

Baron Albert Grant (Messrs. Grant & Co.), Foundors-court, Lothbury, London, E.C., Chairman.
Sir Francis C. Knowles, Bart., F.R.S., Mayfield, Ryde, Isle of Wight.
Septimus Francis Porter, Esq., St. Margaret's, Twickenham.
Edward Snow Lancaster, Esq., 3, St. Andrew-terrace, Plymouth, Resident Direotor.

SOLICITORS.—Messrs. Fowler, Christie, & Co., 2, Victoria-mansions, Westminster, S.W.

BANKERS.

Messrs. Martin & Co., 68, Lombard-street, E.C., London.
The Devon and Cornwall Banking Company, Limited, Plymouth, and their Branches.

AUDITORS.

Messrs. J. F. Lovering & Co., Chartered Accountants, 77, Gresham-stroet, London, E.C.
Messrs. Blewitt & Fowler, Public Accountants, Temple Chambers, Plymouth.

SECRETARY.—G. D. Mertens, Esq.

OFFICES—7, Westminster Chambers, Victoria-street, London.

ISSUE of £20,000 SHARE CAPITAL, in 4,000 Shares of £5 cach, payable as follows:—

£1 per Share payable on Application.
2 „ „ on Allotment.
2 „ „ on 1st November, 1884.

£5

The first dividend is intended to be in January next.

In addition to the above Shares, £20,000 of Five per Cent. Permanent Debenture Stock of the Company is offered for subscription payable

£5 per oent. payable on Application on the amount of Stock applied for.
45 per cent. payable on Allotment.
50 „ „ on 1st November, 1884.

£100

The Debenture Stock will be represented by Stock Certificates registered in the Company's books, and will be transferable in any amounts. Interest will be payable quarterly on 1st January, 1st April, 1st July, and 1st October in each year, by interest warrants, which will be remitted to the registered address of the proprietor. The first interest is payable 1st January next.

The above Debenture Stock is secured by a First Mortgage upon the Plymouth Pier and its Revenue in favour of the following gontlemen as Trustees for the Debenture Stockholders, viz.:—

Peter Stewart Macliver, Esq., M.P. for Plymouth.
John Henry Puleston, Esq., M.P. for Devonport.
John Greenaway, Esq., Mayor of Plymouth.

The Directors of the Plymouth Pier Company, Limited, invite applications for £20,000 Share Capital, in 4,000 Shares of £5 each, part of 6,000 Shares (2,000 Shares having been already subscribed), and £20,000 Five per Cent. Permanent Debenture Stock secured by a Mortgage upon the Plymouth Pier and its revenue in favour of the above-mentioned Trustees.

The Plymouth Pier was officially and publicly opened on the 29th May, 1884, by the Mayors of Plymouth and Devonport, in the presence of the County and Borough Magistrates, P. S. Macliver, Esq., M.P. for the Borough of Plymouth, the Members and officers of the Corporations of Plymouth, Devonport, and Local Board of Stonehouse, and about 10,000 persons.

The success of the Pier as supplying a want for Plymouth, Devonport, and Stonehouse (which join one another), having a united population of about 170,000 persons, has been proved from the day of its opening.

The traffic returns and attendances will sufficiently show this. From 29th May to 27th August, 1884 (three months), the total number of visitors to the Pier has been 278,892, an attendance of 21,453 persons weekly, which is believed to be a considerably larger number than is shown by any other Pier in England for the same period.

The receipts from 29th May to 27th August have been £1,932; and, after deducting the amounts payable for musical and other entertainments, wages, general charges, and proportion of annual allowance for repairs and taxes, leaves a net profit of £1,040 for the three months, or an average net profit of £80 per week for the thirteen weeks.

The above receipts include the tolls from passengers embarking on the numerous pleasure steamers leaving the Pier Head only, from 24th July, arrangements having been made on that date for their doing so; but they do not include the rent for advertising space (the agreement not commencing until 29th September), nor for one of the houses on tho Pier; the full amount the Pier is capable of earning is therefore not shown by the above figures.

When the Company's sources of income are fully organised, including receipts from special concerts, fête days, and other attractions, the Directors look for, as a minimum result, including the rentals and fixed percentages of about £500 per annum, an average net weekly profit of £110 per week for 26 weeks, £50 for 16 weeks, and £20 per week for 10 weeks, thus making a total of £3,860 net profit for the year.

To illustrate the earning powers of Plymouth Pier, it may be montioned that the net profit for the week ending

4th June (inoluding Whit-Monday) .....was £187
6th August (including Regatta Days and Bank Holiday)... „ 174
20th August (including Swimming Matches Day) ..... „ 120

The Debenture Stock now for Subscription will require £1,000 for the annual interest, or practioally one-fourth of the estimated annual net profit of £3,860, and after paying this interest of £1,000 there would be left £2,860, sufficient to pay a dividend of 9½ per cent. per annum on the £30,000 Share Capital herein referred to, and it will be seen by the details given herein that £1,040, or more than the whole amount required for the full year's interest on the Debenture Stock, has been earned in three months from 29th May to 27th August.

The Pier has been constructed pursuant to the Company's Parliamentary powers, and may be said to be equal to Freehold, the Foreshore being held by a grant thereof for ever from the Duchy of Cornwall, and the approach to the Pier by easement from the Corporation of Plymouth, at the nominal rate of one guinea per annum.

The outlay for construction, Acts of Parliament, interest, agency, &c., is represented as follows:—

£30,000 in 6,000 Shares of £5 each, of which 2,000 Shares have been already applied for, leaving 4,000 Shares now for subscription.
£20,000, in Five per Cent. Debenture Stock now for subscription.

Total ... £50,000

By the Company's Parliamentary Powers the Company can sell and the Corporation of Plymouth are authorised to purchase the Pier on terms to be mutually agreed upon, all the rights of the Stock and Shareholders of the Company being duly protected.

The following revenue for the last twelve months of other Piers is given, as showing that the estimate of £3,860 net profit of the Plymouth Pier is a most moderate one, seeing that the population of Plymouth, Devonport, and Stonehouse is 170,000, while that of the four towns undermentioned is together only 196,239:—

	Year's Net Profit.
Brighton	£3,670
Hastings	2,599
Southport	3,508
Blackpool	5,051
Plymouth	3,860

The Shares of Pier Companies are well known to be among the most remunerative of industrial securities, as will be seen by the statement of dividends earned by the following Companies for the last twelve months, and the enhanced value of their Shares, viz.:—

Brighton Pier Company paid 9½ per cent. dividend on £35,000 Share Capital—its £10 Shares are selling at £15 per Share.

Hastings Pier Company paid 8 per cent. dividend on £31,000 Share Capital—its £10 Shares are selling at £12. 5s. per Share.

Southport Pier Company paid 5½ per cent. dividend (appropriated 1 per cent. to a special fund), making a total of 6½ per cent. on £50,000 Share Capital—its £100 Shares are selling at £110 per Share.

Blackpool Pier Company, after paying interest on £16,600 Mortgage Debentures, paid 8 per cent. dividend on £50,000 Sharo Capital—its £100 Shares are selling at £121 per Share.

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RULES.

1. The sum of £2. 2s. will be given every week for the best Epigram, Conundrum, Lipogram, Bouts-Rimés, or whatever the announced subject of the competition for the week may be.

2. The Puzzle Editor reserves the right, however, of dividing the above sum between two or more competitors, or of withholding the prize, should exceptional circumstances render such a course desirable.

3. The decision and award of the Puzzle Editor must be considered final and irrevocable, and, for obvious reasons, no appeal from his critical judgments can be entertained.

4. In every instance the Prize will be given in money, subject to no condition whatever, except the publication of the winner's real name and address in this journal.

5. Competitors will be allowed eight days for the composition and despatch of their efforts; but all such communications must, at the latest, be received at the Truth Office by the first post on Friday morning in the week succeeding the publication of the subject for competition.

6. Not more than one Prize will be given in a Quarter to the same competitor.

7. All New Contributors are Required to Forward with their First Answers their Real Names and Addresses for Registration; such names and addresses will not be published except in the case of Prize-winners.

8. The *nom-de-plume* chosen by competitors should not exceed 12, and must under no circumstances consist of more than 14 letters.

9. Competitors must on no account change the noms-de-plume they have once assumed.

10. On the announcement of the Prize-winner's *nom-de-plume*, the successful competitor must write and make formal application for the Prize, stating the address to which the cheque must be sent. Any competitor failing to do so within three months of winning the Prize will forfeit all claim to the same.

11. No communications can be received on post-cards, by telegraph, or by hand. They must all be sent by the time named above, in post letters addressed—

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"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 292.

I have again to express my regret that more space could not be devoted to the publication of the "Ancient Mariner" parodies. I was unable to find room even for all those that had been set up by the printer, and the great number of answers to last week's Puzzle prevented me from making the full amends I had intended. It must now suffice to say, however, that the selection of the verses from Coleridge's poem, and the parodies of the same, were, as a rule, effectively done, the general average of excellence being high. The prize, I have decided, must go to Observer; whilst I would select Crystal Palace, Repealer, Orchis, Scrivener, and Malignant for especial commendation.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 293.

This competition has resulted in the receipt of such a large number of more or less ingenious suggestions as to a popular title for next season's Exhibition that I must ask for another week in which to make up my mind as to which is the prize one.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 296.

A new departure will be taken for this week's Puzzle. Competitors in these pages have been asked to do many novel and curious things, but they have never yet been asked to undertake such a task as is to be set them on this occasion. The prize will be given, that is to say, for

The Best Original Proverb that a Competitor may Send in.

It is, of course, unnecessary to state what a proverb is. Every one knows scores of these brief and sententious sayings, and will, therefore, not be at a loss for models on which to shape an original effort. And let it be understood, please, that the effort must be original. It is a distinctly new proverb that is required, and not an adaptation of some foreign one. The original proverbs may relate to any subject, and be founded on any truth; and no limit is laid down as to the number of words it must contain. Competitors may be assured, though, that no proverb which is not of a normal length, as well as of special wisdom, will be eligible for this two guinea prize.

Answers to Correspondents.

The following competitors sent in answers to Puzzle No. 293 too late, viz., Joe Botting, Repealer, Jane Eyre, W. Val English, Gee, H. Cummins, Charlie, Veronica, E. Maxwell, W. Morris, W. G. B., Mabel Brockwell, Capt. Richards, R. A. Hardcastle, Pode Ser, M. Wallis, H. W. Wallis, A. E. Hunt, Jumbo, and Skinned. Of the above, the best are, "The Sharps-and-Flateries," sent by Pode Ser; "The Fingeries," by Mabel Brockwell; and "The Instruventiories," by Veronica.

J. C.—Your suggestion of "Pay-to-Enteries" is well worth noting.

Crystal Palace.—I much regret to say I have mislaid, though only for a time, I hope, the MS. parody you sent me.

Truth.—The proverb you refer to runs somewhat thus:—"You do not speak of the gallows in the house of a man who has been hanged."

Bolingbroke.—You did not receive a prize, I regret to tell you.

Kismet and Crystal Palace.—Your answers will be included in the competition.

Simla.—Your two titles, "Fresheries," and "Bandnoveries," should have been acknowledged last week.

Little John.—Your afterthought in the way of a title, "The Tinkeries," though too late, is certainly very good.

M. T. and Spero.—I have made the desired corrections.

Keltie.—Your parodies were received, and one was actually "set up" for publication; though it had to be omitted for lack of space.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 294. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

PARAGRAPHS ON THE GORDON EXPEDITION, FORMED FROM THE LETTERS IN THE WORDS "COURAGEOUSNESS," "STEADFASTNESS," "HONOUR," AND "DISCRETION."

*** The following paragraphs have not yet been checked, but are published on the assumption that their writers' have duly observed the given conditions of the Competition. The Puzzle Editor.

As retiring at once did not suit Chinese Gordon's fantastic conscientiousness, confusion, ruin, and death are carried into far Soudan, the destined arena of a dangerous contest to rescue that headstrong "Christian hero." Nature, fiercest foe, defending his distant retreat, there tenders rash, intruding forces their choice of facing roaring cataracts or treading roasting sands. Such unreasoning infatuated strife but casts our hard-earned treasures on Africa's deserts, enhancing rotten securities for foreigners. Is this statecraft?—Cam.

If Chinese Gordon is neither dead nor incarcerated in his foes' horrid dungeons, and continues the defence he has so far carried on against those fierce desert fanatics, our forces, gunners, engineers, guards, horse or foot, ignoring fatigue, athirst for distinction, hastening under good, energetic Sir Garnet's orders to rescue this grand hero out of danger, can these, forsooth, reach their destination, that far-distant Soudanese fortress ere disaster disgrace an escutcheon heretofore considered unstained?—A. M. C. B.

A daily telegraphette.

Historians can assert that since Sesostris reigned neither Sothis* nor Athor* has seen so strange a foreign host ascending these cataracts as this curious reconnoissance to rescue Chinese Gordon, and retire the Soudanese garrisons. Odd contrast of races,—French Canadians in Cairo, Indians of distant Ontario beside the Red Sea, treading Africa's continent; France, enraged, harries China; discreet Austria, cunning Russia feign disinterestedness; great Teutonia's giant Cuirassier,† finessing his strong hand, disregards either's court cards.—Skriker.

* Egyptian names for stars. † Bismarck.

The notes of Gordon* are astounding. His ideas intensify the chances of a fiasco, inherent in the course decided on for rescuing the garrisons. His desires are in direct contradiction to the instructions of the authorities he is acting under. He is for assassinating the one agent strong enough to restore order, and for transferring the entire Soudan to the tender charge of tens of thousands of ferocious Turcos! Is he insane?—Squelette.

* Received Sept. 18, and three of them not yet deciphered.

Our force under orders for the Soudan, to rescue Gordon, has urgent need of great strength and endurance. Fierce, daring foes surround its sun-scorched road into Sahara's desert fastnesses. Treacherous or ignorant guides constitute a serious danger, such horrors as heat, thirst, inferior food, adding their continuous tortures. It has, indeed, an adroit conductor, Sir Garnet's recent successes in Africa creating confidence, if scarce subduing unfeigned uneasiness concerning his future fortunes, against another audacious antagonist.—Repealer.

In the heart of the Soudan is an African fortress. A hero said, "I can secure it against our foes. The onset of Soudanese herds harassed him. Oft defeat scattered them afar. Friends feared for Chinese Gordon. Cries arose, "Send aid at once." Cairo at this hour secs her streets astir. The rescue of the intrepid chief is near. Forces tread hot desert sands, soon to reach the scene of his durance,—he is free.—Wild Thyme.

This insane errand is foisted on us, a fresh nuisance attending the strange conduct of the sainted Gordon. That asinine fanatic ignores duties, defies orders, sets instructions at nought, considers his outrageous doings condoned into nothingness (or, rather, good deeds), seeing he is instructed after another fashion; acting, forsooth, under "direction of an unseen guide," going out, returning, raiding, retreating, as a tossed coin indicates. Such eternal nousense is far too gross for sane digestion.—P. M. G.

The scorching heat in the Soudan is ending. The nation, strong as its confidence is in Gordon's further succeeding to resist the organised desert hordes, sees increasing need to send for his use aid in food and forces. Rafts of strange construction are intended for carriage of stores, Canadians assisting in crossing the cataracts. None can understand in its entireness the astounding nature of this design, nor render the credit due to such heroic daring.—Pip.

Those fitted to utter forecasts concerning the chances of success issue a succession of assertions, distinct contradictions each of another. Certain ones, underrating the hindrances in reaching the situation of Gordon's incarceration, announce a cessation of insurrection as the forces attain a dangerous nearness. Others, forcing the antecedent defeat on our notice and deducing an inference, consider there is a deficience of strength. These assert that Cairo's territories are the destruction of aforegained honours.—Fuimus.

The tidings of Gordon's threatened assassination causing great consternation, a force, ten thousand strong, counting eight guns and four hundred Canadian canoes, started under Sir Garnet. Reaching first the African shores, then Cairo and the Cataracts, he entered the Soudan desert, a fastness of granite and sand, and rescued scot-free out of duress the indiscreet Christian hero. On returning, front and rear, horses, riders, friends, foes, guards, gunners, and cuirassiers shared gratuities and decorations.—Melioba.

Success attend our heroes, stout in the fight, strong, enduring; sure, if nothing unforeseen occur, under guidance of the "one" chief, to reach and rescue Gordon. There are no grounds for fearing disgrace or disaster. Rest assured, friends (arrogant and con-

ceited as the assertion sounds), the issue is certain. The desert, tho' it hinder, cannot arrest. The foe can neither stand against their fire, nor resist the concentrated resources and energies of this great nation.—Guinea Pig.

The State has had constant assurance of Gordon's rescue at the right instant. That season is near. Energetic readiness, daring decision, can set our hero free. A sounder future condition of Eastern concerns therefore arising, Sir Garnet's entrance to Cairo creates a fresh era in the situation of the Soudan; his actions causing sincerest interest and heartiest desire for their success. Turning confusion into order, he does a great deed, earning a nation's gratitude.—Dora.

Acting under urgent orders, Sir Garnet, considering hesitation indecorous, started direct for the Soudan at the end of August to the rescue of our hero, Gordon. Neither the heat of the arid desert nor the dangers of crossing the deafening cataracts deterred him. After great endursnce, nothing daunted, his forces succeeded in defeating their treacherous foes, reached the distressed garrison, raised the siege, and restored confidence. This is indeed a grand record of daring deeds.—A. N. P.

This nation has neither right nor reason to interfere further in the Soudan, or to shoot the Soudanese, in order to succour their foes. The truth is that Chinese Gordon is in a great degree the sad occasion of fresh disaster through not regarding the instructions sent out; indeed, he chose, on the other hand, a certain course to suit his ideas of righteousness. One cannot see either genius or justice in snch an action.—Picador.

The sage, far-seeing guide of our foreign conduct has discontinued the dangerous conrse of non-interference inaugurated in the Soudan, sending a strong force to rescue heroic Gordon and his stout-hearted adherents. Cataracts intersect the chosen route, necessitating Canadian assistance. Arid deserts stretch far ahead; treacherous friends distract; thousands of fierce infatuated foes shout a daring defiance. That no disaster or defeat encounter us is the ardent desire of a nnited nation. God defend the right!—Roggee Shurt.

The force sent for the rescue of Gordon is starting nnder great dangers. The season does not suit as regards tides, and our engineers are contending against the greatest odds. Cataracts, currents, heat, harassing onsets, dissent among guides, such things arrest their route. If success is attained, then the nation can rest satisfied. Nature is the hardest foe to fight here. God grant the good cause ends not in dishonour.—Malignant.

The route across deserts is so hot that this is a nicer idea if it suits. One thousand four hundred tons of stores are gone; cargoes, too, of other things, such as tents, furniture, Red Cross necessaries, rafts, strong canoes, &c. Then, ice is sent to freshen food or aid doctors in the cure of cases, and reduce heat for our hurt ones. African residents, understanding their cataracts, act safer guides than Canadian strangers.—Magellan.

Sir Garnet's antecedents ensure our entire confidence. Energetic, sagacious, heroic, his genius is strong enough to confront unforeseen dangers if such arise. In this case conditions are rather hard. Eager foes, intense heat, cataracts threatening serious disaster, intrigues of hesitating chiefs, untried Canadian recruits—these, indeed, need rare tact. One foresees the end, things so turning out that orators can go on asserting Great Britain's success, since, forsooth, her hero has rescned Gordon and retired.—Neptune.

The fiat is gone forth! The rescuing host has started on a tedious route of dangers, unencountered heretofore, to succour our China-Soudanese hero! The conceit of the nation is gratified at the idea of the terror of red coats, cannon, canoes, &c., causing a surrender; if this *ignis fatuus* is trusted in, the end is sure,—either sudden confusion, defeat, and destruction, or Gordon rescues his rescuers!—Joe.

Of course, in choosing a route, the authorities can do nothing in haste. Each has its share of dangers and horrors; the distance in either case is great. The first and constant care in the Soudan is the unceasing needs of thirst and hunger, and these are not found on the longer road; therefore, for this, and other reasons, it is our idea that the one under discussion is right and correct.—Sambo-Japhet.

The route chosen to further the rescue of the heroic Gordon and his courageous garrison interned in the Soudan is so dangerous that it cannot fail to engender a sense of fear as to the issue desired. The Red Sea tract is considered to hold out greater chances of success. Dash, caution, organisation are essential in the chief entrusted to conduct our forces to their destination. His untarnished career is an earnest of good fortune.—*Quo fas et gloria.*

No one desires to see Chinese Gordon's courage further tried. Courageous enough he is, and it is certain the staunch friends sent from Cairo for his succour can again face the horrors of a desert fight, if, indeed, the unfortunate occasiou arise. Our confident assurance of the success of their interference is not founded on the doing of heroic deeds: it is rather the retreating of the foe that ensures the fact of a rescue.—T. M. Dron.

Sir Garnet has started to resoue Gordon out of the hands of the snrrounding hordes of rude African fanatics. The idea, I fear, does the authorities at the Horse Guards scant credit. Granted that he succeeds in forcing the iron gates of the cataracts, the fierce heat of a scorching Soudan sun tries Northern constitutions high, and Canadians, though good on canoes or rafts, are not trained for encountering the arid sands of the desert.—Baculus.

The Foreign Conference has ended in a fiasco. A serious crisis threatens at Cairo. The dangerous sitnation of that heroic enthusiast, Chinese Gordon, cries out for aid. Fanatic Soudanese foes surround his distant African fortress. If our forces use cautious tactics, energetic decision, there is a fair chance of rescue, ere the garrison surrenders. Strong Canadian canoes and other craft of such a nature are needed to encounter cataracts, torrents, eddies, &c. God grant success!—H. S.

The first thing to find out is if Gordon can retire or not? If he can do so, he is not acting according to his instructions, and Sir Garnet ought not to go to his rescue, to endanger thousands for the safe return of one. Great dangers attend the road to Soudan; the chief is to decide their route into the desert after ascending the second cataract; Canadians are to steer the rafts and canoes.—Swallow.

Courageous and grand indeed is the character of Gordon. The nation has acted as she ought in sending forth those that care for her honour to aid one, the greatest of our heroes. Sucoess attend their doings! Grant a safe return to the honoured! Courage! succour is nigh at hand! Each hour friends are nearing thee. Trust in these, for, if steadfast to the end, here, once again, after foes are dead, thon returnest.—Hibou.

The Gordon rescue force is soon to start: indeed, Garnet has reached Cairo. Foes are uniting fast, and fierce strife is certain. Cataracts resist the rafts on their road; danger surrounds at each hour. Desert sands fatigue, torrents threaten death. Canada is sending assistance for our hosts, India furnishes her aid. Success is the sure issue, nor is defeat under consideration. The fortress once entered, the heroic garrison dare rest again. Nothing hinders true courage.—Alde.

The great trusted one has set forth on his chosen route to rescue Gordon. Our idea guider—the "Thunderer," &c., are in direst dread. "Foes and nntrue friends surround." "Carriage is too short." "Canadians ignorant." "Cataracts dangerous." But courage, and faith! Garnet, whose star red as the stone has shone thus far, is confident and discreet. A righteous cause, a hero's succour—can he aid the rescuer? Ensures success, a nation's treasures can enforce it.—Provident.

Great-hearted, generons Gordon is the fashion of the hour. Each constituent encourages the idea of the Soudan force rescuing this hero out of his desert refuge. Those stationed at the head are constrained to see that horses and forage are not sundered, as is often the case. Another tact for consideration is the need of a strong guard against a sudden rush of the insurgents. Cairo is ours if friends use foresight.—Infelix.

The first reason of the authorities sending the force for the Soudan is their desire of securing the rescue of Gordon and his surrounded associates out of the hands of the Soudanese; the second, the restoration of good order there. Assured of success, then, this nation regards the contest that she is forced to fight, since the satisfaction of ending it in a sore-needed succour is confided into the care of one of tried courago.—M. T.

Our Eastern crisis arouses great interest. Again, the tide that enriching Goshen has enriched Goschen, is the scene of strife. Ne'er did Herodotus narrate such heroic deeds as the outrageous gush of the *D. T.* arrogates to the force intended to rescue Chinese Gordon. The fortunate Garnet, hero of Canada, Ashantee, and Cairo, is confident of success against the Soudanese—a fiercer foe than the dastard curs he once routed in this far-distant region.—Vita Brevis.

Our forces, including the Canadian recruits, are concentrating near Cairo or Assouan, ready for starting in the direction of the Cataracts or, if needed, reach their destination across the dreary desert route. That the authorities can succeed in inducing Gordon to agree with their designs, and surrender the Soudan garrisons into the hands of the Darfur chief, instead of crushing him, continues uncertain.—Montezuma.

The ancient country of Sesostris is in a strange condition. That great founder sought to teach that each good and heroic action conduces to the greatness of a nation. The grand Gordon's rescue is at hand. Our hearts beat at the accounts of the dangers encountered at the Nile, in hoisting cannons round the roaring Cataracts, if the rushing tide is too strong to ascend. Future historians could not understand the hard things endured.—Mater.

Gordon, resisting reiterated inroads of Soudanese fanatics, defends his arduous trust against great odds in an astonishing fashion; so thirteen thousand redcoats under Garnet's orders go for this grand hero's rescue; a Canadian contingent attends as guides or conductors at the Cataracts, and, since fishing accessories are furnished, our forces can catch fresh fish *en route*. If authorities do disagree concerning these doings, certain it is that no stone rests unturned to render success secure.—Friar Tuck.

Gordon and his associates are not to continue in danger or destitute of aid. A contingent of four thousand, uuder the conduct of an energetic chief, starts at once to his assistance. Instead of dashing across the African deserts, the chieftain carries his forces through the Cataracts on rafts. His antagonists cannot fight against our trained gunners. The rescued hero can soon eat his dinner near Cairo, safe and sound, after the rigorous siege.—The Ashcat.

If success is to attend the aid sent to Gordon, one thing to do is to train the tars to their duties. Care is needed in ascending the first Great Cataract at Assouan, so that no unfortunate raft gets into grief; there is no other danger to deter us. Accidents are often caused on this route ou account of the need of first-rate steerage. This is sheer inattention, and should be guarded against.—Nutshell.

Near the heart of the Soudan, under a scorching sun, Gordon is fighting against the forces of a fierce fanatic. In his aid the authorities here are fitting and sending out nine hundred craft, each containing oars, fishing-nets, guns, a tent, tinned food, sugar, a thing for heating tea, coffee, &c. If the design succeeds, great then our credit; in the case of its nonsuccess, grand their efforts.—Sam Weller.

The cause of it is enough to create great fears for our safe guidance in the future. Gordon, sent out through the dangers and cares of the desert sands and the craft of fiendish foes, finds that in the hour of distress he is forgotten. E'en though safe return is certain, the truth of his taunt cannot cease to touch our hearts in sad grief, for it issued forth in true grief, not anger.—Borderer.

The scene in Eastern Africa is stirring. A force for Chinese Gordon's rescue is steering its course through an arduous ascent of Cataracts, and so dangerous that it is fortunate another route is on the cards. A further contingent of three thousand is needed; hundreds of Canadian canoeists are hastening to our aid; the transfer of stores continues; Sir Garnet is the guiding star.—Senex.

Gordon's aid is the chief intention of again sending forces into the Soudan. Great courage is needed in crossing the desert regions and dangerous districts to rescue the daring garrisons confined at the fortresses of the south. Rushing cataracts, dangerous gates, et cetera, create incessant hindrances, since it is hard for crafts ascending these. It is the nation's sincere desire that our courageous chiefs do their duties, as I trust those untiring ones intend doing.—Hoang-Ho.

The feat assigned to the force in North Africa, under Sir Garnet, to rescue and retire out of the Soudan, is of such a nature as to test the courage, strength, and grit of those in charge of our nation's interests in the East and of our direct route to India. Red Sea heats, desert sands, and rafts untried iu the rush of the furious tide, are the things to be fought and feared.—J. H. H. Harris.

Under a scorching sun, in the face of a daring and infatuated foe, dauger on each side, the defenders of our interests in the East are starting to rescue the heroic and enduring Gordon. The issue of the strife is, of course, uncertain. The eutire nation can rest assured that in the hands of a chief noted for his courage, cautiousness, and ingenious designs, its credit and resources are secure and unstained.—Jacob No. 1.

To rescue that true Christian hero, Chinese Gordon, four thousand eager redcoats are goue forth under great Sir Garnet's orders. None need fear defeat, disgrace, and disaster for these forces if foresight can ensure success, or resources secure us against serious accidents. Their undaunted courage arouses in astonished Africa a due sense of our steadfast intentions, since, as the shortest direct route is far too dangerous at this hot season, another safer one is chosen.—Albatross.

After tedious consideration, a force three thousand strong, containing four hundred courageous Canadians, under Sir Garnet's sagacious guidance, crossed other torrid countries, and, ascending cataracts in canoes and osier rafts, rescued Gordon (Christian hero!) out of Soudan regions—haunts of rhinoceros and ostriches. The chief, seeing certain recurrence of inundation, sent nine fast-riding couriers to announce great action in Eastern Africa to his august head. Horseguards' Association sang resounding chorus. Truth recorded it.—Explorator.

One of the north-eastern countries of Africa concentrated forces at Soudan, creating serious discord. Our nation sent Sir Garnet to set at rest the agitation. Gordon (courageous, of course,) hurried ont, succoured, aided, and assisted in this great outrage.—Cherry.

The strongest heart can faint. Chinese Gordon's fate is in our hands. His strength and forces are nigh done. Recognise true genius, and to the rescue at once. Decision in acting is needed.—R. M. G.

Paragraphs have been also received from C. Rose, Simla, Swallow, I. T. E., M. T., Pears' Soap, Truth, Clive, Annie, C. E. Swainson, R. M. E., Twee, Mahdi, Philomela, and Hercules.

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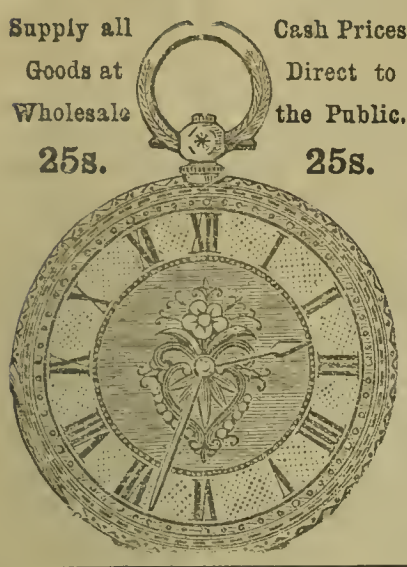

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But there is Lime Juice and Lime Juice; and the great difficulty has been to get a sound and pure product at a moderate price. How then, let us ask, is pure Lime Juice produced, and where does it come from? We will here only venture to give an answer in reference to one particular Lime Juice, known by the name of "Montserrat." As its title implies, it comes from Montserrat, one of the most beautiful and productive of the West Indian Islands. The Montserrat Company, which was practically established in 1868, has this special business in hand; and before the date just mentioned PURE Lime-Fruit Juice was almost unobtainable, the so-called Lime Juice product of Jamaica being most carelessly and unskilfully prepared, and having frequently sea-water added to it to increase its density.

To the Montserrat Company the public is indebted for a perfectly pure and wholesome juice of guaranteed uniform quality. The plantations of the Company now cover nearly 600 acres, and contain over 160,000 trees. The fruit is carried down from the mountains to the central manufactories, when the operations of slicing it by water power and squeezing it till the juice is expressed are carried on with a scrupulous attention to cleanliness. The juice is then promptly put up in casks, so that it may not be exposed to the air; but it must be remembered that only the product of the CHOICE fruit is thus preserved, that of the inferior being boiled down for the manufacture of citric acid.

It is no exaggeration to say that Montserrat is the only regular source from which pure Lime-Fruit Juice can be obtained; and it is in Montserrat alone that the lime is systematically cultivated on a large scale for the purpose of supplying the juice as a beverage to the English market.

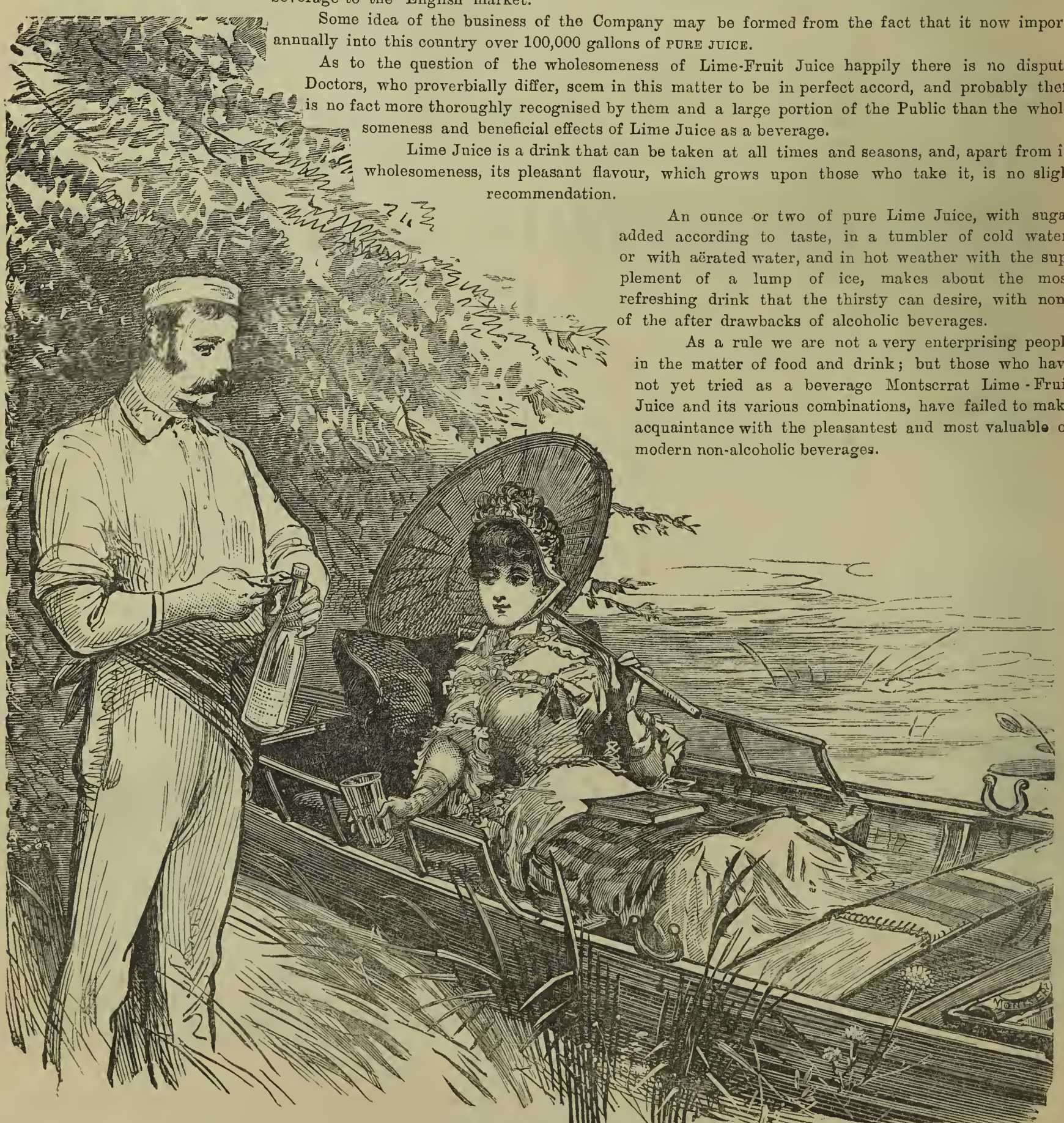
Some idea of the business of the Company may be formed from the fact that it now imports annually into this country over 100,000 gallons of PURE JUICE.

As to the question of the wholesomeness of Lime-Fruit Juice happily there is no dispute. Doctors, who proverbially differ, seem in this matter to be in perfect accord, and probably there is no fact more thoroughly recognised by them and a large portion of the Public than the wholesomeness and beneficial effects of Lime Juice as a beverage.

Lime Juice is a drink that can be taken at all times and seasons, and, apart from its wholesomeness, its pleasant flavour, which grows upon those who take it, is no slight recommendation.

An ounce or two of pure Lime Juice, with sugar added according to taste, in a tumbler of cold water, or with aërated water, and in hot weather with the supplement of a lump of ice, makes about the most refreshing drink that the thirsty can desire, with none of the after drawbacks of alcoholic beverages.

As a rule we are not a very enterprising people in the matter of food and drink; but those who have not yet tried as a beverage Montserrat Lime-Fruit Juice and its various combinations, have failed to make acquaintance with the pleasantest and most valuable of modern non-alcoholic beverages.



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· TRUTH ·

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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ENTRE NOUS.

THERE is no truth in the statement which has appeared in several journals during the last week, that the Queen proposes to stay for some days in Edinburgh, on her way south next month.

The Prince of Wales enjoyed some capital sport in Mar Forest last week during his visit to Lord Fife. The deer-drive in Glen Derry, which was to be the great slaughtering event of the week, had to be put off on two days, as it can only take place successfully when the wind is in a certain quarter. On Tuesday the Prince went out stalking in the northern portion of the forest, beyond the picturesque Linn o'Dee, and shot two heavy stags in the corries between Glen Lui and Glen Dee. On Wednesday H.R.H. had another stalk beyond Derry Lodge, on the Ben Macdhui beats, and killed a third stag. On Thursday, after lunching in the pretty summer-house at the Falls of Quoich, the Prince went up Glen Quoich and shot a fine stag on the north-eastern ground, towards the mountain of Beinn-a-Bhuird. The wind changed on Thursday night, and the deer-drive took place on Friday, and was fairly successful, nine stags falling, of which the Prince killed seven. The party lunched at the Derry Lodge.

His Royal Highness terminated his visit to Lord Fife on Saturday, and returned to Abergeldie; but he has again gone up Deeside this week to visit Colonel Farquharson at Invercauld, where Lord Stanhope, Colonel Barry, and Colonel Bramston have been staying for the last week. Count Herbert Bismarck and other guests will meet H.R.H. there. The Prince will pursue deer this week in Invercauld Forest, where there has been but little shooting this season up to the present time. Prince Edward dined and slept at Invercauld on Thursday, and on Friday he went stalking in the most northerly portion of the forest under Ben Avon, near Loch Bulg, and killed a stag with a remarkably fine head.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have accepted an invitation to visit Lord and Lady Dudley at Witley Court, Worcestershire, in December next. It is expected that their Royal Highnesses will arrive at Witley on Monday, December 15, and stay there till the following Friday. There have been no parties at Witley Court for more than five years; in fact, the place has rarely been visited by Lord and Lady Dudley during that period. The extensive covers on the Witley property (which was purchased by its present owner from the late Lord Foley, in 1838, for £900,000), affords some of the best shooting in England.

The Prince of Wales is to be the guest of Lady Abergavenny, at Eridge Castle, early next month.

Prince Christian is expected at Newmarket next week; but it is understood that the Prince of Wales will not visit the Heath till the Houghton Meeting, although his rooms in the Jockey Club house are ready for his reception, if he can manage to come up from Scotland in time for next week.

The Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Sweden are expected to remain at Eastbourne for another fortnight. The Princess has paid several visits to Lady Fanny Howard, who resides at Compton Place, the Duke of Devonshire's seat in East Sussex.

It appears that the Grand Duke of Hesse's petition for a divorce from the Countess Romrod (Madame de Kalomine) is to be heard before the seven Judges of the Supreme Court of Darmstadt, on October 18. At the hearing before the subordinate tribunal both parties joined in the application; but now the Grand Duke's petition will be strenuously opposed on the part of his spouse. The Countess has not only declined to receive the allowance which was settled on her, but she has absolutely refused to compromise the matter on any terms whatever.

The German papers have exhausted their imagination in trying to discover the reasons which have induced the Grand Duke's relatives to take up the matter so strongly. The last theory is, that the Queen desires that in due course her son-in-law should become the second husband of the Duchess of Albany.

In the almost certain event of the divorce being refused, it is universally believed at Darmstadt that the Grand Duke will abdicate in favour of his only son, Prince Ernest Ludwig, and that in future he will divide his time between England and his estates in Silesia.

The Princess Dolgorouki, the widow of the late Czar, intends in future to make Paris her principal residence, and the controller of her establishment is looking out for a suitable house for her. The Princess possesses an immense fortune, which the late Emperor invested out of Russia, in order that it might be certain to fall into the hands of the person for whom it was intended.

At Skiernewiczy Prince Bismarck was presented with a life-size portrait of the Emperor of Russia. This was the only gift it was possible for the Czar to offer, as the

German Chancellor already possesses all the highest Russian decorations.

There has been a good deal of gossip about the German Emperor's refusal to receive an address from the Catholic nobility of Westphalia during his recent visit to Münster. I am informed that the true reason why the Emperor acted in this apparently ungracious manner is that last summer, in reply to official inquiries from Berlin, the principal nobles of the province excused themselves from entertaining the Princes William, Henry, and Adalbert of Prussia during the festivities connected with the recent manœuvres.

At some of the crack country-houses of France there have recently been festivities in every way worthy of a place in the pages of Ouida's next novel. At one château a hidden orchestra played during dinner, and when dessert was on the table a troop of beautifully-dressed damsels appeared from behind the curtains, and danced round the table, offering fruit and flowers to the guests. At another house the shooting-party were surprised, on arriving at the lodge at which they were to lunch, to find it converted into a country inn, where the fair hostess and her friends were waiting to attend on the sportsmen, elaborately got up as waiting-women. At another mansion, the party were diverted by a performance of a play, which even the Paris censor is scarcely likely to permit to be seen in public, and at Charbonnière a ball was given, at which the whole of the gardens were brilliantly illuminated, while after the cotillon (which was more than usually prolonged and fantastic) the company marched past the hostess on the terrace amidst a blaze of fireworks.

We are accustomed to the rivalry between Monaco and the other health resorts on the Riviera. At all of them gambling is rife. At Monaco there are public tables, where cheating is impossible; at the other places there are so-called private tables, where cheating is possible. Generally the rivalry takes the form of their accusing one another of causing suicides and of having bad drains. With regard to the latter accusation, it may be said that the drainage everywhere is more or less defective, and that when the sewage reaches the sea it floats about close to the shore, owing to there being hardly any tide in the Mediterranean. At the present moment a common enemy has made all these rivals friends, and they are insisting that there is no chance of the cholera reaching any of them. Possibly this may be the case, but I should hardly myself diminish the distance to be travelled by this ghastly visitant by meeting it half-way. With the cholera at Toulon on one side and at Sestri on the other, it is pretty clear that it has only to meet in order to gather within its embraces all the Riviera.

As the cholera is now in Rome, I suppose that the cholera hospital near the Vatican will be built if the faithful provide funds. But, surely the cholera patients will have died or recovered before the hospital is ready for them. The Pope would have done well to have gone to Naples; but even Catholics will protest if he does not visit the cholera patients in Rome.

Since the return of Lord Spencer from the south of Ireland their Excellencies have been spending a quiet fortnight at the Viceregal Lodge. Last week they gave a dinner-party, amongst those entertained being the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and Mr. Burdett-Coutts, Lord and Lady Annaly, Count A. Gleichen, Sir Thomas and Lady Steele, &c. On Saturday, Lord Spencer was present in the afternoon at the military sports of the 18th Hussars, held on the esplanade, at the Royal Barracks, a large and fashionable assemblage being gathered together for the occasion.

The Duke of Cambridge's visit to Ireland is the absorbing topic of interest to the military world in that country. He is to enjoy, this week, the hospitality of the Royal Hospital, of which so little has been known to society during Sir T. Steele's tenure of office at Kilmainham. Dinner-parties are to be given each night in honour of the Royal visitor, who, on Saturday, goes to the Viceregal Lodge.

Last week the Duke was the guest of Mr. Christopher Sykes at Brantingham. There was only a small party to meet him, including Maria Marchioness of Ailesbury, Lord and Lady Kildare, and Lady Charles Beresford. The party visited Hull on Tuesday, and on Wednesday the Duke went to York and inspected the regiment there.

Mr. Gladstone enjoyed a day of perfect rest at St. Martin's last Tuesday. In the afternoon, the small party staying with Sir Andrew and Lady Clark drove by Dunsinane Hill to Rossie Priory, where they took tea with Lord and Lady Kinnaird, and, before leaving, Mr. Gladstone planted a tree in the avenue.

The right hon. gentleman went on Wednesday to lunch at Kinfauns Castle with Mr. Stuart Grey, on his way to Perth, driving from St. Martin's across the Carse Hills. From Perth the Prime Minister had another "triumphant progress" to Ratho, a station seven miles west of Edinburgh, where he left the train, and drove to Dalmeny. On Thursday he did not leave the grounds, and he passed a couple of hours by Lord Rosebery's bedside. Mr. Gladstone's visit to Scotland terminated on Friday, and from first to last it has been a most brilliant success in every way.

Lord Dufferin, with regard to his staff in India, has adopted, seemingly, the very sensible rule of appointing no married men. The position of aide-de-camp in Royal or Viceregal households is extremely analogous to that of footmen, and it is quite enough to have a large establishment of such functionaries, without adding their wives to the strength of it. The upper, like the under servants, should be without encumbrances.

Lady Ampthill has gone back to Berlin for a farewell visit, to wind up her affairs there. It is probable that on her return she will reside for some time at Norris

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Castle, the Duke of Bedford's place in the Isle of Wight, which, I hear, he has placed at the disposal of his sister-in-law.

Lady Ampthill and her family are left very poorly provided for, as Lord Ampthill was obliged to spend about £4,000 a-year over and above his salary at Berlin in order to keep up the Embassy properly.

A marriage will shortly take place between Sir Edward Malet, the newly-appointed Ambassador at Berlin, and Lady Ermyntrude Sackville Russell, youngest daughter of the Duke of Bedford, and niece of the late Lord Ampthill.

Sir Edward has gone to Bath to pay a short visit to his father, Sir Alexander Malet. He has been ordered to proceed to Berlin with as little delay as possible.

Count Münster will return to the German Embassy in the course of the week from Hanover, and after staying a few days in town will go on a visit to Lord and Lady Derby at Knowsley.

Sir Stafford Northcote returned from Scotland last Wednesday to Pynes, where Lady Northcote has been staying for the last six weeks. Mr. W. H. Smith arrived on Thursday for a short visit. Sir Stafford and Lady Northcote come to town for the session on Monday, the 20th.

Lord Hartington will entertain a small party for next week's Newmarket meeting at his new house in the High-street.

Mr. David Plunket has set out for Paris, having accomplished his share of the autumn pic-nic oratory in England. Mr. E. Gibson, who has been ruralising in the neighbourhood of Boulogne for the season, will now let loose the flood-gates of his oratory, on the further festive and instructive occasions which have been organised. If it were not for Mr. Parnell, golden silence would have no champion in the political world.

Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill left Glenquoich Forest, where they have been staying with Sir Arthur and Lady Bass, on Friday, on their way south, and at Inverness they met the Duchess of Marlborough, who was coming south from Achnashellach.

The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk have been staying during the last few days at Balmory, near Rothesay, on a visit to the Marchioness of Bute. Their yacht is lying in the bay. By the way, there is no foundation for the report that the Duke is about to build a large Roman Catholic church at Lewes.

Mr. Bright was last week the guest of Sir George Chetwynd, at Tulchan, the late Mr. Bass's shooting-lodge in Morayshire, and he fished the Advie and Tulchan water on the Spey, but sport was poor. Mr. Bright is now staying at Stanley House, Perthshire, on a visit to Colonel Sandeman, and he is this week to fish the Stanley water on the Tay, which as a rule yields abundant sport at this season; but salmon are unusually scarce just now, and the only water on which there have been any notable captures lately is Stobhall, which is a short distance above Stanley, and where, last Tuesday, Mr. Barclay Field landed a fine fish of 39 lb.

Lord and Lady Wolverton are entertaining a succession of visitors at Iwerne Minster, their fine new place in Dorsetshire, where they intend to stay until they go to Cannes for the winter. Lord Wolverton will again take his yacht, the *Palatine*, to the Mediterranean, and she is now refitting at Cowes.

Lady Molesworth is entertaining company at Pencarrow, her seat in Cornwall. Lord Carlingford has been staying there during the last week.

Lord Houghton, who has left Frystone to pay some visits in Scotland, was last week the guest of Lord and Lady Wemyss, at Gosford House, East Lothian.

Lady Rolle is this week entertaining a large party at Bicton Park, for the opening of pheasant-shooting.

Lord Sefton has recently purchased an extensive estate in North Lancashire, in the Wyre valley. The property is renowned for the excellence of its sporting, and Lord Sefton is going to build a large shooting-lodge before next season.

Lady Henry Somerset has arrived at Reigate Priory from Teannich House, Ross-shire, where she has been entertaining a small party of friends during the last six weeks.

Sir William Harcourt, who is still staying at Balmacarra, has been cruising off the west coast of Inverness-shire in Sir William Collins's yacht, the *Fingal*, and has made several excursions in the romantic island of Skye.

Lord and Lady Conyngham have returned to Bifrons, their place near Canterbury, from Mount Charles, in Donegal, where they have been staying since the beginning of August. Lord and Lady Rossmore, Mr. and Lady Constance Combe, Lady Maud Conyngham, and Sir Savile Crossley have been staying with them in Ireland.

Sir Charles and Lady Louisa Mills are entertaining a large shooting-party at Mulgrave Castle, Lord Normanby's place near Whitby, which they have taken for a term of years.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mrs. Childers have returned to London from Scotland, in consequence of the serious illness of Miss Childers.

Lord and Lady Carnarvon are staying for a short time at Pixton Park, their place in West Somerset, near Dulverton. Pixton has usually been unoccupied since the death of the Dowager Countess of Carnarvon, although a variety of improvements have been carried out there. The park, which slopes from the house to the Barle on one side and to the Exe on the other, is one of the most picturesque in the county.

To all who Shoot or Travel.—Visit Ulster House, Conduit-street, and see B. Benjamin & Son's Specialties. Pamphlet on application.

The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe returned to Floors Castle on Saturday from visiting Mr. Daniel Cooper at Blackmount Forest, Argyllshire, and have since left for their shooting-lodge at Greenhill.

Sir George and Lady Julia Wombwell's party at Newburgh, last week, included the Marquis and Marchioness of Kildare, the Marquis and Marchioness of Headfort and Miss Patten, Lord Clonmel, Isabella Countess of Wilton, the Hon. R. and Mrs. Milnes, Mr. Wentworth Beaumont, Mr. Harry Beaumont, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Gray, &c. The guns had excellent sport among the partridges, and on Thursday Sir George took his guests to see Mrs. Langtry in the "School for Scandal," at York, returning to Newburgh after the play by special train.

Sir Henry Ponsonby, Lady Ely, and Lady Erroll drove one afternoon last week from Balmoral to Old Mar Lodge on a visit to Madame Albani, who is to be "commanded" to Balmoral to sing before the Queen before she leaves Deeside for the season. Madame Albani sang at Mar Lodge on two evenings last week before the Prince of Wales.

Lord and Lady Lonsdale have returned to Lowther Castle, where they are entertaining a party this week. They leave shortly for their place in Northamptonshire, for the hunting season.

There have been great rejoicings at Kinloch Luichart, the Ross-shire residence of Louisa Lady Ashburton, to celebrate the "home-coming" of Lord and Lady William Compton.

A correspondent writes:—

Torquay is looking forward to an exceptionally full season this year. It is some years since there has been such a demand for houses in the locality. The first ball of the season takes place on Thursday next, at Mr. Sampson Hanbury's place, Bishopstowe, on the occasion of his eldest daughter's marriage.

Baron A. de Rothschild's large steam-yacht *Eros* is undergoing a thorough refit at Gosport, previous to starting for a six months' cruise in the Mediterrancan.

I understand that a compromise has been arranged between the Duke of Hamilton and the representatives of the late Mr. Henry Padwick, so that we shall hear no more of the litigation which has been pending for the last six years.

Edmund has been good enough to inform his readers that the provision made by the late Duke of Wellington for his widow is far from being adequate to the position of the Dowager Duchess, and falls considerably short of her just expectations. Considering that the late Duke was anything but opulent, I do not think him deserving of Edmund's censure. In the days spoken of by Sir James Caird, the second Duke of Wellington was estimated as being in possession of £30,000 a year. For many years his income fell considerably below that sum. He has left his widow £4,000 a year, and, in addition, has bequeathed to her £10,000 wherewith to buy a house, and £1,500 in ready money for her immediate use—not a bad provision, in my opinion, even for a Dowager Duchess.

The revenue of the present Duke of Wellington is smaller than that of his predecessor, seeing that some of the foreign pensions granted to the first Duke, and notably the Belgian pension, expired with the second Duke. The English pension, having been granted for three lives, will expire upon the death of the present Duke, who, together with his wife, has shown the utmost consideration and delicacy of feeling towards the Dowager Duchess. Her Grace has been requested by her successors to regard Apsley House and Strathfieldsaye as being at her disposal for six months from her husband's demise, or even for a longer time if she desires it. The Dowager Duchess has not yet fixed upon her new residence, but her attention has been called by some friends to a beautiful house, built by Sir Julian Goldsmid, between Tunbridge and Tunbridge Wells, close to Sir Julian's home at Somerhill. As the Dowager Duchess prefers the country to London, and is especially attached to the neighbourhood of Tunbridge Wells, it is not improbable that she may purchase or rent the house to which I have just referred.

Sir Moses Montefiore, notwithstanding his hundred years, is still as keen as ever in the management of his affairs. Only the other day the old Baronet, whose memory is wonderfully good, reminded his private secretary that the agreement between them for a three years' engagement was on the point of expiration. "We will renew it for another three years, if you please," said the centenarian.

While shooting near Torquay last week, Mr. Henry Samuelson, M.P., was somewhat extensively peppered in the legs by a careless shot from a brother sportsman. He was not, however, seriously injured.

Mr. W. M. Chinnery and his party of three guns have shot 2,422 grouse this season on the Gairnshiel moors in Aberdeenshire, which belong to Colonel Farquharson of Invercauld, and are rented at £500 a year. Of this bag 1,400 birds were shot over dogs, and the remainder were the result of five drives.

There has been some capital sport in the Scotch forests during the last three weeks. The Duke of Westminster, who left Reay Forest last Tuesday for the season, has killed nearly one hundred stags, including many animals of exceptional weight. Lord Wimborne and Lord Curzon have been doing well on Achnashellach, and Lord Tweedmouth's guests have been very successful in the forest of Guisachan. Mr. Bradley Martin, of New York, has had splendid sport in Lady Seafield's forest of Balmacaan. At a recent drive, no fewer than sixteen stags were shot. On Kinloch and Mamore forests Mr. Thistlethwayte and his friends have shot over forty stags, and Sir Henry Meux has killed over fifty in Ceannacroc. A number of very fine stags have been shot in Ben Alder by Baron Schroeder, who has rented that noted forest for five years from Sir John Ramsden.

Army and Navy Hotel, Victoria-st., S.W., is probably now the best Hotel in London. Table d'hôte 6 to 8. Cookery excellent.

Lord Exeter, who owns extensive lakes and fish-hatching ponds at Burghley, is about to import a number of fish from Canada, in the hope that the best sorts may be acclimatised in this country.

The Eastleigh estate, in North Wilts, has just been sold for £15,000.

At the annual sale at the Duke of Richmond's home farm at Gordon Castle, which was held last week, very fair prices were realised for the shorthorns and other stock.

The exhibitors at the Edinburgh Forestry Exhibition are highly indignant at what they consider to be the unfairness and absurdity of the awards made by the jurors. Several meetings have been held by the aggrieved parties, and they have decided to remove their exhibits on October 1, instead of October 11, unless a satisfactory explanation can be obtained from the executive. Jurors, I suppose, are not infallible, but it is certainly surprising that their decisions, both in London and Edinburgh, should command so little of the respect or confidence of the exhibitors.

I think the Thames Angling Preservation Society ought to feel gratified at the result of their efforts in protecting the fishing on the Thames from Staines downwards. It is admitted on all sides that the supply of fish is very plentiful, and the amount of angling so far this season has been extraordinary. At the present time a larger number of barbel have been caught at Richmond, Twickenham, and Teddington, in the tideway, than for many years past, and twenty to thirty pounds' weight of dace and roach is a very common take of fish for a day's punt-fishing in these waters. The water from Staines downwards is free to all, no private rights existing, as is claimed in some of the upper reaches of the Thames. If the Society were properly supported by the anglers, as it ought to be, additional protection could be afforded to the fishing, and more ample means taken for stocking the river.

Epicures will be pleased to hear that the flounder-fishing is a great success, notwithstanding the unsatisfactory condition of the water.

A "slight correction":—

Sir,—Having been out of the way of newspapers, I have but just seen your last week's number, and write at once to correct a slight error into which you have fallen. Had the contributor who wrote the paragraph in question—that, I mean, which alludes to our work on the Duke of Bedford's estate—read the whole of the letter from which he draws his information, he would have seen that, so far from appealing to charity for "a rate in aid," we have based our calculations upon ordinary commercial principles, and merely ask for a loan to extend our work. Our object is not to improve the Duke's estate at the expense of the public, but, by getting rid of the rapacious middle-man, who makes his fortune out of the pockets of the poor, to provide a superior accommodation and comfort to the tenants at the same price as they formerly paid for the unimproved and insanitary dwellings. I am sure that, in justice to the Duke and to us, you will insert this explanation.—Yours obediently, One of the Trustees.

The appreciation accorded by the highest circles during the last sixty years to Jewsbury & Brown's Original and only Genuine Oriental Tooth Paste proves the efficacy of this refined toilet luxury. It is compounded of rare and fragrant herbs in an especial manner known only to the sole proprietors and manufacturers, Jewsbury & Brown, Chemists, of Manchester. Its use keeps the teeth and gums in a state of preservation and soundness to old age, whilst its rare aromatic properties render the breath always exceedingly pleasant. It retains its invaluable properties in all climates, and can be obtained through all perfumers and chemists at home and abroad.

There was only a limited attendance at Newmarket last week, and the sport was not very exciting; but there was plenty of sensational gossip going about. With regard to the Duchess of Montrose's racing stud, I may repeat that it is not her intention to give up the turf, and that the best of her horses will not change hands unless there is some *very* spirited bidding. The Duchess desires considerably to reduce her racing establishment, and in future she will keep only animals of high class. Her stud will be trained at Manton, and is to be "managed" by Alec Taylor. Sir John Willoughby's "retirement" has caused no surprise. He has been exceptionally fortunate during his two years' campaign; but it is understood that the financial results have been very unsatisfactory. His horses will be sold next Thursday. The Duke of Hamilton's racing stud will, I hear, be dispersed on Wednesday in the Houghton week. He is going abroad for the winter, and in future he will devote himself more particularly to cross-country sport. As a compensation for these losses, Newmarket is to be consoled by the patronage of Mr. Jardine, who, for some years past, has been constantly worked upon by some of his friends to abandon Middleham; and in future the bulk of his stud will be trained by "young" John Dawson, who has already got a number of his yearlings.

Mr. T. E. Walker has given up the small villa near the station at Newmarket, which he has rented for some years past, and has taken the house which was so long occupied by the late Mr. Alexander. Mr. Walker has also rented the paddocks on the race-course side, which were leased by Lord Falmouth, and his breeding stud is coming to Newmarket from Studley Castle, his place in South Warwickshire.

I regret to hear that Mr. Lefevre is again laid up at Chamant with a severe attack of gout. He had proposed coming over to Newmarket for last week's meeting, but it is very doubtful whether he will be able to get over to see Archiduc run next Tuesday.

On Saturday, W. G. George, who is going to retire from the running-path after this season, succeeded in lowering another English record, by covering 1,000 yards in 2 min. 16 secs. This was in a London Athletic Club Handicap, which he lost by half a yard from an opponent who had nearly 60 yards start. There is not much interest, however, attaching to such records as 1,000 yards. What one wants to see from Mr. George is 12 miles within the hour, and one mile in four minutes and a quarter.

Cambridge cricket has sustained a severe loss through the death, by blood-poisoning, of the Rev. Arthur Robert Ward, for many years president and treasurer of the C.U.C.C. Mr. Ward got his blue in 1852, and was captain of the 'Varsity team in 1854. He was ordained in 1856, but the greater part of his time has been devoted to the interests of the C.U.C.C., and it was mainly through his exertions that a new pavilion was opened at Fenner's in 1875.

The Prince of Wales has accepted the dedication of a memorial album of the late Rev. "Jack" Russell. The work will include a short biographical sketch of Mr. Russell, and will contain a couple of portraits, and a series of twelve characteristic hunting scenes.

A statement that Lord Tennyson's new book "will contain a score of shorter poems," including one "in memory of the late Duke of Albany," is incorrect. The book is now with the printers, and it is made up of a single dramatic study.

Lord Malmesbury's autobiography is capital reading from first page to last. It is decidedly the most lively, important, and interesting work of the kind which has appeared since the publication of Mr. Charles Greville's "Journal" just ten years ago. The effect of this work will be to considerably raise the public estimate of Lord Malmesbury's capacity. He has not confined himself to political revelation, but the volumes abound in really excellent stories of his contemporaries, most of which are quite new, and many of them are excessively diverting. The diary evidently appears just as Lord Malmesbury originally wrote it, and without any revision, which, no doubt, accounts for the natural and homely manner in which most of the entries seem to be jotted down.

Some of Lord Malmesbury's observations read rather absurdly. For example: "Disraeli was at the breakfast and seemed rather low. He told me the Queen had sent him her last book." This sounds as if her Majesty's gift had exercised a depressing influence on the Tory leader, of whose proceedings as a colleague Lord Malmesbury had grave reason to complain on more than one occasion.

I should like to have some explanation of the tale entitled "A Perilous Secret," by Charles Reade, appearing in *Temple Bar*, for the story has already appeared in the *Boston Weekly Journal* and other newspapers. There may be an excellent explanation, but it ought to be forthcoming.

In Mr. Lawrence Oliphant's sparkling sketch, "Piccadilly," there is an unsparing exposure of the humbug and extravagance of Missionary Societies. I see it is now stated that the Church Missionary Society (which was the particular object of Mr. Oliphant's sarcasms) has expended in thirty-three years upwards of £120,000 on "missions" to Jews and Mahommedans in Palestine, without making a single convert. The London Jews Society spent £30,000 between 1877 and 1882 with the same result.

The approaching release of the Tichborne Claimant has suggested, I see, to Messrs. Maxwell, the publishers, to bring out a new edition of Lord Chief Justice Cockburn's famous summing-up. The reprint is acceptable, for the book was becoming rare, and the summing-up is a literary performance of the highest excellence.

A friend of the "Claimant" has, I understand, settled £100 per annum on him, so that he will not be entirely dependent on the contributions of sympathisers or on his own exertions when he is restored to us.

It is, perhaps, rather late in the day to call into question the originality of "*Vice Versâ*." I was reading lately, however, a very amusing "Tale from Blackwood" (dated August, 1829), entitled "The Old Gentleman's Teetotum," which fairly anticipates the humours of Mr. Anstey's story. In the old story five minutes' play with the old gentleman's teetotum effects the change wrought in "*Vice Versâ*" by the magic Garuda stone, and brings about an exchange of minds (without bodies) between a parson and a jovial innkeeper.

The history of the Rothschilds is being written by a member of the house, who is well known in Paris for his literary tastes and talent.

Baron Alphonse Rothschild, of Paris, purchased Rubens's two great pictures from the Blenheim Collection. The price paid was £50,000.

Captain Burton will shortly publish the first instalment of a new translation of the "Arabian Tales." There is room for a new translation. Nearly all the popular editions are more or less imperfect; indeed, they are renderings from Professor Galland's French version, which is itself an abridgment of the original. Some years since Mr. Torrens published a literal translation of about fifty tales out of the "Thousand and One." Mr. Payne's translation has been published at a price which is almost prohibitive, and Mr. Lane's translation does not contain more than half the tales, and is from the Cairo Arabic edition, which is itself an abridgment. As Captain Burton knows Arabic as no other European, I should think that he will reproduce the tales in a form as closely Arabic as possible, preserving the strict division of the nights, and keeping to the long, unbroken sentences in which the composer indulged, whilst he should, if possible, emulate the rhythmical prose which is a characteristic of the Arabic.

The following letter, the writer of which sends her name, calls attention to a state of things at the Grosvenor Gallery Library which needs investigation:—

Dear Truth,—Would you kindly enlighten me as to the advantages of the Grosvenor Gallery Library? I have been a subscriber for some time; and, though not a great reader, I found it almost impossible to get any particular book I wanted except through a director. Some weeks ago I asked for Ohnet's last book. On re-demanding it several times—having in the meantime bought a copy—I was informed by the man at the counter that there was such a demand for it that it had been impossible to keep me a copy. I told him I had been given to understand that as I had not my full number of books, I was entitled to have a new copy ordered for me, upon which he referred me to the librarian.

The librarian told me that as mine had been the only application for Ohnet's last work they had not a single copy in the library, and that they would not get one for me. I then said that as I was weeks together without books, partly from not requiring them, and partly from the negligence of the librarian in not sending to change them when requested to do so on the proper day, that I should not continue my subscription.

Imagine my surprise when the librarian went to the counter, and asked how long my subscription lasted, and, finding that I had paid for another six months, he said I was to have no more books, as I did not intend to subscribe any longer, and to return those I already had.

Now I fail to see the great advantage of having paid for over 144 volumes, none of which I have been allowed to read.—I remain, yours obediently, Ina.

It is possible to carry deference to artistic prejudices a great deal too far. Nearly a year ago subscriptions

were collected in Yorkshire for a memorial to the late Lord Frederick Cavendish. It was understood at the time that the memorial should be a monument, to be erected on one of the hills overlooking Bolton Abbey. But certain "eminent artists" have protested, on the ground that such an object would spoil the natural beauties of Wharfedale; and it is now proposed to erect the monument close to Bolton, where there is already a cross in memory of Lord Frederick. It strikes me that the people to be consulted are not "eminent artists," who never agree on a question of taste, but the subscribers to the fund. Moreover, is it not a ghastly confession of weakness on the part of "the eminent artists" that a design cannot be invented which is not so hideous as to spoil the scenery?

The late Mr. K. C. Rowe, Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge, was one of the most distinguished mathematicians of the younger generation there. He was a Professor of University College, London, before he went to Trinity College, and he was the most conscientious of coaches. He used to write out entirely the solutions to the questions which were given to students to be solved. Many of them practised on his extreme good nature, in putting on him the stress of drudgery which they should have borne. He was a permanent invalid, and was rarely seen indoors or out of doors unless muffled up. He had the uncomfortable air of a man suffering from a feverish cold, and his vitality was very low. This he attributed to enforced vegetarianism when a child and lad, and to voracious meat-eating when he was first emancipated.

Though a mathematician, he was not dry or pedantic. Indeed, he was a sensitive plant, but too kind and gentle to be irritable. Music he loved and cultivated with passion, and, being too delicate to go into society, he practised it in the loneliness of his chambers. Seated before his piano, he had an inspired air and a German look, his hair being very light and lank. Pure (not mixed) mathematics were his strong point as a professor. He was noted for the elegance of his problems, and was, therefore, welcome during the last year as a Tripos examiner. This year he refused to act in that capacity.

Mr. Oscar Browning writes:—

Sir,—In your remarks on the last appointments of assistant masters [at Eton, you do the new Head Master an injustice. Mr. Rowlett, although a Kingsman, is not an Etonian, but was educated at Fettes College, Edinburgh. He may, therefore, be fairly regarded as "new blood." I may add, from an intimate knowledge of his academical career, that he is a man whom any school might be proud to number among its masters.

King's College, Cambridge,
Sept. 26, 1884.

The interesting old church of St. Botolph, Lincoln, was reopened last week, after having been restored and enlarged at the sole expense of the Bishop. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Nottingham, who read a very beautiful letter which had been addressed to the congregation by Bishop Wordsworth, who is residing at Harewood, Yorkshire, and who is still in very feeble health.

The Dean of Chester will evidently not "get much change," as the phrase goes, out of the Bishop on the eternal subject of the Eastward position. Bishop Stubbs has adopted this position when celebrating in Chester Cathedral, thus following the "use" at St. Paul's. This practice has brought Dean Howson into what he describes as a condition of "great perplexity and serious anxiety;' and he appeals (very superfluously) to the Bishop for "freedom of utterance and freedom of action." Dr. Stubbs leaves him free to exercise his authority as he thinks fit, and equally free to express his opinion on the matter; but he claims equal liberty on his own account, and, altogether, he decidedly snubs the Dean, but with great courtesy.

Can it be the case that the Bishop of Lichfield has refused to confirm a whole batch of candidates, only because they chose to be prepared by a Low Church clergyman whose instruction they preferred, instead of by the High Church vicar of the parish in which they lived? Such is the story that comes to me from the neighbourhood of Walsall. The Low Churchman, Mr. Littlecot, of Rushall, remonstrated in vain with his Diocesan, supported by a neighbouring and "like-minded" minister. The little Bishop, whose ideas of discipline are possibly a little military, was not to be moved. Then came the strangest part of the affair. Mr. Littlecot, on the Sunday after, allowed the rejected candidates to receive the Holy Communion, and the Bishop in his turn remonstrated. But the parson replied that he had acted on the strength of a rubric which permits not only those who have been confirmed to communicate, but also all such as are "ready or desirous to be confirmed." Hitherto High Churchmen only have relied on this rubric. When they have, according to Roman Catholic custom, presented very young people for confirmation, and the Bishop has postponed the rite until the candidates have reached "years of discretion," Ritualistic parsons have quietly ignored their Diocesan and allowed the children to become communicants. But the present case is probably the first of its kind.

The Temple Church, which has been closed since Aug. 3, will be reopened on Sunday next, when the sermon at the morning service will be preached by Dean Vaughan.

A congregation of nearly 2,000 people were present at the Harvest Festival service which was held in the parish church of Camden-town last Thursday evening. An excellent sermon was preached by the vicar of St. Thomas's, Regent-street, who, before closing, asked his hearers to be liberal in their offerings. Their liberality took the form of a total collection of £6. 16s. 3d., giving an average of about three-farthings a-head. There was 1 sovereign, 2 half-crowns, 10 shillings, 42 sixpences, 1 fourpenny, 53 threepennies, 669 pennies, 250 halfpennies, 20 farthings, and 1 stamp.

Warwick Farm Dairies. International Health Exhibition.—Messrs. Welford & Sons' working Dairy. *The Standard*, 10th May, 1884, says: ' 'Of all the dairies tho Warwick Farm Dairy is the finest." *The Live Stock Journal* says (June 27th, 1884): "H.R.H. The Prince of Wales expressed himself highly pleased with all he saw at Messrs. Welford's Model Dairy." Families supplied in all parts of London with absolutely pure milk. Chief office, Elgin-road, Maida-vale, W.

At the reopening of a restored church near Northampton, last week, Lord Cowper stated very clearly the common-sense view of the bitter controversy which has been raging in the *Times* between the restorationists and the anti-restorationists. "Churches," said Lord Cowper, "are not architectural museums, merely designed for the recreation and instruction of persons of an archæological turn of mind, but places designed for worship and the comfort of those who attend them." There ought to be nothing easier than to hit off the right line in this question of church-restoration, for the extreme men on each side are equally crazy. There is no sense in preserving a church in a state of picturesque dilapidation or inconvenient ugliness, and equally little in destroying historical features to gratify every passing æsthetic whim.

Even in this enlightened nineteenth century, one frequently comes across cases of religious intolerance which would have disgraced the Dark Ages. A Mr. Daniel, of Stordleigh Court, Tiverton, recently advertised a farm to be let. The highest bidder was a Mr. Yendell, and it was agreed that he should lease the farm. Before the lease was signed, however, he was asked if he were a Churchman, and replied that he was a Wesleyan. Subsequently he received a letter from Mr. Daniel's agent, saying that Mr. Daniel had decided not to let him lease the farm, "as all his other tenants were Churchmen, and no exception could be made!" I can only hope that Mr. Daniel's stupid bigotry will be rewarded by this and the rest of his farms being thrown upon his hands.

Mr. Daniel is to be the chairman of a Conservative meeting to be held at Tiverton on the 11th of this month, when the two Conservative candidates are to speak. As Mr. Edward Clarke, Q.C., is one of the candidates, and is by no means averse to make accusations against Liberals, perhaps he will be good enough to take this opportunity to explain whether his chairman is to be regarded as a sample of Conservative landlords. The Liberal and Radical Corporation of the borough have selected Mr. John Coles, of 4, Kensington-gardens, as the candidate to supply the vacancy which will be created by the contemplated retirement of Lord Ebrington. Mr. Coles is a good Liberal, and an authority upon finance. He was born in the neighbourhood of Tiverton.

At Liskeard much commotion has been caused by a very singular passage-at-arms between the local Roman Catholic priest, Mr. Graham, and Mr. Braine, the vicar of the town. It seems that Father Graham called upon Mr. Braine when he was lately presented to the living. The Protestant clergyman, however, showed his appreciation of this well-meant act of ordinary civility by treating Mr. Graham with marked rudeness, and refusing to shake hands with him when he left the house. Mr. Graham ventilated his wrongs in the local newspaper, and a highly-edifying correspondence has been raging between the partisans of the two gentlemen. It is exceedingly fortunate that men like Mr. Daniel and Mr. Braine cannot have everything their own way nowadays, or the majority of us would infallibly be burnt at the stake.

Another clergyman's head has been turned by vanity and self-conceit. According to the *Stamford Mercury*, the aristocratic rector of South Wytham has sent the following letter to the schoolmaster of that village :—

> South Wytham Rectory, Sept. 17, 1884.
> All the villagers desirous of coming to my house approach it in a becoming and respectful manner, *i.e.*, through the back way and to the kitchen-door. There is not a farmer in the place who ever has had, or would have, the impertinence to do otherwise. I desire that in future you will do the like.
> (Signed) R. W. L. Tollemache-Tollemache.
> The Teacher of the Board School, South Wytham.

The Duke of Westminster has just thrown some useful light on the Sunday question. During August tickets of admission to Grosvenor House were issued, available on any afternoon, including Sunday, and a record was kept of the attendance on each day of the week. The maximum number of Monday visitors was 28, and the number gradually rose for each succeeding day to 99 on Saturday. The maximum number of Sunday visitors was 494. After such a result, it will be difficult to maintain that the opening of show-places on Sunday is opposed to the wish or convenience of "the masses."

As exemplifying a combination of religion and business, the following extract from the letter of a traveller abroad, which I take from the *Church Times*, is curious. A portable altar and all that is necessary for a "reverent celebration" seems to have been carried in the same bag which contained the travellers' stationery and body linen :—

> We held a celebration of Holy Communion privately in one of the rooms we had occupied, modern invention helping us considerably, for one of the case-bags made by London church furnishers held a supply of all that was necessary for a reverent celebration, including a portable altar, besides affording room for a supply of stationery and various small articles required for our use on the way.

News comes of a certain disastrous evening, and subsequent unpleasant morning, passed by some cavalry officers stationed in Ireland. A party of Lancers were invited to mess with a regiment of Hussars. Loo succeeded dinner. Vast amounts were lost by the visitors, who made nasty excuses for not paying. An amount was "arranged" by the commanding officers, and the sum agreed upon was paid. But the General commanding the cavalry in Ireland came to hear of the affair, and both he and Sir Thomas Steele administered an unofficial wigging, and exacted a promise that no round game should in future be played in the mess. It would be advantageous to the service if a general order were issued prohibiting gambling of all sorts by officers on service.

There is a belief in official circles that Lord Wolverton is on the point of coming out with a report on the Paymaster-General's Office, which will lead to a complete reorganisation of the establishment at Whitehall, if not to its abolition as at present constituted. Modern Paymasters-General must not be confounded with those chartered libertines of official finance who, from the days of Stephen Fox down to those of Mr. Richard Rigby, made sudden fortunes out of that office. In 1836 the Army and Navy Departments were consolidated, and in

1848 the offices of Paymaster of Civil Services, and Paymaster of Exchequer Bills were united with it. Lord Wolverton's salary, however, is, I believe, only a modest £2,000 a year, without any of those perquisites which used to make his position the envy of needy Statesmen out of office.

The Guards, who have been ordered for service in Egypt with the Camel Ccorps, though doubtless very excellent soldiers, are not, so far as I am aware, particularly remarkable for the sanctity of their general behaviour or the moderation of their language. It is just possible, therefore, that some difficulty may be found in strictly carrying out the somewhat grandmotherly directions which have been issued for their guidance in the treatment of the camels employed. "The camels," I read, "are to be treated with consideration and kindness; their peculiarities are to be studied, and no ill-usage or *foul language* is to be resorted to." It is exceedingly kind of the authorities to provide against any corruption of the camels' morals by bad language, but, as these creatures are commonly considered to be about the most provoking animals on earth, I fear that the self-restraint required of the Guards is likely to prove superhuman.

I wonder that no officers or men of the Royal Artillery have been selected for the Camel Corps. Surely men who have served in India and Afghanistan in elephant batteries are more experienced in the ways of strange beasts than the Household Cavalry.

A Portsmouth contemporary states that for the purpose of relieving the Marines on duty in harbour ships last Tuesday there were only sixty men available at Forton barracks, the men to be relieved numbering two hundred. Plymouth is so denuded of Marines that it was lately found necessary, for the performance of barrack duties there, to borrow twenty men from Portsmouth. Owing to the state of the force, musketry practice has been entirely abandoned, and gunnery practice nearly so, and to make this the more serious, the few men now in barracks are the rawest recruits. If a Parliamentary inquiry takes place into the state of the navy, I hope special attention will be given to the Marines, and particularly to the question of their employment on such duty as has lately been imposed on them.

When the Duke of Edinburgh rejoins the Channel Squadron next week he will hoist his flag on board the *Black Prince*, which has lately been overhauled and refitted at Devonport to take the place of the *Minotaur*.

Vice-Admiral Prince Leiningen will shortly be retired from the English Navy, under the compulsory clause. It was proposed in "high quarters" that he should be appointed to succeed Admiral Rice as Commander-in-Chief at the Nore, but the Prince's experience in the service has hardly qualified him for such a post, and the Admiralty have done well to pass him over. The fact is, that the *Mistletoe* disaster, for which the Prince was principally responsible, would at once and finally have terminated his naval career if he had been any ordinary officer. It is by no means improbable that the Prince may be employed by the German Government, and I hear that very exalted influences are at work to attain that object; but I believe that he once declined to enter the Kaiser's service, and he may not get the chance a second time.

Captain Fremantle, late senior officer at Gibraltar, will this week commission the double turret-ship *Dreadnought* at Portsmouth, for service in the Mediterranean, where she is to relieve the *Inflexible*. The *Dreadnought* was launched at Pembroke nearly ten years ago, but this is her first commission.

The following statement comes from a source which leads me to be convinced that it is correct. That the Admiralty should have given reparation to the lieutenant was only just, but why is not the captain punished?

A lieutenant, who was given his commission a year before his proper time on account of the good certificates he had gained at Greenwich and in gunnery, and who was recommended as a zealous officer by one of our leading naval officers (Admiral Tryon) after two years' experience of him in the *Monarch*, was appointed to Greenwich last October to qualify for a gunnery lieutenant. He passed out of Greenwich last July, third out of twelve, and then came down here to the *Excellent* to complete his course. After being a month in her, an order was issued by her captain (who had only been back five days after some months' illness) which interfered so much with the studies of the lieutenants qualifying for gunnery that this lieutenant was deputed (being senior) to request the captain to reconsider his order.

He saw the captain, and, after a five minutes' interview (in the presence of witnesses, during which no breach of discipline occurred), the captain ordered him to be suspended from duty, and, five days after, this lieutenant was ordered to be put on half-pay, owing to the captain reporting to the Admiralty that he did not think this officer would make an efficient gunnery lieutenant, although his acquaintance with him only dated a few days back. Thus, in spite of certificates and recommendations, one man is enabled to waste the money spent on this lieutenant's education, and to cause a scientific officer to be lost to the gunnery branch of the service—a sacrifice it cannot afford. That the Admiralty appointed him almost at once to the *Canada*, is a proof that they considered some reparation due to this unfortunate officer.

Hoping you will expose this tyranny, I beg to be allowed to sign myself, A Hater of Injustice.

Nor can the Whitehall people be congratulated on their liberality to the two orphan daughters of the late Mr. John Sullivan, V.C., R.N. The refusal of "my lords" to grant more than £5 a year to each orphan is based on the ground that they have no funds from which they can assist them. Mr. Sullivan had rendered eminently conspicuous services, and his death took place under peculiarly distressing circumstances. Had he had time to commute his pension, his daughters would have been adequately provided for. Not having commuted, his pension reverts to the State. Surely, this being an exceptional case, it might be exceptionally treated.

The loss of the *Wasp* was, no doubt, principally due to bad and careless seamanship; but in naval circles a good deal of blame is ascribed to the cheeseparing policy so dear to the Admiralty authorities. Commanding officers, especially those in charge of small and comparatively unimportant vessels, are taught to believe that one of the surest ways to win favour at head-quarters is to practise the strictest possible economy in the matter of coals. It is, therefore, greatly to be feared that one of the chief reasons why the *Wasp* was under sail instead of under steam off a highly-

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dangerous coast was that the commander was anxious to carry out his superiors' behests in this particular. The present board is notorious for its penny-wise and pound-foolish system of procedure, and it is extremely characteristic of their policy to lose a valuable ship and fifty-two lives for the sake of saving a few tons of coal.

In connection with the disaster, it is noteworthy that no less than a day and a half elapsed before the authorities could give any exact information as to the number of survivors, or even the names of the vessel's crew. It is, of course, eminently desirable that correct lists should be given, but surely accurate information could have been obtained in less time than thirty-six hours.

A correspondent, writing on this subject, says :—

For three whole days the nation was unable to obtain particulars of the wreck of the *Wasp*, though the little island of Tory (pronounced Torry) is but half a dozen miles from land. The circumstances will probably revive the question mooted a few years ago as to establishing a system of communication by carrier pigeons between it and the mainland. This was to be in connection with Lloyd's agency, but the negotiations with underwriters and shipowners failed, owing to the cost of maintaining such a system. In the stormiest weather messages reach the mainland from Rathlin Island in three minutes. Mr. Ingram, Lloyd's agent at Dunfanaghy, has a splendid lot of highly-trained birds in his possession, and it may be hoped that negotiations may be revived with a view to securing constant communication with the inhabitants, who are isolated for weeks at a time in bad weather.

It is supposed that the greater number of the bodies will be carried by the waves to Scotland, where the corpse of more than one man, previously lost off Dunfanaghy, has been discovered.

The loss of the vessel, with fifty-two lives, is, of course, a most terrible misfortune. But, at the same time, I am not quite clear that it was right of Great Britain to declare war against the Island of Innistrahull. Let us just consider what was the *casus belli*. It would appear that there are upon that ocean rock sixteen families, who, together, owe for five years' rent the enormous sum of £76. 5s. to one Sir Robert Bateson Harvey, who is a Baronet (of somewhat recent creation, 1868). The unfortunate islanders, it would seem, cannot make that sum out of the Island of Innistrahull, and the poor Baronet cannot do without it. This is very sad. But still, why should this country send an expedition to Innistrahull? Might not the Baronet have been allowed to "paddle his own canoe" to this Atlantic rock, just as if he were a grocer or a mealman, or anybody else with a bad debt, and make his own terms with the rockites?

At the time of the disaster to the *Wasp* she was under orders to convey the sub-sheriff, six bailiffs, and thirty-six policemen to Innistrahull, there to execute the vengeance of the United Kingdom upon the unhappy inhabitants. It is to be desired that the British public should seriously ask themselves whether they really wish their navy to be employed, on a peculiarly dangerous coast, in doing the dirty work of Irish landlords?

It is a far cry from Donegal to Kerry; but Kerry also appears to have her enemy to the British connection in the form of the Hon. Rowland Winn. This gentleman has been turning out, in the course of three days, 51 families, numbering something like 300 individuals. According to *United Ireland*, the following are typical cases of the holdings :—*A* valuation, £5. 15s.; rent, £12. *B* valuation, £2. 10s.; rent, £5. *C* valuation, £3. 15s.; rent, £7. 10s. *D* valuation, £1. 10s.; rent, £5. Upon one farm, the valuation of which was £5, and the rent £12, the entire stock consisted of one very small calf. The unfortunate people offered to pay £15, half the arrears, but the offer was declined.

Of the three hundred people thus turned out, the *Cork Herald* thus writes :—

The tenants are scattered about the district, obtaining shelter where they can, and in many instances lying in open fields, while a strong gale, bearing a drizzling rain, is blowing in from the sea.

This is very melancholy, no doubt, but everybody looks to his own interest first, and what strikes me most forcibly about the matter is this. The Hon. Rowland Winn, if he lives, will one day be Lord Headley. Personally I would not think of insuring him. But this is exactly what I, in common with other taxpayers, have to do. We have to pay very heavy premiums, merely because the Hon. Rowland Winn, and his like, act in a cruel and scandalous manner to their dependants. I fancy there may be here and there a Radical in the country who will not die altogether unhappy if he lives to see these "Irish gentlemen" dealt with by an Irish Parliament. No English Parliament will ever pass a Land Bill strong enough to meet the necessities of the case.

The Editor of the *Pall Mall* is indignant because the *Scotsman* denounces him as a "costermonger and a lunatic," for leading the way in calling attention to the weakness of the Navy. This language does not surprise me. The *Scotsman* is an ably-conducted and in many ways an excellent newspaper. But it is a Ministerial journal, and the Ministers are to the Editor what the Solemn League and Covenant were to his ancestors. Independence of judgment on the part of Liberals is as much a crime in his eyes as Conservative opposition. Liberal Ministers are, like the divines who framed the League and Covenant, infallible. They can do no wrong. The Navy is precisely what the Navy ought to be so long as they exercise control over it. Those who deny this ought to be slain, and as the Editor cannot slay them, he reviles them.

I observe that the Mayor of Sunderland has announced that instead of giving the annual mayoral banquet, he will subscribe a hundred guineas towards the relief of the distress which is terribly prevalent in the town. This is a very sensible example, and ought to be extensively followed. It is, moreover, just as well to remind people who are about to subscribe liberally towards the fund for relieving the distress occasioned by the cholera in Naples, that in Sunderland, Hull, and many other towns there are thousands of workpeople whom the depression of trade has reduced to the brink of starvation, and who are at least as worthy of sympathy and help as the Italians. It is extraordinary that the English people should be so slow to learn the lesson that charity begins at home.

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Unless public opinion prove too strong for them, the Conscript Fathers of the City clearly mean to perpetrate an outrageous job in the matter of the London Fish Supply. The report of the Markets Committee, which was presented at the last meeting of the Common Council, showed that the Central Market in Farringdon-street had not paid its way during the year. The Common Councilmen said "hear, hear," and thereupon proceeded to refer the matter of the Central Market back to the Committee—apparently with a view to "shutting up shop," on the ground that the failure of the new market showed the idea of a Billingsgate ring to be "a great public illusion." The public itself, I venture to think, will draw a very different moral, and will only see in the failure of the new market a further proof of how powerful the Billingsgate ring is. As every one knows, the Billingsgate interest is very strong in the Common Council; and the whole tone of the report, as well as of the discussion thereon, obviously suggests the suspicion that the Corporation was only riding for a fall over the new market. This suspicion will be converted into a certainty if the Common Council decide to close the Farringdon Market without making any attempt to work it with greater zeal. Should they do so, the money sunk in this futile attempt to bolster up the Billingsgate monopoly by an experimental argument will have been a scandalous waste of public funds.

The City authorities have really done a sensible thing for once. Having taken up the idea of cremation, the Commissioners of Sewers mean to stick to it. The Sanitary Committee, to whom the question of erecting a crematorium at Ilford Cemetery was referred, wanted to back out, and reported that it was "inexpedient to erect any apparatus for cremation until that mode of disposing of the dead had been regulated by Act of Parliament;" but the Comsioners, as a body, have refused to be put off in this way, and have sent the matter back to the committee for reconsideration. Perhaps their persistence is partly due to the pleasure of baiting the Home Secretary; but, be this as it may, I sincerely hope that they will go on and win.

Sir Charles Dilke appears to have at length succeeded in convincing even the Clerkenwell Vestry that his assertions regarding the composition of that notable body are perfectly correct. At the Vestry's last meeting, a letter was read from Sir Charles, repeating his statements as to the number of house-farmers, money-lenders, and publicans on the Vestry. It was moved that the letter be received; but an amendment was proposed and carried that it be entered on the minutes. The mover of the amendment volunteered to prove that there were fourteen publicans on the Vestry, and that the committees were rigged by money-lenders and house-farmers. The Clerkenwell Vestry having agreed that this description of themselves is correct, further argument and further comment are, I should think, superfluous.

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I am glad to see that the Mayor of Birmingham has spoken out against the balloting for £5 notes, which was the great feature of a recent charity bazaar in that town. A raffle of this kind is gambling pure and simple, and gambling is specially objectionable when it is masked under the form of charity. Whenever a costermonger is found getting up a lottery of exactly a similar kind for sixpences he is prosecuted; and I fail to see how gambling becomes less gambling because it is indulged in under clerical auspices.

The ingenuity of relieving-officers in finding reasons not to "relieve" is certainly worthy of admiration. An inquest was held at Pickering last week on the body of Esther Swales, aged 79, who died of neglect and starvation. The relieving-officer, one Ward, was called in to see the poor woman by a policeman. She was in a perfectly exhausted condition, and begged for some hot tea or milk. Ward, however, like a true descendant of Bumble, proceeded to examine the house for food. He found a piece of mouldy bread, a scrap of bacon, and a rabbit perfectly putrid; there was, however, neither fire nor fuel of any sort in the place. But the presence of the mouldy bread, bacon, and putrid rabbit were quite enough excuse for this so-called "relieving" officer. He declared that there was food in the house, and that as the woman's husband, who was lying in bed helplessly drunk, had not deserted her, he could do nothing. Soon afterwards the woman died. The jury very properly returned a verdict of manslaughter against the husband; but can nothing be done to teach relieving-officers their duty?

Perhaps the Coroner's jury were quite right in refusing to follow the lead of the newspapers and to make a "mystery" of the "strange deaths in Lambeth" last week; but anything more unsatisfactory than the reasons for their conclusion can hardly be imagined. The circumstances of two tenants of a house being found dead at the same time, and of no one appearing to know how they came by their deaths, were, to say the least of it, curious; and it was certainly very natural that the doctor who was called in by the police should have been instructed to hold a post-mortem. This, however, the medical gentleman deemed it better not to do; he himself felt "too old," and as for his son, he "had a midwifery practice," and, therefore, he could not undertake it. It seems a little odd, that the holding of a post-mortem or not should practically be decided by the personal convenience of the first doctor who happens to be called in.

Punching an insolent cabdriver's head is a somewhat heroic remedy, and not, perhaps, one which can be universally recommended or invariably put in practice. Nevertheless, I cannot help thinking that Mr. David Charles Day, who was charged last week at Clerkenwell Police-court with assaulting a cabman named Gillings, has deserved well of his country, and of the cab-hiring community in particular. The cabman, it appears, conveyed Mr. Day in his cab from Regent-street to Islington, and was given his proper fare at the end of the journey. Thereupon, according to an ancient custom of some cabmen, he became abusive, and used disgusting language

in the presence of Mr. Day's sisters. That gentleman knocked Gillings down, and Mr. Barstow, sensibly enough, remarked that Mr. Day had received great provocation, and discharged him. I hope that other extortionate and foul-mouthed cabmen will take warning by the fate which befell Gillings.

It would appear that a very grave omission has been made by the Legislature in framing provisions to regulate the procedure of those husbands who find the joys of married life insupportable. At the Liverpool Police-court, Margaret Molloy, the wife of a police-constable, was charged with assaulting her husband, by striking him on the head with a flat-iron, and was committed for trial. But when P.C. Molloy, after reciting the story of his wrongs, demanded a separation order, an unexpected difficulty arose. The magistrate informed the aggrieved husband that although he had power to separate wives from husbands for assaults, he was unable to separate husbands from wives, and that such a request had never been made to him before. Surely in these days of women's rights, what is sauce for the brutal gander ought to be sauce for the violent goose.

The Sheffield magistrates appear to have a singular method of dealing with people guilty of brutal and unprovoked assaults. The other day a woman named Warnock, the wife of a policeman, beat her stepson so unmercifully that he ran for help to a neighbour. She thereupon followed the unfortunate boy, knocked him down, jumped on him, and beat his head violently on the ground. The magistrates merely requested her to find one surety for her future behaviour. It would be interesting to know if this is the ordinary procedure of the Sheffield Bench, or if they have one law for common people and another for the wives of policemen.

A friend has drawn my attention to a letter in *Land and Water* this week, soliciting contributions to aid in the defence of the crew of the *Mignonette*. The letter is signed by Mr. A. Thomson, of the Thames Yacht Agency. Now as Mr. Thomson is the agent who sold the *Mignonette* to Mr. Want, might he not, in justice to all concerned, be called upon to give evidence in the case as to the soundness of the yacht when sold to Mr. Want, and as to whether he or the latter gentleman took any steps to ascertain whether the vessel was seaworthy before they sent her on her voyage?

The newest thing in agencies is one for supplying those very common commodities—Italian patents of nobility. The following are the terms of the circular which has been addressed to bankers and flourishing financial agents all over Europe :—

> Sir,—Knowing the high position you justly hold in the financial world, and wishing you to profit by the same, either in the interests of your business or those of your family, through the advantages of nobility, I have the honour to inform you that I can, for an amount officially fixed, obtain for you either certain decorations or a title, which would doubtless facilitate the transactions which you have undertaken. Title of Prince, 75,000 f.; Duke, 50,000; Count, 25,000 f.; Baron, 20,000 f. All warranted, and in good form. Trusting to the favour of an early answer.—I am, sir, &c.

There is an engaging frankness about this document which ought not to fail of its reward.

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Goole's Depôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

I am overwhelmed with indignant protests of spiritualists, clairvoyants, table-turners, and ghost-seers, who are unable to understand how I can refuse to be convinced of the existence of phenomena which, according to them, occur every day. When clairvoyance was the rage, a Dublin physician—Sir Philip Crampton, if I remember rightly—enclosed a bank-note in an envelope, placed the envelope at the Bank of Ireland, and offered it to any clairvoyant who would tell him the number. No clairvoyant could. When table-turning was the rage, Faraday invited any table-turner to come to the Royal Institute, and to turn a table there, which was so arranged that physical pressure would count for nothing. No table-turner came. As for spiritualists, their tricks have been again and again exposed. Slade had a "spirit" who wrote on a slate under the table. The trickery was proved in a police-court; yet now we are told that we ought to believe in spiritual slate-writing because the late Duke of Albany believed in it, and owned a slate on which spirits were in the habit of writing! We are asked to accept as Gospel-truth that in India, an adept of Buddhist spiritualism often writes a letter and puts it in a room. The adept to which it is addressed comes in the spirit from Thibet, or some such distant spot, and indites a reply. There are, I believe, a considerable number of persons in England who absolutely believe in this letter-writing trash. Only the other day, a ghost story was published, for the details of which it was said that Sir E. Hornby vouched. He had himself seen the ghost. It appeared to him in China, and he at once informed his wife of the fact. According to recent information, however, from China, it would seem that the ghost had forgotten to die when he appeared, for he was still alive, and that Sir E. Hornby was not married when he confided the details of the ghostly narrative to his wife. I am utterly disgusted with the credulity of persons, otherwise sensible. They seem unable to understand by what sort of evidence a departure from the known laws of nature ought to be believed.

Take, for instance, the trick of finding a pin, the whereabouts of which is known to the "subject." The trick is generally performed in a room full of people, who also know where the pin is concealed. Collusion, therefore, is possible. This, however, is not necessary, for if the performer be adroit, he knows where to go owing to the unconscious indications given by the subject. Nothing is more easy than to prove this. Let the subject be blindfolded instead of the performer, and the latter will never find the pin. I asked Mr. Stuart Cumberland whether he could find a pin under these conditions. Being an honest man, and making no pretence to do more than closely follow indications, he replied that he could not.

In urging that all railroad tickets ought to have their fares printed on them, I ought to have added that this is invariably done by the Great Northern of Ireland. Booking-clerks are, very likely, most respectable, as a rule; but there may be black sheep amongst them, and I cannot understand why the Companies should not put their customers in the position of being able to know whether they have paid more than the proper fare.

An Irish correspondent writes to ask me whether a Company which styled itself the Coffee Public House Company is still in liquidation, and if so, whether any steps are being taken to realise a dividend for its shareholders. I remember this Company making great professions, but I have not lately heard anything about it. Perhaps the liquidator will be good enough to say what is being done.

Another correspondent writes indignantly to say that he and two friends had three cups of tea and some bread and butter at the Imperial Hotel, Great Malvern, for which they were charged 4s. 6d. This, no doubt, is dear, but if travellers will take their tea in a first-rate hotel, they will generally be charged about this sum, the object of the hotel being to sell meals rather than light refreshments.

A prospectus has been sent to me of the "Brighton Palace Club, Limited." The following extracts are curious :—

4. "Resident members of the Club shall have the privilege of travelling *free* in the Pulman Car to or from London."

19. "The annual subscription shall be ten guineas, *and an additional ten guineas from those who wish to avail themselves of the annual season ticket for travelling free of charge by Pulman Car between London and Brighton.*"

17. "The only political principle recognised by the Club shall be that of loyalty to the Sovereign."

9. "A private Chapel with resident Chaplain will form part of the establishment."

Brighton is one of the boroughs which, in the days of its Liberal enthusiasm, became possessed of a "Gladstone tree." Since the great Marriott incident this tree seems to have weighed rather uneasily on the conscience of the Brighton people ; so, feeling a delicacy about asking Mr. Gladstone to take it back or cut it down, they have asked Lord Salisbury for an opposition tree, which has been graciously promised. In a short time, therefore, the Gladstone and Salisbury trees will be growing side by side in Preston Park as a permanent monument of the political consistency of the borough.

I should recommend any one who desires to escape from the turmoil of politics to go to West Horndon, in Essex. Last year the electorate of West Horndon comprised one farmer. Since the last revision, however, this solitary voter has left. The Revising Barrister has, therefore, now struck him off the register, and the parish of West Horndon has for the present no voice in the government of the country. It seems almost a pity that the repose of this pastoral spot should be broken, as it probably will be before the next revision, by the creation of a new population of electors.

The "Bright Placard Subscription List" does not seem to be making progress, for I do not observe many new subscribers in the list which is published daily in the advertising columns of the *St. James's Gazette*. The only persons who have appended their names to their donations are Sir John Kelk, R. C. Hesenden, Henry Farquhar, A. C. Walker, Andrew Arnold, and Lord Waterford. The others do good by stealth. "From Gladstone, Bright, Chamberlain, good Lord deliver us," subscribes £2 ; "One who hates sham," £2 ; "Suppressio veri," £8 ; "From bullies at home and sneaks abroad, good Lord deliver us," £1 ; "In living memory of John Bright's egotism and spite," 10s. ; "No Quaker prevarication," 10s. ; "In honour of drowning sailors," 5s. ; "Charles Surface, of Downing-street," 5s.

Sir Stafford Northcote has followed the example of other Conservative orators in insisting that an attack upon the House of Lords is equivalent to an attack upon the Crown. Were it true that Monarchy involved the existence of an hereditary Legislative House of Conservative partisans, this would be an unanswerable argument against Monarchy. But nothing can be more incorrect. The Monarch can do nothing without the assent of the Ministers, and they are responsible for this assent. Practically the Monarch can neither veto nor alter a Bill which has been passed by Parliament. The Lords, on the other hand, are irresponsible for their conduct, and they do veto or alter Bills which have been passed by the representatives of the nation.

Her Majesty has been exercising her influence, with the object of bringing the Tory leaders to a more reasonable state of mind. The Duke of Richmond's recent visit to Balmoral was connected with this matter ; it is, I understand, however, considered by the Duke and the other leading Tory Peers that they are bound in honour not to leave Lord Salisbury in the lurch ; indeed, were they to yield now, the Conservative party would practically cease to exist.

As I announced last week, the Liberal leaders are not quite such fools as to allow themselves to be stalemated by their political opponents. Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues have carefully abstained from prejudicing the main issue by going beyond denunciation of the particular action of the Lords with regard to the Franchise Bill. But the country has spoken, and has declared that the Peers must bend or be broken. They have raised the issue, and if they do not bend they will have to abide the consequences. We can get on exceedingly well without them, and the question at the next election will not be whether they were right or wrong in insisting upon Redistribution and Reduction of Franchise going together ; but whether the Conservatives are to be allowed henceforward, when defeated at the polls, to force on a dissolution by the votes of their noble Janissaries.

All idea of compromise may be dismissed. A Liberal Ministry when in power, and when supported by an overwhelming majority in the House of Commons, must be able not only to legislate on Liberal lines, but to settle all details of procedure without let or hindrance on the part of their defeated political opponents. An Upper Chamber of partisans to which the minority in the House of Commons may appeal against the majority is a Court of Appeal consisting of Judges who are themselves parties to the suit. If the hereditary Upper House is to continue to exist in its present state, it must be distinctly and definitively understood, that it is merely an ornamental relic of an extinct phase of political thought, and that the condition of its existence is that it be nothing but ornamental. If the Peers object to this—and it is difficult to suppose that enlightened men will accept this passive citizenship—they can ask to be relieved from it, and to re-enter the ranks of active citizens. I can quite understand their *sint ut sunt aut non sint*, but they must

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realise that no one but themselves would insist upon the *sint*. The majority of those who are not Peers are for the *non sint*.

We hear so much of the action of the Lords of the time of King John in connection with the present struggle for the existence of the House of Lords that it is just worth noting that there is no descendant in the present House of Lords of the twenty-five Barons who signed Magna Charta.

The bondholding and Jingo organs which, from the first, have urged that we ought to assume a Protectorate over Egypt, are now endeavouring to show that our action with respect to the sinking fund of the debt will only be condoned by Europe, if we take upon ourselves the organisation of the country, or, in other words, permanently occupy it. Never was there a greater mistake. To a certain extent, the French press is in the hands of the bondholding fraternity; but their influence is due to their appealing to the national vanity, which is hurt at the idea of French influence in Egypt disappearing. The Republic would never go to war for the bondholders with the experience of the bondholding war of the Empire in Mexico and its results. The French are as naturally averse to our being paramount in Egypt as we should be to their being paramount there, and with just as legitimate cause, for the route to the East ought not to be in the power of any one European State. This feeling Bismarck encourages, because the basis of his policy is, and ever has been, to sow dissensions between his neighbours.

An English friend of mine was sitting with Bismarck and some other Germans in 1870 at Versailles. The conversation turned upon the East. Bismarck, addressing one of the Germans, said, "Whether the English wish it or not, in ten years they shall be in Egypt." To play France against England and Austria against Russia is his game, and he plays it well. He is aware that so long as we remain in Egypt, no cordial alliance can exist between us and our French neighbours, and that nothing can so weaken us as to find ourselves permanently involved in Egyptian complications; it will not, therefore, be his fault if we ever get out of them.

It was a mistake on our parts to have assented to the International Tribunals being allowed to levy distress warrants against the Egyptian Government if bondholders were not paid. It was a greater mistake for us to have been parties to the Law of Liquidation, which, in a certain sense, made us parties to the obligation of the Egyptian Government to pay interest on its bonds. And it was a still greater mistake for us ever to have forced on the Egyptians a Khedive, and to have crushed out the attempt of the National Party to establish the principle that only those taxes are legitimate which are voted by the nation's representatives.

At present, what is the state of things? We assert that the taxes are oppressive and ought to be reduced, but that the revenue derived from these oppressive taxes is not sufficient for the administration, if so much of them continues as now to be paid to the bondholders. Yet there is a deficit of £8,000,000 which will have to be borrowed and on which interest will have to be paid. One of four things, therefore, must happen: either the taxation must be increased; or the country must lapse into anarchy by the administrative expenses not being met; or we must effect a reduction of the interest on the debt by guaranteeing it, and remaining to see that the administration be efficiently and economically effected; or a reduction must be made in the interest on the debt, without any guarantee. We are now in the falsest of positions. We, the friends of representative Government, deny representative Government to the Egyptians, and are employing our soldiers to maintain order, which means to support a ruler who is hated by his subjects, and to force these subjects to pay taxes which we admit are so oppressive that they are ruining them.

We are unfortunately in Egypt. Every taxpayer in Great Britain knows it to his cost, for he is paying for it, But let us be true to our principles. Let us refuse to be the task-masters of Egypt for the bondholders. Lord Northbrook has made a good beginning. He has taken money which would otherwise go to the bondholders, and devoted it to the necessary costs of administration. Let him take all that is required, and at the same time reduce the taxation. If anything remains, by all means let that anything go to the bondholders. At present there is a floating debt of £8,000,000; this ought to be paid off before the bondholders receive one farthing, for it represents the liabilities necessarily incurred during the last four years.

The French have a good deal on their hands just now. They do not want to occupy Egypt, but they object to our doing so. To understand their feeling, we must consider what ours would have been had the Russians insisted upon remaining in Constantinople to support the Sultan against his subjects, and to see that Turkish bondholders were paid in full. Should we have believed the Russians, had they asserted that they only did this in the interests of the Turks and of the bondholders?

Mr. Gladstone is, I believe, sincerely desirous of evacuating Egypt. He regards, as he has frequently said, a permanent occupation of the country as a fatal mistake, and utterly opposed to our interests; and he has, again and again, personally pledged his honour and the honour of his country to our withdrawal. As yet, he has been the victim of circumstances. But it is the part of a statesman to shape out circumstances to his will, and not to drift with them. He is aware that the trash of the London journals finds no echo out of London, and that the mass of the Liberals throughout the country would be with him heart and soul were he to cut adrift from this Egyptian imbroglio, merely laying down as the rule of our conduct that the Suez Canal must remain open to the commerce of the world. All that his followers ask of him is to act on his own opinions, and not to be led astray by those of others. If we continue in Egypt, and if fresh millions follow the millions which have already gone there, on him will be the responsibility.

The *Times* would have us establish a good Administration in the Soudan, and it believes that it is only on this condition that the Great Powers will assent to the sinking

fund on the Egyptian Debt being devoted to administrative purposes. The Great Powers will be surprised to hear of the condition which they attach to their assent. But how are we to establish a sound Administration? We cannot replace the Egyptians, for they, we say, are unable to administer their own country, and their presence in the Soudan resulted in the greatest misgovernment. We cannot use the Soudanese under our supervision, for the Soudanese object to our supervision. We should have, therefore, either to annex the country or to assume a protectorate over it, and to maintain our supremacy by means of a British army, or, in other words, we should have to attempt to do in the Soudan what we have failed to do in Egypt—viz., to establish a Government antagonistic to the wishes and aspirations of its inhabitants. Surely we have already enough on our hands for us not to accept such new responsibilities.

No one can fail to admire the courage and the *mens æquus in arduis* as narrated in the latest accounts from Khartoum, for these are qualities which are rare, and which will command respect so long as the world exists. When, however, the *Times* makes Gordon's exploits a theme for an attack upon Mr. Gladstone for having deserted him, and terms those who have protested against his refusal to act on his instructions "traducers," it may be well to ask why he ever did remain at Khartoum, and why he has, for many months, been firing shells at the inhabitants of the Soudan and blowing them up with skilfully-devised mines? They are, as Mr. Gladstone said, fighting for their independence against an intolerable and detestable foreign tyranny. "Eight or ten thousand persons elected to leave Khartoum" some months ago. It cannot, therefore, be said that there could have been any difficulty in withdrawing the garrison. Since then Gordon has fought with troops whom, he tells us, have been only kept faithful to him by promises of high pay. The garrison, therefore, we may presume, was quite ready to take service with the Mahdi, had it not been possible to retreat to Egypt.

The country, continues the *Times*, will insist that a town "ever memorable in English annals" shall "remain the outpost of civilisation in the Soudan." The country will insist upon no such thing. The situation is not one whit altered since Mr. Gladstone announced his policy of "rescue and retire." The *Times* protested then vainly against this policy, and it will as vainly protest against it now.

It is well that, whenever a person is entrusted by charitable people with a fund for a specific purpose, a clear account should be published of the mode in which the trust has been fulfilled. Miss English sends me the following statement of how she has spent the money given to her for taking children to the New Forest and boarding them out there. There is, it will be seen, a balance in hand of £21. 14s. 5d. Miss English is not certain, at present, whether she will be able to continue the work next summer, as it is possible that she will not then be in the New Forest. If she is not, this money will have to be devoted to a like purpose, for when money is given for a particular object, it ought to be spent on that object:—

Statement of Accounts from Nov. 12, 1883, to Sept. 30, 1884.

Dr.	£	s.	d.	Cr.	£	s.	d.
Balance brought forward	39	2	2	Keep of 237 children	151	17	0
Donations	172	7	10	Railway fares	31	12	0
Subscriptions	10	3	0	Carriage from station	11	14	10
				Contingencies, including clothing, postage, stationery, &c.	4	14	9
Balance brought down	21	14	5	Balance in hand	£21	14	5
	£221	13	0		£221	13	0

Ellen A. English, Gascoignes, Lyndhurst.
Examined and found correct, G. L. Munday. Sept. 30, 1884.

The Belgrave Laundry, 194 & 196, Ebury-street, Belgravia
A laundry for high-class families.

SCRUTATOR.

MRS. KENDAL ON THE STAGE.

Social Science Congresses are, very possibly, useful, but their proceedings are apt to appear somewhat dull to all who have not social science on the brain. When people are allowed to read "papers," it inevitably follows that those who listen to those "papers" often yawn. The members of the Congress, therefore, naturally crowded to hear a "paper" read by an actress, with, as the reports of the proceedings say, "play of the hands, and archness of facial expression." Mrs. Kendal, who thus enlivened the proceedings, is the clever representative of one school of dramatic art, and, of course, she was enthusiastic with respect to it. At the next Congress, it is to be hoped that other schools will be allowed to express their view in "papers." Mr. Harris might treat melodrama; Miss Farren, burlesque; and Miss Kate Vaughan the poetry of motion.

For modern comedy, which is Mrs. Kendal's department, the lady claimed great progress. She did not say that the plays or the acting are better than they were, but she explained that the stage drawing-rooms are better furnished, that the audiences are more comfortably seated, that the actors and actresses have more convenient dressing-rooms, and that the theatres are cleaner than formerly. All these are unquestionably advantages, but when she went on to insist that art, as art, was elevated by this, I failed to follow her. Indeed, I am inclined to think that the perfection of all these mechanical details is only resorted to in order to conceal the absence of art. Upholstery rather concerns the upholsterer than the dramatic artist. The frame of a picture, it is true, should harmonise with the picture, but making frames is one thing and painting pictures is another. A bad picture cannot be converted into a good one by the most costly frame. What we want to see when we go to a theatre is a good play well acted. The tedium of sitting through a bad play badly acted is but very little relieved by the thought that the dust has been swept from the seats, that the tables on the stage are loaded with *bric-à-brac*, and that the actors and actresses have cosy rooms to which they can retire when they are not acting.

Another step of progress, said Mrs. Kendal, is that whereas heretofore "the door of society was closed" to actors and actresses, at present their society "is eagerly sought after." I should rather have said that the mania of modern actors and actresses to get into what they are pleased to call society, is very much like the "retails," as Mrs. Caudle observed, at Clapham, desperately struggling

to be socially recognised by the "wholesales." "Society" never closed its doors to actors or actresses. Garrick was a member of the most exclusive club in London, and "society" rushed to his receptions. Kemble, Macready, Mrs. Siddons, and many others, in days gone by, were well known personages in society. As a rule, however, actors and actresses rather eschewed "society," because they preferred their own circle of friends. All this is changed now. The modern actor and actress look askance upon their own professional associates and their own friends; they are possessed with the same burning desire to be on good terms with my Lady this, and to be invited to the crushes of my Lady that, as the most scheming of the vulgar rich. And they fail entirely to perceive that, except in the rarest instances, they never do and never will really succeed in their aspirations. A fashionable lady is one thing, an actress is another. You may prefer the one, or prefer the other. But just as no one would care to see the fashionable lady acting, so does no one care to see the actress masquerading as the fashionable lady. If she likes to be asked to the parties of grandees, and if grandees like to ask her, there is no reason why she should not go to them, but her presence there no more elevates her art than the presence of a grocer's wife at these parties would convert into an art the sale of tea and sugar. On the contrary, the craze to be a unit in a fashionable throng has a tendency to degrade her by leading her to enlist in the great army of British snobs.

Still more curious are Mrs. Kendal's ideas with respect to the private character of actors and actresses. It influences, she says, their acting. It might have been better in the scheme of the universe had the plain, stupid, but good child invariably surpassed in the race of life the clever and pretty, though naughty child. But, alas! experience proves that this is not so. So, too, on the stage, the possession of every cardinal virtue does not outweigh the absence of natural histrionic talent. We have only to look back to the past to realise this. The greatest of actresses have not been remarkable for cardinal virtues, but rather the reverse. "Surely," holds Mrs. Kendal, "it is pleasanter to think that when the curtain has fallen and the actor or actress is at home, he or she leads, or is capable of leading, the same kind of life, the representation of which has moved an audience to sympathetic tears. And certainly it can be no drawback if, while admiring the artist, the playgoer can at the same time respect the man or woman." No drawback, I admit, but I greatly question whether the person who pays 10s. for a stall would derive any pleasure from such thoughts, or, indeed, trouble his head about them. How, too, would it be in the case of the artists who play the villains? Are audiences to derive a pleasure from thinking that the gentleman who plays Iago is endeavouring to model his life on the maxims of that questionable Italian? The entire theory is an erroneous one. Raphael's pictures are neither better nor worse because of the Fornarina. Every one knew what Rachel's life was; but did this mar the pleasure of seeing her act? If I go to see Juliet, I want to forget the individuality of the girl who is acting Juliet. I want her to be Juliet, and, so far as she is successful in this, do I derive pleasure. My thoughts do not wander to what the Miss Brown, Jones, Robinson, or Adela de Vere who is enacting the part is when she has resumed her ordinary dress. She may be going home to tripe and onions, or to a fashionable ball; she may be the best of wives and daughters or the worst. All this concerns her and her domestic circle, but it does not concern the public, and it is an entire mistake on the part of the Juliets and Ophelias of the stage to thrust their individuality into prominence and to ask us to judge them, not by their talents, but by their lives. To assume a virtue when you have it not may be wise; but for Juliets to call the world to observe their virtue, and to make it part of their professional stock-in-trade, seems to me to imply that virtue is the exception rather than the rule, and thus to be fouling the theatrical nest.

Having explained her theory of what the stage ought to be, Mrs. Kendal points out where it is deteriorating. Artists, she says, advertise themselves too much, and with that charming inconsistency which, to me, is one of the most fascinating traits in women, she protests against their doing this by photography and by speechmaking, both of which are degrading to the drama. If people like to buy photographs of actors and actresses, I see no reason why they should not: as for speechmaking, I confess that I think it would be better if performers were not to come forward at the end of plays, and repeat carefully-prepared impromptus; this, however, is a question of good taste, and cannot degrade the drama. "But," the lady continues, "when men and women have done wrong and take to the stage, is it not the fact that, provided the wrongdoing has been made sufficiently public, brisk business may be expected at the booking-office?" I really do not think that this is so. Notoriety, no doubt, is attractive, but I question whether any lady who cannot act would prove a draw for more than a night or two, simply because she has done wrong.

The fundamental error of Mrs. Kendal's "paper" is, that whilst she protests, on the one hand, against actors and actresses deriving any benefit from personal notoriety on the other hand, she insists that they are to derive a professional benefit from leading a goody-goody domestic life, and that they ought to be asked to fashionable parties because they are actresses. My doctrine is, that as actresses they ought to be judged, and that what they do or what they do not do when they are off the stage is a matter which, though they seem to think it of supreme importance, is of absolute indifference to those who pay their money to see them act. Whether when out of their theatre they make puddings and suckle fools or not; whether they take tea and shrimps with the neighbouring greengrocer or shine in fashionable drawing-rooms, is their affair, and not the affair of those whose patronage enables them to make two ends meet.

"SAINTS AND SINNERS."

Whenever an actor puts on a white wig, draws deep lines on his hitherto cheerful countenance with Indian ink, assumes a benign and semi-clerical appearance, and speaks in a mild, piping, and falsetto voice, it is instantly implied by himself and assumed by his friends that he is pathetic. He is nothing of the kind; he is simply dull. Mr. Thomas Thorne is the last misguided representative of the pseudo-pathetic school. He affects, no doubt, to follow in the

footsteps of Robson, but his grief becomes as wearisome and as confidentially "crooning" as that of Mr. Craven, an actor who wrote plays such as "Milky White," and was misguided enough to act in them. Actors like the elder Farren and Robson have had no successors. They played old men—maudlin old men sometimes—but yet there were always traces of virility in them; their grief had a true touch of sorrow in it. They did not continually buzz, and squeak, and maunder in order to convey the impression that their hearts were badly broken, and that they were uncommonly sad. Grandfather Whitehead, Daddy Hardacre, Peter Probity, and the inimitable hero of the "Porter's Knot" did not continually pipe the same sad tune. They were old men; they did not act at being old men. They did not bore the men, and they certainly made the women weep—a form of amusement quite as entertaining to the fair sex sometimes as laughter. Mr. Thorne is not the only comedian of very creditable ability who has travelled into the fields of gloom. Occasionally the excellent and eccentric Mr. Toole assumes the childish treble of senility, and implies that he is an exponent of "Robsonian character;" but of late years he has sensibly relinquished that ambition, which is evidently as dear to the low comedian as playing Hamlet and Romeo is to the ordinary walking gentleman of the company. These are amongst the penalties of popularity. Actors will do it, and the public patiently suffers.

Mr. Thorne is an amiable old Dissenting parson, whose lively and skittish daughter is so bored with his lugubrious ways, his dull, unenviable life, his sermonising, and his persistent virtue, that she has strayed from the paths of virtue with an extremely handsome and attractive young man, in the person of Mr. Conway. There is really something to be said for the girl. To be half-starved, to be in a perpetual atmosphere of meanness, narrow-mindedness, and bigotry, and to have continually pointed out to her as a model of propriety a maiden aunt, of austere countenance, who hangs over the mantelpiece, and looks like Mr. Henry Irving, is a destiny evidently revolting to Miss Cissy Grahame. There is certainly one means of rescue at hand, by confiding her young life to the ever-virtuous and assertive Mr. Henry Neville; but preferring the well-made clothes, the unexceptionable Bond-street gaiters, and the bold, determined manner of the gallant Conway, she jumps with him into a railway train, allured with the prospect of smart dresses, a masterful love, and a summer season at Torquay. All this, no doubt, is dreadfully wrong, and, from the dramatist's point of view, almost unpardonable, but the temptation of the maiden was severe amidst such surroundings of maddening depression. Mr. Thorne seeks her sorrowing, and Mr. Neville tucks up his shirt-sleeves, and is after Mr. Conway, but only finds him conveniently dead on an Indian battle-field—a far cry for an impecunious young farmer with his crops and cattle to attend to.

But it is not upon the errant Cissy that retribution falls. Poor Thomas Thorne is made the victim of this ill-advised trip to Torquay. No sooner do the butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers of his congregation discover that the girl has "gone wrong," than they deprive poor weeping Thomas of his ministry, kick him out of Little Bethel to starve, excommunicate him for his daughter's transgression, and turn him into a secondhand edition of that very wearisome old gentleman, the grandfather in Dickens's "Curiosity Shop," who had a travelling companion called Nell. At one period of the play there were terrible foreshadowings of a stage death. The dramatic nose scented afar the chorus of angel children, the dim religious music in the distance, the consumptive Cissy with the hectic cough, and the languishing rosebud pierced on the heart of the tortured Thorne, but luckily, Mr. H. A. Jones spared his audience such a gratuitous infliction. The mists of melancholy cleared away, and the audience waited till the "clouds rolled by." The valiant Neville returned from his seducer-hunt in India, clasped the repentant St. Cecilia, and all was well again in Carlingford. But it must be a nasty place to live in, for all that, and erring Cecilia has our sympathies. The moral of the whole story is, Don't let Dissenting ministers, or any other kind of minister, believe that lively and impressionable young ladies can be wholly solaced by sermons and tea-drinkings in the chapel. They will break out unless they are amused; and a young man who comes a-fishing, and tells hysterical maidens that he *will* love them, and is determined—with a clutch—that he will be loved again, is a very dangerous form of amusement indeed.

Mr. Jones has evidently drunk deeply at the well dug for him by Mrs. Oliphant and George Eliot. He knows his "Scenes from Clerical Life" and "Chronicles of Carlingford" by heart, and out of well-worn material he has fashioned an honest and fairly attractive play. His minor is far better than his major characterisation. If the characters taken by Mr. Conway and Mr. Neville had not been acted with singular skill and freshness, they would have been found as conventional and theatrical as the language put into their mouths. But the Prabbles and the Hoggards, the gossips and timeservers of the Dissenting community, are drawn with a masterly hand—so well drawn, indeed, that the unfortunate Jones has got himself into a scrape. He has elected to do what every limner of character must do, what Mrs. Oliphant, George Eliot, Currer Bell, and all microscopic analysts have done—make their small fry utter the language they employ in everyday life. The devil may be allowed to quote Scripture, but not these peddling little Dissenters on the stage—at least, so say the critics, and they know everything. I must say that if Mr. Jones is to be handicapped in this fashion, he is much to be pitied. Not the slightest irreverence is offered or intended, and if Prabble and Hoggard are to go by the board, then some extremely clever sketches of character will disappear from an unfortunately dull play. It will be all shade and no light. The scenes from Dissenters' lives are worth the whole entertainment put together. The two best-played parts in the piece are the little mealy-mouthed Prabble, who wants the minister to preach "against the stores," as a sort of interest on Prabble's invested pew-rent—a really clever little bit of playing by Mr. Robson, small and quaint like his ancestor—and an honest, dogged, self-willed maid-servant by Miss Kate Phillips, an actress of great variety and tact, and who is not sufficiently appreciated. If I were Mr. Jones I would not listen to the critics

or cut out one word from the dialogue of the tanner Hoggard or of the grocer Prabble. The first night is over, and the anticipated storm never came. The dialogue was too good and too true not to attract attention. The more controversy that arises the better it will be for the play. Directly it is whispered about that chapel deacons are represented as fraudulent knaves, and sub-deacons as ignorant lick-spittles; that chapel-going is an excuse for a morning nap; that abstainers are sly drunkards, and that the atmosphere of Bethel is loathsome and corrupt, every chapel-goer in London will go to the Vaudeville in order to affix a name to Mr. Jones's types. It is commonly believed that Dissenters never go to the play, from conscientious scruples. They can now conscientiously go, in order to see how the infamous dramatist has traduced them. If Mr. Thorne would save the play, he should keep up the controversy, for therein lies luck and fortune. When "Little Bethel" is fairly in arms, the success of the comedy is assured.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

The revival of "New Men and Old Acres" at the Court Theatre has proved to be a judicious act of management. This amusing and wholesome comedy of Tom Taylor and A. W. Dubourg is one of the few plays that are worth reviving, and it holds its own in spite of the memories attached to it. Mrs. Kendal—who, by the way, has somewhat rashly promised at Manchester to retire from the stage to domestic peace, whatever that may be, and to make no more speeches after forty years of age—was the original Lilian Vavasour at the Haymarket. Ellen Terry gave a new view of this delightful English girl when she was acting at the Court, and now her sister Marion has taken up the part. Mr. Arthur Cecil as the easy-going aristocratic old father, Mr. John Clayton as the stolid and affectionate Brown, and Mr. Anson as the illiterate Bunter, are, of course, seen at their very best; but apart from them, there are still some striking notes of comedy struck by Miss Le Thiere, as Lady Vavasour; Mr. Reeves Smith, as the boy Bertie; and by the incomparable Mrs. John Wood, as Mrs. Bunter. This last bit of acting is, as the old saying has it, "as good as a play." Delightfully defiant of criticism, Mrs. Wood goes on revelling in her own eccentricity to her heart's content, and amusing her audience. This is one of the privileges of low comedy. Once become thoroughly popular, and the more you get out of the frame of the picture, the better for your admirers. Bear witness Liston, Wright, Buckstone, Toole, *cum multis aliis;* and Mrs. John Wood is as much a low comedian as any of them.

When "Serge Panine" is produced by Mrs. Langtry at the Prince's Theatre, under Mr. Abbey's management, Mr. Coghlan will play the Prince, Mrs. Langtry Jeanne de Cernay, and Mrs. Herman Vezin Madame Desvarennes, the character created by Pasca. Mrs. Vezin created a furore in "L'Article 47;" why not in "Serge Panine"? In some respects she is a better actress than Pasca.

Mr. Hayes has definitely arranged to open Her Majesty's Theatre about the end of October, with "popular operas, popular artistes, and at popular prices." Most of the favourite operas are to be included in the répertoire.

The Dutch Company that came over here some years ago, and delighted the critics in "Anne Mie" and other plays of their own manufacture, has been disbanded, and Rotterdam knows them no more. Faasen still writes plays, but there is no one in the little Dutch circuit to act them, and Mdlle. Beersmans having attained the patriarchal age of forty, fair, and fat, has retired to "domestic peace," or elsewhere.

The old theatre at Carlsbad, which was opened in 1788, is now being pulled down, to make way for a new building, which is to be completed by next summer.

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—Does Britannia Rule the Waves?

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
The charter of our sea-girt land
Vowed Freedom ever to maintain!
And in these days, if we would still
Sweet Liberty's chief champion b
We must sustain with iron will,
Britannia's Empire of the Sea!
Yes, rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves
Or Britons must ere long be slaves.

The nations not as ours so blessed
Must in their turn to tyrants fall;
But we shall live, though foes infest,
The pride and envy of them all,
If only, whilst grim despots arm,
Or darkly plot, or blackly scheme,
And fill the world with wild alarm,
We keep the British fleet supreme!
So Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves!
That Britons never may be slaves!

But woe to those our strength who spend
On petty wars of shame prolific;
Who Empire would by theft extend,
Or fight for "frontiers scientific."
If England's fleet has feeble grown,
Our thanks are due to such as these;
'Tis such as these that sap the Throne
That England fills upon the seas.
And if Britannia should cease to rule the waves,
'Tis, thanks to these, we shall be slaves!

And shame! if any be so base
To prostitute this warning cry,
Or seek with it, in any case,
Their party strength to fortify.
For on our Fleet our power depends,
Our trade, our food, our liberty,
And he who it would weaken tends
To end our glorious history.
For if Britannia still rules not o'er the waves,
We Britons soon must sink to slaves!

So, if the need were well made out,
We'd gladly spend more British gold
To, with a loyalty devout,
Maintain our Empire as of old;
But ere we do so, we would first
Ask how the current vote is spent;
And if its millions are disbursed
With wisest and with best intent,
To help Britannia so still to rule the waves,
That Britons never shall be slaves!

Rowland's Macassar Oil contains no lead, or mineral ingredients; sold in golden colour for fair-haired children and people.

"Liberty" Art Fabrics.—Original designs for Curtains, Chintz, Upholstery and Furniture Stuffs. Patterns post-free Regent-st., W.

We'd bid Authority confess
If it from fairness ever swerves;
Or whether Favour can to-day
Get posts which Merit most deserves?
We'd ask if Jobs are never known—
If Contracts ne'er in scandals end?
And if the whole official tone
Is such as honour can commend,
And helps Britannia to still rule o'er the waves,
And Britons keep from being slaves?

We'd ask for details, too, complete—
Before we'd vote another pound—
About the ships that form our fleet,
Which useless are, and which unsound?
We'd learn, too, what the sum may be
That every year on fads we waste,
And what the cost of each decree
"My Lords" proclaim with such mad haste,
To aid Britannia as still she rules the waves,
And Britons keeps from being slaves!

Yes, ere we ask a much-taxed land
To spend more money on her ships,
We'd sternly, first, the price demand
That's paid to hide official slips!
And what is squandered on display,
What seized by grasping service "rings";
And what, of all that's messed away,
Might well be used for better things,
To aid Britannia, as still she rules the waves,
And Britons keeps from being slaves!

Less money, too, might well be spent
On pipeclay by stern martinets;
And we might save, by one consent,
That outlay which red-tape abets.
In short, there are a score of ways
In which economists discreet
Might find expedients to raise
To pristine fame the British fleet,
As when Britannia used still to rule the waves,
And Britons vowed they'd ne'er be slaves!

"And we must make and keep it strong,
A match for all the world, indeed;
Then we for no allies need long
And for no nation's favour plead.
Then Emperors could freely meet
By dozens 'stead of twos and threes,
And Europe's diplomats might treat
Without disturbing England's ease;
For then Britannia again would rule the waves,
And Britons never could be slaves!

"So whatsoe'er our party be,
Or Radical, or Whig, or Tory,
Or Democrat, or Jingo we,
Since all at heart have England's glory—
Let us put party spleen aside,
And like true Englishmen unite,
To England with a fleet provide
That ever shall defend her might!
And help Britannia so still to rule the waves,
That Britons never shall be slaves!

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE ABORTIVE BABY-SHOW.

THE Baby-Show has come to nought. Its promoters, in applying to the Prefect of Police for leave to hold it, set forth that they were entirely animated by a desire to improve the human species. M. Camescasse believed, or affected to believe, them, and subsequently withdrew the promise, as much on the ground that he found they were only actuated by a thirst for lucre, as on the score of public health. Doctors cried out (and this time I think they were right) against the proposed show, which would, they said, render Paris like Judea in the days of Herod. I dare say it would. Most of the babies would have been freshly vaccinated, and their blood, being in a state of ferment, would have been a fine soil for microbes. In a crowd of babies the breath of one infant is, somehow, poison to another. There were already upwards of 3,700 babes and sucklings entered, and steps were taken to have a remarkably fine show of innocents, and particularly of nurses, on the opening day. A fresh batch of more than three hundred was to have been exhibited each day. In connection with the fattest and rosiest cherubs, newly-invented *biberons* and extra nutritive panada and pap foods were to have been puffed. Agencies for providing wet-nurses were to be well represented by the human commodities in which they deal. Paris is the Eden of the wet-nurse, and I believe that little Parisians are better off with *nounous*, than if their adorable mothers were guided by Jean Jacques Rousseau. The *nounou* is generally a strong, country-bred, instinctive creature, who gets attached to her nursling as a cow does to its calf. Her brain being undeveloped, childish babble interests her. She talks volubly to her child, and the child tries to talk to her. It is far happier with her than it would be with a more cultured person, and, on the whole, the *nounou's* companionship is good for the infant. Her position in the house where she is employed is a dictatorial one. To prevent her getting homesick, she is driven about in a fine carriage, taken to flower-shows and *guignol* theatres, stuffed with dainty food, in every way pampered, and, if bad-tempered, allowed to vent her spleen whenever and on whomsoever she pleases. Her trunk is rapidly filled with presents. When baby cuts its first tooth, she thinks herself ill-used if she is not presented with a gold watch. Her be-ribboned cap, with the two long streamers behind, big pelerine, gown, and apron, which she wears out of doors, are found by her mistress, or rather her abject slave. The weaning crisis upsets the whole house. Nurse wants to go home. But it is found that the nursling can't do without her guardianship. Her wages are doubled to coax her to stay a little longer, and presents are so multiplied that another trunk must be bought to hold them. To guard against invasions by the *nounou's* family, peasants from distant parts of France are preferred. And they often, when they have no freeholds to bind them to their native villages, write to their husbands to come with their children and settle in Paris.

A country woman who has been a year or so employed as a nurse in a wealthy Parisian family is no longer fit for country life. It is astonishing in what a short time a female peasant who is only a few degrees above an animal acquires a taste for luxury. The unattached young mother who has not yet burned a torch at Hymen's altar obtains the best wages, and may keep her place as long as she chooses. A wet-nurse, being an *objet de parade*, should be fine-looking. But her style of beauty should be animal, so that when she is driving in the carriage with

Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street Grosvenor-square.

bébé and madame she will serve as a foil to the delicate charms of the latter, who, living in defiance of every law of nature, and merely to be admired, is as neurotic as any heroine of Octave Feuillet. *Nonnou est tout-à-fait dans son assiette*—a phrase which, perhaps, will not be understood in some genteel English boarding-schools—while *madame n'est plus dans la sienne.*

It is a misery for a rich *bourgeoise* to fall upon a *nounou* who has previously nursed the baby of, say, a Duchess—"Madame la Duchesse" is an oft-recurring precedent. "*M. le Duc savait si bien vivre. Il était bon comme le bon pain et généreux comme pas un.*" "The little Marquis was an angel. But if he had been a demon, his father and mother could not have been better to me." For my part, I should never employ a domestic of any kind who had lived in a nobleman's house. They are sure to be rather the teachers than the servants of untitled masters and mistresses. I know there are menials who, because they have been with the nobility, would not on any account take a place in the house of a person not having a title. At Cannes there are hotels in which the landlords, for peace' sake, have refectories for servants of the English aristocracy, and others for the maids and valets of commoners. Not many years ago there was at Knowsley a perfect storm in the servants' hall. The reason was that there were lords and ladies, and M.P.'s and their wives, with their attendant Abigails and Jeameses, on a visit there. The suites of the peers and peeresses regarded those of the "Hem P.'s" as the Jews used to do the Samaritans, and refused to lower themselves so far as to eat in the same room with them. They weren't accustomed to demean themselves by dining with those as wasn't their equals. Lord Derby was appealed to by the butler, who sympathised with the malcontents. His lordship decided that, as he could only allow two dinner-tables in the house, the retainers of the "Hem P.'s" were to dine, as in the olden time, at the lower end of the one at which he himself sat, if hospitality was persistently refused to them in the servants' hall.

The Abbé Millault, curé of St. Roch, has invited the Comédie Française to join in celebrating in his church the Corneille anniversary. This ecclesiastic is of Oriental race, and has a talent for drawing idle crowds who want to be amused. He has been very successful in getting up peep-show spectacles in Lent and Advent, and in tickling the ears of fashionable persons with music of an operatic style. I should prefer a Corneille festival at Notre Dame. His genius was essentially Gothic, although the subjects of his tragedies were so often Greek and Roman. Curiously enough, this proud, inflexible, and very undiplomatic poet was attracted towards the Jesuits, for whom he translated "the Imitation" (in which he had learned how to read) from Latin into French verse. Nothing, however, could be less Jesuitical than his life. He rejected Richelieu's patronage when he found he was expected to flatter the Cardinal; and, because he disliked the Court, he allowed Racine, who brought the King and his mistresses on the stage in noble and sentimental characters, to fill the place which he himself might have occupied at Versailles.

Sanitary Inspection.—Fee, 2 Guineas. Improvement works undertaken. The Sanitary Engineering Co., 115, Victoria-st., Westminster.

Racine's tragedies were full of actuality, and had "keys." Henrietta of England, Duchess of Orleans, was Bérénice. The lachrymose and flaccid La Vallière and the imperious and grasping La Montespan are disguised under classical names and draperies. Madame de Maintenon was Esther—although she was past fifty when Racine discovered she was the prototype of the fair young Jewess whom her uncle so successfully employed in turning the Persian King round his fingers. Corneille had no veneration for the King's person or Royal authority. Notwithstanding his Christianity, his tragedy of "Cinna" contains, in Emilie's tirades, the best defence of regicide that I know of. What Emilie says to her lover might have been said by Sophie Peroffskaya to the Nihilist Hartmann.

Complaints are heard in most of the châteaux about the scarcity of game—of which there is plenty when birds are followed to their haunts. But sportsmen who drink the cup of pleasure to the dregs in Paris and at the sea-side have not the energy to do this. They trust to beaters and gamekeepers to drive the birds under the very muzzles of their guns. *Battues* are the merest butcheries. As there is a universal conspiracy in favour of poachers, game is not driven in such quantities into the sylvan alleys in which sportsmen blaze away as it used to be, when railway communication between forests and great towns was less easy. Poachers are regarded by *gourmets* of small means as public benefactors. They bag the finest hares, wild rabbits, pheasants, and partridges, and sell them fairly cheap. Forming an occult trade union, they arrange not to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs, and have corporative rules for the preservation of the game. They also take measures to keep it very wild, so that their allies, the beaters, will not be able to gather large quantities of birds into the alleys in which the *battues* take place. Game-laws here have not a ferocious character, and even gamekeepers find it to their interest to wink at offences against them. If there is a sufficiency preserved to afford their masters an excuse for inviting fine company to shoot, the keepers think nothing more should be required of them. I have a friend—an *homme de lettres*—who resides near a forest. He is not rich, but is always able to afford game to those whom he invites to come and dine at his house. "How do you accomplish this miracle?" I asked. "C'est bien simple," he replied. "An old soldier lives near me. Birds and animals classed as game are always finding their way into his garden, where he naturally inflicts on them capital punishment for trespassing. His wife is my *femme de ménage* and cook. She keeps my larder well supplied at a fair price. I accept her story of the trespassers. Why should I not? An active, enterprising poacher has, all things considered, a better right to bag game than high-life *noceurs* from Paris. The doctor, the notary, the postmistress, and even the *Juge de Paix* and the Mayor of Commune, think as I do, but say nothing."

Private property is held sacred in France within certain limits, but game on large estates is an exception to the rule. Big preserves smack of feudalism. Nobody thinks

Riding Habits.—Specialty of John Redfern & Sons. Ladies' Tailors by Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 26, Conduit-street, London, W. Also at Cowes and Paris.

of poaching quails which fatten on peasant's vines. The cost of well preserving a forest is enormous, as practically keepers must be allowed a higher profit than they would obtain by allying themselves with poachers. It is no use turning away a keeper because game disappears in a mysterious way. His successor would do no better for his employer. If he tried, he would have all the neighbours against him, and they would prove too many for him. However, as the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, owners of "preserved" forests are more diverted by the spectacular side of cynegetic sport than by any other. If they can bring together some Royal personages, a few great bankers, fast young fellows of old names and large fortunes, and pretty *mondaines* in Vie Parisienne costumes, and have with them anything like a decent *battue* they are satisfied. The thing is for the cynegetic gathering to afford materials for a paragraph in a throne-altar-and-boudoir journal, and a picture to some artist clever enough to make it a feature in the Salon. A Frenchman who has been reared in a college hates to tramp over heavy ground in autumn in search of partridge coveys, or through marshy copses where woodcock hide. The *chasseresse* wears high-heeled boots that render walking, unless on an asphalte pavement, torture. I daresay she enjoys herself more than she would were she more conveniently shod.

Through various channels I have been asked for the address of Dr. J. Brignotti, an American dentist of Italian origin of whom I spoke a few weeks ago under the heading "Pedantry *v.* Fine Teeth." It is 7, Avenue de l'Opéra.

SPORTING NOTES.

I AM exceedingly glad that the silly, whimpering proposal to reduce the Craven Meeting to three days has been defeated, but it is sincerely to be hoped that the raising of this question will induce the Jockey Club to set seriously to work to cut down the list of meetings to reasonable proportions. Newmarket languishes only because of the outrageous competition against which it has to contend, for an apoplectic plethora of fixtures must inevitably result in a paralytic tenuity in the fields. The idea, however, of improving matters by striking a day off the Craven Meeting was thoroughly anserous, and it is not easy to understand how Newmarket was to be benefited by the contemplated reduction. The arguments of the supporters of this measure remind one of the anecdote of Don Carlos and the executioner. When the ill-fated son of Philip II. was brought upon the scaffold, he refused to submit to the stroke of the axe, whereupon the officers charged with his execution implored his Highness to remain quiet and suffer his head to be cut off, as the act was only designed for his own benefit. If the Craven meeting had been reduced to three days, the next step would have been to abolish the Second Spring altogether, and then to cut down the October meetings.

There has been a great deal of howling about the poverty of the sport last week, but really it seems to me that people are getting terribly exigeant in these days. The writers who have so dolefully deplored the falling-off in the strength of the fields, are either entirely ignorant themselves, or else they are presuming on the credulity of their readers. Last week 184 horses started at Newmarket, while during the corresponding week ten years ago only 132 started. There are mandrake-like wailings over the falling-off in the Great Eastern and October handicaps, but have not events of the same calibre deteriorated everywhere? The Portland Plate and the Alexandra Handicap at Doncaster are flagrant examples.

The Great Foal Stakes was won easily enough by Cambusmore, whose victory I predicted a fortnight ago. He had no difficulty in beating Limelight, so that, even after allowing for the 6 lb. difference in the weights, it is clear that the running in the Doncaster Stakes must have been all wrong; no doubt he had been upset by his exertions in the Leger. The favourite was Le Spectre, a colt belonging to Baron Schickler, which has shown fairly good form in France; but here he ran like a non-stayer, being apparently dead beat in the Abingdon Bottom. Cambusmore also won the Three-Year-Old Triennial on Wednesday, again beating Lord Radford's sister to Quicklime quite as easily as on Tuesday. Hermitage looked a certainty for the Grand Duke Michael, but he has been amiss since Doncaster (like a great many other horses at Newmarket), and he coughed dismally in the Birdcage before the race, so that the people who had taken the precaution to interview him were not much surprised at his defeat by Royal Fern, who was admirably ridden by Cannon. Mr. Houldsworth's disappointing colt also won the Newmarket Derby on Friday, in which, however, he literally had nothing to beat.

That very useful filly Lonely won the Hopeful Stakes for Lord Cadogan, quite "losing" Rosy Morn, the favourite. This fine colt has turned roarer, which is a most regrettable disaster on every account, as he had always looked like training into a really good three-year-old, and I am told that he was a real, genuine stayer. Match Girl ran badly in this race, and I apprehend that she has not yet got over the lameness which lost her the Chesterfield Stakes. She looked a truly lamentable object. The rich Buckenham Stakes was won for Mr. Walker by Greenwich, by Statesman—Poldoody, and I believe he is the first winning produce of that mare since Mr. Walker gave 1,000 gs. for her at the sale of Mr. I'Anson's stud in the spring of 1881. The favourite for the two-year-old Triennial was Risingham, who brought backers to grief when he defeated Cora and Luminary for the Astley Stakes at Lewes, and here he again discomfited them, for he was beaten cleverly by General Pearson's colt by Hampton—Red Rag, who has repeatedly disappointed his friends, but on Friday, when heavily backed for the Rous Memorial, he could only get a bad third to St. Helena and that luckless beast Laverock, who has run second seven times in succession. Lord Zetland's filly only just won; but it is very difficult to reconcile her form here with her complete and ignominious collapse in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster. She certainly looked better last week, and I only hope she may "train on." Caradoc, the brother to Whitelock, will never be a flyer. It will take Sir George Chetwynd all his time to get back the 2,550 gs. which he paid for Goldsmith last year; for, although he is quite absurdly

backward, yet I shall be surprised if ever he develops into anything exceptionally smart.

Energy won the Great Eastern Handicap like a race-horse, and he was giving 59 lb. to Ishah, who was second. He would no doubt have won the Portland Plate if he had not been interfered with. Hamako came out after a lengthened retirement, and won the October Handicap, but his Cesarewitch backers may look upon their money as lost, as he pulled up lame; and, besides, it took "him all he knew," as it appeared, to win over the A.F., so his chance over the longer course would be decidedly forlorn. Highland Chief, who has also been in seclusion for a season, came out like a giant refreshed, and walked in for the D.I. Triennial. The bookmakers must have been stark staring mad to back the field against him, with nothing better than wretches like Grenville and Siberia to run for them. A Selling Nursery fell to Lady Chatelaine, for which Lord Calthorpe paid 500 gs. at Lord Falmouth's sale; I rather think she is the first two-year-old from that collection which has won a race. She is by Silvio—Lady Golightly, and is well worth her price, if only as a brood mare.

At Newmarket, next Tuesday, twenty-four horses in training and thirteen yearlings, the property of "Mr. Manton," will be sold by auction. The list does not include Clairvaux, or his sister, Thebais, who is, I believe, to be relegated to the stud after this season, nor are the names of Macheath and Royal Angus to be found. Alec Taylor has an interest in this pair. I shall be surprised if Keir and Energy change hands. Among the two-year-olds is the "dark" St. Honorat, who is brother to Thebais, also Abbey Craig, by Sterling—Marie Stuart, for which mare Mr. Stirling-Crawfurd gave 5,000 gs. in 1875; and, as soon as she had won him the Brighton Cup, he sent her to the stud. This filly is her first living produce. There is also Lord Molyneux, who is brother to Sefton, and the 1,050 gs. Lucebit, the 820 gs. Sweet Willie, and the 750 gs. Willie Darling. Among the yearlings are a brother to Sefton, a colt by See Saw—Pilgrimage, a sister to Peter, and Oberon, by Galopin—Wheel of Fortune, who cost 1,300 gs. at Lord Falmouth's sale in July. The value of these "junior" lots can best be estimated by the reserves which are placed on them.

Of all the Newmarket meetings, the Second October has by far the richest programme, but some of the most important stakes will next week dwindle down to next to nothing. The Champion Stakes, which will be worth over £1,700, seems a good thing for Tristan, who has nothing better to beat than Quicklime, St. Médard, Ossian, Royal Fern, Shrewsbury, Legacy, Damietta, Le Spectre, Cambusmore, and Queen Adelaide. I understand that this will really be Tristan's last race before he is despatched to the Chamant stud. He has now won the Champion Stakes two years in succession, as in 1882 he walked over after a dead heat with Thebais (Dutch Oven beaten a neck from the pair), and last year he easily defeated Ossian. The Royal Stakes will probably be walked over for by Cambusmore, as Harvester is not likely to run. The Select Stakes (R.M.) looks a certainty for St. Simon, who may meet Duke of Richmond. Mr. Vyner will not care to start Lambkin, who would have to give 5 lb. to the pair. The Newmarket Oaks (T.M.M.) is apparently another "certainty," as Sandiway can surely have no difficulty in defeating Spring Morn and Damietta. The Newmarket Derby has Lord Byron, Loch Ranza, Royal Fern, Hermitage, Cormeille, and Harvester (7 lb. extra). The Great Challenge Stakes looks like falling to Geheimniss, if she has recovered from the lameness which prevented her running at Derby. The entry includes Bendigo, Risingham, Gordon, Cherry, Despair, Energy, Thebais, Lambkin, Duke of Richmond, and Queen Adelaide. If Lord Alington's mare is not in her very best form, this stake ought to fall to the representative of "Mr. Manton."

As to the Two Year Old Stakes, the Clearwell has Langwell, who ought to win on the Champagne running. The Middle Park Plate, in spite of the injudicious rapacity of the Jockey Club, which makes every *sou* of the added money (£500) come out of the pockets of the subscribers, is still the richest two-year-old stake of the year. The best of the public lot are Luminary, Cora, Lonely, Royal Hampton, Melton, Golden Ray, Albert, Child of the Mist, Grecian Bride, Chopette colt, Langwell, Rosy Morn, and St. Helena, all of which have incurred penalties. Of the dark division I have already warned my readers to beware of Mr. Lupin's Xaintrailles, by Flageolet. I have heard that Anglesey (brother to Beaudesert) is a good colt. He cost 1,000 gs. at last year's Yardley sale. The lot entered by Lord Falmouth are not likely to be formidable, and the prospects of "Mr. Manton's" nine (a forfeit of £225!) may best be gauged by the result of next Tuesday's sale. R. Peck enters the 1,600 gs. Sister to Queen Adelaide and a half-brother (by Muncaster) to Superba. Sir John Willoughby has the 1,200 gs. Sister to Cipolata and the 1,500 gs. half-brother (by Rosicrucian) to Pero Gomez. I hope he won't be so unlucky in his sale as was Mr. Gerard seven years ago, when he sold Pilgrimage for a mere trifle—a most tragical transaction, as she won the Dewhurst Plate less than a month after, and then the Two Thousand and One Thousand. I do not anticipate that it will take a very wonderful "dark" flyer to beat the best of the runners in the Middle Park, and, of course, their chances are diminished by their penalties, which always tell over this course. This race really excites no interest in these days until within a few hours of its being run. Not so many years ago it was very different, and there was plenty of betting for days, and sometimes for weeks, before, and the public and private form of the different candidates was as earnestly discussed as if it really was a two-year-old Derby. If Xaintrailles misses the Middle Park he ought to be able to win the Prendergast, as Rosy Morn would have to give him 9 lb., and the best of the remainder are Grecian Bend and Farewell.

The Cesarewitch prospect is so hazy, and the market continues so unsettled and perplexing, that I shall not attempt to predict the winner, writing more than a week before the race is run. Archiduc is a good favourite and very firm, but I have an idea that he will be more likely to distinguish himself in the Cambridgeshire. I greatly fancied Stockholm for the Goodwood Stakes, but here she carries 7 st. 12 lb., instead of 6 st. 8 lb., and the "company" will certainly be better. She, however, is one of the exceedingly select band which can be trusted to stay the course, and she looks remarkably well. St. Gatien

seems to me to be decidedly overweighted, and people must not attach too much importance to her race at Ascot; nor can I anticipate the success of Florence. I plumped for this mare for the Manchester Cup, but then she had 7 st. 2 lb., which was a vastly different business from 9 st. 2 lb. in the Cesarewitch. Quicklime has come to a short price, but I do not think that his party are very enthusiastic about his chance. I was surprised to read in the *Sportsman* that market difficulties had been removed in the case of this horse. This was a very unjustifiable innuendo, for the running of Lord Bradford's horses is never influenced by the sordid considerations which prevail with the great majority of owners. He only bets in comparatively trifling sums, and Colonel Forester is no plunger. We have yet to learn that Quicklime can stay this distance in a fast-run race. It must be remembered that when he won the Prince of Wales's at Ascot, he had nothing to beat better than Shrewsbury and Pursebearer; and his race last autumn with Dutch Oven cannot be accepted as a conclusive test of stamina by practical people. I have good reason to believe that Royal Angus will be the best from Manton, and if he can stay the course, and if there was any affinity to reason in the Leger betting last year, he must have a great chance. I should say that Lambkin will beat Sir Reuben; and I have not much belief in the Florence Aislabie colt. I went for Hackness for the Cambridgeshire in 1882, and for this race last year, and, as then she could only run second with 7 st. 4 lb., I do not see how she is to win now with 8 st. 2 lb., for she cannot have improved much in the interval. In all probability another dozen candidates will come into the betting during the next week, and very likely some of those which are now apparently all right will have become hopelessly "wrong." The race does not seem to be exciting nearly so much interest as usual this year, and I expect that there will only be a small field.

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C.

MAMMON.

THE QUALIFICATION OF DIRECTORS.

A MOVEMENT appears to be on foot for the formation of a Shareholders' Protection Association. The idea, although difficult of realisation, is a good one. Unfortunately, it generally happens that precisely the men into whose conduct and capacity it is necessary to inquire, find their way into such associations and obtain a control over their councils, which defeats the objects aimed at by the originators. I think, however, that the public mind, or, in this case, the mind of the British investor, is at present more ready to support some such scheme than at any previous time. The investor has for years been swindled by promoters and directors, but never more outrageously or impudently than of late. It is hardly necessary to point to any special kind of enterprises—such as Indian Gold Mines, Co-operative Stores, Electric Light and Land Companies. The shareholder has been robbed in all directions through the greed of the promoter and the incapacity of the director, and he is in a state of revolt. He has frequently tried to obtain redress, but he has generally been beaten in detail; and although committees of investigation, that *ultima ratio* of the shareholder, have been resorted to more often and with some success, he has in many cases been foiled by the cunning and organised resistance of professional directors—those nefarious friends and accomplices of the Company-monger. Men with handles to their names, lords, baronets, and carpet knights and naval and military officers, have invaded the City and appropriated the direction of Companies, of whose business most of them are totally ignorant. Their main object has been to increase their income by pocketing the directors' fees, while their utter incapacity, want of previous training, laziness, and unwillingness to look plain facts in the face, have in many instances ruined or seriously prejudiced the position of the large mercantile undertakings committed to their care. It is of the utmost importance to get rid of this professional director or "guinea pig." The investor does not as yet know his power, or else he would not part with his money unless satisfactory information were forthcoming as to the business qualification of the directors, and thus bring about a much-needed reform. Among the average directorates of Companies there are usually only one or two directors, generally the vendors or nominees of the promoter, and, therefore, interested parties, who are conversant with the Companies' business. The others are invariably supremely ignorant of it, and the chairman is mostly chosen on account of the handle to his name. No wonder, therefore, that under the guidance of such men, so many undertakings come to grief. What the public wants is to see trustworthy and hard-working business men at the helm, and not men who, upon the strength of a general knowledge of the routine of Company management, are prepared to lend the use of their names on the Board of any Company paying good directors' fees.

As a means of achieving the desired end, I recommend the following form of letter to be addressed by intending shareholders to the directors of new Companies, before investment:—

Sir,—As I am contemplating investing in the . . . . . Company, of which you are a director, I shall feel obliged by your answering the following questions:—

1. Have you any experience of the business which the Company intends carrying on, where have you acquired it, and what time have you devoted to it?
2. Will your other duties allow your devoting the necessary time to the conduct of the Company's affairs?
3. Before connecting yourself with the Company, were you acquainted with the promoter or vendor, and, if so, under what circumstances did you make his acquaintance?
4. Do you intend taking shares to a larger amount than your qualification of director necessitates, and to what amount?
5. Are you, or have you been, a member of the Boards of other Companies, and if so, of which? Have they been successful?
6. Have you satisfied yourself that the Company is a *bonâ-fide* concern, that the amount to be paid to the vendor is not excessive, and that your co-directors are experienced and trustworthy men?
7. Is it your belief that this Company will be a success, and do you conscientiously advise me to invest my money in it? Have any of your friends applied for shares?
8. Do you, either directly or indirectly, derive any benefit from the promotion or formation of the Company?
9. Has the money which you have paid for your shares been advanced to you by any one connected with the Company, and is this money to be repaid by you out of fees?

The inevitable admiral, major, or captain, to be met with on the board of mining Companies, should be specially

John Shaw, Share Broker, Wardrobe-chambers, Queen Victoria-st. deals at tape prices at an inclusive commission of one-sixteenth.

asked during what period of his career he studied mining matters, and what practical knowledge he possesses of either mining operations or of the country in which they are to be carried on. The man who, through family connections, has been pitchforked into a telegraph company, and, after a few months' employment, poses for ever as an authority on telegraphy, should be questioned as to what practical knowledge he has really acquired?

The answers to these questions would be interesting—although they would, in many cases, I fancy, prove a poser. But the fact once established, that they would invariably be put, the professional director would hesitate before connecting himself with new Companies and undertakings which often bear the seed of failure in them, and promoters would have greater difficulty in starting bogus concerns.

THE RUSSIAN PRODUCE COMPANY.

This undertaking is one of the most flagrant instances of the manner in which shareholders are relieved of their money. It was started in August, 1882, for the purpose of importing Russian produce, and especially fresh meat, into the United Kingdom, and the confiding investor was promised a certain return in large dividends. Amongst the directors were several with handles to their names, including a live Prince (Prince S. Galitzin), with Admiral Sir E. A. Inglefield as chairman. I do not know whether the gallant Admiral has any experience in the Russian produce trade, but one would have thought that an undertaking dealing with an article of first necessity could not go far wrong, even if the Board did not know much about it. The Company, however, went into liquidation at the commencement of the present year, and, from the report recently received by the shareholders from the liquidator, Mr. Henry Spain, there is at present no probability of a return of capital. An extraordinary feature is that, according to Admiral Inglefield, the Company's failure was due to the bankruptcy of two of the directors, who were unable to pay calls to the amount of £9,000. Great blame appears to me to attach to the remaining directors for not having sufficiently inquired into the character and standing of their co-directors; but even the non-payment of these calls cannot account for the total disappearance of the paid-up capital. The Company seems to have done hardly any business; how, then, has the money been got rid of, and how much of it went into the pockets of the directors?

UNITED HORSE-SHOE AND NAIL COMPANY.

A few months ago I commented upon the misfortunes of this Company. It was started some years back with a capital of £340,000, and no less than £282,000 was paid for the business. The greater part of the balance has been frittered away, and the shareholders, who had been promised dividends of 25 per cent., had every reason to air their grievances against the directors at the general meeting held last Friday. Mr. H. W. Cobb, the chairman, added insult to injury by congratulating the shareholders on the satisfactory nature of the accounts. This was more than even the British investor could stand. A shareholder suggested that the Directors were so ashamed of their report that they did not follow the usual practice of putting their names to it. Another shareholder, Dr. Brown, put the chairman through a rigid cross-examination, and elicited some information which was not vouchsafed in the accounts. Thus, questions as to the item of £643. 13s. 9d. for interest and exchange brought out the fact that a loan of £7,000 had been obtained from the bankers. £11,000 has, as the chairman also admitted, been lost in a German sub-Company which has gone into liquidation. During the last ten months a gross profit of £10,000 had been made, but expenditure had reduced the net profit to £1,283. Even this small profit, however, is only apparent, as nothing has been written off for depreciation, although the machinery and plant figure at excessive amounts in the accounts. This is, therefore, an instance of a Company carried on solely for the benefit of the directors, managers, and others connected with it. The directors have the audacity to draw £900 in fees, the manager is in receipt of the enormous salary of £1,200 per annum, and £700 a year is wasted in office rents. Even if the unfortunate concern had a chance of retrieving its fortunes, it would be impossible, unless the greatest economy were practised. That the manager, Mr. Seeley, should deprecate the desponding tone adopted by the meeting is, perhaps, natural, for he would prefer that the unfortunate shareholders should continue cheerfully to pay him his extravagant salary. But when an undertaking, formed with a capital of £340,000, cannot be brought to yield any profit, it is time that the shareholders should look after their own, and I, for my part, am of opinion that, regardless of the views of a sanguine and interested chairman and manager, the Company ought forthwith to be wound up.

BAD NEWS FOR AMERICAN LAND COMPANIES.

Investors in Anglo-American Land Companies have had a good deal to trouble them lately, and they are at present, no doubt, wiser if sadder men. But their cup of sorrow is not yet full. The Senate of the United States has lately directed an inquiry into the manner in which large tracts of public land have been transferred to foreign corporations. According to recent utterances of the American Secretary of the Interior, public lands of the United States are not generally subject to direct purchase, and title to them can lawfully only, as a rule, be acquired by actual settlers, and in but limited quantities. The maximum amount of agricultural land which any one person can acquire under the settlement laws is 160 acres, and he must reside upon and improve the tract, in case of an ordinary homestead for five years, or in commuted homestead cases for not less than six months after survey. In no instance can legal title to public lands in the United States be obtained till after survey. It is evident, therefore, that Companies cannot derive title direct from the United States to large tracts of land, and where title is indirectly derived, the validity of the transfer depends on the validity of the title originally obtained. The

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Vanity Fair says:—"Mr. Benjamin is still the Prince of Ulster and Stalking-Coat Makers." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

Secretary of the Interior further states that "it is within the knowledge of the Executive Department of the Government that large numbers of pre-emption, homestead, and other entries of land within the grazing and other districts of the United States have been fraudulently made upon false affidavits of settlement and improvement, and that the claimed titles of such land have been conveyed both before and after patent to home and foreign capitalists and corporations." As it is announced that the existing laws are forthwith to be put in force, and that further legislation will follow, it is evident that great difficulties are in store for the British-American Land Companies. One may very pertinently ask whether the United States Government has intentionally winked at these practices until now. At all events, its action in allowing the Britisher to invest in illegal titles must appear in a somewhat questionable light. But this does not make matters one whit better for the unfortunate shareholders in these concerns.

QUEER STORIES.

A BOARDING-HOUSE ENGAGEMENT.

MRS. HARRINGTON WILLIAMS'S was well known as one of the most fashionable and comfortable boarding-houses in Folkestone. It stood close to the Lees, with a large semi-public garden at the back, and a glimpse of the sea in front. The house had what might be called a "superior" air. Mrs. Harrington Williams herself was the widow of a country parson of good family. From him she derived an unusually valuable collection of pictures, furniture, and household effects generally, including a quantity of old-fashioned plate, bearing the Harrington Williams crest, and a pair of massive silver candelabra, which, on special occasions, gave her dining-room a distinguished air, beyond the ordinary style of boarding-houses.

Although, however, the house was nearly always full, and the guests mostly of a good paying class, the business did not return a large profit. The expenses of an establishment of this kind, especially when conducted with such liberality as Mrs. Williams's, are necessarily high. Added to this, Mrs. Williams was encumbered by three daughters, the youngest of whom was now eighteen, and neither she nor the young ladies had much notion of economy. After three or four years, therefore, at Virginia House, Mrs. Williams's position had begun to cause her some anxiety.

The Misses Williams were stylish, good-looking girls. They added immensely to the attractions of Virginia House, and secured an unfailing supply of bachelor boarders of a peculiarly profitable kind. In the course of a season they would have half-a-dozen promising flirtations among them; but somehow they had never yet got beyond flirtation. This was a disappointment to Mrs. Williams, who, when she condescended to start a boarding-house, had been greatly influenced by the prospect of finding an opening in life for her girls; and the disappointment was specially keen in the case of Miss Bertha, the eldest, and, in point of looks, at least, the flower of the flock. Bertha, indeed, had made one conquest. When Messrs. Filey and Tapeham were professionally engaged in the settlement of the Rev. Harrington Williams's affairs, Mr. Frank Bartlett, their managing man, had been much smitten by Miss Williams's charms, and had subsequently, on two occasions, spent his summer holiday at Virginia House. But though a good-looking fellow and a promising solicitor, Bartlett was far from being an eligible *parti* in the eyes either of Miss Williams or her mother. There were obvious reasons for encouraging him up to a certain point, but the young lady took good care that that point was never passed.

Some little excitement was consequently caused among the Williams's when, towards the end of August, a letter was received, dated from a first-rate West-end club, inquiring whether accommodation could be at once provided for Mr. Stuart Romney-Romney and one servant. An answer in the affirmative was promptly despatched, and a couple of days later the three Misses Williams, from the shelter of a convenient curtain at an upper window, beheld Mr. Stuart Romney-Romney drive up, accompanied by a highly-respectable man-servant and an enormous pile of luggage. The new arrival turned out to be a gentlemanlike man of two or three and thirty, with keen, dark eyes, and fairly good features, rather spoilt by a low forehead, across which his hair was brushed flat. His manners were, at first, somewhat distant and reserved. This, however, wore off on closer acquaintance, and after a few days he was unanimously voted a decided acquisition to the house.

From the first there was naturally a good deal of speculation as to who Mr. Romney-Romney was. It happened that there were then staying at Virginia House two maiden ladies named Horncastle, sisters of a prosperous banker in the West of England. Miss Horncastle, being not only wealthy, but coming of a county family on her mother's side, was looked up to as rather an authority on questions of social status. In consultation with her sister, Miss Emilia, she had discovered the possibility of their new acquaintance's connection with a certain family of Derbyshire Romneys. Mr. Romney-Romney's answers to a few questions delicately put to him on the subject confirmed this theory; and when, after this, Mrs. Williams reported that her new guest's dressing and travelling paraphernalia were not only lavishly mounted in silver, but emblazoned with a deerhound's head and the motto "*Prisca fides*," the matter was settled beyond much doubt. Miss Horncastle was particularly gracious to the newcomer, and in his honour the two old ladies even went so far as to display from time to time various instalments of their family jewellery, hitherto reserved from the gaze of all but a select circle of female friends upstairs.

But the most satisfactory thing was that from the first Mr. Romney-Romney paid obvious attention to Miss Williams. It was at once noticed that he generally contrived to have Bertha for a partner at lawn-tennis, and that more frequently than not he was at her side when he walked with the ladies upon the Lees of an afternoon or evening, or when music was going on in the drawing-room after dinner. And it was quite certain that these attentions met with no discouragement from any quarter.

About a week after Mr. Romney-Romney's arrival, Mr.

Roper Frères & Company's 1st Quality extra dry Champagne. Roper Frères' 1st Quality medium dry. Of all Wine Merchants

Frank Bartlett came down for his annual holiday. Within the last few weeks Bartlett had been admitted to a partnership in the firm of Filey and Tapeham, and he now arrived with some hope of inducing Bertha to share his improved lot. It did not, however, take him long to discover the state of the case. Had he been wanting in the natural readiness of a man in his condition to detect a rival, he would have been quickly enlightened by the changed demeanour of Miss Williams and her family. Hitherto he had at least been treated with considerable friendliness; now, no doubt owing partly to the inopportune time of his arrival, he found himself received with marked coldness.

It was natural, therefore, that Bartlett should not take very cordially to Mr. Romney-Romney. This, however, was not due solely to jealousy. Before he had been many hours in Folkestone, an idea crossed his mind that he had seen his rival's face before—he could not recall when or where, but the idea became more confirmed every time he looked at Mr. Romney-Romney, and, working on his natural prejudice, caused him to entertain vague suspicions as to that gentleman's antecedents. After he had been a couple of days at Virginia House, his doubts took more definite shape, and a plan occurred to him for setting them at rest, for assistance in which he determined to apply to Kate Williams. Kate and he had always been on friendly terms, and, from one or two chance expressions, he suspected that she was by no means charmed with her brother-in-law in prospect.

"Kate," he said, taking the bull by the horns, "I want to ask you a question about Mr. Romney-Romney. Who is he? What does your mother know about him?"

"As much as she does about most people who come here," Kate replied. "He gave a good reference, and he pays his bill regularly. Come, Frank, you may not be fond of him, but you can't deny that he is a gentleman."

"Gentleman or not," said Bartlett, "there is something about him that puzzles me. Don't laugh—I am perfectly serious, and I have come to you because I want your help."

"My help?" asked Kate, in surprise.

"Yes. I want you to get me his photograph. I have a notion that I have met him before, and I should like to ask my partner, Tapeham, if he remembers him."

"Mr. Romney has not got a photograph," answered Kate. "Mabel was asking him for one the other night, and he told her that he had never been photographed since he was a boy. He said quite seriously that he had such a nervous horror of being taken that he could not sit."

"Fiddlestick!" ejaculated Bartlett.

"But I tell you what we have got," Kate went on, evidently taken with the idea of assisting in unravelling a mystery. "Mabel took a sketch of his head one evening while he was playing bézique with Bertha. It's a splendid likeness—quite as good as a photograph. She put it away somewhere, and I have no doubt I could find it."

Bartlett said he should like to have it, and, to his delight, a little later in the evening, Kate took an opportunity of handing the portrait to him privately. It proved to be a rough but characteristic likeness of the original, and that same evening Bartlett posted it to Mr. Tapeham, with a short statement of the circumstances which led to his sending it.

Mrs. Williams had felt rather annoyed with Bartlett for intruding himself at this crisis in Bertha's fortunes, but it really seemed as if his arrival had stimulated Mr. Romney-Romney's attachment. On the day after Bartlett's arrival, which was Sunday, Mr. Romney-Romney escorted the ladies to church, and walked home with Miss Williams. On the Monday they were together all the morning upon the beach, watching the arrival of the Boulogne boat. When, on the same evening, Frank Bartlett was holding the above conversation with Kate Williams in a corner of the drawing-room after dinner, every lady in the room was aware that Bertha and Mr. Romney-Romney were sitting *tête-à-tête* in the conservatory downstairs. Presently they were observed to go out together on to the Lees. They walked up and down for half-an-hour in front of the sea, and ten minutes after they came in Mrs. Williams knew that her eldest daughter had promised to become Mrs. Romney-Romney.

By breakfast-time next morning the news was known all over the house, and Bertha was receiving the congratulations of her friends. Miss Horncastle came among the first. Bartlett came too, and managed to put a fairly good face upon the ceremony.

Now that the blow had fallen, Bartlett found himself undergoing a certain revulsion of feeling towards Mr. Romney-Romney, and it was not long before he even found himself hoping that nothing unfavourable to that gentleman would come of his letter to his partner. He could not help seeing what a grievous disappointment it would be to the family if their prize should not turn out to be all it was taken for. This view struck him all the more after he had exchanged a few words with Kate on the subject of the engagement. During the last day or two he had found himself a good deal in the society of the second Miss Williams. She was a lively, amiable girl—the best of the three, most people thought — and her mother's right hand in the management of the house. Bartlett was quite surprised to find how blind he had hitherto been to her good qualities.

Consequently, when Mr. Romney-Romney confided to him, over their after-dinner cigar, that he was thinking of taking the Misses Williams and their mother to spend a day at Boulogne, and invited Bartlett to be of the party, Frank entered into the scheme without any reluctance.

"I see from the time-tables that either of the next two or three days will suit us," Romney-Romney remarked; "but Thursday will give us the longest time there. I shall invite some more people to join us, and we will have a regular big party in honour of the auspicious event."

The scheme was further mooted at breakfast-time on the following day. Unfortunately for Mr. Romney-Romney's idea of "a regular big party," it appeared that a large portion of the company, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Boxall and their three children, had already arranged to go to Canterbury by coach on Thursday. The Rev. Septimus Macrory, with his wife and sister, were going with them, and their places on the coach were already booked. Miss Horncastle, however, after some little persuasion, consented on behalf of herself and sister to honour the party, always provided the weather and the sea were propitious. The last two visitors—Mr. Huntley, a middle-aged bachelor of jovial disposition, and Mr. Octavius Prout, a

vacuous youth from the Stock Exchange, at present hopelessly victimised by Mabel Williams—promised to join the excursion as a matter of course.

This was the second day since Bartlett had written to his partner. No answer awaited him, however; and as time went on, and he found himself, under the influence of Kate, more and more interested in the happiness of the Williams family, he began to hope devoutly that he would hear no more of Mr. Romney-Romney's portrait.

On the Thursday morning, which dawned bright and calm, and everything desirable, the Boulogne party were on the move early. The *Louise Dagmar*, which was to carry them for their trip, started at 9.30, and it was desirable to be on board in good time, in order to secure places before the arrival of the tidal train from London. Consequently, there was rather a scamper over breakfast. Frank Bartlett came in late from his morning swim. A note for him lay on the table. He recognised his partner's handwriting, but in his hurry was obliged to slip the envelope into his pocket unopened. Before he had done breakfast, carriages came to take them down to the harbour, and in the bustle of getting away, and the anxiety of looking after Kate Williams's cloak and parasol and other small belongings, his letter for the moment slipped his memory.

They found themselves in capital time. When they reached the boat, and comfortable places had been secured for the ladies on deck, it still wanted twenty minutes to the time of starting. Mr. Romney-Romney was then seen whispering something to Bertha, and presently he hurried off on shore.

"Where has he gone to?" asked Mrs. Williams.

"To get me some flowers," answered Bertha. "I told him not to go, but he said there was plenty of time. Oh, I hope he won't be late! Mr. Bartlett, do you think he will?"

"He need not," said Bartlett. "There is a shop just across the harbour. He could go there and back in ten minutes if he chose to run."

Shortly after the train from London came in, and for the next ten minutes they were all busy watching the Continental tourists swarming on board. When, however, at the end of a quarter of an hour Mr. Romney-Romney had not returned, the ladies manifested considerable uneasiness. The passengers were all on board; the pile of luggage on the quay was being rapidly reduced; and yet he did not appear. As the harbour clock struck the half-hour, and the steam-whistle roared out lustily, Bertha Williams stood up and looked towards the quay, biting her lip nervously. Then the last portmanteau came thundering down on deck, and the gangway was drawn up. There was an interchange of signals between the captain and the shore, a shout or two, and a splash as the cables were cast off, and then a quiver ran through the boat, and the quay suddenly appeared to move away, and Bertha dropped back in her chair with a sob which would not be repressed, for they were off, and Mr. Romney-Romney was left behind.

"Don't be frightened," said Bartlett, to the ladies generally. "Perhaps he has slipped on board and gone below. I will go and look."

He had not much faith in his own theory, but he moved away as he spoke, and looked through every part of the steamer. He was soon convinced that their friend was not on board. At this point he suddenly remembered the letter in his pocket. He hurriedly broke the seal, and read as follows:—

Dear Bartlett,—I was playing truant yesterday, or should have answered yours sooner. The portrait you send looks uncommonly like our old friend Harris, alias "Romany," of the South-Eastern Bank case. I have sent the picture on to Scotland-yard for further inquiry, and will let you know the result. Meanwhile, keep your eyes open, and don't let Mr. Romney-Romney give you the slip. He is pretty sure to know you.—Yours truly,

Laurence Tapeham.

"Confound it all! he *has* given me the slip," muttered Bartlett to himself. He remembered Mr. Romney-Romney well enough now, and as his mind ran over the events of the last few days, he began to have a general idea that something was wrong, though he was unable to see clearly in what direction. The first suspicion, however, which crossed his mind led him to go at once to Kate Williams and inquire privately who was left in charge of Virginia House.

What he learned from Kate gave his suspicions more definite shape. It appeared that "James," Mrs. Williams's man-of-all-work, had gone out for the day, taking with him Maria, the upper housemaid, with whom he was keeping company. Mr. Romney-Romney himself had arranged this, like the rest of the excursion. He had made presents to all the servants in honour of his engagement, and had condescended to ask, as a personal favour, that James and Maria might be allowed to go and visit friends at Dover. There remained the cook and the under housemaid, and, of course, Kate added, Walters—Mr. Romney-Romney's man.

"Ah, I forgot him!" said Bartlett to himself. "That makes two to reckon with. And as likely as not they have murdered the two women, and are now rifling the house at their leisure while we are hung up on board this confounded steamer."

There was just one chance of being even with Mr. Romney-Romney yet. While he was looking regretfully at the English coast, now rapidly dropping down astern, Bartlett bethought him that the morning steamer from Boulogne was due to start somewhere about the time that the boat from Folkestone came in. He at once made his way to the captain of the *Louise Dagmar*, and interrogated that officer as to the chance of catching the boat back. If they were up to time at Boulogne, the captain said, there would be ten minutes before the other steamer started. Unluckily, however, they had been five minutes late in getting off, and had lost another three minutes through a smack passing across their bows coming out of harbour. On the other hand, they had one of the fastest boats on the service, and a good tide under her. With luck, the captain told Bartlett, he might do it.

After that, there was nothing to be done but to return to the ladies and endeavour to beguile the next hour with small talk. It was as anxious and exciting an hour as Bartlett had ever passed, and he found himself continually relapsing into vacant silence, as he mentally timed the stroke of the engines or measured the seemingly endless

Pfungst's Extra Quality Champagnes.—Pfungst Frères & Cie., Aÿ, are now supplying their 1880 Vintage Champagnes, which are the choicest and most successful they have ever shipped. To be obtained of all Wine Merchants.—J. L. Pfungst & Co., Agents, 23, Crutched Friars, London.

distance between the ship and the French coast. When at last Boulogne harbour came in sight he was fain to bolt away from his friends, and take up a position in the bows. From that point of vantage he descried to his relief the smoke of a steamer within the harbour. A moment later he learned from one of the crew, that the *Louise Dagmar*, after one of the best passages on record, was in nearly five minutes before her time.

Bartlett never quite knew how he got on board the other steamer, still less what excuses he made to his party for this second desertion. All he clearly remembered was his arrival, perspiring and breathless, on board the Folkestone boat about half-a-minute before she cast off.

It was barely one o'clock when he found himself jumping on shore again in Folkestone harbour. In the meantime, he had planned his next operations very carefully. The first step was to drive to the police-station and obtain the assistance of an inspector and constable in plain clothes. The three alighted just before they came in sight of Virginia House. After sending the constable round to watch the house from the back, Bartlett and the inspector advanced to the front door. Contrary to custom, it was shut, but Bartlett had a latch-key in his pocket, and they effected an entrance without difficulty or noise. They at once became aware of a large pile of luggage in the hall, portmanteaus, trunks, and packing-cases being heaped up indiscriminately, so, on seeing this, the inspector changed his plan of operations. Upon a sign from him, they retired cautiously, closing the door again noiselessly behind them, and took up their position in a narrow side street immediately adjoining. They were none too soon. Scarcely were they out of sight, when Walters drove up in a large roomy fly. He led the way into the house, and was soon busily engaged, with the help of the flyman, in removing what Bartlett's companion spoke of as "the swag." As the boxes and portmanteaus mounted up, Bartlett became impatient; but still the inspector bided his time. At last, Mr. Romney-Romney appeared on the steps, arrayed in a travelling suit of fashionable cut, and carrying a rather pretty travelling bag, which Bartlett recognised as his own. Then, at a given signal, the two policemen darted forward, and, just as he was directing the coachman to drive to "Shorncliffe station—Dover side," Mr. Romney-Romney found himself, with his confederate, in the grasp of the law.

An hour or two later the cook and housemaid came back in a state of considerable agitation. They had been escorted down to Sandgate by the affable Mr. Walters, who, after sitting them down to a lunch at a small inn, had suddenly left them to speak to a friend who was passing down the street, and had forgotten to return. They assisted Bartlett to unpack Mr. Romney-Romney's luggage.

* * * * *

Miss Kate is now Mrs. Bartlett, but Miss Williams is still unmarried, though from her attitude towards one or two gentlemen boarders, there is reason to suppose that she is not inconsolable for the loss of Mr. Romney-Romney.

I certainly recommend Mr. & Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most just and liberal purchasers of Cast-off Clothes, Jewellery, and every description of property. They punctually keep appointments, and remit P.O.O. for articles per return.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—I have just been engaged in deciding a momentous question. Another detested birthday is approaching, and in view of my advancing years, I have been making up my mind at what age it is best to stop. Lilla says twenty-seven is the safest, but as I am still a long way off that tremendous time of life, I think I shall arrange for remaining twenty-four for some years after I reach it, which will be within a quite measurable period, as you know. Twenty-four is a fashionable age just now, being pleasantly removed from the insipidity of the *ingénue*, and not too far on towards the inexorable thirties. Yes, I shall stop at twenty-four for seven or eight years at least. Charlie knows a "pretty" actor who has been twenty-seven for certainly the last ten years, and who seems likely to remain that pleasant age (for a man) until his hair is grey, and his ladylike little hands become wrinkled and rheumatic. So you see that sensitiveness in the matter of one's age is not wholly confined to women.

Maud is a very dangerous girl, I must tell you. She does not mind any one knowing her age, and refers to it in the company of others in a way that I can only characterise as cold-blooded, considering that I am a year older than she is, and that every one knows I am *Miss* Manners. I often expostulate with her, but she only laughs, and cannot be brought to see how important a matter it is to me. You see, *she* is engaged, and I am not. That makes all the difference.

When Lilla married she was some years older than the age she had selected for herself, and she felt rather nervous about signing the register in church. She had had no warning about that fatal column headed "Age." How wrong it is of mothers and friends who have passed through these ordeals not to warn the young and inexperienced! The clerk evidently saw the pen in Lilla's hand tremble with the guilty consciousness of an approaching fib; so he whispered to her: "If you are twenty-one, you can write 'full'; you need not particularise." And, with a grateful heart, she recorded the self-evident fact that she was not exactly an infant even in the eye of the law.

"Sweet seventeen" is no longer the ideal age, even with our modern poets. In fact, the schoolgirl is recognised as being (with some honourable exceptions) a disagreeable being—self-conscious, raw, and possessed of an enormous capacity for devouring sweets. There is a delicious comparison between Girl and Woman to be found in Besant and Rice's novel, "All in a Garden Fair;" a comparison that is wholly in favour of the latter. So, my dear, remember that in a couple of years I shall reach the stationary age, twenty-four, and that I am going to be as charming as ever I can for the whole time I remain at that age. Fortunately, our circumstances do not entitle us to have the year of our birth recorded in the "Peerage," a very doubtful privilege, so far as the feminine portion of our aristocracy is concerned. A little well-meant fraud is therefore possible to us, and the only difficulty is to continue to look the part. We are not all Ninon de l'Enclos. But there are many devices available now, of which that wonderful woman knew nothing. It is said, you know, that her only cosmetic was rain-water. We have, besides that, lawn-tennis, long walks, and an immense repertory of soft tints wherewith to clothe ourselves, and make complexions dazzling that would otherwise be scarcely noted. I am going to study myself, Amy, now that I am "getting on," and shall be most careful about my dress. I shall, however, confide in you. Maud is no good, she has no reciprocity in such matters, for she would not descend to dissemble a single wrinkle or grey hair, if she possessed them.

Here is a piece of news that will surprise you. At a wedding at St. George's, Hanover-square, last Tuesday, the bride was met at the door by the surpliced choir, who preceded her up the aisle, singing the prayer from "Mosè in Egitto," and then ranged themselves about the wedding party at the altar. Fancy dear old St. George's waking up like that! Weddings had lately been rather of a hum-

Old Lace.—The finest collection in London at A. Blackborne & Co.'s, 35, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square.

drum character there, but now, any one who likes can have a choir procession.

The marriage of Miss Clairmonte and Mr. Tufton Otway, which took place there on Thursday afternoon, was rather a quiet one, on account of the recent death of the bride's brother. His widow was present, in deepest weeds, with her little children. The bride looked lovely. She is very young, and a great heiress. Her wedding-gown was one of the most graceful I have seen. The satin petticoat was veiled with costly Brussels lace flounces. The high bodice and long train were made of white satin, the latter being cut square, and arranged in a new and very effective way, which caused the folds to fall easily and naturally. Too often there is much stiffness about the train of a wedding-dress. Miss Clairmonte's veil was Brussels lace, and she wore a wreath of orange-blossoms, as well as a bunch of the same blossoms on her bodice.

Here is a curious extract from the parish register of St. Michael's, Cornhill, which shows in how little estimation clergymen were held some two hundred years ago. Under date, June 23, 1620, occurs the following entry :—

"Robert Averell of this parish and Clemence Northrop, of Laisten, co: Hartford, by banns. Marr^{d}. by Mr. Esdras Bland, Minister of Braughin, co: Hartf: Y^{e} preist & Clarke had new^{r} a penie for y^{r} Labor, but did goe to ye Mearemaid and spent 2s. for y^{r} Dinner."

What a mean and shabby bride she must have been, to bring her own minister and then forget his fees. But he seems to have dined pretty well, notwithstanding. Two shillings formed a large sum of money in those days, and food was cheap.

How should you like to go out to Egypt as war correspondent? I hear that Lady Colin Campbell has tried hard to get some paper to employ her in that capacity. I should fancy it must be most uncongenial work for a woman; and, to say the least, highly inconvenient, both for herself and her masculine co-correspondents.

You ask me if jerseys are still worn? Yes, my dear, and they will always remain in favour so long as tennis continues to be a national pastime for our girls. The latest development of the jersey is an immense improvement upon the first article of the kind, which was occasionally *tout-à fait choquant*. The jerseys of to-day are better cut, and are so made as not to "ride up," as dressmakers call it, under the arms. They are braided or beaded, and otherwise ornamented, having left behind in the far past the unadorned impudence of the earliest jersey feminine, with its indecorous transparency, its indiscreet revelations, and its most ungraceful and unbecoming length.

I have just chosen a really delicious little mantle for wearing to theatres. Prepare to admire while I describe. It is made of dark wallflower-red plush, lined with quilted blush pink silk, and trimmed with skunk. The shape is half mantle, half cape, and it is tied in at the waist at the back, but falling below it. In front, the ends are rounded.

Embroidery is to be very much used this winter, as well as braiding. Some of the new materials are dotted over with small raised squares of chenille. Evelyn has just had a pretty dress made, with the plain skirt composed of this material, the polonaise being of plain cashmere in the same colour. You see things are reversed now. When skirts were trimmed, they were made of the plain materials, while the overdress consisted of the figured fabrics. Now, it is exactly opposite.

Lilla has designed a dress to wear at the wedding of one of her husband's relatives. It will be very handsome. The skirt is to be of black and gold striped velvet, perfectly plain, save for the little ruffling of plain velvet round the edge. The bodice and tunic are to be made of plain black velvet, the former opening over a waistcoat of Persian embroidery, in hieroglyphics of black on gold. The collar and cuffs are to match, though Lilla says it goes to her heart to have a pair of scissors put into her lovely embroidery. It is not what I call lovely; it is *bizarre*, but that is just the style that suits Lilla, whose colouring is of the negative order. She is one of those women who depend entirely on dress for her good looks. In an ill-fitting, badly-designed, or cheap dress, she is decidedly insignificant, but when "well-groomed," as Charlie impudently calls it, she has that indefinable something about her which is called "style."

Maud has just bought *such* a becoming dressing-gown. It is made of printed flannel, and is ever so much prettier than the plain flannel ones, or than those horrid quilted things that not even a goddess among women could make graceful. She got it at Chapman's, and it was delightfully cheap.

Yes; I should advise you by all means to have your grenadine made up over yellow. In the winter evenings, black is a cheerless colour if lined with black. It seems to make a hole in the room, just as a deep black shadow often seems to make a hole in a picture. The longer I live, the more fully I recognise the value of cheerfulness, whether expressed in a bright face, a merry laugh, a sweet-toned wall-paper, or a lively frock. Choose either yellow or red silk for your lining. I should advise the former, as being more apparent in evening wear. And do not forget the ribbons, and abundance of them.

You must choose a smiling shade of yellow; some of the deeper tones are morose. They look as though they had contracted a jaundice in the dye-vat. Daffodil colour will be the best for your purpose.

The other morning Maud and I were coming out of a shop near Oxford-circus, when a woman in a "Salvation bonnet" (does it not sound profane?) handed us a bit of paper. It lies on my pink blotting-paper now, and deeply out-blushes it, as well it may. It contains an announcement of a "demonstration" to be held, conducted by "Commandant" H. Booth, assisted by certain "staff-captains, staff-lieutenants, and sergeant-majors." Among the attractions of the evening are announced as speakers "Jacko, the Transformed Giant, the Would-be Suicide; Moggie, the Camberwell Wonder; Billy Bray; Tommy, the Tramp; and the One-eyed Prophetess."

There! what a galaxy!

So you are not yet tired of music. As you want something not difficult and yet good music, I can recommend "The Rivulet," by G. J. Rubini (Cox, King-street). It represents the flowing rivulet in running triplets, and will suit you precisely, being smooth and *legato* in style. It is the kind of composition that would be foully murdered by those dreadful people who place a foot firmly on the pedal and keep it there for a page at a time.

"Willkommen," a gavotte by Th. Kluhs, is bright and sparkling, though by no means difficult. You will like it immensely. "Sonate Dramatique" is a composition of a very different order. The composer is Eugen Woycke, who has introduced abundance of variety into his sonata. After an introduction in slow time comes an *allegro* with a beautiful melody, brilliantly treated, and worked up, through various stages of feeling, to a magnificent *finale*. This is succeeded by yet another melody, *adagio lacrimoso*, which is followed by a lively *scherzo*, and then by a rondo, played in quick time. It is a composition needing some study, but it well repays it, being full of melody and yet brilliantly effective. There are the most delightful little unexpected turns and twists, reminding one of those delicious "bits" and glorious chords that occur in Beethoven and make one utter a long "Ah—h" of appreciation. "Abendglühn," by C. T. Kühne, is just the thing for little Edith. "Frühlingsgefühl" is a lovely song by Rubinstein. There are English words as well as the German, but the latter are, of course, far more singable. "On a Faded Violet" is an exquisite setting of Shelley's words, by E. J. Troup. Both this and "The Song of a Bird" (music by Beatrice Davenport) need a well-trained voice to do them justice. The majority of amateur singers

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would spoil them. All these are published by Stanley Lucas, Weber, & Co.

"The Summer of Love" (Marshall & Co.) is, of course, a love song. When will *they* cease to be sung? The words were written by poor Mary Mark Lemon, and the music is by Ed. St. Quentin.

"The Old, Old Love," is one of the most successful arrangements of words to valse time that I have met with. The words are by "Somerset Frank," and the music is by J. Neill O'Donovan. It is a pathetic song, devoted to the memory of a loss. The phrase to which the words, "The old, old love lives on" are set, is very happy.

Some dreadfully coarse person once said that any one who ate hot ham would kill a pig. Of course, we know better than to say such things now, for they are stupid as well as nasty; and have we not all outlived the days of stupidity, and become exquisitely nice? In some parts of the world ham is never cooked; therefore you must eat it raw, or not at all. Westphalians and Estremadurans, who get the forest-fed, country-cured hams of their respective provinces, devour those delicacies uncooked. Most Germans, certainly all Pomeranians, are of the raw school, as regards smoked goose-breasts and the like; while smoked salmon is gradually being more and more relished in its uncooked state in England. But no Yorkshireman of delicate taste would gobble raw York ham. When I was last in York, I had some most delicious ham, which was served hot, with an orange sauce, for which "Sir Jarge" is famous. He had the recipe from a Royal personage, I believe, and I teased him into giving me a copy. Here it is:—

Two sticks of horse-radish, grated; two ounces of red-currant jelly; the rind and juice of two oranges and one lemon; a little castor sugar; one teaspoonful of the best white vinegar; a little mustard, pepper, and salt. The orange and lemon rind should be cut as thin as possible, pounded in a mortar, and thoroughly mixed with the other ingredients.

Now I must tell you about the very simple sauce I mentioned last week. It can be mixed at table. Into a sauce-tureen throw three heaped teaspoonsful of pale brown sugar. Add to these a small teaspoonful of made mustard and four dessertspoonfuls of vinegar. Mix all together, and your sauce is ready. It is excellent with cold beef, pork, or goose, but not with mutton or lamb. Try it for yourself, and give me your verdict. It hails from the Mauritius, where there are individuals who know what is good.

The delicious cakes called Madeleines are not exactly easy to make, but they well repay some little trouble. Here is the secret:—

Begin by putting three eggs into a scale, and weighing out their equivalent in flour, in crushed sugar, and in butter. Leave the whites of the three eggs on one side, and put all the other ingredients into an earthen pan; stir with a wooden spoon (you will find it very hard work); then beat the whites of the three eggs into froth, and incorporate them with the paste, which will afterwards become more manageable; add some mixed lemon-peel and half-a-pound of sweet almonds, skinned and crushed. Half-an-hour is necessary for the mixture to be well made, and for the paste to become sufficiently light. Pour it then into a large mould, only about three inches deep, or else into a dozen small moulds, and place them in a hot oven. When thoroughly done, the cakes will be of a good yellow colour. So long as they look greenish, you may conclude that they are not sufficiently cooked. With the weight of three eggs you will have enough cake for at least ten people. Madeleines will keep for three or four days, and are nice to produce at five o'clock tea.

Good-bye, dear.—Your loving cousin, MADGE.

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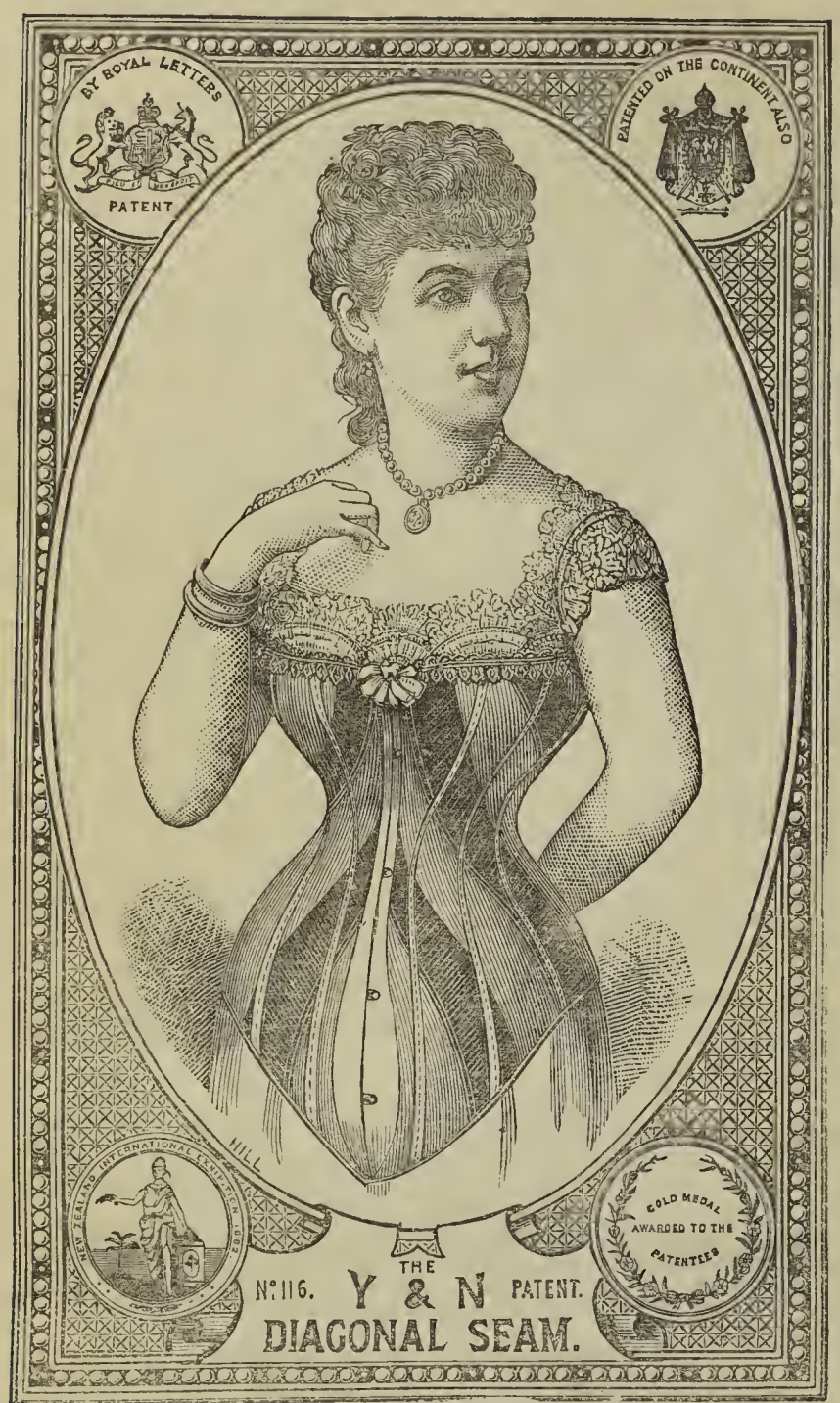

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NEW SOUTH WALES GOVERNMENT £3½ PER CENT. INSCRIBED STOCK. — Issue of £5,500,000. — Repayable at Par 1st October, 1924. First Dividend, being 6 Months' Interest, payable 1st April, 1885. Minimum Price of Issue £92 per Cent.—Authorised by the COLONIAL PARLIAMENT under Acts 44 Victoria, No. 28, and 46 Victoria, No. 12, for the construction of Railways and other Public Works, and secured upon the Consolidated Revenues of the Colony.

The Governor and Company of the Bank of England give notice that they are authorised to receive on Tuesday, 7th October next, Tenders for £5,500,000 New South Wales 3½ per Cent. Inscribed Stock, repayable at par 1st October, 1924.

The books of the Stock will be kept at the Bank of England, where all assignments and transfers will be made. Holders of the Stock will be able, on payment of the usual fees, to take out Stock Certificates to Bearer, with coupons attached, which Certificates may be re-inscribed into Stock at the will of the holder.

All Transfers and Stock Certificates will be free of Stamp Duty.

The Dividends on the Stock will be payable at the Bank of England half-yearly, on 1st April and 1st October, and the first six months' interest, calculated upon the nominal amount of Stock, will be payable 1st April, 1885.

Dividend Warrants will be transmitted by post if desired.

By the Act 40 & 41 Vic. ch. 59, the Revenues of the Colony of New South Wales alone will be liable in respect of this Stock and the Dividends thereon, and the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom and the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury will not be directly or indirectly liable or responsible for the payment of the Stock or of the Dividends thereon, or for any matter relating thereto.

Tenders may be for the whole or any part of the Stock, and must state what amount of money will be given for every £100 of Stock. Tenders for other than even hundreds of Stock, or at a price including fractions of a shilling other sixpence, will not be accepted. Tenders are to be delivered at the Chief Cashier's Office of the Bank of England before two o'clock, on Tuesday, 7th October, 1884. Tenders at different prices must be on separate forms. The amount of Stock applied for must be written on the outside of the tender.

The minimum price, below which no tender will be accepted, has been fixed at £92 per cent.

A deposit of five per cent. on the amount of Stock tendered for must be paid at the same office at the time of the delivery of the tender, and the deposit must not be enclosed in the tender. Where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned, and in case of partial allotment the balance of the deposit will be applied towards the first instalment.

In the event of the receipt of tenders for a larger amount of Stock than that proposed to be issued at or above the minimum price, the tenders at the lowest price accepted will be subject to a *pro rata* diminution.

The dates at which the further payments on account of the Loan will be required, are as follow:—

On Tuesday, 21st October, 1884, { so much of the amount tendered and accepted as, when added to the deposit, will leave Seventy-five Pounds (Sterling) to be paid for each hundred pounds of Stock;
On Thursday, 20th November, 1884, £10 per cent.
On Wednesday, 14th January, 1885, £25 per cent.
On Wednesday, 18th February, 1885, £20 per cent.
On Monday, 23rd March, 1885, £20 per cent.

The instalments may be paid in full on or after the 21st October, under discount at the rate of £2½ per cent. per annum. In case of default in the payment of any instalment at its proper date the deposit and instalments previously paid will be liable to forfeiture.

Scrip Certificates to bearer, with a coupon attached for the first dividend payable 1st April, 1885, will be issued in exchange for the provisional receipts.

The Stock will be inscribed in the Bank Books on or after the 23rd March, 1885, but Scrip paid up in full, in anticipation, may be forthwith inscribed.

No tender will be received unless upon the printed form, which can be obtained at the Chief Cashier's Office, Bank of England, and of Messrs. Mullens, Marshall & Co., Stock Brokers, 4, Lombard-street, London, E.C.; and of the Agent-General for the Government of New South Wales, 8, Westminster Chambers, Victoria-street, S.W.

Bank of England, London, 29th September, 1884.

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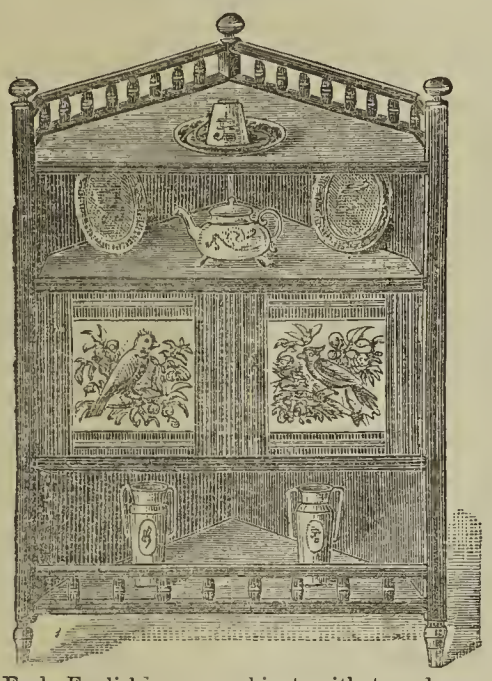

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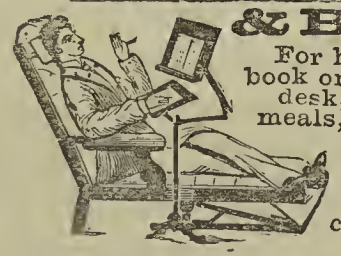

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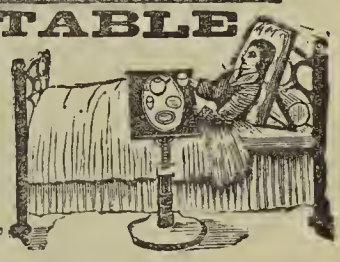

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OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 292.—PARODIES OF "THE ANCIENT MARINER."

Observer (Mrs. Winsloe, 7, Gambier-terrace, Liverpool) £2 2 0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 293.

One of the most important characteristics of a title to be used in succession to "The Fisheries" and the "Healtheries" is, of course, its easy "pronunciation." It goes without saying, that however ingeniously a name may be compounded, and however suggestive it may be of the Exhibition it refers to, it cannot be considered to be one likely to appeal to the popular taste unless it is one that can be glibly and easily uttered. This facility of utterance must be an indispensable characteristic of whatever word be chosen, and it follows that many scores of the ingeniously combined titles sent in must be set aside as unsuitable. If a simple word can be found that is expressive of the dual nature of the Exhibition, so much the better, but in any case, the word chosen must be such an one as I have pointed out. The word "Iuventories," spelt and accented in several different ways, was favoured by many competitors, and not unreasonably, for it is a by no means unlikely name; but it unfortunately happens that the word had been publicly suggested in at least two papers before the Truth competition was commenced. I by no means intend to say that the competitors who sent it in saw it in either of the journals referred to; but the fact of its publicatiou elsewhere is undoubted, and I am, therefore, obliged to consider it, for the purposes of this competition, as *hors concours*. Of the other simple titles there are several which deserve special notice. Thus, such names as The Trumperies, The Tiukeries, The Musicries, The Dodgeries, with The Too-Touteries, Happy Thoughteries, Fiddle-faddleries, Crochetries, Rowderies, Novelloties, Tuueries, Operies, Strummeries, Jubalcaineries, Inventuneries, Instruventories, Drumeries, Tom-tomfooleries, Wealtheries, &c., all deserve commendation. Many of the others are very ingeniously compounded, but, as the result of the compounding, we get words which no one under any ordinary circumstances would like to mention to a cabmau as his destination next season. The Harmonious Blacksmitheries is a very ingenious suggestion, for instance, but as a title for popular use, it is, of course, impossible. Such a word, though, as Instruventories it is not difficult to imagine coming into general use. After an unusually protracted examination, however, it has been resolved to give the prize to Tan Tun, who suggests as a titlo "The Artificeries." This word, it is true, does not expressly refer to the musical portion of the show, save in so far as Music is Art; but the fact that all the exhibits uext year will be the handiwork of man, and not natural products, is happily expressed by the word "Artificeries," which also suggests a play upon the word "Fisheries," which adds to its claims. In fact, the "The Artificeries," or "Artificieries" as it might be spelled, is a title that may be confideutly recommeuded for use for next year's Exhibition.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 294.

This competition requires but little comment. Some few competitors, I found on checking the various paragraphs, had used words which could not be formed without departing slightly from the rule laid down; but as a rule the sentences were very carefully penned. The prize goes to Cam, whose paragraph consisted of exactly 75 words, every oue of which is different. I may point out that Repealer and A. M. C. B. both alluded to "Sir" Garnet in their paragraph.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 297.

In both French and American journals it has for years past been a standing joke to define, with ever-increasing fecundity of illustration, incidents which might be considered to constitute superlative examples of the Height of Absurdity, the Height of Selfishness, the Height of Meauness, and quite a mountain range of other similar heights. Week after week ingenious correspondents cap the previously-recorded highest height, and so the fun goes intermittently on. Now it has been thought that an amusing collection of definitions might result from offering a prize of two guineas for

The Best Definition of what may be Considered to Constitute the Height of Meanness.

Most readers of Truth have probably seen samples of the definitions that I have referred to as so frequently appearing in the Paris and New York papers; but, for the benefit of any who may have failed to notice them, I append a sentence or two, which I can recall as having been given to illustrate the definition required. Thus, only last week, I saw the Height of Impudence defined as bauling down a friendly neighbouring power's flag and then sending in to that power a bill for the haulage. Again, I have seen the Height of Meanness, the subject of competitive definition this week, defined as consistiug in a man's being rescued from drowniug by the Royal Humane Society's instrumentality, and then purloining the drag to sell as old iron. Once again, I have seen the Height of Meanness defined as giving a blind beggar a "flash" sixpence and stealing from him five pennyworth of good change. These examples will suffice to show the kind of definitiou required. Brevity will be a desirable feature, I need scarcely say, and I may add that competitors may send in as many definitions as they please.

Answers to Correspondents.

*** As the Rules are omitted this week, it may be stated that all answers to the current competition must be sent on or before the first post on Friday, October 10, to the Puzzle Editor, Truth Building, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, London, S.W.

*** I would draw the special attention of Eurytus II. to Puzzle Rule 10, by which any Prize not claimed within three months of its award is forfeited. Eurytus II. should, therefore, claim forthwith the third of Prize No. 281, won by him ou July 10th last.

J. M. N.—Yes, "The Mechanatories" is by no means bad.

Gibb.—Yes, your title should have read "Genuimoniseum."

Mortar.—Your suggestion of "Melangeries" is worthy of record.

Nuts.—Your writing was partially in fault; still, "Novelyries" be it, as you wish it.

Pall Mall.—I am much obliged to you for your suggestion, which may prove useful ere long.

Osborne, W.—Your proposed course will be most convenient.

Hounsnitch.—You will find your word in the right hand column of page 457 of Truth.

Wild Thyme, Picador, O. P. Q., Squelette, Ericius.—I have duly complied with your several requests.

Bobberty.—Your paragraph was too late, I am sorry to tell you.

Carlton.—Thanks for your letter.

Philomela, Pears' Soap, aud Gibb.—Your amended versions reached in good time for competing.

Jehu.—Your paragraphs on the Nile Expedition is so well written that its arrival too late for publication is to be regretted.

Crystal Palace.—I will make further search before putting you to the trouble of rewriting the parody in question.

Simplicity.—I have read your letter with interest, but I hope you will excuse me from entering into a discussion on a matter which has been settled.

A. E. I.—Your suggestion "Jubalcaineries" was made by others, you will have seeu. Your third title, "Æolianeries," however, was only made by you.

Provident.—Yes, your second title should have been "Excuseries."

Malignant.—Yes, your anagram is well worth publication. It will interest many to know that the letters of "The Earl of Dufferin" make "Rule thee far of Ind."

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 295. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

ALLITERATIVE STANZAS (LETTER "M.")

Miss Ann Thrope's soliloquy.

My "minuet," my "masquerade,"
My "mounted monkeys"—Mintou-made;
Mosaics, marbles, marquetry,
May mitigate monotony.
Meanwhile, my misanthropic mind
Makes me miscalculate mankind,
'Mid mansious most magnificent.
Mammon's made many malcontent.
* * * * *
May money melt, Madonnas mould
'Mongst mnsty masters manifold;
May merry Morland match Maclise,
My mania's—"Mopsy"—my Maltese!

Crystal Palace.

Mistrusting much my Mildred's mood;
Myself, methinks, misdoubting more;
My mildest *mot* misunderstood,
My most majestic metaphor.

My meaning madly misapplied,
My melting moments mocked, and made
Mere melodrama, modified,
Maliguly misiuterpreted.

Misusage makes mankind morose,
Makes mischief 'mougst minds masculino,
Maliciously monotonous.
My mind misgives me, mistress mine.

Crackjaw.

Misunderstanding.

Malignant minds misrepreseut,
Malicious mortals me malign,
Marring my meeting Millicent,
Meek, meditative mistress mine!

Must mocking miscbief me molest?
Mark, maiden mild, my misery
'Mongst mossy meads made manifest
'Midst music's mouruful melody!

My mood mistrnsts my memory,
Misgiving most missives mislaid,
My martyrdom must maddeu me,
May mercy move my marble maid!

Marmaduke.

Il re galantuomo.

Mid midnight masses, mournful moans,
Mid mourning mothers, maidens mute,
Mid "Miserere's" monotones,
Malaria's molecules, minute.

Mid mortal miseries manifold,
Mid mourning multitudes maybe,
Mid misty marshes' mossy mould,
Miasma marches mockingly.

Mid myriad maladies, malaise,
Mercy's meet messenger, men mark,
Majestic mien, midst mad'ning maze,
Mild magnate, matchless man, monarch.

Moonshine.

Mourn, muses, mourn, mid melting mood,
Martyr'd Massilia's multitude;
Microbian myriads mobs molest,
Making misfortune manifest.
Monks, masons, miners, muleteers,
Marsala merchants, mountaineers,
Mingling mid "Miserere's" moans,
Mumble monastic monotones.
Mashers, methinks, mid merry maze
May mock my maudlin Marseillaise;
Meekly, my muse, morosely mum,
Must mourn Massilia's martyrdom.

Silvanus.

Methodic Madge my marriage meant,
My meagre means misreckoning;
Mamma's manœuvring management
Methinks must merit mentioning.
Madge martyrised me, murdering
Much manufactured melody,
Monopolised me, murmuring
Mellifluent minutiæ.*
Mysterious missives multiplied,
Ma's machinations maddened me,
My melancholy magnified,
Misgivings made me mutiny.
* Soft notbings.

Friar Tuck.

Musings.

Methinks my more mistrustful mind,
Misjudged Maud's merrier maiden mood;
Meanwhile, my maid misunderstood
Me—most maliciously malign'd.

Maud's mother (mentor merciless)
Missives mendaciously mislaid;
Meddling, misrepresenting, made
Maud marry mercenariness.
* * * * *
Medway melodiously moan!
Mysterious murm'ring music make!
Maud's melancholy mad mistake,
Makes melody mere monotone.

Beryl.

The Healtheries.

Mid minstrelsy's melodious might,
Majestic march, mild minuet;
Mark, masher, merchant, mammoth, mite,
Most miscellaneously met.

Mercurial maidens merrily
Melt misanthropic moper's mood;
Match-making matrons mindfully
Mob marriageable moneyhood.

Mid many marvels, millions meet,
Moonlight mysteriously made;
Malt, mirrors, millinery, meat,
Milk, mustard, mangles, marmalade.

Roggee Shurt.

My Maggie mocks my meagre mind,
My mild mamma misconstrues me,
Mat makes me much misdoubt mankind,
Meek maidens mock my misery!
Mendacious men my muse malign,
Malignant misses me maltreat,
Mean medicos make medicines mine,
Musk mallow medicates my meat;
Mad minstrels murder monotones,
Mute menials martyrise me—must
Mirth merely multiply my moans?
Misfortune makes me men mistrust!

Orchis.

At a fancy fair.

Mats, mittens, mugs, majolica,
Marabout muffs, Miss Monica;
Magnolias, myrtles, mignonettes,
Majestic, Moorish Minarets.

Macramé "mantel," Mabel made,
Miladi's markers Maud mislaid;
Meerschaums, mosaics, malachites,
Marvellous medley, monsters, mites.

Madeira, melons, "mayonnaise,"
Melodious music, mystic maze;
Madras muslins, magnificent,
Mirth, money, maidens, merriment.

Cæsar's Corner.

To my love.

My muse's maxim may miscarry.
My muse may, misinformed, mistake:
"Mere maniacs mincing maidens marry,
Men, married, matrons martyrs make."

Much malediction meet men must,
Marital muttering marks misdoing;
Much mouthing magnifies mistrust.
Mutenes misleads—makes misconstruing.

Make Mashers marry. Masher mates
May middling matches make, methinks;
My mind manœuvring meditates,
Malapert, machinating minx!

T. M. Dron.

My mandoline! my mandoline!
Music moves murmuring mournfully,
Melpomene's mild medicine,
Mirth's merry minstrel melody;
Matching most melancholy mood,
Mellowing men's melting memories,
Making mad malice mansuetude,
Mending mind's moody maladies.
My mandoline, may music mate
My morbid metre, may my muse
Melodious measures modulate,
Methinks more magic 'mid misnse.
PETRARCA.

My marmalade! my marmalade!
Most meritorious mixture made.
Mashers may mock my modest mess
(Me misanthrope, me moneyless).
Milk-mocha mixed, my morning meal,
Molasses, muffin, mackerel.
Meanly monotonous, methinks,
My Marianne, mercurial minx,
Makes marmalade mellifluous,
Mid madrigals melodious,
Mingling, my merry madcap maid.
Mozart, Macfarren, Marmalade.
YOU AND I.

Midlothian's mighty member makes
Misguided, marvellous mistakes;
Mild martial movements meekly meant;
Mis-statements most magniloquent;
Momentous measures may maltreat;
Monition misbelieving meet.
Maugre mischance, meanwhile, men must
Mentors more mettlesome mistrust,
Methinks, mercurial marquis might
My modest mandate misrecite;
Much money monstrously misspend;
Matters, mayhap, mere muddling, mend.
REPEALER.

My merry maid, my Marion,
Mistakes my misanthropic mood;
Misnames me "miserable man,"
My melancholy misunderstood.

Mistakes my mind must make methinks,
Mingling 'mid mysteries manifold;
Mid murky midnight mists, my minx,
Mountains magnificent; 'mid mould.

My mind must mount mysteriously,
Must master mutability;
Mount 'mid majestic minstrelsy,
'Mid millions mighty melody.
V. DE MONTGOMERY.

Maid Marion mocks my mournful mood,
Mistakes my mind maliciously;
My melting muse misunderstood,
Much magnifies my misery.

My marked maltreatment, mirthful minx,
Mournfully miserable made;
Most manifestly mars, methinks,
My matutinal marmalade.

Much mortified, my mourning mind,
'Midst musings moderates "ma marche."
Misled, misfortunate mankind!
My Marion mocks my "meek monstache."
MALIGNANT.

Mary, my most melodious maid,
Mark me! much music makes men mad,
Make me mince pies, make marmalade
("*Mais*," Monsieur mutters, "marma*lud*").
Maiden, my mandate mark, minute,
Mix me my morning modicum,
Meandering melodists make mute
(Mirk *manes* megatherium).
Morbleu! my muse misgives me, Molly,
My mercenary, muddled muse!
(Manipulation melancholy,
Most maladroit, most *merveilleuse!*)
BOBUS.

Meek maidens, Mammon's merchandise,
Match-making matrons mar, Mayfair's
Mad marriage marts monopolise
Mean meretricious millionaires.
Male milksops, mawkish, mincing maids
(Misguided mortals, minus mind),
Make melancholy masquerades! . . . . .
Mayhap my Muse maligns mankind;
Mere metacism much may mould
My malediction's magnitude;
Mere metric meshes magnified
May make my misanthropic mood.
DON JATHAM.

Meet me, my Margaret! Melting miss,
Mountainward moving, morning met;
Mellifluous murmurers, many-mouth'd,
Make melody mid mignonette.

Maiden, May mornings make me mourn,
'Mid mossy meadows medicate;
Me musingly my mind misgives,—
"Much merit must mark Margaret's mate!"

My mistress! many-mooded maid!
Majestic, mocking, mild, malign;
Make, make me merriest 'mid men;
Marry me, Margaret, maiden mine!
THE CRAW.

Mazed, muddled, mid misguiding M's,
My mind mechanically mopes;
Morosely making meagre mems—
Mites, maggots, microbes, microscopes!
Mais malheureusement! me, methinks,
Malgré my miserere moans;
My muse means marring—malign minx—
Mocking my mental marrowbones!
Metrical manacles misfit me—
Minus my muse's milder moods—
"M" ancipator—manumit me—
Mille mercies! Monsieur—multitudes!
C. L. B. STARKEY.

My mistress, most majestical,
More mercifully meditate!
My meekly modest madrigal,
My malady may moderate.
May's merry month means melody,
Making mere melancholy mute;
Moving mild mavis' minstrelsy,
Mingl'd mid music more minute.
Most morbid minds men may mistake,
My miserable moments must
Methinks, mysterious manners make,
Masking mean, madd'ning mistrust. ST. M.

THE MIDLOTHIAN CAMPAIGN.

Mouthing Ministers migrating,
Midlothian manipulating,
Mighty multitude! mass meeting!
Meddling marquesses maltreating!
Ministerial manœuvres!
Magniloquent motion movers!
Making many malcontentions,
Manifold misapprehensions,
Muddling matters monetary,
Making men more mercenary.
Mahdi matters much mistaking,
More misunderstandings making.
W. A. B,

Match-making mother mildly makes
Most marvellously mad mistakes;
Mabel millionaire might marry—
Mowbray makes ma's moves miscarry.
Mirthful Mabel, mischievous minx,
Money's manœuvring marks, methinks;
Mockingly murmurs, "Millionaire
Might make mésalliance, ma mère!"
Meanwhile musing, "My Mowbray must,
Misunderstanding, me mistrust."
Meek Mowbray mutters, "Mabel mine,
Marry me—money's mere moonshine!"
GUELDER ROSE.

My matchless Maud, my mirthful minx,
My mind misgives me much methinks;
Moreover, melancholy makes
Me mournful, multiplies mistakes.

Mendacious men misrepresent
My motives (matrimony meant),
Men mock my malcontentedness,
Mistrust, menace me meaningless.

My mirthful Maud must marry me,
Must mitigate my misery,
Make me more mirthful, more mundane
My mansion, my ménage maintain.
TWEE.

'Mid morning-moistened meadow-sweet
Moved Maia. Mavis minstrelsy
Made mellowing moorlands measure meet,
My mistress meaning meeting me.

My Maia met me marvelling,
Much Maia's matchless maidenhood,
Mild merles made music, murmuring
My message, Maia's melting mood.

Mature, musk-minting marigolds,
Marked Midsummer's mild mastery;
My Maia's milder mastery moulds
My moons—my maid must marry me.
J. W. S.

My midnight muse! my midnight mews!
Mad mousers martyrise my muse!
Messieurs, Mesdames, Minets, Minettes,*
Minaudières minaudiers met.
Make moaning, michrophonic mews!
My mournful mystic muse misuse!
* French names for cats.

Mute memory's made, Mnemosyne,
Mourn mistress mine Melpomene;
Mew-madrigals manipulate,
Mellifluously make mousers mate!
Much mewing makes mankind *maussade*—
Makes musers melancholy mad.
OBSERVER.

My merry madcap Marguerite,
Melodious maiden, modest, meet;
Methinks my melancholy muse,
My meaning merely misconstrues.

Most matchless mistress, may my mien,
Mighty, majestic, masculine,
Make my mistrusting Marguerite,
Mercy magnanimously mete.

My mimic maid, my mignonette,
My masquerading martinet;
Maggie Mavourneen, mirthful mate,
My melancholy mitigate.
MRS. POYSER.

Make merry, mighty master-mind,
Much meaner motives move mankind;
M.'s multiplied monotony,
Might make Minerva mutiny.

My mumbled mutterings malign,
Mask my misgivings, Mentor Mine!
Minds meditating measures meet,
Must monosyllables maltreat.

Mismatchment mars my minstrelsy,
Mixed mental-mincemeat (Mercy me!)
Mere manuscriptic matter makes,
Mistrusting manifold mistakes. P. M. G.

Much military marshalling,
Manœuvres martial multiplied,
More Ministers mismanaging,
Malignant Mahdi magnified.

Mosoo menacing Mandarin,
Most marketable "Moning" makes;
Mongolians muster many men,
Moreover mostly make mistakes.

Midlothian's member's masterly
Most mystifying multiloquence,
Makes muster much mobility,
Municipal magnificance. SAM SLICK.

Matilda Maud, my model mate,
My many meals manipulate;
Morning, midday, midnight—making
Morsels meant my masticating.
My meat manœuvere minces make,
Mixed masterly, minus mistake;
Mackerel, mullet, mayonnaise,
Milk'd macaroni, millet, maize
Marvellous, molass, marmalade,
Myriad mixtures, method made.
Men meaning marriage mark my mind,
Marry Matilda Maud's mankind.
EXPERIENCE.

Most mighty, merciful monarch,
Magnanimous, magnificent,
May murmuring malcontents mark
My martial magnate's merriment.

May many money'd men maintain
My monarch's model management;
May mighty millionaires mundane
Model my magnate's monument.

Mayhap my monologue may make
Misanthropists munificent,
Mark! many misers may mistake
My metaphrastic monument. R. M. E.

Merrily mercantile marines
May marry maidens much matured,
Mistaken! microscopic means
Mean "matrimonially moored."

Major, militia martinet,
Married Matilda moneyless;
Mantua-making Margaret
Made minor make most mulish mess.

Miss Mary, meekly, modest maid,
Might marry many millionaires,
Most matrimonial men mislaid,
Mashing, moreover, merchants, mayors.
DALETH.

Auswers have also been received from Van Dieman, Norna, Mask, Heather, Arethusa, L. Hammon, Cabby, E. Y. S., Wild Thyme, Nutshell, A. N. P., Mother, J. McGrigor Allan, James, Meg Merrilees, Tale Quale, Hazel Mount, Dora, Gwynfryn, Ann Tirem, Rose Island, Mendelssohn, Gibb, Mercury Colt, Jober Khan, Simla, Osborne W., Greyhound, Ruby, Stamper, Mina, Kathleen, Fidevak.

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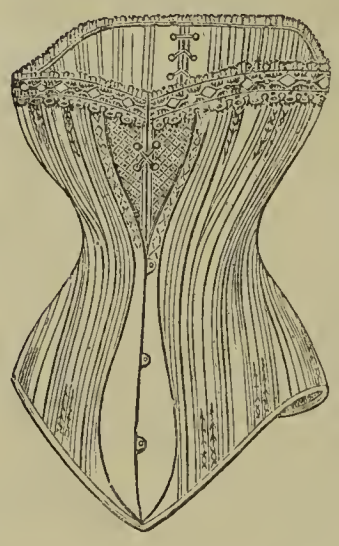

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This invention has been elaborated from the suggestions of an eminent medical man, who writes the Patentees as follows:—

"I am more than pleased with your invention, which I consider perfection. It will, I feel sure, entirely remove the distressing conditions which I have described. You may rely upon my influence in recommending the article to my numerous patients, and I trust your meritorious efforts will be fully appreciated by a grateful public."

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TRUTH

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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ENTRE NOUS.

THE Prince of Wales had some very good sport last week with his sons and the Grand Duke of Hesse on the Queen's ground in Balmoral and Ballochbuie Forests, and a great number of stags were killed, as well as several roe deer. The Prince and Princess and their family leave Abergeldie either on Saturday or Monday next for the season. The Prince and Prince Edward are staying till to-morrow at Invercauld with Colonel Farquharson, and are to take part in a great deer-drive in Invercauld Forest.

The county ball, which is always given at Sandringham Hall on the Prince of Wales's birthday, will not take place this year in consequence of the death of the Duke of Albany. The tenants' ball on the Princess's birthday will also be abandoned for the present year.

Next week the Prince and Princess will be the guests of Lord and Lady Hastings at Melton Constable Hall, their splendid family place in Norfolk, which disputes with Holkham and Houghton the title of "finest seat in the county."

The Royal visit to Worcestershire, which I announced last week, is fixed for the third week in December, but the precise day of the arrival of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Witley will not be settled for some time to come, as it is possible that the Queen may require their presence at Windsor during the early part of the week. There will only be a small party at Witley to meet their Royal Highnesses.

Vanity Fair has thought proper to publish a most extraordinary paragraph on the subject of the recent visit of the Prince of Wales to Dupplin Castle, which would have caused the greatest possible annoyance to the persons concerned, but for its errors and absurdities. The Prince is described as "an unwilling guest," whose visit "is regarded by society almost in the light of an outrage," and has "caused a deep and painful impression." The real fact is that the Prince of Wales's visit to Lord and Lady Dudley was purely and entirely private. There were no "arrangements" on a large scale, such as *Vanity Fair* hints at, there were no festivities of any sort or kind, there was no formal shooting-party, nor were any guests invited to meet his Royal Highness. Lord and Lady Dudley and the Prince of Wales have great reason to complain that they should be subjected to such comments and innuendoes. *Vanity Fair* adds: "The head-gamekeeper refused to officiate on the occasion of the Prince of Wales's visit to Dupplin." As a matter of fact, there was no particular occasion for the services of this functionary, as the Prince was only forty-eight hours at Dupplin, and half of that period was occupied by Sunday. The men of the party went out for a couple of hours on Saturday afternoon, and shot a few partridges in the fields around the "policies," but there was nothing of "a big shoot," nor had anything of the kind ever been proposed.

Lord and Lady Dudley entertained a party at Dupplin Castle last week, for Perth races, which they attended on both days.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh are entertaining the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia and a select party at Eastwell Park, where they arrived on Thursday from Birkhall, having paid a two days' visit to Mr. Christopher Sykes, at Brantingham, on their way up. The Duchess will reside at Eastwell with her children during the Duke's approaching cruise with the Channel Squadron.

Lord Dufferin has received a "command" to visit the Queen at Balmoral. During the last ten days the new Viceroy of India has been visiting Mrs. Ward at Torquay, and Mr. R. B. Sheridan, at Frampton Court, Dorsetshire.

The Royal yacht *Osborne* is under orders to leave Portsmouth next Thursday for Flushing, with the Grand Duke of Hesse and Princess Irene on board. Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg are to accompany their relatives back to Germany, and will be absent from England till the middle of November.

The Empress Eugénie has returned to Farnborough, after an absence of nearly two months. The Queen has again invited the Empress to occupy Abergeldie Castle, but it is now doubtful whether she will go to Scotland this year.

In Dublin the military had a busy time during the Duke of Cambridge's stay at the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham. The grand review in the Phœnix Park on Tuesday was an unusually brilliant affair, notwithstanding the inauspicious weather. The extraordinary number of staff officers taking part in the proceedings made the fact evident that Dublin supplies in its garrison a "happy hunting-ground" for the military. Lord Spencer and suite were on horseback, Lady Spencer, with Lady Sarah Spencer, being present in a State carriage. A great concourse of spectators witnessed the manœuvres, which furnished an unexpected incident in the downfall of a

cavalry commanding officer and his charger during the "march past."

During the week, Sir Thomas and Lady Steele gave a few small official dinners in honour of their Royal guest, by means of which effort of hospitality most of the staff and commanding officers in the Dublin garrison had the opportunity of meeting him. On Thursday the Duke visited Belfast, where he stayed with Sir Thomas Bateson, at Belvoir Park, being on Friday entertained at luncheon by the Mayor of Belfast, Sir T. Taylor. On this occasion the usual oratory prevailed, and the usual promises of informing the Sovereign of many pleasant things regarding Ireland were made. But how much better one look through one's own eyes would be than all the hear-says in the world!

On Saturday the Duke left Kilmainham for the Vice-regal Lodge, on a visit to Lord and Lady Spencer. A select dinner-party was given in the evening, followed by a reception.

Two societies of the United Kingdom have been holding meetings in Dublin this week—the Sanitary Institute and the Library Association. The capital has been crowded with those interested alike in the "*corpore sano*" and the "*mens sana*," and much that is instructive has been heard on both subjects. Sir Robert Rawlinson's address was of special interest in a cholera-threatened time, and its teaching, if applied, cannot fail to be of much value. It is such a long step, however, particularly with public bodies, between knowing what ought to be done and doing it.

The Lord Mayor of Dublin, accompanied by the members of the Library Association, opened the new Free Library in that city last week. Afterwards an entertainment was given at the Mansion House in honour of the occasion.

Very anxious inquiries are now being made in Ireland after Mr. Trevelyan. "What is he doing? Why does he not return to the Lodge? Is he going to cut the Castle now that some of the Castle lot have been shown to be—to say the least—of rather doubtful respectability?" It is said that he has not once been near the place since the Cornwall verdict. No doubt he was too hasty of judgment in that most nasty business. He should have waited to hear some of the evidence before he pronounced an opinion.

The plain truth is that Mr. Trevelyan, with all his amiable and literary qualities, has not the genial rough-and-tumble sense which alone can make an Irish Secretary a success in Ireland. At the same time, if he should resign, I am sure I do not know who could be got to replace him. Ambitious young politicians do not jump at the Irish Secretaryship now-a-days. In times gone by it used to be regarded as the beginning of a political career. Now it bids fair to be usually the end of one. It takes a very strong man, in these days, a very long time to recover having been Irish Secretary. Poor Mr. Forster has been hopelessly floundering ever since his Secretaryship. The task of governing a country against its will and by the aid of its least reputable inhabitants is a task which finds out a statesman's weak points, if he has any, and, what is worse, advertises them.

A couple of rather happy nicknames have lately been invented in Ireland. Mr. Healy thinks "Lord Cruisginlán" (pronounced "Crooshkeenlaun," a full jug) an appropriate name for Lord Ardilaun, who got his wealth and his title by selling porter. On the other hand, that mild philanthropist, Mr. Villiers Stuart, is henceforward (that is to say, till the next election) to be known to all men as the "member for Milk and Waterford."

Lord Northbrook is to receive one of the vacant Garters as the reward of his services in Egypt.

The American papers announce that the Hon. Edmund Sandys has married Miss Maria Ada Jones, at New York. The lady is described as handsome and accomplished. The papers complain, however, that the marriage was performed in semi-privacy at one of the city churches, the bridal party being limited to the father, mother, and sister of the bride, and to Mr. Easten, who acted as best man to Mr. Sandys, and is to New York what Mr. Tattersall is to London. It seems to me, however, that the lady and gentleman showed their good taste by not celebrating their marriage either in semi or total publicity.

Another fair American—Miss Leonie Blanche Jerome, by no means unknown to London society—became last Wednesday a British subject through her marriage at New York City with the eldest son and namesake of Sir John Leslie, Bart., who was an Irish member of the last two Parliaments. She is the sister of Lady Randolph Churchill.

There is no truth in the widely-circulated report that Miss Mackay, the step-daughter of the American "Silver King," is betrothed to Prince Colonna. The whole story is pure fiction.

I hope that the following experience may act as a warning to bridegrooms elect:—

I was the witness last week of a somewhat amusing episode, resulting from the present disorganisation of the train service on the Underground Railway. We were delayed for a long time outside Gloucester-road Station. All the men in my compartment seemed to be in more or less of a hurry, and maledictions both loud and deep pervaded the atmosphere. Two gentlemen were especially voeiferous in their complaints, and, after waiting a quarter of an hour or more, one of them waxed visibly frantic. He fidgeted, stamped and swore, and at length announced to his companion that they must make a bolt for it. The rest of us naturally inquired the reason of his haste, when he informed us that he was to be married within an hour, and that his friend was to act as best man. But the train showed no signs of moving, and the clock was ticking onward. At length he grew desperate. He opened the carriage door, jumped down, and, followed by his best man, scaled a steep embankment, and disappeared over the top of an awkward-looking wall, encouraged by the cheers of his fellow travellers. I sincerely hope that he got to church in time, and that the directors of the Underground Railway, who have sins enough to answer for already, are not responsible for any delay in the union of two loving hearts.

The General Stock Exchange, Lim., 48, St. James's-st., corner of Piccadilly.—Private special telephonic and telegraphic communication with the City and other business centres. Great convenience to West-end and Country Clients. Every class of Stock Exchange business transacted. Moderate commissions. Telephone No. 3722.

Iron Wine Bins.—The original makers. Medal and Five Awards, Sydney Exhibition, 1880. Farrow & Jackson, 16, Great Tower-street; 8, Haymarket, London. Illustrated Price Lists post free.

Pourquoi?

Why does she sit so pensive,
  Robed in her pink *peignoir*,
With its ribbons and bows extensive,
  Alone in her snug *boudoir?*

Has she received an offer
  From an eligible *parti*,
Who woos with a bursting coffer,
  While her heart is *tout épris*

With a penniless younger brother
  Of one of the *grande noblesse*,
And she doesn't know whether to smother
  This *mal-à-propos tendresse?*

Surely her face would soften
  If her thoughts were *tout-à-lui?*
And she never would frown so often
  From nothing but mere *ennui!*

No; 'tis not the weary sadness
  Of a maiden *ennuyée*—
Is it religious madness
  Brought on by a *matinée?*

Or has she published a novel,
  And read an unkind *critique?*
'Tis strange how critics will grovel,
  And what they will say from *pique.*

Can she, her sex forgetting,
  Have gambled at *écarté*
Or poker, or else been betting,
  And now sees her *coup manqué?*

Was it—I'm but surmising—
  Last night's rather rich *mayonnaise?*
* * * * *
Not at all! She is merely devising
The cut of a new *polonaise!*

There has been a great deal of gossip about the will of the late Sir John Duntze, as the name of his legal heir does not appear in that document, and the whole of his large fortune goes away from the family. The fact is, that Sir John's mother (Miss Carew, of Twerton Castle) was the sister of his father's first wife, so that when he came of age in 1830 he was technically illegitimate, and when he assumed the title and took possession of the estates, after his father's death (which took place just when he came of age), some of his relatives threatened to dispute his rights, and he never forgave this proceeding, the fruit of which is to be found after fifty years in his will. In 1825 the late Duke of Beaufort, whose only son (the present Duke) was the offspring of a similar marriage, fearing that his next brother, Lord Granville Somerset, might claim the titles and estates, induced Lord Lyndhurst to get passed the Act on the subject which made all such marriages legal which had taken place prior to August 31, 1835; and, of course, this legislation also placed Sir John Duntze in a position of security.

I do not know whether the experience of others bears out that of the writer of the following letter, but if so, I recommend the subject to Edmund:—

> If you could find a small space in your paper, in order to let me vent my outraged feelings anent the music at Brighton, I should be deeply obliged to you. If the promoters or conductors of the bands were only to hear the loud complaints raised in this large building alone, they would possibly look a little more to their laurels. There is literally not one good band in the place—this any one conversant with music would at once acknowledge. Why on earth have they not got, in a large and wealthy place like this, a good military band, such as at Southsea? That on the pier, both as regards execution and selection of pieces, leaves very much to be desired.
>
> Grand Hotel.

Sir Walter Barttelot, who has returned from Homburg in much improved health, delivered a genial and useful speech to his Sussex neighbours at Pulborough last week. He recalled Mr. Gladstone's declaration that "there is nothing like jam," and particularly advised the cottagers to devote their attention to black-currants, gooseberries, and apples, as a good apple-tree ought to pay the year's rent. Sir Walter also recommended that bees should be kept, as the cultivation of honey is highly profitable. A schoolmaster in a neighbouring village had cleared £50 with nineteen hives last season, a labourer at another village £40 with fifteen hives, and a widow £14 with only five hives.

On Saturday the Duke of Portland left Langwell for the season. The Duke and his brothers have had capital sport on his extensive moors in Caithness, and they have killed several stags in his forest at Morven.

The Duke is to receive the freedom of the burgh of Kilmarnock on December 9, when he is to visit that town to open a Science and Art Exhibition. The Duke owns considerable property in Ayrshire, but his place in the county is let to Lord Oranmore, I believe, and the shooting on his estate is rented by Lord Eglinton.

Lord and Lady Lytton and Lady Betty Lytton have returned to Knebworth from visiting Lord and Lady Wimborne, at Achnashellach, Ross-shire.

The Duke of Devonshire has arrived at Chatsworth from Holker Hall, and will remain there for several weeks. The Duke is about to receive company at "the Palace of the Peak."

Sir Frederick Leighton has been staying in the Island of Arran during the last fortnight on a visit to Sir Noel Paton.

The Bishop of Peterborough was last week the guest of Mr. Watson, at Rockingham Castle, and previously he had been staying at Whittlebury, on a visit to Mr. Loder, M.P. The Bishop preached a magnificent sermon on Monday week at the re-opening of Silverstone Church, which has been entirely rebuilt at the sole expense of Mr. Loder.

Lord and Lady William Compton are about to reside for a time at Compton Winyates, Lord Northampton's quaint old manor-house in South Warwickshire, near Stratford.

The Bishop of Newcastle and Mrs. Wilberforce have returned to Benwell Tower, their episcopal residence, from Sidmouth, where they had been staying for several weeks.

I am glad to hear that Mr. Villebois has recovered from his recent very serious illness, and has gone down to Marham this week. The Prince of Wales will shoot at Marham in the course of the season.

The Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, who has been residing for some time past at Broxmouth Park, her place on the coast of East Lothian, has gone to St. Mary's Isle, Kirkcudbrightshire, and will pay visits till the 28th,

when she goes to Balmoral as Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen. The Duchess will return to Windsor with her Majesty next month.

The sporting papers describe Mr. Bright as having been staying at Tulchan, on a visit to Sir George Chetwynd, who has no more to do with the place than he has with Balmoral. The present occupant of Tulchan is Sir George *Chetwode*, the son-in-law of the late Mr. Bass.

Mr. Armitstead, M.P., received a large shooting-party last week at Kinloch-Laggan, Inverness-shire. The woods on the north bank of Loch Laggan were driven for deer on Thursday, and several very fine animals were shot. Mr. Herbert Gladstone particularly distinguished himself by killing two stags, right and left.

I am assured that at the present time there are farms to let in Essex covering an area of over 30,000 acres. It seems incredible that there should be no offers for land within thirty or forty miles of London.

Lord Falmouth has every reason to anticipate a great deal of trouble with some of the tenantry on his extensive estates in Cornwall. He has just closed the Wheal Jane Mine, one of the most important in the county, in consequence of a dispute with the adventurers; and last week several notices to quit were received at the Tregothnan estate offices in Truro from tenants on the property, and more are expected.

A Devonshire correspondent writes :—

I am glad you have held up Mr. Daniel, of Stoodleigh, to the ridicule and censure of the public for refusing to let a farm on his estate to a most eligible offerer, because the latter was a Dissenter and a Liberal; but this is by no means the first time that people in this county have been amazed by the stupid bigotry of successive owners of this property. Of course, Mr. Daniel may, if he pleases, refuse to let farms to Liberals or Dissenters, just as he may insist (if so disposed) on his tenants all being six feet high; but allow me to point out that you have missed the practical hardship to the rejected offerers in this and other cases. They, no doubt, wasted time and money in carefully looking over the farms which were advertised to be let; and if Mr. Daniel persists in imposing outrageous conditions on his tenants, he ought at least to notify his intention when he advertises his farms, and then persons who are not eligible under his rules will not lose their time or be put to useless expense, to say nothing of the chance that while looking after a Stoodleigh farm—which, it turns out, is not to be had—another equally desirable may be missed.

It will be remembered that about six months ago Belmont Castle, Lord Wharncliffe's fine old place in Forfarshire, was burnt to the ground. Lord Wharncliffe resolved not to rebuild the house, but decided to offer the grounds and parks, which are very picturesque and richly wooded, on sale for building purposes. The demesne, which extends to over 400 acres, was "put up" by auction at Dundee last week, but the reserve price was not reached, and it is expected that it will next be offered in lots.

Mr. Bayley, who has this season rented the Bamff shooting in Perthshire from Sir George Ramsay, left Bamff House last Wednesday. His party killed nearly 600 brace of grouse and 50 brace of partridges. This was not a very brilliant bag, inasmuch as the rent paid for the two months of August and September was £800. The sport on all the moors in the Alyth district has disappointed expectations.

Mr. and Mrs. Mundy are entertaining a large shooting-party at Gunton, Lord Sheffield's place in Norfolk.

The Duchess of Montrose was down at Marlborough last week, and paid two visits to Manton to see the horses do their work.

A correspondent sends me the following items concerning the French hunting season :—

The hunting season in France opens this week, and the pack of the Duchess d'Uzès will have their first meet on Friday in the Forest of Rambouillet. The hounds of the Duc d'Aumale will commence operations at Chantilly next week, and so also will those of the Marquis de l'Aigle at Compiègne, and the staghounds of M. Lefevre in the Forest of Hallate. M. Michel Ephrussi hunts the Forest of Fontainebleau with a pack of staghounds, and the neighbouring Forest of Villefermors is hunted by the Vicomte de Greffulhe, both for stags and for wild boar. M. Servant will again hunt the Forest of Villers-Cotterets.

Lord and Lady Waterford have taken Quenby Hall, Leicestershire, for the hunting season, and they will arrive there at the end of this month from Curraghmore.

The Hon. Greville Nugent has accepted the mastership of the Ilfracombe Harriers, which hunt the wild country between Barnstaple and Ilfracombe.

Here is a practical way of dealing with the question of bearing-reins :—

Sir,—I was rejoiced to see your recent remarks upon Mr. Edward Fordham Flower, and the cruelty of bearing-reins.

Will you permit me to make known that though London appears to be forgetful of Mr. Flower's work, and to be declining in its humanity towards horses, yet that the provinces are not following in its footsteps; but, through the prize scheme adopted by the Birmingham School Board, and worked under the auspices of the Birmingham Society for the Prevention of Cruelty, the subject of bits and bearing-reins is being kept prominently before the eyes of the rising generation?

Those interested in the kind and proper treatment of animals believe that the true method of securing it for them is by instructing the young in a practical knowledge of their requirements, and in the inculcation of kindness towards them as a moral responsibility. In Birmingham such instruction is received by the School-board scholars (over 40,000), and as the horse is one of the principal topics dealt with, it is to be hoped that Mr. Flower's precepts may be honoured through the action of the rising generation. Many of the elder scholars already possess a very intelligent knowledge of the working of the various bits, and the evil effects of bearing-reins.

A silver medal in memory of Mr. Flower was given for the best paper on bearing-reins at the last distribution of prizes, and a similar medal will be awarded at the next meeting, the subject of horses being an especial one in the work for next year.

And thus in Birmingham the crusade against bearing-reins will be carried on through the removal of that greatest obstacle to progress—blind, prejudiced ignorance; and the name of Mr. Edward Fordham Flower kept in remembrance as the man who "opened his mouth" for the dumb, much-enduring, willing, noble, and much-abused horse.—I have the honour to remain, sir, your obedient servant, Julia Goddard.

Corresponding Member of the Midland Ladies' Association for the Promotion of Kindness, and one of the committee of the Birmingham Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The annual Birmingham Fat Stock Show is to be held in Bingley Hall, from November 29 till December 4. There are prizes amounting to £1,120 for cattle, as well as several medals and the Elkington Challenge Cup. The prizes for sheep amount to £270, and there are also three cups and several medals. For pigs, £118 is to be given, in addition to a silver cup and two silver medals. There are also numerous prizes for agricultural produce.

I have received the following letter :—

With reference to your remarks last week as to the dissatisfaction among the exhibitors at the Forestry Exhibition respecting the awards, here are a few facts. Out of 299 awards for Great Britain

and Ireland, no fewer than 231 went to Scotland, leaving 59 for England, Ireland, and Wales! Strange to say, the Scotch exhibitors carry off the palm in every class, and the London firms which obtained the highest awards last month at the International Exhibition at Amsterdam, actually get nothing whatever at Edinburgh.

Professor Cossar Ewart left Liverpool last Wednesday for New York on an official mission from the Scottish Fishery Board. He is to make inquiry on all the fishery regulations of the United States and Canada, and will carefully examine the fish-hatcheries, and obtain every possible information on the subject.

The *Times* is mistaken in announcing the capture from the Tay of a salmon of 39 lb. "at Taymouth." The only fish of this weight which has recently been killed was the one mentioned in last week's Truth, which was taken at Stobhall by Mr. Barclay Field. Sport has improved since the recent rains, and last Wednesday there was a heavy spate. Mr. Murray and the Hon. and Rev. Robert Liddell have been doing well in Taymount-water, but the best captures have been at Stobhall, where the Drumour party have had fine sport, killing a number of heavy fish. The season closes next Friday. There has recently been some fair sport on the Earn, which is the only Perthshire river open after the 10th, and it closes on the 31st.

A correspondent writes to protest against Mr. Story-Maskelyne's Committee having asserted in their report that fishing on the Thames above the tide-way belongs to the riparian owners. But the Committee has not made any new law in regard to this matter; it has only stated what it believes the law to be. If such be the law, it is to be regretted; but I doubt whether Parliament would—assuming the Committee to be right—deprive these owners of proprietary rights without compensation, nor do I perceive how this compensation is to be provided. Evidently it cannot come out of the Imperial Exchequer. Probably, however—except in backwaters—few riparian owners will care to exercise their right.

Major Knox Holmes, ætat 77, rode last week, mounted on a tricycle, a ten-hours' match against G. Lacy Hillier, ex-champion bicyclist, "weight for age," Hillier allowing the Major one mile start for each year of the difference between their ages. As the ex-champion is only twenty-eight, he had to concede his opponent 49 miles, which, as it turned out, he was totally unable to do, although he bestrode a two-wheel instead of a three-wheel steed. Major Holmes did not stop until he had covered 74 miles, and then only for five minutes; while Hillier, at 56 miles, for which he beat the previous best time, took nearly half-an-hour's rest. Neither stopped again until the task was completed, the score at the conclusion of the ten hours being, Knox Holmes, 115 miles, 260 yards; Hillier, 146 miles, 250 yards. Whether the winner is wise at his age to undertake such arduous feats is open to question; but that a man of seventy-seven is able to ride a tricycle at the rate of eleven miles an hour for ten consecutive hours, is a comforting reflection to those who hope to attain that age.

Morley, the well-known coadjutor of Alfred Shaw in the bowling department of the Nottingham eleven, has at length succumbed to the illness from which he has suffered ever since he went to Australia with the Hon. Ivo Bligh's team, when he was injured in the collision between tho *Peshawur* and the *Colombo*. His ribs were broken at the time, and he received a great nervous shock: but the first part of the accident was only discovered after he had actually taken part in one or two matches. He was but thirty-five years of age, and will be remembered not only as a deserving and respectable professional, but as one of the very best fast bowlers that ever lived, being in his day quite irresistible.

One of last week's messengers from Buckingham Palace to Balmoral took down a copy of Lord Malmesbury's book, which had been sent for by command of the Queen, who was anxious to read it, and who will, no doubt, enjoy it, although there are many passages in it which will be by no means pleasing to her Majesty.

Lord Malmesbury tells a good story of how, when Princess Alice was confirmed, he was desired to transmit an announcement of the ceremony to all the Foreign Courts," and how "awkward" it was to discover that in the Foreign Office cipher "confirmation" also stood for "confinement." He has also recorded the famous invitation which was sent to the Embassies before one of the Queen's receptions, which set forth, "that the Queen will graciously receive the Corps Diplomatique, *male and female*."

In Lord Malmesbury's "Recollections" there are several amusing answers of children. This is one of the best:—A child being asked what at baptism was the outward and visible sign, replied: "The baby!"

These memoirs make clear two things—that Lord Palmerston, being at heart a Tory in home politics, was, when in office, perpetually intriguing with the Conservatives against his own colleagues, and obtaining assurances of support from them if he would frustrate Liberal measures; and that the Prince Consort, being a German, and a strong opponent to France and Italy, was perpetually intriguing against Lord Palmerston's Liberal Foreign policy.

Says Lord Malmesbury of the Whigs: "They regard office as their birthright, and look upon all who deprive them of it as brigands." In this I agree with him; but may not the same be said of the Tory grandees?

An English version of M. Émile Zola's new novel, "Germinal," upon which he is now engaged, will appear simultaneously with the French edition. The novel will deal with life among the miners, and will, I hear, be more acceptable to the majority of readers at home and abroad than some of his previous works. M. Zola, at least, promises as much. I never, indeed, have been able to understand why so clever a man should be so abnormally filthy in his language.

Posters having been put up on the doors of Sarah Bernhardt's house in the Avenue de Villiers, stating that all her furniture was about to be sold at the request of her creditor, M. Chabrillat, to whom she still owed money for

the purchase of the Ambigu Theatre, now no longer hers, the energetic lady, who was at Lyons at the time, started by the night train, arrived in Paris at six, rushed to her man-of-business's residence, collected the necessary sum (14,000 f.), paid Chabrillat, tore down the posters, took the train to Nancy, and played there the same evening. Not bad work, even for Sarah!

Mr. Santley, the eminent baritone, has, as all his friends know, taken of late years an eccentric sort of horror of the profession of vocalism, save in its gravest and severest aspects. As to his performance in the part of "Tom Tug," which many remember not only for a masterly rendering of the fine patriotic ballads by Charles Dibdin, but also for an excellent bit of acting—he would be an injudicious friend who would now refer to that incident in Mr. Santley's hearing—not to speak of "Fra Diavolo," rearranged as a baritone part for Mr. Santley's special convenience, and other operatic efforts at the Gaiety some years ago. I am afraid that this moody habit, which is not very flattering to his professional brethren, is growing on Mr. Santley. When he was asked the other day to correct a memoir of himself in an important foreign work of musical biography, he replied by emphatically requesting that the notice should be confined to the single line, "Charles Santley, born 1834, at Liverpool." Very simple and touching, doubtless, but it does not, unfortunately, explain to outlandish peoples how the Liverpool baby contrived to get into a Dictionary of Musical Celebrities.

The serenity of Bristol Cathedral has been disturbed for a long time past by a series of quarrels between the Precentor and the Organist, and, of course, the services have not "gone" as smoothly as could be wished. The strife has now been terminated by the interference of the Dean and Chapter, who have laid down a new code of rules which will prevent the clashings which have hitherto caused so much trouble.

A contemporary tells us that Court influences are at work to secure the appointment of Chaplain-General for Mr. Robins, of Windsor, a piece of news which appeared in Truth six weeks ago, and adds that the aforesaid divine is "private chaplain to the Queen." He is nothing of the kind, for the Queen's private chaplain is the Dean of Windsor, and Mr. Robins is merely one of the honorary chaplains, of whom there are more than a dozen.

The beautiful reredos in the choir of York Minster, which has hitherto been incomplete owing to lack of funds, is now being finished and decorated after the original design of the late Mr. Street, at the expense of Mrs. Meynell-Ingram. When complete it will be the most magnificent reredos in the country.

A correspondent sends the following correction :—

> You were mistaken last week in attributing to Earl Cowper the remarks on the restoration and anti-restoration controversy, which, as you rightly observe, "express very clearly the common sense view." These observations were made by the Bishop of Peterborough, and it is a pity that none of the newspapers should have thought fit to give any report of his shrewd and witty speech.

One would have supposed that Jingoism would not have asserted itself at a Church Congress. On the contrary, the divines at the recent Congress advocated a sort of armed crusade. One clergyman suggested that we should "rescue and remain" in the Soudan, another urged as a "religious duty" the necessity of making a canal to connect Zagazig with Cairo! These political parsons are evidently afraid of Disestablishment at home, and would therefore engage us in hazardous undertakings abroad.

Some few good things, however, were said at the Congress. The Bishop of Bedford, in discussing the dwellings of the poor question, remarked: "A Church which teaches about another world, but does not seem to take much interest in this, is one which will embrace within its fold only a limited number of the working class. The mistake has been made in time past, and we are reaping the fruit of it now. Working men will smile incredulously if told that Christianity, or the Church, aims at helping them to live better, truer, happier lives here." And Bishop Walsham How said: "If we are to get the people to care for a home above, we must first teach them to care for a home below."

Mr. George Harwood is a bold man. I believe he calls himself a Tory Democrat; but he certainly told the Church Congress some plain truths, and preached some good Liberal doctrine. The Established Church, he says, does not stand well, and does not deserve to stand well, with the masses of the people. During this century the influence of the Church has been on the wrong side—"on the side of privilege against right, of ignorance against knowledge, of restriction against freedom, of the few against the many." There is nothing new in this, but it is new to find it spoken at a Church Congress. Mr. Harwood says that the Church has hitherto rested on the upper classes, but that it must now rest on the masses. No wonder a clerical audience tried to howl him down. But he is right, for all that, and I should gladly welcome a few more "Tory Democrats" of the same stamp.

The Bishop of Oxford is reported to have delivered himself at his Diocesan Conference of certain truly amazing views on the Deceased Wife's Sister Question. That question, he remarked, is the most interesting of all questions before the people of England at the present time, an assertion on which, in the presence of the franchise agitation, the Egyptian difficulties, the "outcast London" discussion, and other small matters, must certainly be considered somewhat bold. Dr. Mackarness, of course, strongly opposed the measure, and, as a climax, he declared that he absolutely agreed with "the eminent Lord Chancellor and most excellent Churchman, Lord Hatherley, who said he would rather hear that 300,000 Frenchmen had landed at Dover than that this Bill should pass." This is a remarkable instance of the nonsense which even sensible men can talk on ecclesiastical subjects.

A certain Bishop, who has hitherto been free from Ritualistic troubles in his diocese, is engaged in what bids fair to become a decidedly acrimonious correspondence with the recently-appointed vicar of a large country parish, who has amazed and disturbed the plebeians of his flock, and

enraged the patricians, by introducing all sorts of innovations by way of "waking up" his "dear Christian friends."

Anent the subject of recalcitrant clergymen, a correspondent writes :—

Bishop Phillpotts had an admirably "thorough" method of dealing with what he deemed superfluities in the ornamentation of a church. Some forty years ago the incumbent of a well-known church at Torquay decorated his Communion Table on Easter Day with two very handsome vases, which were filled with choice flowers. This "innovation" caused much gossip, and the news speedily reached Bishopstowe. On the following Sunday the Bishop appeared in the vestry just before the morning service, intimated his intention of preaching, and having duly arrayed himself, he entered the church with the Vicar and took his place at the altar. The Bishop having buried his face in his hands for a minute arose and looked at the altar with "glistening eyes," as Lord Beaconsfield would have said. He then stepped forward, seized the vases, and hurled them off the altar. The Vicar, however, was an artful divine, and thinking the Bishop was bent on mischief, he had caused the vases to be fastened with wires, so that instead of falling to the ground they hung dangling from a projection in the wall till the close of the service.

The Bishop of St. Asaph has been rendering himself ridiculous and obnoxious by an attempt to bully Mr. Lloyd, the rector of Llanfynnyd, one of the oldest and most respected clergymen in the diocese. It is said that the Bishop so far forgot himself as to try to induce the Dissenters in the parish to give evidence of what he considered illegal practices, as he could not obtain assistance from the Church parishioners. Dr. Hughes only obtained his See through a mistake, and it would be a very good thing if he were to carry out his rumoured intention of resigning.

Mr. Tollemache, the Rector of South Wytham, to whose eccentric proceedings I alluded last week, may, a correspondent suggests, be excused for his folly, as it must be enough to drive a man half way to Bedlam to have his children named as under :—

Lyulph Ydwallo Odin Nestor Lyonel Foedmag Hugh Erchenevyne Saxon Esa Cromwell Orma Nevill Dysart Plantagenet Tollemache-Tollemache.

Mabel Helmingham Ethel Huntingtower Beatrice Blazonberrie Evangeline Vise de Loui de Arellane Plantagenet Toedmag Saxon Tollemache-Tollemache.

Lyonia Decima Veronica Eoyth Undine Cissa Hylda Rowena Ada Phyra Ursula Ysabel Blanche Lelias Dysart Plantagenet Tollemache-Tollemache.

That the Tollemache family are a queer crew is a proposition which nobody is likely to controvert who knows anything of the respective careers of the late Lord Dysart and of his son, Lord Huntingtower. Their reverend relative appears to be worthy of his "forbears."

As I always like to give both sides of a question, I willingly publish the following "facts" referring to the recent action of the Bishop of Lichfield with regard to so-called Confirmation candidates who, though unconfirmed, have been admitted to Holy Communion at Rushall Church, near Walsall, more especially as my correspondent adds that Bishop Maclagan is such a wonderful and thorough cleric, and is doing such excellent work in the worst parts of his diocese in the really broadest and best way, that he does not want him to be misrepresented :—

Mr. Lavinder, a layman of the Church of England, conducts services in a Mission Room in St. Matthew's parish, Walsall, in opposition to the Vicar, and without the sanction of the Bishop. Mr. Lavinder sent some of his congregation to be presented for confirmation by Mr. Littlecot, of Rushall. The Bishop declined to accept them, on the grounds that they were not attending any parish church or any services conducted by a clergyman, but were merely members of a congregation ministered to by a lay schismatic.

Mr. Littlecot acquiesced in the Bishop's refusal given beforehand, and did not present them for confirmation, but, without saying a word to the Bishop, directly or indirectly, he admitted them to Holy Communion on the following Sunday morning as "ready and desirous to bo confirmed," the Bishop having just decided that they were not ready to be confirmed.

A discussion is going on in the *Times* as to the number of converts who come over from Mahometanism and Judaism to Christianity in Syria, Palestine, and Egypt. Mr. F. H. Crozier cites about half-a-dozen cases; but I observe that in every instance the convert has derived temporal benefit from his conversion, for they all occupy well-paid situations. How many converts do the various societies who are labouring in this field claim to have made in the last thirty years? and how much money have they expended during this period? The question is primarily one of figures. Then, when we have the figures, it will be necessary—in order to estimate the value of these conversions—to know how many of the converted Jews and Mahometans are in situations which have been procured for them by the societies, as experience shows that there are always a certain number of persons ready to adopt any faith for the sake of filthy lucre; and it is evident that we shall never be able to convert all the Mahometans and Jews in the world, if we are expected to find a well-paid situation for every convert.

The good people of Barton-in-Fabis, Notts, evidently show their appreciation of a good harvest in a more substantial form than those of Camden Town :—

At a Harvest Thanksgiving service held at Barton-in-Fabis, Notts, on Thursday evening, Sept. 25 (the same day as the service at Camden Town, mentioned in last week's Truth), the collection amounted to £3. 5s. 5d. The population of Barton is under 300, and there is but one resident gentleman's family besides the Rectory. There were only about 120 persons (including children) in church, and yet there were over 100 coins in the plate. This is a remarkable contrast to the collection at Camden Town.

Thomas Jones, of Llanelly, does not seem to have been improved by his connection with the Salvation Army. Previous to his getting into this sort of company he lived happily with his wife, to whom he has been married twenty-two years. But at the meetings—"holiness" meetings, I suppose—of the Salvationists, he met a girl of nineteen, with whom he became more intimate than he ought to have been. This "reformed" sinner admitted he had a wife, but said she was an invalid, and would not live long, and that he was "justified in preparing for the inevitable." Shortly afterwards he and the girl disappeared. The "invalid" wife traced them to their hiding-place, and Thomas Jones now stands remanded on a charge of bigamy. I hope he will get his deserts. Hypocrites ought to have double punishment.

I trust the good people who are troubling themselves so greatly just now about over-pressure in our elementary schools will not forget one very practical way—indeed, perhaps the only practical way—in which they can serve their little clients. The discussions on the matter have abundantly shown that the real evil is not over-pressure, but under-feeding, and the thing to do, therefore, is not to cry out for less education, but to set to work and provide more food. To give free dinners to poor school

children is the most obvious plan, but it is looked upon with disfavour, I know, by many genuine philanthropists. Any one who shares these qualms about the pauperising tendency of free dinners has, however, only to transfer his support to the penny dinners, which are being organised in several parts of London. With a little voluntary help, and a little capital to start with, penny dinners can be made self-supporting, and there ought to be dining centres established in connection with all the schools in the poor parts of London.

The other day two "Sisters" called on me. They said they were anxious to obtain funds for St. Raphael's Hospital at Croydon, which is a home for inebriate women, and they offered for sale, at a price which was by no means excessive, some pretty pictures on china, which had, I understood, been painted by some of the sisters. This hospital, it seems, takes in inebriates, charging those in moderate circumstances an admission fee of two guineas and five guineas per month; and a department for poor working women is shortly to be opened, at which the admission-fee will be one guinea, and the charge eight shillings per week.

This extract of a report which they left with me is interesting:—

It is a great thing for a patient to be perfectly free, although under restraint; that at any time she should be at liberty to go, if she should desire to do so; it involves a constant act on her part to submit to the system which has been adopted for her recovery; difficulties arise very naturally from time to time, but they have been solved by kindness and a little firmness; and therefore no use has hitherto been made of the apparent advantages which the "Habitual Drunkards Act" offers of compulsory detention.

It is felt to be an unwise thing to subject a patient to anything which may approach a legal sentence for wrong doing; the mind of such a person very naturally looks forward to the termination of the period, and is absorbed in anticipating the end of a period of seclusion.

In reference to the cure of drunkenness in women, the generally-received opinion is that they cannot be cured; they have been blamed and driven from society, until no place but the workhouse or prison has been left for them. Beyond all question a great number can be cured, certainly one-half, and very likely three out of every four patients, if the friends of the patients were not so ready to believe that great improvement is the same thing as perfect recovery, and would consent to leave them under treatment for longer periods; but perhaps one-fourth are chronic invalids, requiring the same attention and treatment as patients suffering from some incurable disease.

It is quite impossible to say how long a time will be required to effect a cure; it certainly is not reasonable to expect it under one year: it depends upon the patient.

The number of new students at Guy's, and some of the other large medical schools, shows, I am told, a perceptible falling-off this year. Perhaps this is the result of the very depressing addresses which are delivered to the students at the beginning of the medical session. It is very noble, no doubt, of the gentlemen who are selected to read these discourses to appeal only to the highest motives of their audience, and to enlarge on the theme that a disinterested love of science is its own reward. But, after all, the majority of intending medical students, like other young men, are, I take it, not absolutely without appetite for the loaves and fishes; and the truth is that the average medical man is quite as well off as the average member of any other learned profession. There are a great many poor doctors struggling for a bare livelihood, no doubt, but that is not because doctors, as a class, are underpaid, but because the profession is overstocked. If it be true that the number of medical students is falling-off, that is the best piece of news there has been for the profession for a long time.

The burden of the complaint on the part of the lecturers was, as far as I could make out, that so few of them were given baronetcies, and none of them peerages. Dr. Champneys, at St. George's, for instance, complained that Mr. Cæsar Hawkins should have "died undecorated." This really seems to me very absurd, since to be undecorated is one of the few real distinctions left for merit in these days.

Mr. Merry's election to succeed Mark Pattison as Rector of Lincoln was generally expected and will give general satisfaction. Mr. Merry (rather oddly described by the *Observer* as "an accomplished Latinist, who has edited certain parts of Cicero"), is, of course, best known—as far as scholarship goes—for his excellent editions of the "Odyssey," but he is better known for his geniality and humour. He is, in fact, one of the best-liked men in Oxford, and, having much energy and considerable practical ability, will make a capital head of a college of the modern type. Mark Pattison, the beau-idéal of the scholar pure and simple, was the last of his race.

All I can say to the following is that I am very glad to find that Mr. Warre has made up his mind to profit from the recent criticisms that have been made about Eton:—

Dear Sir,—When Dr. Hornby was appointed to the late Provost's place, there were many of your readers who hoped for the infusion of new blood into the school, and who agreed that "Retrenchment and Reform" should be the motto of the new headmaster; from Mr. Warre they expected neither one nor the other.

Perhaps an account of what he has already done will interest them:—

1. During the second half of the week he goes round to each division in school, in order to acquaint himself with their manner of doing work, and also to see that the teaching is satisfactory.

2. "Eleven o'clock school" now begins punctually at 11.15, as the masters are dismissed from chambers then. It used to begin at about 11.30, and sometimes even later.

3. All mathematical schools last one hour, and the books in which the work is done are kept in school, so that they may be looked over from time to time.

Mr. Warre made the Upper Boys a capital speech, in which he told them that he wished to be at one with them, to work together, and to have the same mind, &c. He also expressed a hope that he would become a friend to every boy, so that when any one knew of anything wrong taking place, he might come to him for advice.

No doubt other reforms will follow by-and-bye, but this is surely a good beginning, and it deserves to be appreciated.—Yours, &c.,

Etonian.

I would direct the attention of the Horse Guards people to the wretched arrangements that exist for the women and children at Woolwich who desire to see their medical officers at the Auxiliary Hospital. The accommodation is so indifferent, and the absence of privacy so great, that every word spoken by the doctors to the women can be heard by the men, and *vice versâ*. Who is responsible for this state of affairs?

An "old soldier" writes to say that the survivors of Havelock's column which saved the Presidency of Lucknow with the loss of 60 officers and 700 men have never received a clasp for this deed of arms. Does not this strangely contrast with the medals and decorations which have been lavished on troops in Egypt for putting to flight a few trembling fellahs?

Welford & Sons, Limited. Warwick Farm Dairies.—Chief Office, Elgin-road, Maida-vale, W. *The Times* of 14th May, 1884, says: "The first and best dairy is that of Messrs. Welford & Sons." *The Lancet* of 21st June, 1884, says: "There is no doubt the contagia of typhoid and scarlet fever are disseminated by impure milk." *The Echo* of May 22nd, 1884, says: "Messrs. Welford do all that is possible to supply their customers with pure milk." Families supplied in all parts of London with absolutely pure milk. Dairy Farm, over 300 acres.

The following refers to my last week's remarks about the Paymaster-General's office :—

Sir,—In your issue of the 2nd instant, in a paragraph relating to the Paymaster-General's office, you state that Lord Wolverton receives a salary of £2,000 a year as Paymaster-General. Lord Wolverton desires me to point out to you that this statement is inaccurate. His lordship does not receive, and never has received, any remuneration for the discharge of the duties of his office. In fact, since 1851–2, no salary has been awarded to the post of Paymaster-General. Up to 1867 the office was associated with that of the Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and, subsequently, with that of the Judge-Advocate General. The salary attached to these offices, respectively, was £2,000 a year. But in no case was any remuneration appropriated to the performance of the duties of Paymaster-General, as such. Lord Wolverton, however, during his tenure of the office, has held no other post; and, as stated above, has received no salary or allowance whatever.—I am, sir, your obedient servant, A. G. Harvey.

Hurstbourne, Highgate, Oct. 3.

A few weeks ago, on the authority of a Transatlantic correspondent, I narrated a story as to how General Benj. F. Butler—who is now the Presidential candidate of the Labour-Greenback party (whatever that may mean) in the United States—when a Congressman, procured the removal of an aged keeper of a Washington crypt that had never existed. This narrative seems to have aroused the War Office officials of St. James's Park, who within the last fortnight have removed a sentry who had been for nearly twenty years pacing day by day in front of a small building there, wherein a military Board of Investigation had once held several meetings.

In Russia the late Emperor Alexander observed a sentinel always marching up and down on a grass-plot. Upon inquiry, he discovered that the Empress Catherine had observed an early daisy on the plot, and had remarked to one of her suite that she hoped that it would not be picked. Ever after a sentinel had kept watch and guard by night and by day over the plot.

The Admiralty yacht *Enchantress* has arrived at Chatham from Portsmouth to convey "my lords" on their annual tour of inspection. They will go from Chatham to Portsmouth, and thence to Devonport and Pembroke.

In a few days the desirable berth of Staff-Commander in the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* will be vacant, as Staff-Commander Tracey is about to be invalided out of the service. It is understood that he will be succeeded either by Staff-Commander Cole, of the *Triumph*, or by Staff-Commander Walker, of the *Hercules*.

The armour-plated ship *Rodney*, just launched, is a vessel of the Admiral type, and will be fitted with every modern improvement. She is to carry ten heavy guns, in addition to an armament of Nordenfelt and Gardner machine-guns. The hull of the *Rodney* has cost nearly half a million!

I hear that the Channel Squadron will leave on its next cruise to-morrow week, under the command of the Duke of Edinburgh, who will vacate his post as soon as the Squadron returns home in January. The programme includes visits to the Azores, the Canary Islands, and Madeira, after which the ships are to return to Gibraltar for orders. The Squadron is not to remain more than two days from a telegraph station, as, in case of Egyptian complications, it would be sent at once to the Mediterranean.

The announcement that the *Black Prince* is to be the new flag-ship of the Channel Squadron has excited the utmost amazement in naval circles, as only a few months ago the vessel was advertised for sale as being useless for service purposes, and, pending the appearance of a purchaser, she was placed among a lot of other hulks in the "rotten row" in the Hamoaze at Plymouth. Either there has been disgraceful blundering, or else she must be quite unfit for the purpose for which she has been selected, and it seems wanton folly to send her on such a cruise at this season.

A correspondent, writing from Winnipeg, says :—

There was plenty of fun among the distinguished party of British scientists who visited the Rocky Mountains in the second week of September. The ladies accompanying them were much delighted with the natives, and bought all sorts of trinkets from the Indians and squaws. Sir Richard Temple, who acted as leader, gave the party an air of geniality and good spirits. But poor Sir Richard, on one occasion, when the party were visiting an Indian camp, was rather imposed upon. Some Indian youngsters, in their play, had erected a scarecrow, which, Sir Richard was informed, was a sacred statue worshipped every morning by the tribe. Pencil and paper were instantly brought out, and Sir Richard, as was his wont, prepared an elaborate sketch of the interesting curiosity. Lord Rosse was successful in creating some amusement by being left behind among the Rockies when the train started to return. In attempting to climb a Rocky Mountain with a companion, he had under-estimated the distance, or over-estimated his climbing powers, and failed to appear at the trysting-place at the appointed hour. A tramp of sixteen miles, however, brought him, shortly before midnight, weary and footsore, to the rest of the party, who had fortunately stopped for the night. At Winnipeg, on the return journey, Sir Richard Temple was publicly thanked and cheered for the manner in which he had conducted the excursion.

What has become of Madame Blavatsky? I saw her arrival in England announced some months ago, and, indeed, she appeared at some soirée. Since then, however, she has not come prominently forward. Of course, proof is hardly necessary that any one whose stock-in-trade is the "astral" body of a Thibetan is either a lunatic or a fraud. It would seem, however, according to the Madras *Christian College Magazine*, that a Monsieur and Madame Coulomb, who were her confederates in India, have published letters from her, which show that the "astral" Thibetan was an arrangement in bladders and muslin with a mask, and that her "shrine" at Madras was a conjurer's cabinet.

I have received the following letter from Mr. Stuart Cumberland with reference to Messrs. Chander (or Chandor, as I believe his real name is) and Capper :—

"Thought-reading without contact is so much pretentious humbug, and I regret to see that Mr. Capper is spoiling an otherwise interesting set of experiments by dabbling in the art of deception. There is nothing to be gained by investing one's natural experiments with an element of mysticism, which Mr. Capper, if correctly reported, is endeavouring to do.

Thought-reading without contact simply amounts to this. The operator blindfolds himself in such a manner that he can very readily see underneath his handkerchief. His subject, having thought of an object, places his hand between the palms of the operator, without, of course, touching them. This done, the operator impresses upon his victim the necessity for intense concentration of thought upon the article selected. If the subject be nervous and impressionable, success is certain, for he will, consciously or unconsciously, incline in the direction of the article, and the diviner will very naturally follow his lead. All this time the operator can, of course, see the direction in which the person's hand points and moves.

This is not thought-reading: it is a trick calculated to deceive the unwary. Let both medium and subject be properly blindfolded, and thought-reading without contact would be impossible.

Mr. Capper and his friend have, I presume, gone in for the mystical as a sort of set-off against the non-mystical experiments which I gave in Paris last April and May. If imitation be the sincerest form of flattery, then am I to be congratulated, for the

Sanitary Inspection.—Fee, 2 Guineas. Improvement works undertaken. The Sanitary Engineering Co., 115, Victoria-st., Westminster.

above-mentioned gentlemen have copied the method which I, when in Paris, adopted, with commendable exactness:—

1. I gave a private representation at the *Figaro* office. Capper does likewise.
2. I held a reception at the Hôtel Continental. Capper holds a reception there.
3. I find a pin in the Jardin du Tuileries. There also does Capper find his hidden *épingle*.

I, moreover, see they have appropriated, among other things, my "crime-test" without acknowledgment,—an experiment which I originated some months ago. I cannot help the unscrupulous and the poverty-stricken in thought from purloining my ideas, nor can I expect them to acknowledge the source of their inspiration, but I do most warmly protest against the experiments being exhibited under conditions which savour of supernatural bosh. I trust Mr. Capper (all of whose legitimate efforts I heartily wish success) will, for one, see the justice of this.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, Stuart C. Cumberland.

Bristol.

The daily newspapers seem to be very easily hoaxed. The romance which several of them copied at full length from a Cornish paper about the murder of a mine captain near St. Just in 1834 is manifestly taken from a tale which recently appeared in one of the New York journals, according to which an aged lady had confessed on her death-bed that many years before she had detected her husband in the act of burying in their garden the body of a rich pedlar, whom he had robbed and murdered. Nobody about Penzance has any recollection of a missing mine captain, and the narrative is evidently pure fiction.

I am credibly informed that the ancients of Staple Inn, fired by the example of their late enterprising neighbours of Serjeants' Inn, have recently completed the sale of their Inn to Messrs. Trollope, the well-known builders, for a sum of £80,000. If so, each member of the Inn must have received a very comfortable sum, as their total number does not exceed twenty; besides which, the wine and the plate will, I presume, be also divided between them.

One of the Judges, it appears, on the South Wales circuit lately expressed his dissatisfaction with the accommodation provided for their lordships at the Angel, at Cardiff. The Cardiff Town Council have consequently been discussing the propriety of putting a private house at the service of the Judges at the next Assizes, one member pointing out that if their lordships were not satisfied with their treatment, Cardiff might lose the Assizes. Her Majesty's Judges are really very lucky men. They not only, when travelling on business, have free quarters, but they can coerce their hosts by the threat of withdrawing their august presence. I am glad to see Cardiff has resolved that for the present the Judges must be content to take their ease at their inn. It is a little too much to suppose that circuit arrangements will be shaped in accordance with the hotel accommodation at the different towns.

It is hardly probable that Miss Janette Corlette was suffering under illusion when she fancied that Mr. William Parker was paying her somewhat pronounced attentions in a railway carriage, but why was she asked, in order to prove that this was so, if she smoked cigarettes? Whether it be desirable that a woman should smoke or not may be a matter of opinion, but surely the evidence of a lady is not to be rejected or called in question on the ground that she indulges in a cigarette. The magistrates considered that the case against Mr. Parker was fully proved, and evinced their sense of the serious nature of the crime by fining the prisoner £10. Yet I think I know of a somewhat similar case in which a man was not only *sentenced* to imprisonment, but in which the punishment has been extended to the "full length of his natural life" by "Christian people."

At length the sense of public decency is aroused to the scandal of the hawking of quasi-obscene literature in the streets of the metropolis. The subject is a difficult one to deal with by enactment, but probably, if London magistrates were to stretch the law a little in order to abate the nuisance, no fault would be found with them.

The cock seems to have occupied an unfortunate place lately in the attention of those who get a pleasure out of the suffering of animals. Two women were charged at Burslem the other day with doctoring a bird belonging to one of them with cayenne pepper, and then setting it on to a neighbour's bird. After a ten minutes' fight the neighbour's bird was killed—the cayenne pepper, at any rate, contributing to its death. The women were each fined 20s. Seeing that their offence included not merely cock-fighting, but aggravated cruelty to both birds, and wanton destruction of a neighbour's property, it seems a pity the magistrate contented himself with this mitigated penalty. The invention of novel and ingenious forms of animal torture stands at present very much in need of a peremptory check.

If entire neighbourhoods are to be aroused because those who have ordered the sweeps will not get up to let them in, until they have half battered down the front-door, at least the touting of sweeps for orders ought to be put down. No one has his chimneys swept on the spur of the moment, and I am inclined to think that any one who is called upon to get up because the sweeps ring his bell at an early hour on the chance of a job, might indict them as a nuisance.

The roadway on the Victoria Embankment has just been under repair again. I wonder how many London rate-payers have any idea of the amount of money that is spent on this road annually. Every year the carriage-way is picked up from end to end, new metalling and gravel are laid down by the ton, and several steam-rollers and a small army of "navvies" are at work for several weeks. Good roads are among the chief blessings of civilisation; but, considering the amount of wear taken out of it, I am very much mistaken if a good road could not be maintained on the Embankment for less than half the money which some lucky contractor is now receiving for that purpose.

When a Board wants work done, and puts it up to public tender, the public are under the impression that all is fair and square. This is sometimes not quite so. Let us suppose that A and B tender, and that A has friends on the Board, but that B has not. A's tender is the lowest, because he knows that extras and alterations will be allowed, and that the quality of his work will not be looked into too closely. Had, however, the contract been

Army and Navy Hotel, Victoria-st., S.W., is probably now the best Hotel in London. Table d'hôte 6 to 8. Cookery excellent.

"Liberty" Arabian Furniture and Decoration. A new Sketch-book post-free. Liberty & Co., Chesham House. Regent-street, W.

given to B, he would have been held hard and fast to the specifications, and the excellence of his work would have been rigidly enforced. Far, far, however, be it from me to say that such things happen with regard to work done for the Metropolitan Board.

That the report on the Central Fish Market, which insists that the market has been a failure, was received with cheers by the City Corporation, sufficiently proves that everything has been done to make it a failure, in order that the Billingsgate monopolists, and those who have bought property near that market, may not suffer loss by competition. The failure, in fact, is not in the market, but in the management. The Corporation, however, need not lay the flattering unction to their souls that the public will allow it to play into the hands of the Billingsgate Ring in this fashion. All that consumers see in the "failure" is one more proof that the food supplies of the metropolis must not be in the hands of those who, instead of seeking to cheapen them, maintain them at an artificial price. The Central Market and the outcry against the City have already reduced the price of fish by about 25 per cent., and, probably, had the market been under proper management, this reduction would have amounted to 50 per cent.

The speech of Mr. Coope, M.P., at the half-yearly meeting of the East London Waterworks Company is scarcely of an encouraging nature as regards our water supply. He acknowledged that the Company had exhausted, during the past half-year, the River Lea, and that they had been obliged to draw a supply from the Thames. Moreover, the third source of supply—that from the springs in the chalk—had been proved to be by no means inexhaustible, for the level of water in the chalk springs became annually depressed about a foot. Of course, no one denies that the water supply from the Thames is taxed to its utmost capacity, and it is, therefore, perfectly evident that before very long a fresh source of water must be found somewhere or other, or we shall be confronted in a dry summer with the disastrous results of a water famine. Another obvious fact is, that unless the perpetual drain upon the Thames is relieved, we shall have no water left in that river at all. When the chairman of a Water Company gives us these warnings, it is certainly time to take strong measures.

Vestries and district boards are doing well in not losing sight of the "gates and bars" nuisance, and I hope they will lose no time in again memorialising the Metropolitan Board on the subject. The Board ought long before this to have introduced a Bill into Parliament for the abolition of all such restrictions to the public traffic; and if there is any talk of compensation in the matter, it is very clear out of whose pockets the money ought to come. The landlords, when appealed to, say that to remove the bars would be to wrong their tenants. If so, nothing would be simpler than to compensate the latter by reducing their rent; and the landlords ought to be only too grateful for having been allowed to pocket for so long whatever unearned increment may have come from obstructing the public traffic.

To all who Shoot or Travel.—Visit Ulster House, Conduit-street, and see B. Benjamin & Son's Specialties. Pamphlet on application.

To judge from the following advertisement, the Ludlow Guardians cannot be charged with wasting the money of the ratepayers. Twenty-five pounds per annum can hardly be called an expensive stipend for a man who is to be Porter, Assistant Relieving Officer, and Superintendent of Vagrants, and who, in his odd moments, is to cut out, make, and repair the clothes of the men and the boys in the Union :—

Ludlow Union.—Porter Wanted.—Wanted a porter for the above-named union workhouse. The person appointed will also be required to perform the duties of assistant relieving officer and superintendent of vagrants, and to make himself generally useful. The salary will be £20 per annum, with board, lodging, and washing. Preference will be given to a tailor, capable of cutting out, making and repairing men's and boys' clothing, for which duties a further sum of £5 per annum will be allowed. Application in candidate's own handwriting, stating age, past and present employment, accompanied with testimonials of recent date, must be sent to me on or before Friday, the 3rd day of October, next.—By order, William J. Holyoake, Clerk to the Guardians, Union Offices, Ludlow, Sept. 24, 1884.

An agitation of a somewhat curious character is at present dividing the town of Preston against itself. The working men of the town have, it appears, a great fondness for gardening, and a considerable number of them have erected small greenhouses in their back yards. But the Town Council of Preston, considering that these greenhouses encroach upon the air space required for each dwelling-house, has ordered the removal of the obnoxious structures. The working men have determined to resist this edict, and are raising a fund in order to contest the question in a court of law, being of opinion that the greenhouses "tend to raise and strengthen home ties, and to purify and brighten the neighbourhoods in which they are placed." I do not profess to know very much of the sanitary condition of Preston, but I cannot help thinking that there must be a good many erections more worthy of removal or demolition than workmen's greenhouses.

At the meeting of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution last week the thanks of the Institution, inscribed on vellum, and the sum of £1. 10s., were voted to Mr. Thomas Clarke, for saving three persons whose boat had sunk in Megavissey Bay. "Twa pun' is twa pun'," as one of the characters in Mr. Gilbert's "Engaged" remarks; and in like manner thirty shillings are undoubtedly thirty shillings. I am disposed to think, however, that, if the Lifeboat Institution cannot afford to remunerate those who save people from drowning at a more liberal rate than ten shillings per life rescued, it would do better to be content with presenting vellum addresses, and leave to others the task of raising pecuniary rewards.

Concerning hotel charges, a correspondent writes me as follows :—

Dear Truth.—Your correspondent who complained of the charge for tea and bread-and-butter at the Imperial Hotel, Great Malvern, would have had more reason on his side if he had been making a similar complaint against some of the riverside and roadside inns. A week or two ago I was walking with a friend near Dorking. We went into the Burford Bridge Hotel, the inn at the bottom of Box Hill, and had some bread, cheese, and butter, and two half-pints of beer. The charge for this was 3s. 9d. I admit the justice of your remarks about hotels, but is it not a monstrous thing that bread and cheese for two at a country public-house should be reckoned as "Two luncheons—3s."? Yet this is by no means an uncommon experience—especially on the river.

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Goole's Depôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

Dr. Schweninger, of Munich, has discovered a new mode of reducing the bulk of the human frame. It is, never to eat and drink at the same time, but to let two hours intervene. He has, it is said, cured Prince Bismarck of a tendency to obesity in this way.

Fat people have now their choice between four systems. 1. The original Banting, which consists of eating nothing containing starch, sugar, or fat. 2. The German Banting, which allows fat, but forbids sugar or starch. 3. A Munich system, which consists of being clothed in wool, and sleeping in flannel blankets instead of sheets. 4. Not eating and drinking at the same time.

In Huxley's "Elements of Physiology," he divides foods into proteids, which are composed of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, and which consist of gluten, albumen, blood serum, fibrin, synotonin, casein, gelatin, and chondrin; fats, which are composed of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, and consist of all fatty matters and oils; amyloids, which are composed of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, and consist of starch, dextrine, sugar, and gum; and minerals, which consist of water and sundry alkalis, earths, and metals.

If, he says, proteid matter be not supplied, the body wastes away, owing to absence of nitrogen; but if it be supplied, there can be no absolute necessity for any other but the mineral food-stuffs. Proteid matter alone is, however, a disadvantageous and uneconomical food, because a healthy man needs one-thirteenth as much nitrogen as carbon, and by eating the amount of food, in the form of proteids, to obtain the requisite carbon, he would introduce into his system four times as much nitrogen as would be wanted. A proteid diet, consequently, involves eating heavily.

Huxley gives the following table of what a full-grown man should weigh, and how this weight should be divided :—

Weight 154 lb. Made up thus:—Muscles and their appurtenances, 68 lb.; skeleton, 24 lb.; skin, 10½ lb.; fat, 28 lb.; brain, 3 lb.; thoracic viscera, 3½ lb.; abdominal viscera, 11 lb.; blood which would drain from body, 7 lb.

This man ought to consume per diem :—Lean beefsteak, 5,000 grs.; bread, 6,000 grs.; milk, 7,000 grs.; potatoes, 3,000 grs.; butter, 600 grs.; and water, 22,900 grs. His heart should beat 75 times a minute, and he should breathe 15 times a minute. In 24 hours he would vitiate 1,750 cubic feet of pure air to the extent of 1 per cent.: a man, therefore, of the weight mentioned ought to have 800 cubic feet of well-ventilated space. He would throw off by the skin 18 oz. of water, 300 grs. of solid matter, and 400 grs. of carbonic acid every 24 hours, and his total loss during the 24 hours would be 6 lb. of water, and a little above 2 lb. of other matter.

In the state of Louisiana, excellent rum is now made from sweet potatoes. It requires seven barrels of prime potatoes to make one barrel of rum.

The following modest statement of a profession appears on the walls of a Montreal hotel :—

W. Hill, Tonsorial Artist, Physioznomical Hair Dresser, Facial Operator, Cranium Manipulator, and Capillary Abridzer. Hair Cutting and Shaving with Ambidexterous Facility.

I have a mania for pens which require no dipping in ink, and I think that I have given a fair trial to every kind which is to be obtained in London. None of them has come up to my expectations; they clog, and they are so carelessly put together that my fingers after using them are like those of a blackamoor. A month or two ago I made this observation, and a fortnight ago I received a pen by post from New York. The maker said that he had read my complaint, and begged to make me a present of a pen of his invention. It is called "Waterman's Ideal Pen," and so far, although I have used nothing but it for the last fortnight, I have no fault to find with it. I would therefore suggest to Mr. Waterman that he should supply the English market with his pens.

A mild type of English cholera appears at present to be prevalent round our South Coast. The following is a very simple prescription which has been found most efficacious, the family in which it was used suffering much less than their neighbours. As it deals with pennyworths, it might with advantage be recommended to those in charge of poor neighbourhoods. Take one pennyworth of laudanum, and the same of spirits of camphor, of red lavender, and of æther. Mix all these ingredients in a small wineglassful of the best French brandy. Pour the mixture into a medicine bottle; keep it well corked. Administer one teaspoonful in a little cold water every three or four hours until the symptoms cease.

Anent cholera, a medical man writes thus from the Mauritius :—

Sir,—Everything relating to cholera, except trash, may be interesting at the present juncture.

I do not avow being a quack, although I have not the honour to belong to the medical profession; but this is what I have really seen, although with the profane eyes of a common mortal—viz.: In the dire visitation here in 1854, laudanum was used largely; another remedy was diluted sulphuric acid. In order to administer less of each, I tried both simultaneously—the acid by the mouth, and the laudanum in the form of enema. This answered better, but was only thought of at the end of the epidemic, and, therefore, only tried in a few cases. Iron and bark were found useful in the preliminary diarrhœa.

Now, in the fever which has become endemic here since 1867, diarrhœa sometimes supervenes in a very severe form; and, although I cannot explain its action, sulphate of quinine (say three or four grains in a tumbler of cold water, with bi-carbonate of soda and nitre in it), have stopped the diarrhœa like a charm. I tried it on myself in the course of a very bad fit of fever this very year. The fever we have here has well-marked stages of cold and heat, as in cholera; but the great thing is first to clear the stomach and intestines, if foul, as may be shown by the tongue.

I must remain unknown, or expose myself to no end of bother, till some good result may come of it, and sign myself,

An Admiring Reader.

I have received the following letter from the proprietors of the Grosvenor Gallery. I have also had several letters from subscribers, confirming the remarks made by "Ina." The sooner these unfortunate people know that their library no longer exists, and that they are only allowed books because the present proprietor considers "it a good and liberal policy to credit them with the money they have paid," the better. It is a pity that a public announcement to that effect had not previously been made, as the subscribers might then have taken steps to get, at least, a portion of their subscriptions returned to them under the bankruptcy, and not have subjected themselves to such treatment at the hands of the librarian as that detailed by

Screens, with tea-cup shelf on each fold, from 21s. A large variety of screens in Japanese leather paper, needlework, stained glass, and hand-painted in all sizes and styles.—C. Hindley & Sons, 290 to 294, Oxford-street, London.

"Ina," which the librarian himself informs me is correctly described. I can understand its being good policy to retain the old connection by giving a few months' subscriptions free; but I certainly cannot understand the wisdom of allowing an employé to behave as the librarian behaved to "Ina." Do I understand, too, that the shareholders received 10s. in the pound? I had been under the impression that they had received nothing. If they did get this 10s., or if there were any assets to divide, surely the first charge on them would be the proportional amount of the subscriptions for the terms not run out.

Dear Truth,—Will you permit us to answer "Ina," your correspondent who appeals through your last issue for information respecting the Grosvenor Gallery Library?

The Company which conducted business under that name was made bankrupt last spring. In June it sold its business and stock-in-trade, and having paid something like 10s. in the pound, became extinct.

The present proprietors made the purchase, but did not accept any of the liabilities of the defunct Company; nevertheless, they considered it good and liberal policy to credit its subscribers with their current subscriptions, and this policy still continues.

"Ina," who has subscribed nothing to the present firm, does not seem to perceive that her subscription to the bankrupt Company gives her no claim on the present proprietors, but, on the contrary, that she has accepted a favour at their hands.

She complains in her letter that the librarian demurred to the purchase of an extra copy of a certain work by Ohnet, a French author, there being already several copies of the same work in circulation.

We hope that you will agree with us that the librarian should have a discretionary power in such matters, otherwise our firm would soon follow the old Company into the Bankruptcy Court.

We are sorry that "Ina" should have been aggrieved, as we are very desirous to be agreeable to our lady subscribers, and intend to offer them the exclusive use of a reading-room and dining-room as soon as our new premises are complete.—We are, dear Truth, yours faithfully,

The Proprietors, Grosvenor Gallery Library.

The members of the Junior Carlton will hardly be pleased at Lord Malmesbury's publication of the reasons why their late revered leader thought such a club desirable. Writing in 1863, he says: "The Carlton rarely admits professional persons, the Conservative only an insufficient number. Tayler impresses on me the absolute necessity of a Junior Conservative, which shall be a central point for those county attorneys and land agents, &c., who are winning and who are to win our elections."

Last May a Bill was passed in Austria limiting the number of workmen's hours in a mine to ten, and forbidding the employment of women in mines to the daytime, and of children entirely. A Bill regulating the position of factory hands is now being passed. The working day for men is not to exceed eleven hours, neither women nor children are to work by night, children under fourteen are not to be employed in regular work, and between fourteen and sixteen only in such work as cannot be injurious to their health.

The weavers of Inverness have worked a beautiful Highland plaid for Mr. Gladstone, as a memorial of his recent "progress" through Scotland. It was forwarded to Hawarden last week, with the following lines:—

This plaid will keep you warm, Willie;
You 'll catch no colds nor chills
By wearing this memento
From the weavers of Holm Mills.

During the last month *Vanity Fair* has several times accused Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Childers of gross malversation of public moneys, and "The Chiel" told a circumstantial story of how Mr. Gladstone had been paid £1,000 by a Treasury Warrant, to which money he was not legally or morally entitled. Last week this scandalous charge was withdrawn, as "The Chiel" had tardily taken the trouble to investigate the circumstances, and had, of course, found that there was not a shadow of foundation for his foul and libellous statements. I would like to know, however, why he did not make the inquiry before bringing so disgraceful a charge against the Prime Minister of England? In those days of Toryism for which *Vanity Fair* is always moaning, the editor's "mistakes" in this matter would have been punished by imprisonment, a smart fine, and a turn in the pillory; but Radicals are more merciful, and the conductor of *Vanity Fair* received no more notice from the aggrieved Ministers than if he had been an ant, a blackbeetle, or a blue-bottle fly.

Mr. Seale-Hayne intends to make a vigorous attempt to wrest one of the East Devon seats from the Tories at the earliest opportunity, so that those high-and-dry Conservatives of the old school, Colonel Walrond and Sir John Kennaway, are not likely to have as easy a task at the next election as they had at the last.

A split has taken place among the Tories of St. Andrew's, which will not improve the prospects of Mr. Mallock's candidature for that group of burghs. A prominent member of the party was objected to by another Tory; and, when the case came before the Sheriffs' Registration Court, a third Tory appeared to give evidence in support of the objection, and the name was removed from the roll. The episode, however, matters the less, inasmuch as if Mr. Mallock polled not only every Tory but also every "doubtful" and "Moderate Liberal" voter, he would still have a good two-thirds of the constituency against him.

When the Pope, at the instigation of Mr. Errington, denounced "Parnell and his hangers-on" (*asseclæ suæ*), I ventured, in these columns, to predict that we should see his Holiness a Parnellite yet. The prophecy has come true. The Irish Bishops have unanimously invited "Parnell and his gang"—now more ceremoniously spoken of as "The Irish Parliamentary party"—to take charge of the Catholic Education question. Simultaneously Dr. Kenny, the pet doctor of the "gang," has been appointed Visiting Physician to Maynooth.

There have always been two parties in the Catholic Church—the aristocratic and the democratic. The democratic party have—at least, so far as Ireland is concerned—at length carried the day The lower clergy in Ireland have been Parnellites all along. The Pope and the Bishops have now made up their minds to wheel into line with the parish priests and the curates. Henceforth the Catholic Church in Ireland goes solid for the people.

In the Nationalist press there is much joy over this right-about-face of the Pope and his Prelates, and English editors are busy inventing many ingenious and

Minton's (Limited). — Minton's China. A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century and a half.

pleasant theories to account for the conversion. For my part, I venture to think that the explanation is very simple. It was, in truth, a case of "Hobson's choice" with his Holiness. Since the Irish will not now elect the Pope's M.P.'s, the Pope is compelled to solicit the services of the M.P.'s whom the Irish will elect. The Erringtons and the Meldons being no longer "in it," the Pope naturally puts his money upon Mr. Parnell.

The truth is that up to lately the so-called Liberals in the House of Commons have played into the hands of the Lords, and have used them as a ground for declining to act on Radical lines. The outburst of popular feeling against the Lords is the result of Radical ascendency in the Liberal camp. The Whigs must choose; they can no longer sit on the fence with a leg in both fields, nor can they play the part of heaven-sent shepherds of the Liberal fold. They must either become Radical sheep, or go over to the Conservatives.

I fail to perceive any great point in Lord Hartington's proposed "compromise." As I understand it, it is this:—If the Lords will promise to pass the Franchise Bill, they shall be told what the Redistribution Bill is to contain; but should they not regard the Bill as a fair one, they are not to be called upon to fulfil their promise. If, however, Lord Salisbury does consider the contemplated Redistribution Bill a fair one, it is clear that Radicals would not take that view of it. They would, consequently, be justified in opposing it tooth and nail, for in this they would only be defending their political principles, which are precisely the reverse of those of the Tory leaders. Radical members are ready to make great sacrifices of their views in order to stand by Mr. Gladstone; but I question whether either they or their constituents will approve of Mr. Gladstone buying off the opposition of the Tory Lords by bringing in a Redistribution Bill which must satisfy them. Moreover, why should the Liberals trust the Tories, any more than the Tories are willing to trust the Liberals? Why should we have such abundant belief in the good faith of our political opponents, that we are to leave it to their honesty to decide whether a Redistribution Bill is a fair one or not, and to hang on this the fate of the Franchise Bill?

No, no. The Tories must be brought to understand that the majority of the House of Commons is the ruling power in the State, and that they cannot successfully appeal to their permanent hereditary majority in the Lords against this power. There must be no surrender; no compromise of this fundamental article of the Liberal faith. Counting heads may be a rude way of arriving at a practical conclusion, but it is the only way which is consistent with Parliamentary Government. Whenever the Liberals are in power, the Tories always prate about the "rights" of minorities. When the Tories are in power, these "rights" are in abeyance. Were these rights recognised when Lord Beaconsfield held office with a Parliamentary majority at his back? The only right which the minority then possessed—and, indeed, which a minority ought to possess—was to convert itself into a majority; and it was by using this invaluable right that a Liberal Government replaced a Tory Government.

If an Upper House be deemed necessary, it might be formed in this way: every one who has been three times returned a member of the Lower House, and who is above sixty years of age, might become, if he chooses, *de facto* a life member of the Upper House, but, having once done so, he would become a passive citizen, that is to say, he could be appointed to no place of power or emolument. To these might be added Field-Marshals, Admirals, the heads of different religious sects, such as the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Chief Rabbi, and two representatives from the Chambers of Commerce. This Upper Chamber might only alter, amend, or reject Bills by a two-thirds majority, and if a Bill were sent up a second time, by a three-quarters majority. The absurdity and expense of private Bills having to pass a Committee of each House might be avoided by their being submitted to a Joint Committee of both Houses. We should thus have an elected Upper House, composed of independent and experienced men, without partisan ambition, and which would only, on the rarest occasions, interfere with the House of Commons, but which would be able to do so should any particular House of Commons attempt to legislate in clear opposition to the wishes of the nation, whilst the views expressed in debate by these independent ancients would have great effect upon the formation of public opinion.

Mr. Macfarlane is the beau-idéal of a canny Scot. He at present sits for an Irish constituency, but he has announced that he will not seek re-election in Ireland, and has come forward as a Scotch tenant-right leader. Last week he published a remarkably sensible letter in the *Times* upon Egyptian affairs. We cannot, says this intelligent North Briton, "continue to govern Egypt if we are bound to submit to checks, rebukes, and insults from the other Great Powers when we govern it according to our lights. If we are not permitted to have our way, we will leave the country. We cannot, however, defy the greater part of Europe, and we are not bound to act as their tax-collectors;" therefore, he holds that, on the whole, the game is not worth the candle, and that it would be our best policy to withdraw, leaving a few ironclads at Port Said to protect the Canal, and proclaiming that we will not permit occupation by any other country.

This is sound advice. Had it been followed a few years ago, we should have been saved great expense, considerable trouble, and much lamentation, whilst the Egyptians would have shaken down under the form of government best pleasing to them. We went there, be it remembered, solely in order to secure our communications with India through the Canal. These interests would be protected by a few ironclads at Port Said, and by maintaining the hold we already have at Aden and Perim. We have absolutely no interests to serve by ruling at Alexandria, Cairo, and Khartoum, whilst the Egyptians themselves—with the one exception of our Khedive—greatly prefer to manage their internal affairs without our interference. The only persons who benefit—or who think that they benefit—by this interference are the bondholders, those who are anxious to get concessions, and those Europeans

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who obtain huge salaries from the Khedive. These people are financially powerful, and they hope, by appealing to our aggressive instincts, and by threatening us in every matter of detail, to oblige us to accept financial responsibilities by which they would derive advantage. It is really full time that we should cease to be the catspaws of a syndicate of cosmopolitan money-grubbers and usurers.

We are finding to our cost, in Southern Africa, what it is to assume responsibilities. We have had a Boer and a Zulu war, both of which were forced on by the action of our colonists in that part of the world, and in both of which we had to avow that we were in the wrong. Now we are asked to engage in a third war to prevent the Boers from annexing Bechuanaland. Can any one explain in what way we derive an advantage from Bechuanaland not belonging to the Boers? If the inhabitants of Cape Colony and Natal object to it, they have the remedy in their own hands. Let them—as I suppose they could—hinder it. This, however, does not enter into their heads. They naturally think it better that we should draw the chestnuts out of the fire for them, and spend with them a good deal of money in so doing.

It cannot be too often repeated that every one of our colonies ought to be able to hold its own in local squabbles; if it cannot, the sooner that it goes to the wall the better. This is the application to politics of Nature's law of the survival of the fittest. Instead of wasting our money in a number of trumpery, aimless wars, which only seem to procreate further wars, we should divert our resources to maintaining the command of the sea by means of a powerful Navy, fortified harbours, and coaling-stations wherever they are needed. On this depends the security of our Empire, and, indeed, of our own coasts. For this we are ready to be taxed, but we object to our resources being squandered for the benefit of Bechuanas, Egyptian Khedives, and other such persons, who must look after themselves.

I fail entirely to understand why General Gordon is not informed that he cannot be allowed to roam about the Soudan chastising the inhabitants whom Mr. Gladstone has recognised as "brave men fighting for their independence in their ancestral homes," and shelling towns. It may be his sincere opinion that this is the way to secure peace, order, and prosperity, but it is not that of the Liberal Cabinet, and Lord Wolesley ought to employ his resources in protecting the Soudanese against this Joshua. The latest news of the siege of Khartoum is that its defender has been shelling Berber.

If Colonel Stewart's death is confirmed, the loss of this excellent officer is deplorable. When, however, the *Times* uses it as an argument for our punishing the Soudanese, I think that it goes beyond the mark. If a man engages, against the inhabitants of a country, in warlike operations which take the form of slaying them and shelling their towns, he must accept the consequences.

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SCRUTATOR.

A HINT TO CHURCH CONGRESSES.

Church Congresses no doubt handle a good many edifying subjects, but they have a habit of avoiding ingeniously what appear to the laity some of the worst blots in our ecclesiastical administration. Who, for instance, ever heard a Church Congress denounce the prevalent and scandalous evil of allowing totally inefficient and notoriously unfit men to occupy valuable livings, to the distress and damage of large and populous parishes? It would be invidious—perhaps libellous—to mention names, but I know of one parish where the clergyman is so unpopular that he is hardly on speaking terms with any of his parishioners; and I need not say his church is empty—yet there is no way of getting rid of him.

I know another village where the Incumbent is habitually smoking and drinking in his own kitchen, but, as he manages to avoid an open scandal, no legal measures can be taken. Then a clergyman is High Church in a place where every one else is Low; another is Low Church where every one else is High; another is notoriously in debt and insolvent, and another old and incapable. In none of the above cases will they resign, because of the loaves and fishes; in none of the above cases is there any machinery in the English Church which can be used to shift them or turn them out. I should like to know whether there is any other Church in Christendom where the administration is so hopelessly inadequate, where the people are so little protected, and where public funds or private funds for public purposes are so shamefully and irremediably misappropriated? The Catholic Church selects, trains, places, and shifts her clergymen, until she not only gets the right men, but gets them put into the right places. The Dissenting communities—as we know if we have been to see "Saints and Sinners"—have a very summary way of dealing with unfit pastors. Even if they are too dull, they have to go, and any suspicion of other unfitness or incompetence is enough to displace them. What is the consequence? The Dissenting chapels are full, whilst in the country, at least, parish churches are proverbially empty; and I could mention a few London churches where there is room and to spare.

The church livings too often are either given to "younger sons" or to men who can afford to bribe or to buy, or whose position may be useful politically. Pocket or place is in one way or another at the bottom of a good deal of our Church patronage. The "cure of souls" by physicians who require healing themselves, the occupation of "livings" by those who only seek to live by them, the "round men in the square holes," the "wolves in sheep's clothing," and the various kinds of "cads in cassocks," such are some texts which I should like to hear faithfully and fruitfully handled at the next Church Congress. But I never shall. Your Church Congresses will go on prosing over infidelity, the corruption of the masses, the indifference of the artisan; but who ever heard a word uttered about the incompetence of the clergy or the faultiness of the administration? And, naturally, because the incompetent clergy are largely represented in the audience, whilst their patrons—"pillars of the Church," as they

are called—are to be found in force upon the platform. Until the scandal of the cure of souls being regarded as a freehold is removed, the abuses which are so rife in the Church of England are not likely to be abated.

THE SAINTS OF THE SLUMS.

The "Salvationist paragraph" has now become rather a monotonous item in our daily papers. A row in the street, a committal, a fine, a few remarks "on both sides" from the magistrate, and *da capo*. The proceedings were, indeed, slightly varied last week in Bond-street. A "gentleman," incensed at the braying of a Salvation cornet-à-piston, rushed at the player and smote him with a cane. Strange to say, a policeman was on the spot. Stranger still, he pursued the assaulter; more strange still, he caught him on the top of an omnibus, and more strange still, the supposed offender came into court and proved an *alibi;* but, strangest of all, the policeman turned out to be himself a Salvationist! Under all the circumstances, the magistrate dismissed the summons, which was, perhaps, the least strange incident in this amusing but scarcely Divine Comedy.

I have no great belief in the Salvationists, still less have I any sympathy with the "Skeletons." I go so far as to say that people must do good, or try to do it, in their own way—even to the extent of blowing their own horns in an exasperating manner. Still, there is something to be said for the man with the cane. His impulse was perhaps quite as uncontrollable as that of the "righteous" drummer or the "elect" cornet, and he certainly represents a section of public opinion which is quite real, though too law-abiding or timid to embody itself in canes or brickbats.

The Salvationist may or may not be in earnest, but he is certainly a nuisance. That is no reason why he should be caned or assaulted, but it is a very good reason why he should be regulated. Any *bonâ-fide* popular movement in England is sure to be tolerated within bounds, and no one who knows anything of the degradation of the masses—their slavery to drink, the limited range and gross character of their amusements—can fail to sympathise with any movement, though of a noisy and processional character, which attempts to combat drink, excite interest, and practically amuse a vast number of people.

But *sunt denique fines*, and those just limits have been and are daily being passed by the Salvationists. When hospitals are disturbed, church services rendered inaudible, house property damaged, and peaceful neighbourhoods inhabited by the "ninety and nine just persons" rendered intolerable by the uproarious pursuit of one "sinner," why then—cane or no cane—"the ninety and nine" deserve at least a hearing.

Why is a fellow, however good, with a horn, or a monster, however pious, with a drum, to be a law unto himself above any organ grinder or German band? All other kinds of noisy street music have to "move on" at the request of the householder or the policeman. Why does the mere addition of a yelling mob have power to suspend so wholesome a regulation? It may be replied that the Salvationists are always "moving on," and that nothing short of an attack along the whole line would be of any use. But there is no question now of stopping these processions, or even of confining their diversions within four walls, although that has been suggested. My question is simply why a street musician, merely because he attracts a noisy crowd, should be allowed to play and prance about the streets more than the grinder whose sole companion is the silent and blameless ape, or the partner of his domestic joys, arrayed in a dirty Neapolitan costume.

As to marching, let the army go where it is wanted. Let it scour the back streets, and "march past" all the low publics and gin palaces, again and again; but to bray and bang up and down streets and through squares, where the people, even though wicked, will be merely annoyed, and are sure not to be converted, is, I venture to think, a growing practice which should be checked.

Now, "the ninety and nine just persons," alias "respectable householders," are not an *irritabile genus*. They do not, as a rule, sally forth with canes. They probably think better, on the whole, of the Salvationists than the Salvationists think of them, and they have certainly more regard for their feelings. But in certain neighbourhoods not a hundred miles from Baker-street, Belgrave-square, and the Thames Embankment—(in Cheyne-walk, for instance, where Carlyle was almost driven to distraction by the crowing of a cock, the nuisance is outrageous)—people know that on certain days, at certain hours, their front rooms will be uninhabitable. They sit at the back of the house, go out for a walk, or deliberately plan their time until the Salvation tyranny be over and past. They have borne much and long, but things are coming to a crisis—impunity has not taught caution. Such, however, is the isolation of people in London that nothing is more difficult than to rouse a street or a square to combined action. The Salvation question, too, is further complicated by a certain small minority in every neighbourhood, who think that the army may be doing good, and will therefore join no regulative movement, however moderate.

Still, it is surely within the present powers of Scotland Yard to issue a few general rules for the holy army's guidance and for the profane citizen's protection, and printed copies of these regulations should not only be sent to the General's headquarters, but should be posted up outside the court-house in each district. The following may serve as a rough draft:—

That the band and chorus shall not stop and perform in front of any house after being requested to desist by the occupant.

That at all times the procession shall move on without delay at the request of the police.

That out-of-door services shall be held at a reasonable distance from dwelling-houses, and that the army shall have no right to assert its claim to meet and hold a service at any spot within a specified distance of dwelling-houses.

That at the request of a majority of householders, the army be prohibited from walking down certain streets or traversing certain squares in full cry until further notice.

That the army performances be not conducted in close proximity to churches or chapels on Sunday in such a way as to drown or confuse the usual forms of Divine worship.

I have no doubt that other and more appropriate rules might be devised, but the above would suffice to abate a growing nuisance, which is not less real because it flies the flag of Salvation over a street brawl rather more suggestive of that peculiar combination known as "Hell and Tommy."

Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street Grosvenor-square.

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TRICYCLING.

A friend of mine sends me the following account of a trip on a tricycle which he recently took. My friend is a portly gentleman, not given to excessive toil. An account, therefore, of his cycling experiences will, I think, prove useful to many who may feel inclined to follow his example, and who are not concerned to go at railroad speed from one end of the island to another, in order to make a better record than some other muscular enthusiast :—

HEALTH ON WHEELS.

As a member of that numerous and influential family, the old boys, I am desirous of giving the result of a journey lately taken on a tricycle from the West Riding of Yorkshire to the neighbourhood of London, in order to encourage others who, like myself, may be holding on with tenacity to the extreme fringe of youth—that is to say, men of about fifty years of age, who wish to combine enjoyment with a fair amount of exercise.

It is no part of my province to give an itinerary of my journey, my object being to furnish a few hints which may be found useful to others who contemplate a similar outing. As regards the choice of a tricycle, I used an Omnicycle, and found it comfortable, safe, and easy to ride; but I am not in a position to say it is the best machine, as I find that my friends who have Rovers, Humbers, Royal Salvos, and others, all consider their individual machines to be the best; and it is very odd how fond one gets of one's machine. I will only suggest in the choice of a machine, that I would recommend for safety one with a front steering-wheel and with a riband break (a double-acting break for choice); and the use of a saddle, not a seat, the smaller the saddle the less it being likely to chafe.

If you carry your luggage with you, the less the amount the better. A small basket or portmanteau, which can be fixed at the back of the machine, to contain toilet necessaries, a flannel shirt, and a change of underclothing, is all that is necessary. Strapped at the top should be a waterproof cape and overalls. The best dress to wear is a Norfolk jacket of woollen tweed, riding-breeches of the same material, flannel shirt, woollen stockings, and stout shoes. Take with you a cyclist's road-book. The one I had contained some errors, but, on the whole, it was useful in mapping out the day's work. In the choice of journeys, use up, to begin with, the old coaching-roads. You may make out many trips on them before having to take to the cross-roads, and they will be found in better condition. To those who have never taken a long journey, it will be desirable to take one or two short day-trips before commencing a longer flight, in order to get used to your machine, and, in mapping out your first journey, avoid as much as possible a hilly country. As you are out for enjoyment, and not to beat any particular record, it will be found that about thirty miles is a fair day's work. The road-books give you a list of hotels, but do not say which are the best or worst. When once started, a consultation with the landlord of the last hotel you have stopped at will assist you in the matter.

In buying the equipments necessary for the journey, it is better not to put yourself in the hands of any universal purveyor; a Jack-of-all-trades is seldom good all round. I speak of this to my cost. I did not carry any lamp, and was, therefore, not tempted, as I should otherwise have been on one or two days, to continue my journey after dark; for a heavy man (I weighed before starting over fourteen stone) there is an element of danger in travelling on an unknown road after dark—leave that for the youngsters, who wish to do an impossible number of miles in a day. In a hilly country your machine will climb the hill, but it is a nice change of exercise to walk up the steepest, and during my journey I found two very steep, long hills that I thought it prudent to walk *down*. If you are overtaken by a wet day, take a rest; it is double labour riding on a wet road and under a waterproof. I endeavoured to map out my day's work each day before starting, making inquiries at the hotel as to the state of the road; and I used to settle in my mind a moderate or a full day's journey, so as to feel quite independent. If you keep to the old coaching roads you will pass plenty of villages with telegraph offices, and by the afternoon, when you can see your way to settle upon your destination for the night, stop at the next telegraph office and send a telegram ordering your bed and a dinner.

Don't take a companion with you; he will either be heavier or lighter than you are, and the one will push the other in speed. If you are not good company to yourself, don't undertake a journey at all. Nothing can be more enjoyable than the sense of freedom and independence of all conventionality that one experiences in travelling on a fine, bright autumn day, upon a good road. If you keep your eyes open, you will make a more intimate acquaintance with nature than you may hitherto have done, and it is remarkable to an observer the number of things there are—animate and inanimate—to interest as one goes along. You are in no hurry, and can afford time to watch a party of sportsmen walking over the stubble up to their birds, or it may be worth while to stop even after a rare butterfly or flower, or for some ripe blackberries, which are very plentiful this year, and refreshing—altogether, a journey on wheels will be found a healthy tonic to the mind and body, and the fatigue at the end of a day, after going twenty-five or thirty miles, is no greater than walking eight or ten miles.

My journey of over 200 miles took me eight and a half days. I arrived home thoroughly fit, sound in nerve, lighter in body, and not much lighter in purse; and I hope other heavy men will follow my example.

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THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—A Bone with the Bishops.

WHILST Churchmen in Congress are prosily fussing,
And reading dull essays of prodigal length;
Whilst prebends are preaching and deans are discussing
How best (upon paper) to give the Church strength;
Whilst clerics and laymen, with glib satisfaction,
Debate about dogmas and rival beliefs;
No word do we hear of the scandalous action
Of some of the Church's episcopal chiefs.

No word do we hear of these modern apostles
Who, spite of their years and the weakness they bring,
And spite of the way that grim Death 'gainst them jostles,
To the loaves and the fishes of office still cling.
No censure for these greedy priests is provided,
Who, though they're scarce able to draw a full breath,
Seem, come what come may, to have sternly decided,
To draw their full pay till the day of their death;

Who strangely refuse, with a greed that 's deploring,
To seek that sweet rest for which Nature so pants,
And wholly the Act, passed but lately, ignoring,
Reject the munificent pensions it grants.
Thus, setting examples, in fact, so pernicious,
They cannot but tend to make enemies mock;
For if a head shepherd be thus avaricious,
How can he denounce a like sin in his flock?

And vainly we search, too, for parallel cases;
We turn to the Army, but there they require
That veterans, howsoe'er high be their places,
At sixty forthwith shall on pensions retire.
'Tis so in the Navy; the same regulation
To old Civil Servants, if needs be, they quote,
Thus tending the good of the whole of the nation,
To always advance, and its strength to promote.

Why, even when painters have lost their facility,
When actors superfluous lag on the stage,
When learned physicians succumb to debility,
They sometimes will yield to the warnings of age;
And clinging no more to the varied professions
In which they so long have shown talents so skill'd,
Will retire, 'midst the public's regretful expressions,
From the posts they so ably have hitherto fill'd.

When a curate is sick or for duty unfitted,
His vicar, we find, gives him notice to quit;
And the vicar himself, lack of health once admitted,
His case to his Bishop forthwith must submit:
Who, far from immediate action refraining,
Insists, and with reason, that vicar shall pay
For a substitute whilst he his health is regaining,
Or else to a stronger successor give way.

And yet, when the Bishop's own patent unfitness
For doing his duty is palpably clear,
Too often the course of procedure we witness
Is one for which words cannot be too severe.
For then he will stoop so completely and meanly,
In his morbid attachment to pomp and to pelf,
That the rule he applies to his clergy so keenly
He holds to in no way apply to himself.

We see him, in fact, spite excessive prostration,
And heedless of censure's well-merited storm,
Persistently taking the tithes of the nation
For labours he does not attempt to perform;

Vanity Fair says :—"Mr. Benjamin is still the Prince of Ulster and Stalking-Coat Makers." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

And whilst his prelatical functions he uses,
The curates and vicars to sharply control,
The very same powers corruptly abuses
That he may in ill-gotten riches still roll.

If the Church, as they say, then 's in imminent danger,
If soon her destruction is doomed to begin,
She has not to fear the assaults of the stranger
So much as the blows that are dealt from within.
If she falls, it will be from internal dissensions,
From causes her nominal children incite,
And thanks to that scandal of growing dimensions,
Which covetous Bishops to nurture unite.

So let us, to end, give an ultimate warning,
Addressed to these prelates, as greedy as old,
Who, scriptural tenets so recklessly scorning,
Persist in thus making their god out of gold!
To them let us make a renewed supplication
To think of the Church, whose paid servants they are,
And no more so to use their supreme situation,
As the fame of that Church to diminish and mar.

Let them muse, as they cling to their worldly position,
Their minds filled with thoughts of their purse and their "scrips,"
Of those who were ever in lowly condition,
And what were the counsels that fell from their lips;
Let them think of the system of keen self-repression
Those early disciples bequeathed them intact,
And, if they'd maintain Apostolic succession,
At least like apostles endeavour to act.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

CORNEILLE.

IN celebrating the Corneille Bi-centenary, the Abbé Millault, in the way of stage management, beat M. Perrin of the Français, who, the fine world being out of town, went to little trouble and small expense in getting up a special representation. As I led you to anticipate, there was fine music of an operatic style at St. Roch. It was of a piece with the black draperies, escutcheons, catafalque, empty coffin, and elegant black garments of the ladies of the Français. One was about as much impressed with *De profundis* effects as if they had been heard in a theatre. "A charming performance," said M. Caro; "but our sense of the fitness of things is violated by so much mourning for an immortal poet, who went to heaven a couple of hundred years ago." Corneille's descendants had an unprosperous look, and the faces of them bore that harsh and prosaic air, which daily efforts to make both ends meet, and to keep up a respectable appearance, stamp on the faces of middle-class people in this country. The exception was a respectable official in the Department of Public Instruction, who bears the christian and surname of his illustrious ancestor. The actors of the Français were in evening dress, and distinguishable by their clean-shaved faces and the sameness in the expression of their physiognomies. Got, alone, managed to be quite natural. He is a man of excellent sense, and too tired of posturing on the stage not to enjoy being simply himself in private life. Mdlle. Marsy's elegant belongings were greatly admired, and, naturally, envied by the ladies of other theatres who came to the funeral service. This actress dresses, and has dressed ever since she made her *début* at the Français, quite regardless of expense. She was engaged there to replace Croizette, and, on her first appearance, glittered in real brilliants. She is in all respects meagre, but has *chic* and *gentillesse*. At the funeral mass, she was elegantly draped in black lace of a dull hue, and silk that takes any twist or fold which the mantua-maker wants to give it. Mdlle. Reichemberg is an *ingénue* on the stage. In private life, she pushes thrift to its utmost limit. Those "cute" little eyes of hers must have had crows'-feet at their corners when she was a baby. She is of the same race as Sarah Bernhardt. Nevertheless, she acted like a good Christian at the St. Roch mass, and left out no devotional ceremony.

If a proof were wanting that M. Perrin does not earn the rich subvention which the Chamber grants him to keep alive the old classical tradition, it was given at the Corneille celebration at the Français. A tragedy of Corneille, well declaimed, has a grandeur that is unique in French literature. I take the kind of pleasure in hearing one that I do in listening to Handel's oratorio. There was a whole Olympus of demi-gods and heroes in his brain. "The characters," I hear it said, "are not quite natural." Neither, I answer, are the forms of the Apollo Belvedere and of the Venus of Milo. They are above the ordinary workmanship of nature, and as much outside of the common law as are Mont Blanc and the Falls of Niagara, which I often long to be near when I have had too much of *le ruisseau de la Rue du Bac*. Two of the brightest, liveliest, and most healthy types of French genius, Madame de Sevigné and Voltaire, revelled in the unstilted and easy grandeur of Corneille. So little is the effect of his tragedies dependent on stage management, that a blind man could enjoy hearing them played as much as if he saw. But fine diction, a well-practised chest and larynx, and what turfites would call good wind, are absolutely necessary. Every part taxes the vocal powers and the rhetorical capacity of the actor and actress. There must be no affectation. A false tone has as bad an effect in a Corneille tirade as a wrong *sostenuto* note in a piece of music played on a church organ. "Le Menteur," which is a Comedy of Errors, and made up of disguises, nocturnal adventures, and odd and unexpected incidents, suggested to the author by the farcical plays of the Spanish dramatists, was very agreeably acted. Got and Delaunay were at home in it. But with the exception of Sylvain, all those engaged in "Polyeucte" were dreadful. The diapason was false. Mounet-Sully was as sensational as he could be. His manner does in Victor Hugo's dramas, but to rant through a part of Corneille is just as ridiculous as it would be to put modern circus riders on the horses of the Parthenon. He made up to resemble one of those *Ecce Homo* pictures which in the seventeenth century the Italian school so often produced. In these works of art the Man of Sorrows is languid and contorted, but not acquainted with grief. The *morbidezza* of Mounet-Sully would have been allowable in "Poliuto" at the Italian Opera House. Sylvain was Félix, the Proconsul of Armenia and father of Pauline, the wife of Polyeucte. His part was complex, and required the nicest tact. Sylvain looked the high Roman functionary, long used to his great position. It was a treat to hear his diction, which was clear, nervous, with the slight dryness of one habituated to command, and yet with intonations which showed the man of

the world and the supple courtier of the Emperor Decius. Accustomed to ready obedience, he did not emphasise his commands, as an inferior actor might have done, with strong gestures.

Mdlle. Dudlay has superb arms and an agreeable voice, but is affected. She ought to ask Madame Ristori to favour her with her views on the character of Paulinc, who has Italian warmth and expansion. There was no rose-water mysticism in Pauline. She was merely a Christian because she loved Polyeucte, with whom she was not much enamoured, however, until her pity and admiration were called out by his being condemned to martyrdom, and by his pluck in defying the Imperial power to do its worst. Women like to marry prosperous men, to hang upon them, prey on them, and take their turn out of them. They may be good to their marital bankers, but they hardly ever love them. Ask any Catholic priest who has obtained through the confessional deep insight into the feminine heart, and you will find that he will bear out what I now tell you. I believe this is why Mother Church is so indulgent to fair sinners. The Czarina not long ago said to a lady from whom I have it: "I am thankful to the Nihilists for one thing. They have made me love my husband dearly. Our home-life has become so different since I began to look upon him as though he were under sentence of death. You can't think how deeply his menaced state attaches me to him."

The Empress Eugénie spent a sad week with the Duchesse de Mouchy, in her new house near the Hôtel des Invalides. She was attracted to the scenes of her former triumphs, went to look at the balcony of the École Militaire where she witnessed so many reviews in Imperial state, was at Longchamps, St. Cloud, in the Tuileries Gardens, and everywhere passed almost unnoticed. Her cousin, M. de Lesseps, hastened from Berry to pay his respects to her. She was paid many visits, but was not in a mood to receive any but old and valued friends. It is not at all true that she wants to make peace between her cousin, Prince Napoleon, and his eldest son, whom she calls her *petit-neveu*. She was very much agitated in going over the theatre on which the Imperial drama was played by her and the Emperor. But her general attitude was that of a person who through much suffering has come almost to be insensible. Her complexion is bleached as her hair. The eyes of pale blue have lost the faculty of lighting up. It would be hard to say whether they express indifference to most things or resignation. But they look as if they had cried so much that no more tears were left in them. The Empress drove about in a plain *coupé*. She was always in black crêpe and merino. Her figure has lost all flexibility, and, though the Carlsbad waters were of service to her, she has the stiff walk that rheumatism or the weight of years gives. The outlines of the shoulders, however, retain some of their former elegance. As the adherents of Prince Victor are anxious to organise an electoral campaign by next year, and to obtain pecuniary assistance from the Empress, the house of the Duchesse de Mouchy was closely watched when she was there. If the world has not gone from her, she has lost all taste for it. The seclusion of Farnborough sometimes weighs upon her. Nevertheless, she said she would be glad to return to it after her Continental trip. At Carlsbad she refused all exceptional honours and favours, lived quietly at an hotel, and took her place in a queue at the pump. Her old vivacity has died out. If it had not, she would try to subjugate it, for she ascribes to her impetuous disposition the culminating error of the Emperor's reign, and another event for which she will mourn as long as life and consciousness remain to her. She has the generosity to admit the errors of judgment into which she was hurried, and which were attended with disastrous consequences both for her family and for the nation over which, by an astounding freak of fortune, she became the Sovereign. The Empress still thinks aloud, and talks often and rapidly of what is on her mind. She ill bears any mental tension, unless in religious exercises, and has not the resources of music, embroidery, knitting, or sewing, which enabled Marie Amélie to beguile the tedium of a residence at Claremont. Her infirmity prevents her walking as much as she wishes. She lives altogether at Farnborough in the past and among objects reminding her of departed glories of the Emperor and of her ill-starred son, of whom she can now speak without falling into paroxysms of grief. The inner woman is chastened by affliction, and the outer woman faded; but she is more interesting, perhaps, than when she had the prestige of beauty, a throne, and (externally) the most brilliant Court in Europe. I have heard her compared to Henrietta Maria, who also had reason to deplore the impetuosity of her disposition. That Queen, however, had a trial in her old age to which the Empress has not been subjected. She lived in France when she was a discrowned Queen and widow in dire poverty. Her house at Bois Colombes was in the marshy part of a wind-swept plain, and being too poor to buy firewood, she had to stay in bed in winter to keep herself warm.

SPORTING NOTES.

THE Stewards of the Jockey Club would seem to be getting into the mood for hugger-mugger measures of what they doubtless think a very heroic sort. There has been some wild talk about a proposed handicap with £5,000 added, and it appears that it is seriously contemplated to attempt the resuscitation of the Newmarket and October Handicaps by adding £1,000 to the one and £2,000 to the other. To make a handicap successful in these days it is absolutely essential that it should be a good betting race. If the Newmarket Handicap, under its new conditions, became the medium of extensive speculation, it would seriously interfere with the City and Suburban, and the October Handicap, in the same way, would pretty well knock the bottom out of the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. The injury to the Epsom race is a matter which would probably not cause much concern to the Jockey Club, but anything to diminish the popularity and importance of one of their own crack events would be an affair for anxious consideration. Do the Stewards, however, really suppose that any such addition to their miserably meagre programme would prove a great and permanent benefit to Newmarket? A more chimerical idea never entered the brain of a distempered backer.

The truth is that all the twaddling about the recent falling-off in the character of the sport at Newmarket is fantastical nonsense, as anybody can see by looking back at old *Calendars*. Such changes as have taken place are the natural and inevitable result of the new system of racing. Again, what the members of the Jockey Club are screeching for is not better racing, but for more public support. It is not so many years since the great object of the ruling powers at Newmarket was to keep the mob away from the Heath, and the meeting, up to a quite recent period, was to all intents and purposes a private gathering. This, however, is all changed, and the pole-star of the politics of the Jockey Club is to attract the largest possible crowd. The reason for this change is manifest to any one who visits Newmarket, the fact being that whereas ten years ago everything could be seen without a farthing of outlay, now nothing whatever can be seen without payment. In my opinion the Club would do well to pursue their policy to the logical end, and make Newmarket a gate-money meeting. They now obtain almost every shilling of the amount which is ostensibly given to stakes from the owners of the horses entered; and, having commenced this game, the rational course would be to play it boldly, and to fill the programmes with showy stakes, such as prove so attractive at Derby and Leicester, where you hear of handicaps of £1,000, and read eulogies in the sporting papers on the liberality of the management, although all the time the greater part of the money really comes out of the pockets of the subscribers. But, after all, nothing will benefit either Newmarket or any other meeting while the present "list of fixtures" is suffered to endure. The effects of the reckless and ruinous competition which the Stewards of the Jockey Club continue to view with stupid unconcern are to be seen everywhere, not only at Newmarket, but quite as much at Ascot, Goodwood, and Doncaster.

Mr. Charles Bevill died last week at Brighton, where he had resided for many years. His regular connection with the turf terminated after the season of 1876, and he has passed away almost unnoticed by the sporting papers, although during the greater part of his long life he was a conspicuous and respected figure in the racing world. Mr. Bevill was eminent as a gentleman rider in the great days of steeplechasing, and his son, Mr. William Bevill, has long been known as an admirable rider, but, for a considerable period, he has confined himself entirely to flat races, in which no amateur can give him an ounce. Mr. Bevill won the Cesarewitch of 1861 with Audrey, and the Goodwood Stakes of 1865 with Suspicion, and he was the manager of many other winners of important races; but, although these two *coups* ought to have placed him in easy circumstances for the rest of his life, he was on the whole decidedly unfortunate in his turf speculations. The fact was that, with the exception of Mr. George Payne, Mr. Bevill was perhaps the most inveterate bettor ever known, for not only would he bet on every race as a rule, but very often he would back more than one horse, and it was therefore a practical impossibility that he could have many winning accounts, however lucky he might be. For some years he did more commissions (I mean private friendly commissions) than any other man on the turf, and during three or four seasons, when his services were particularly in request, it used to take him the best part of each evening at certain meetings to make up his day's accounts, as he was often asked to execute a big commission on every race during the afternoon. Mr. Bevill was on very intimate terms with Admiral Rous, and the opinion of "old Bevill" carried great weight with the Admiral when he was sketching out a handicap. He was almost invariably employed by the Admiral to execute his commissions, the average investment being £10, although when there was a real certainty in a weight-for-age race the Admiral would go as far as £100, and on such occasions he would not hesitate to lay long odds. I have known him lay £100 to £20. Mr. Bevill was always very popular, and he was "good company." He will be remembered with regret by all who knew him, and I only wish that his fortune on the turf had been equal to his deserts.

The racing and breeding studs of the late Mr. Alexander (another lamented member of "the old school") will be sold at Newmarket to-day and to-morrow. The crack lots of an unusually long catalogue will be the seven animals owned by Sir John Willoughby. Every one knows by heart the respective records of Harvester and Queen Adelaide. In my opinion, we shall have to look back a long way to find two race-horses in the management of which there has been such continuous and egregious blundering. Queen Adelaide has been ruthlessly and recklessly knocked about ever since she beat Archiduc in the July Stakes. If she were now turned out till next season, we might yet see her winning another good race, and, of course, she is worth a large sum to any stud. Harvester has hardly proved a profitable speculation, as on two occasions, when the money was "down" in earnest, he was beaten. It was a piece of desperate fatuity to start him on the second day at Goodwood, as was remarked by all the best judges on the turf. The other lots are, the three-year-old Bohemian, which cost 1,200 gs. as a yearling; the 1,200 gs. Caneton (sister to Cipolata), who, I hear, is not unlikely to develop into a flyer; and the half-brother (by Rosicrucian) to Pero Gomez, bought out of last year's Blankney team for 1,500 gs. If this colt is smart I shall be surprised, for Salamanca has produced nothing which could race ever since Pero Gomez, with the not very distinguished exception of Vasco da Gama. There is also the yearling sister to Queen Adelaide, which cost 2,000 gs. in July. If her two-year-old sister, Solitude, runs well for the Middle Park Plate, she will fetch a high price.

Sandiway (7 st. 7 lb.) is very firm for the Cambridgeshire, and she is greatly fancied by the Kingsclere people. She may possibly run in the colours of Lord Alington, in consequence of the recent melancholy death of Mr. Gilbert Leigh, who was the Duke of Westminster's nephew. I fully expect this mare to be very near winning. St Blaise has been scratched, but even if he had started, and had been well backed, there would have been no reason to desert his stable companion, as the pair would have run on their merits. I hear that it is doubtful whether it will be possible to train him again.

I certainly recommend Mr. & Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most just and liberal purchasers of Cast-off Clothes, Jewellery, and every description of property. They punctually keep appointments, and remit P.O.O. for articles per return.

The market position of Legacy (6 st. 4 lb.) was equivocal for some time, but she is now apparently firmly established as second favourite. How this mare came to be let off with so light a weight it is difficult to conjecture. The handicap must have been compiled in a very slipshod and slovenly fashion, if her form at Ascot and Goodwood was overlooked; and this seems to be the only conceivable explanation. On the Ascot running, in the Trial Stakes (over about the same distance), Legacy means Thebais at 8 st. 4 lb., and it must not be forgotten that she subsequently won the Craven at Goodwood, when she beat Dean Swift at 7 lb. It was supposed at Doncaster that Fantail or St. Médard would represent Bedford Cottage, but nothing so far has been heard of either, and at present Legacy looks like carrying the money of the desperately unlucky division. Archiduc (8 st. 9 lb.) has been well backed in anticipation of his just missing the Cesarewitch; last year he showed his liking for the course when he walked in for the Criterion. Quicklime (7 st. 12 lb.) is backed on the same principle, and, judging from his past form, he should show to more advantage in the short race. Prism (9 st. 7 lb.) seems to me to be overweighted, and there is nothing alluring in the running of Amalfi (7 st. 3 lb.), but he might be worth backing if Lord Zetland galloped him with Prism. I have no fancy for the Prince at 8 st. 9 lb. over this course, and I should be sorry to take 100 to 1 about Prestonpans, who has not been seen out since last year's Manchester Cup, while he has not won a race for four years, although he has often enough been heavily backed. Chislehurst cannot truly be described as well in with 8 st. 3 lb., although I daresay he will see a short price. Brave (7 st. 12 lb.) is brother to Barcaldine, and cost 2,500 gs. last year, not a shilling of which has as yet been got back, and I don't think this will be his journey. Magdalen (6 st. 7 lb.) is sister to Wandering Nun, and was reserved by Mr. Chaplin in 1882, as he wanted her for his stud. Her form so far has not indicated any remarkable smartness, but I have been told (*not* by Sydney Smith's "persons likely to be misinformed") that she will win a good race before the year is over. "Mr. Manton" would have a capital candidate in Clairvaux (9st. 3 lb.) if the handsome brother to Thebais could be trained, but if he cannot be got to the post, Royal Angus (7 st. 7 lb.) might prove an excellent substitute, as, if he is in his best form, he means Thebais at 8 st. 10 lb. Fulmen (8 st. 11 lb.) would certainly beat more than would beat him, if he could be brought to the post fit and well, but his chance seems to be very forlorn. Shrewsbury is another of the "groggy" division, and so also is Blue Grass, who in all probability will never run again. Geheimniss (9 st. 7 lb.) will presumably give way to Sandiway; but, if in her best form, she would have a great chance, considering that two years ago she was second best to Hackness, with 8 st. 7 lb. on her back. Master of Arts has mysteriously risen from 6 st. 2 lb. in the City and Suburban to 7 st. 10 lb. in the Cambridgeshire without having started during the season. I expect he will wait for next spring. I have a strong notion that Spring Morn will run very forward for the Cambridgeshire with 6 st. 5 lb., if, indeed, she does not win outright. Of the favourites I prefer Sandiway.

The American sporting papers are beginning to complain loudly of the systematic manner in which foul riding is now practised on their racecourses, which some of them attribute to the disgraceful style in which many of the leading English jockeys deliberately jostle and cut down their opponents. The *Spirit of the Times*, the leading sporting journal in New York, tells a nice story (only one of many) of one of our most "popular" and "fashionable" riders. "It has become common gossip that X owes much of his success to his intimidation of the younger jockeys. In a race run in April, we are informed on good authority, young Barrett drew up to X, when the latter turned upon him savagely with: 'Keep out there, d—n you!' and the boy obeyed in abject fear. At another time, X, finding another horse getting the better of him, deliberately kicked the horse. This may do in England, but we hope there is no American jockey who can boast of 'influence' enough to escape his just desert." That foul riding has increased to a scandalous extent of late years is a fact of which we receive frequent and flagrant reminders; and it is not likely to be diminished until the Stewards of the Jockey Club make examples of certain prominent riders; but, considering the confidential intimacy which now exists between many owners and their jockeys, it is by no means strange that the latter remain masters of the situation. At the present time the turf is a vile welter of knavery and corruption.

Riding Habits.—Specialty of John Redfern & Sons. Ladies' Tailors by Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 26, Conduit-street, London, W. Also at Cowes and Paris.

MAMMON.

THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.

THE explanations respecting the issue of ten million dollars' worth of new bonds by the New York Central Company are not entirely satisfactory. It may be that a portion of this money has been expended upon buying new property. When, however, we are told that a large percentage of it is to pay off a floating debt incurred by paying dividends in excess of earnings, and the plea is put forward that the earnings would have sufficed for the dividends had it not been that so much had been spent in improvements, the case looks bad, for this merely means that maintenance is to be paid by borrowing instead of out of receipts. But what underlies the whole transaction, and ought to make it a warning to English investors not to buy the shares of American Railroad Companies, is that the Presidents of these Companies are not only entirely irresponsible, but that they can cook and manipulate the accounts as best pleases them. Not a word was said about the earnings not being sufficient to pay 8 per cent., until suddenly the dividend fell to 6 per cent., and then alone it was explained that the 8 per cent. had been paid by an increase of the floating debt. Now, still without even condescending to consult the shareholders, this floating debt is to be converted into a bonded debt. Is it not clear that all this goes to show not only that shareholders in these undertakings have no control over their property, and that

John Shaw, Share Broker, Wardrobe-chambers, Queen Victoria-st. deals at tape prices at an inclusive commission of one-sixteenth.

the accounts which are annually presented to them are valueless, but that a false air of prosperity is maintained when things are going badly, in order to enable those in the secret to get out at the expense of those who are not? When, some years ago, Mr. Vanderbilt sold his shares to an English syndicate, which undertook to place them in England, I pointed out that when the President of an American railroad thinks it expedient to sell, it is not expedient for those who know nothing about the property to buy. It would seem that I was not far wrong. The New York Central passes as one of the most honestly-conducted Railroad Companies in America. What must, then, be the condition of those which do not enjoy so good a reputation?

THE FATE OF COMPANIES.

The notice given in the *Gazette*, by the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, of the names of over 500 Companies struck off the register, and of some 180 called upon to show cause, within three months, why they should not be treated in a similar manner, furnishes food for melancholy reflection. Although ushered into the world with sanguine hopes, and heralded by flaring prospectuses, many of these Companies never floated, thus entailing well-merited loss on the promoters. Others, no doubt, inflicted grievous losses on deluded investors, and the fact that they die of inanition and without the professional aid of the liquidator goes far to prove how utterly hopeless their case was from the outset. Yet the game goes bravely on, and the lawyers obtain large fees, if nobody else benefits. Dozens of new Companies, large and small, are registered every week, many never to see the light of day. I am told that at the present moment hundreds of Companies are awaiting a favourable opportunity to be brought before investors. But the Company-mongers are well aware that in the prevailing depression there is no hope of floating them. The fate of investors in American railways, foreign mines, and American land and cattle companies, is too fresh in the memory of investors. By the way, the investments abroad of the thrifty Scot, for which the writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* with commendable patriotism, takes credit, are by no means an unmixed blessing. Under the light of recent events, the American land companies and cattle ranches, so largely supported by Scotch capital, are likely to prove a source of considerable loss instead of profit. Many of the new Companies lately hatched are even less promising. I notice that last week the Empire Syndicate was registered for the purpose of taking over, restoring, and improving the Crystal Palace for a consideration of two millions and a half in fully paid certificates of £1 each. He must be a sanguine man indeed who, after past experiences, can contemplate making the Crystal Palace pay.

BULL'S IRON AND STEEL COMPANY.

The investors in this undertaking may complain with some show of reason of the manner in which they were inveigled into subscribing for shares at £9 premium. The Company was originally brought out in Liverpool in April, 1882, with a nominal capital of £125,000, in £1 shares, for acquiring the patents of Mr. H. C. Bull, for the manufacture of iron and steel from ore. That issue was abortive, only seven shares having apparently been subscribed for, and a new prospectus was issued in September, 1883, containing several attractive features, and offering 1,000 shares of £1 each at £9 premium. The Company posed therein as a parent Company, each shareholder being promised, upon every share allotted, a certificate for twenty-five dollars in an American and a fully paid-up share of £1 in a Sheffield sub-Company, which, by the way, turned out wholly illusory. The balance-sheet submitted to the meeting held on the 30th ult. shows that Mr. Bull, the vendor and chairman, received £1,000 in cash and £84,000 in shares, that only seven shares were placed at par and 993 at £9 premium—the *bonâ-fide* paid-up capital of the Company being, therefore, £1,478. The available balance has, of course, been spent, and now the fate of the Company hangs on the success of another sub-Company formed in South Wales, for which the parent Company is constructing a furnace. Mr. G. Williams, a shareholder, expressed the very natural fear that the same might happen with regard to the South Wales Company as occurred with the Sheffield and American Companies, about which all sorts of promises had been made, and he therefore proposed a committee of investigation. Another shareholder stated that the American Company, which had been painted in such glowing colours, was represented in that country by two men of the most visionary character and no means whatever. One of the directors admitted that, "if the South Wales experiment failed, the Company would be done for." This is one of the most glaring instances of misrepresentation in connection with issues of shares. The directors of a Company owning the patent for an untried process, and having no *bonâ-fide* capital but £7, had no right to issue shares at £9 premium, and, when they did so, on the strength of a prospectus containing most egregious misstatements, they made themselves legally liable in case of failure. I hope the shareholders will make the directors responsible for their investment. The present instance illustrates the necessity of a modification of the Limited Liability Act, making it compulsory to state in the prospectus at what minimum amount the directors would proceed to allotment.

PROTECTION FOR ENGLISH HOLDERS OF AMERICAN SECURITIES.

Protective associations appear nowadays the fashion, and there is no doubt that organised and combined action is the only means of dealing with financial swindling and spoliation. At the same time, the movement on foot to form an association for the protection of English interests in American securities looks like locking the stable after the steed is stolen. So many impudent robberies have been committed by the American financial thieves, and the pockets of the English shareholder have been so completely rifled, that the latter is thoroughly disgusted; and, once he sees a chance of selling out, he may be expected to button up his pockets, as far as American investments are concerned. I am, moreover, of opinion that no English committee, however able and influential, will be able to cope with these wary and unscrupulous Americans,

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C.

who have so long succeeded in throwing dust into the eyes of the Britisher. The bubble has burst, and the victims' eyes are now, or ought to be, opened. The silly people who trust their money again in American railroads will certainly deserve what they get. In one respect the proposed Association may do some good. The ten-share certificates of American Railroads, which are usually made out in the name of large dealers, and transferred in blank, float about for years in this country without transfer to new purchasers, and the opportunity for fraud is manifest. I should not, therefore, be surprised if a good many undiscovered forgeries were in circulation, and the registration of shares and bonds by the Association may bring the swindles to light.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

Open Stock Exchanges, Investment Agencies, Stock Exchange Agencies—these are the new titles under which the advertising stockbroker carries on his old game. Elegant reading-rooms, with the Stock Exchange tape, are generally provided, and so the spider has some additional attraction wherewith to allure the fly to his web. The imposing titles are, doubtless, meant to impress the small investors and speculators who constitute these gentry's clients, though, I am afraid, they form no guarantee of stability. I am told that in the case of the New York and Continental Stock and Share Agency, which hailed from 10, Throgmorton-street, a notice was recently exhibited on the office door, informing clients, which, I suppose, means creditors, that "the business of the agency was suspended, and that they should make out their own accounts and leave them with the housekeeper." This cool way of settling one's differences has certainly the advantage of novelty. The many thousands of circulars sent broadcast all over the country by these agencies, recommending investments of the most varied and often shady description, contribute largely to the Postal revenues. One of the latest productions is a circular headed "A New Departure in Electric Light," for which the managers of the Miscellaneous Share Exchange, of 99, Gresham House, W. Hannam & Co., are responsible. These disinterested gentlemen are animated by the desire to enable "those who have lost money by shares in Electric Light Companies to regain it." Having made a pretty exhaustive investigation into the causes of the failure of the electric light, they laid down to themselves certain conditions on which alone they would seek clients to join in any undertaking of this nature, and only during the last fortnight have all these conditions been complied with. Then follows a recommendation to subscribe to the Zanni Syndicate, Limited, with a capital of £5,000, in £1 shares. These shares will, according to Hannam & Co., in one year, be worth at least £10 each. Shorn of a great deal of the most absurd puffing, the scheme amounts to this, that the Syndicate is to pay Mr. Zanni £1,500 for a patent and some machinery for producing incandescent lamps, and £1,500 more for a new battery, which has not yet been tested. It is hardly necessary to point out that numerous good forms of incandescent lamps are at present patented, which cannot be made to yield profitable results, and that lighting by direct battery has for some time been experimented on by very competent authorities. The probability of those who have once been swindled by promoters of Electric Light Companies listening to the blandishments of Hannam & Co. appears somewhat remote. They will only too well remember the glowing promises previously held out to them, and will take *cum grano salis* the assertions of Hannam & Co., "that the worst that could happen to them would be minimum dividends of 15 per cent." I fancy the problem of remunerative electric lighting will be solved under very different auspices. By the way, what are the generous Hannam & Co. to get out of the affair?

Profitable Investments.—Our circular for October, now ready, contains particulars of several selections, paying from Five to Ten per Cent., in the safest and best paying class of securities, viz.:—Trust, Mortgage, and Investment Companies.—Abbott Page & Co., Stockbrokers, 42, Poultry, London, E.C.

NORWAY.

Verily, there is no country too poor for the promoter. I see that the public are asked to pay £15,000 in cash and £45,000 in shares for an estate of sixty acres somewhere in Norway, on which there is reported to be a vein of phosphate, and where, to quote the report, "the indications and discoveries made in explorations hitherto carried out are very encouraging, and fully warrant the expenditure of capital to develop the property." The vendor apparently is a Frenchman. I wonder what the original Norwegian owner of this El Dorado received for it. Five directors are to receive salaries in order to develop this promising undertaking.

THE RUSSIAN PRODUCE COMPANY.

A correspondent writes:—

Whilst agreeing in the main with your remarks of last week about the Russian Produce Company, I think it but fair to the Chairman—Admiral Sir E. A. Inglefield—to say, that although doubtless morally responsible for his share in the management, or rather mismanagement, of the Company, he was not so much to blame as appears at first sight. The concern was good in itself, and would, I feel sure, have proved a success but for the want of capital. The inability, however, of two of the directors to meet their liabilities brought about a collapse. The capital subscribed was employed in building a large slaughter-house at Lebau, and in chartering and fitting-up a vessel with refrigerators and a meat chamber for bringing the produce to this country. You ask how much of it went into the Directors' pockets. As you only mention the Chairman, it is, I feel, but necessary to deal with his case. Altogether he received £102 in fees. But although the qualification was but £100 in shares, he held £500, and, in addition, he made himself responsible for £1,000, which he has had to pay. He thus stands a loser of £1,398. I therefore venture to think that he hardly deserves such strong handling from you, and in justice to him I ask you to publish these *facts*.—Faithfully yours,

Justice.

QUEER STORIES.

A SUSPICIOUS ACCIDENT.

"WHERE on earth did you pick him up, John, and who is he?" inquired Lady Purpleton of her lord, referring to the latest addition to the large party of guests assembled at Dripley Hall for the shooting.

"Do you mean little De Rosilia? I believe he is a Chilian; at all events, he was living at Valparaiso when I went there in the *Foam* last year. He was very civil, and I dined at his house once or twice. I invited him here in case he ever came to England. Of course, I never thought he would turn up," added his lordship, naïvely.

"You should be more careful, John," said his wife,

reprovingly. "Mr. de Rosilia seems a very odd sort of person. He quite shocked old Miss Raynor by his conversation."

"Oh! He is a foreigner. People will make excuses for him," said Lord Purpleton.

"He is certainly very amusing," remarked her ladyship.

"Oh, yes. And there is no harm in him. I daresay he won't stay here more than a day or two."

Lord Purpleton spoke lightly, but he was secretly rather ill at ease concerning his guest. A man who may seem to be a very good fellow on the other side of the globe is not necessarily a desirable acquaintance nearer home. Lord Purpleton was beginning to realise this. To be sure, Mr. de Rosilia was presentable enough, judging from externals. He was evidently not unacquainted with the usages of civilised society. He dressed well for a foreigner, and might even be called good-looking. He was a swarthy little man of middle age, with a plump figure and a round, good-humoured face. His politeness was only equalled by the complete self-possession he manifested upon all occasions. An utter absence of self-consciousness, combined with rather alarming freedom of speech, and the animal spirits of a guileless schoolboy, rendered him an object of mingled curiosity and amusement to his fellow-guests.

Lord Purpleton was inclined to be strait-laced as a host, and he was more shocked than he would have cared to admit at the licence which Mr. de Rosilia gave to his tongue before the ladies. But the lively little gentleman never permitted himself to say anything which called for serious remonstrance. He was innocently outspoken rather than ill-behaved. Lord Purpleton, therefore, concealed his discomfiture, especially as the ladies evidently treated Mr. Rosilia as a *persona grata* in this respect. Nevertheless, he longed for the day when his inconvenient guest should take his departure, and his impatience increased hourly. The fact was he suspected that Mr. de Rosilia's cheerful indifference to conventionalities was not the worst side of his character. The little gentleman conversed artlessly about himself and his private affairs whenever he could find a listener, and it soon transpired that he was a large speculator on all the Exchanges in Europe. He revealed, in fact, various little schemes which clearly showed that he was either a reckless adventurer or an insatiable gambler; perhaps a combination of both. These revelations were generally made in the smoking-room, and Lord Purpleton could not help observing that some of the male guests were, like himself, secretly horrified. Yet, notwithstanding everything, Mr. de Rosilia was decidedly popular, for it seemed impossible to regard him seriously, and people were more ready to laugh at him than to condemn him.

In spite of his host's rather marked coolness, M. de Rosilia made no sign of bringing his visit to a termination. He no doubt realised that he was in very comfortable quarters, surrounded by pleasant people, and knew when he was well off. Shooting was apparently not much in his line, though he occasionally participated in the sport, to the wrath of the keepers and the well-founded apprehensions of the whole party. His firing was wild and uncertain, resulting generally in a providential escape for somebody. Fortunately, as a rule, he seemed to prefer remaining at home with the ladies, with whom he indulged in touching confidences and promiscuous flirtation. After the first few days, however, his attentions became more particular, and it was soon remarked that he chiefly devoted himself to a Miss Fawthorpe, a handsome, though somewhat imperious, young lady, who was reported to be an heiress.

"I think I shall speak to Laura Fawthorpe, John. It is really getting beyond a joke," said Lady Purpleton to her husband, one evening.

"I should fancy the young lady was quite capable of taking care of herself," replied his lordship, rather irritably.

"No doubt; only it is very foolish of her," said Lady Purpleton, with a distracted air.

"What do you mean?" inquired his lordship, detecting some secret significance underlying his wife's remark.

"I believe she encourages Mr. de Rosilia's attentions in order to pique Major Ferris. He is the last man in the world to be trifled with like that. He takes everything *au grand sérieux*. Latterly his manner towards her has been colder and more distant than ever."

"Oh, you are still thinking of your little matrimonial scheme, are you?" said his lordship, grinning.

"My dear John, I am not a matchmaker, as you know," returned Lady Purpleton, colouring slightly; "but I could not stand by and see two people drift apart like Laura and Edmund Ferris are doing, for no earthly reason except their own foolish pride and awkwardness."

"Bah! my dear. It is your fancy. I don't suppose Ferris cares for the girl. If he did he would propose; that is the expression, isn't it? Ferris is old enough to know his own mind."

"Of course he knows his own mind; but he is as proud as—as—well, you know, John, he belongs to one of the best Highland families. Unfortunately he is a poor man, and as soon as he discovered that Laura has a good deal of money he discontinued his attentions."

"Ferris is a queer, reserved sort of fellow, but I did not think he was such an ass as that," remarked Lord Purpleton, yawning.

"You know perfectly well, John, that you would have acted as he has done in his place. I blame Laura more than I do him. She might have overcome his reticence by a little discreet encouragement. Instead of that she misunderstands the cause of his coldness. They behave like strangers to one another. The fact is Laura is as proud and reserved as he is. They are a couple of idiots."

"I don't think you ought to call the young people names for keeping out of matrimony, my dear," returned Lord Purpleton, who sometimes tried to be cynical in a mild way. "However," he added, more seriously, "as regards De Rosilia, I will help your vile conspiracy by getting him out of the way. I think he has really been here long enough. I will contrive to give him a hint to go."

It is more than doubtful whether his lordship would have done such a thing to a guest, even under such pressing circumstances. Luckily, however, for his peace of mind, an event happened the next day which rendered the ordeal unnecessary. While the men were out shooting, M. de Rosilia handled his gun in such an eccentric manner as to discharge the contents of both barrels into the face of the very Major Ferris of whom mention has just been made. The accident was less serious than it might have been had the

victim stood nearer the reckless sportsman. Comparatively few of the shot penetrated the skin, but there was serious injury to one of the eyes, and temporary blindness of both.

This unfortunate episode naturally caused great consternation, particularly when it first occurred, and before the extent of the injuries inflicted had been ascertained. Mr. de Rosilia was beside himself with terror and remorse. In his demonstrative fashion he tore his hair and raved like a madman, calling heaven to witness that it was a pure accident, and falling in tears upon the neck of the doctor when he announced that the patient was in no danger. The little man's grief elicited almost as much sympathy as did the sufferings of the victim, while the latter lost no time in entreating him not to distress himself. But Mr. de Rosilia refused to be comforted, and was so disturbed in his mind that he announced his intention of departing as soon as the condition of Major Ferris should be definitely ascertained. If the truth were known, it is possible that the openly-expressed contempt of the keepers, which was emphasised by the expression on the faces of his fellow-guests at the time of the occurrence, may have hurt the little man's *amour propre*. Certainly, he received no encouragement to remain from Lord Purpleton, and the following morning—the doctor having announced that no permanent ill-effects would accrue to the patient from the accident—Mr. de Rosilia drove away, a trifle subdued, perhaps, but profuse in his acknowledgments of his host's hospitality, and kissing his plump hand indiscriminately to the guests, who had assembled to witness his departure.

Lord Purpleton breathed more freely when he had gone, and mentally registered a vow to never again give promiscuous invitations, even when there seemed no prospect of their being accepted. In the smoking-room among the men Mr. de Rosilia's misadventure was a fruitful topic of conversation, it being thought extraordinary that Major Ferris should have been hit, considering that he was well out of the line of fire.

A few days afterwards, Lady Purpleton startled her husband by abruptly inquiring whether he thought the affair was an accident.

"Why, of course!" he replied, open-mouthed.

"You know foreigners are sometimes very vindictive," said Lady Purpleton, rather avoiding his glance. "This Mr. de Rosilia may have been jealous of Major Ferris. You mustn't forget that he paid a good deal of attention to Laura Fawthorpe."

"Well, but he couldn't have been jealous of Ferris. You said yourself Ferris was coldness itself towards the girl," returned his lordship.

"Yes; that is quite true. It couldn't have been jealousy," said Lady Purpleton, thoughtfully.

"Good gracious me! What next? It was an accident. The man made a fool of himself; so much the worse for Ferris," said his lordship.

"An extraordinary story has reached me, John," said Lady Purpleton, looking distressed. "I hardly like to repeat it, but it seems to be generally known. Even the servants are talking about it. It is rumoured that Mr. de Rosilia shot Major Ferris at the instigation of Laura Fawthorpe."

"What!" exclaimed his lordship, quite aghast.

"I have inquired into it. Miss Raynor and Lady Ann Harriley both heard Mr. de Rosilia propose to Laura that he should shoot Major Ferris."

"No!"

"Yes, indeed. There can be no doubt about it. The conversation was plainly overheard."

"Where?"

"In the large conservatory, on the afternoon before the—the accident happened. Miss Fawthorpe and Mr. de Rosilia imagined themselves alone. In fact, I rather suspect," said Lady Purpleton, with a faint smile, "that my informants, hearing the young people come into the conservatory, were unkind enough not to reveal their presence."

"You mean that they listened?"

"Anyhow, they heard."

"This is very serious indeed," said his lordship, pacing up and down the room. "What—what is the motive suggested? Why should the girl desire to have Ferris injured?"

"Revenge—pique—so they say. But I can't believe it of her," said Lady Purpleton, energetically.

"Do you think Miss Fawthorpe suspects this rumour?"

"She is leaving, and her manner is certainly strange. She abruptly announced to me just now that she should return home this afternoon."

"Have you said anything about it to her?"

"How can I? If the story be false, it would be an insult to repeat it. If it should be true, there can be no object."

"Quite so. Least said soonest mended. It was a devilish queer accident, I must say," remarked his lordship.

In fact, his lordship found himself infected with the same disquieting suspicion which was now prevalent throughout the house. It was impossible to ignore the testimony of two perfectly reliable and unbiassed witnesses. As regarded De Rosilia, there did not seem anything remarkable in a hot-blooded, impetuous foreigner committing a dastardly, desperate deed at the instigation of the girl who had fascinated him. The incredible part of the story was that Miss Fawthorpe should have countenanced, much less encouraged, such baseness towards Major Ferris because she fancied herself slighted. Such a proceeding seemed altogether repugnant to the girl's disposition, especially as she had not by any means the reputation of being passionate, nor was she likely to be swayed by sudden impulses.

Unfortunately, the young lady's conduct after the accident certainly favoured the suspicions that were entertained against her. She had shown symptoms of great distress of mind, which the nature of the wounded man's injuries by no means warranted. It seemed probable that she was suffering from remorse, and it was observed that she declined to speak or to look at Mr. de Rosilia after the unfortunate episode. On the other hand, she had carefully abstained from expressions of sympathy for the invalid, from which it was shrewdly surmised that, while regretting her share in the catastrophe from a sense of shame and horror, she felt no solicitude for Major Ferris. Above all, Miss Fawthorpe's haughty and almost defiant manner to those about her after the occurrence, and her sudden departure upon the lamest of pretexts, tended

to increase unfavourable impressions. Lord and Lady Purpleton contrived to infuse some little cordiality into their farewell greetings with her, but many of the other guests, especially the ladies, took very slight pains to hide their disgust at her conduct.

When Major Ferris was able to leave his room, after a depressing period of drawn blinds and semi-darkness, he soon got wind of the story, and questioned his host about it.

"Oh! I believe it is all nonsense—about Miss Fawthorpe, I mean," said Lord Purpleton, who was very much inclined to be ashamed of his suspicions.

"I was referring more particularly to De Rosilia," said Major Ferris, changing colour. "Do you think he did it on purpose?"

"'Pon my word, I don't know," said his lordship, shortly.

"Can you give me his address?" inquired Major Ferris.

"I don't fancy he has such a thing," said his lordship, endeavouring to dispel, by a feeble joke, the ominous frown on his friend's brow. "He is a bird of passage—here to-day, gone to-morrow."

Major Ferris rather abruptly turned the conversation, and ended by saying, in a casual way, that he should have to return to town that night.

When he had left, Lady Purpleton remarked, rather apprehensively, "I should like to know what has taken him off so suddenly. I did not like the look upon his face. I am afraid he means mischief."

"Mischief—to whom?" inquired her lord.

"To Mr. de Rosilia! I hope they will not fight a duel."

"If he did anything to Rosilia, he would probably horsewhip him. But, of course, Ferris wouldn't condescend to notice him, even if it were proved that he shot him on purpose," said his lordship, reassuringly.

Nevertheless, when, a few days afterwards, Lord Purpleton received a letter, addressed in Major Ferris's handwriting, and bearing a foreign postmark, he exclaimed, "From Ferris! He is on the Continent! By Jove! I hope he has not been fighting with Rosilia, after all. Hallo!" he added, after glancing rapidly at the enclosure. "Here, Julia! I think that Ferris is right, and that we've all treated the poor girl very badly. Anyhow, all's well that ends well. Your matrimonial project is about to be realised."

Lady Purpleton took the letter, and read aloud as follows:—

Dear Lord Purpleton,—I was so convinced that Miss Fawthorpe had been cruelly wronged in reference to my recent mishap, that I hunted up Mr. de Rosilia in London. It is true that he one day made to her, half in jest and half in earnest, the unamiable suggestion of shooting me (of course, he meant in a duel), perceiving, as he declares, that she was wounded by my coldness. But Miss Fawthorpe naturally paid no attention to such wild talk. When the accident happened—for it was an accident pure and simple—the coincidence caused Miss Fawthorpe a great deal of unnecessary distress of mind.

Under these circumstances, I felt that I could not do less than assure the young lady by word of mouth of my conviction of her entire innocence. With that view, I followed her and her parents to this place, where I have had the happiness to learn from her own lips that she has always reciprocated my sentiments towards her. You will, therefore, not be surprised to hear that she has consented to be my wife, and I think the news will be a conclusive answer to idle and uncharitable gossip.

With our united kind regards to you and Lady Purpleton—Believe me, yours very truly, E. Ferris.

Spectacles scientifically adapted to assist & strengthen the weakest sights by Mr. Laurance, F.S.S., Oculist Optician, 1a, Old Bond-st.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

Dearest Amy,—Delightful as the country must be just now, with golden mornings and silver moonlit nights, I can't help rather pitying you for being so far from the London shops and debarred from seeing the lovely new things for dresses and coats. I could easily spend ten times my allowance in a single morning. The new costumes are really very tempting. And really dress is much more ladylike than it used to be. When we first diverged from milliners to tailors, we were, perhaps, a little too masculine; but now there is a happy medium struck, which combines the neatness and sobriety of male attire with the subdued decorativeness and insinuated coquetry of the feminine article.

The days have been too lovely of late for home-staying. Besides, we have had our new things to buy. So every morning we have sallied forth, purse in hand (the former, alas! becoming visibly attenuated by each expedition) and a velvet bag containing scraps of cloth, wherewith to match bonnet, hat, stockings, or gloves. Shopping is a truly delightful occupation; but I suppose it would really lose half its pleasures if one's finances were inexhaustible. Fancy if one could buy a new bonnet every week! I suppose one would soon not value the privilege in the least. So, after all, there *are* compensations. It would be perfectly awful to reach a pinnacle of prosperity from which new clothes would be such an everyday matter as to yield no pleasure to their wearers.

How I do pity from my heart the poor girls who cannot always have fresh gloves and neat boots! That must be positively tragic. Oh, and heaps of frilling, too! Those three things would make the least expensive toilet present a *soigné* air. They would redeem all defects, save positive holes. And to think that there are girls in the world, and very nice ones too, who have to wear shabby boots, inked gloves, and frayed collars. To know that you are very pretty and never to be able to possess nice, becoming clothes, must be extremely hard. And, then, to see ugly—*forbiddingly* ugly—people dressed out in lovely things, as one does every day in London; that must make it harder still. I suppose it is instinctive in a girl to want to make herself look always as nice as possible; and, if so, to wear ugly clothes, of poor texture, and hideous *cheap* cut, is simply unnatural. I wonder if men, when they write sermons and moral essays and such things, ever take into account this natural desire to look one's best, without which a girl is a most disagreeable creature. I fancy they always attribute it to a vulgar love of finery, which is a symptom to be diagnosed to a very different cause.

But to business. And our business, at the present moment, is with bonnets. There is actually something new in this direction at last. Now, lend me your ears, while I discourse of the "Microbe" and the "Manon" varieties. Fancy any one calling a bonnet after the dreadful little fungi, or whatever they are, that produce cholera. But it is a fact, and we saw at Louise's several microbe bonnets. Their peculiarity consists in the shape of the crown, which ascends in a square point just immediately above the bump of self-esteem. In the plain covered velvet ones, this curious form of crown is very apparent, but in those that are more trimmed it does not look so odd. One was made of red velvet, trimmed with cut beads to match. The crown was covered with folds of silk, and a large butterfly bow, placed in front, was also made of silk, the ends standing erect and very high. The centre-piece of this bow was passed through the brim, the latter being cut across the middle to admit of this. Another was composed of beaver-coloured velvet, gathered round the brim. This was trimmed with a silk handkerchief. The "mouchoir" bonnets and hats are in immense demand. The kerchief is so folded that two of the corners cover the crown, and the two others stand up angle-wise in front above a bow formed of the body of the article. The corners are often embroidered, and the brighter the tints the more effective is the bow. With darkly-toned walking-dresses, it is permitted to show a little effulgence of colour in the head-gear.

Old Lace.—The finest collection in London at A. Blackborne & Co.'s, 35, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square.

Costly embroidered stuffs are much used for bonnets. We were shown one, the crown of which consisted of white velvet wrought with beetles in fine gold thread. The brim (so deliciously becoming!) was edged with pearl buds interwoven with gold cord. A bunch of downward-bending white ostrich feathers, placed at the top, formed the trimming, and the strings were of white watered ribbon with a velvet stripe running down them.

In Paris, white is much patronised, but, as you know, bonnets are worn at the play there, so that they can be of pale tints without being inconsistent with the season. Louise showed us one, of which the crown consisted of tiny pinked-out leaves made of ivory velvet alternating with cloth of the same tint. These were about the size of the smallest rose-leaves, and almost of the same shape. The velvet and cloth were beautifully soft-looking, thus combined. The brim was covered with gathered beaver-coloured velvet, and was trimmed with eleven of the dearest small grey birds you can imagine, with tiny claws, and all complete. Poor little things! I wish people would leave off wearing them. One was placed so that when the bonnet was on, its beak would rest almost on the hair.

All trimmings are very high in front, and the shapes are quite close to the head at the sides. They do not suit long faces, nor thin ones; but everybody wears them. The "Manon" are raised, gable-wise, above the brow, and the less exaggerated ones are very pretty. Small toques, of this shape, stringless, and half bonnets, half hats, are just the thing for girls. They are made of velvet, which is pleated round the edge, and rests on the hair, and they are in all the new shades of colour. Some of the very tall "Manons" will scarcely commend themselves to Englishwomen. I saw one of these in bright-red velvet, trimmed with black lace.

The Guards' colours, as I think I mentioned in a previous letter, are to be more fashionable this winter than ever. In fact, red and blue begins to be almost a sort of uniform in itself; so many well-dressed women wear it. We saw a nice felt hat with dark blue velvet drawn in folds across the crown towards the front, and with blue and red feathers so placed that they drooped downwards from the crown towards the hair; a very becoming way of arranging them.

Moss green is also much worn. A bonnet in velvet of this colour had a wreath of velvet oak leaves with a few acorns for trimming, a stag's head with antlers, not *quite* the size of life, being placed towards the left side. Under the wreath of leaves, the brim was bound with velvet of the very brightest shade of scarlet, and the strings were also made of this.

I liked the little cloth bonnets made up in combination with velvet of the same colour, and with sweet little muffs to match. One set of these was in claret velvet, with a bow on both muff and bonnet, the ends of which were edged with a thickly falling shower of cut garnet-coloured beads.

Another bonnet was in brown cloth and velvet to match, the latter being drawn tight over the coronet in front, a shape that is coming in again. A smaller coronet at the back was turned up above the hair. The trimming consisted of Impyan, leaves and bows of brown velvet ribbon standing rampant above the brim in front. The dear little muff was scented with something very nice.

Then there were sailor hats, with soft crowns of velvet embroidered on jet or in silk, and brims edged with jet or closely-placed folds of velvet, with panache of white or coloured feathers. I could, however, go on describing bonnets for ever so much longer; but then I should be unable to tell you about our other shopping.

We went to Doré's with Lilla, who was being measured for a new coat. It is to be a very nice one, the material being fine, but warm, cloth, in a shade of brown with a faint suggestion of moss-green in it; one of the new autumn tints, borrowed from Nature herself. I have seen a toad of the precise colour, but that sounds as if it were ugly, whereas it is really pretty. The shape is that called the Doncaster, a tightly-fitting coat with plenty of fulness at the back of the skirt. It has a removable cape and hood, lined with shot silk of a dark russet colour. There is a velvet collar, and the sleeves, which are of the new shape, slightly widening at the wrists, have velvet cuffs.

We liked another coat—the Cambridge—the principal characteristic of which is the sleeve. This comes, somehow, from the back, and is folded in underneath the arm, so as to perfectly protect it from cold, and yet not to interfere with its movements. This, too, has a velvet collar and cuffs, and is lined with striped or shot-silk.

The Waldeck is a nice little cloth jacket, braided in circles which gradually decrease in size as they recede from the buttons down the front. This makes the design very becoming to the figure. Princess Frederica of Hanover has just had one of these made for her.

Of the costumes, we liked best one made of biscuit-coloured cloth, trimmed round the pleated skirt with a wide band of mahogany-brown velvet. The hat, collar, cuffs, and band round the edge of the basque were also of the velvet. Lilla ordered a tweed skirt with stockingette bodice braided up the front and round the neck and sleeves. She says she is never going to wear anything but stockingette in her bodices again, because it fits so beautifully without undue tightness.

Maud was rather taken with a casaque of dark-brown cloth, heavily braided, to be worn over a skirt of dark-brown velvet—a lovely shade; and I took particular note, for your benefit, of a novelty in the shape of a suède leather skirt with polonaise of navy-blue serge. The waistcoat was of leather, like the petticoat, which can be readily sponged free of mud or dust.

Those who "love the military" would like the "Guards'" dress, which is braided all down the front in the turned-back style that wears for such an immense time, the skirt being trimmed with rows of plain braid.

The Empress of Austria's latest riding habit is made with a waistcoat of stone-coloured cloth, the habit itself being black. A tiny rim of gold edges both bodice and skirt and the waistcoat fastens with gold buttons. The Austrians are always more decorative in their ideas of what constitutes an equestrian toilet than we are, but I prefer the simplicity of our English Amazons.

Now, not another word about dress will I write in this letter. I want to tell you about a lady we met out at afternoon tea the other day, who informed us all that she was a theosophist. We had not an idea what that meant, but gathering a definition of the word from what we saw of the specimen before us, we concluded that a theosophist is a person who dresses extremely badly, who is not particular about other people's furniture (she put up a pair of muddy boots on a sweet little peacock-blue velvet chair), and who takes brandy in his or her tea. This, however, is all wrong.

Theosophy, it seems, began in India, and is a new kind of religion, founded upon an arrangement of bladders, muslin, a mask, and other paraphernalia of a conjurer's cabinet. I tell you this so that you may know how to act in the event of any theosophist invading your calm retreat.

Have you read about all the lovely things that are being sent out to Egypt for the hundred days' expedition? It sounds like the realisation of a greedy schoolboy's dream. Thirteen thousand six hundred pots of jam, and the same quantity of marmalade. If the soldiers eat too much of these nice things they won't be able to march. I thought Lord Wolseley was a temperance man, but I see he allows his men thirty thousand gallons of rum; and there is bottled ale and stout, besides a few thousand pint bottles of champagne—for himself, I suppose.

Papa says "our only Gen." belongs to the Vine Club, and when we asked him what that was, he said, "an Institution for the encouragement of strong drink and the discouragement of wine-merchants," which sounds like a contradiction, does it not?

Do you like quails?—but who does not? When made into an *entrée*, in the following manner, they would convert the most rigid anchorite:—

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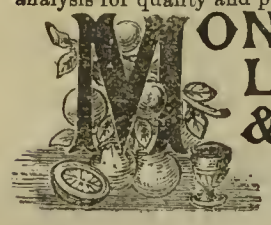

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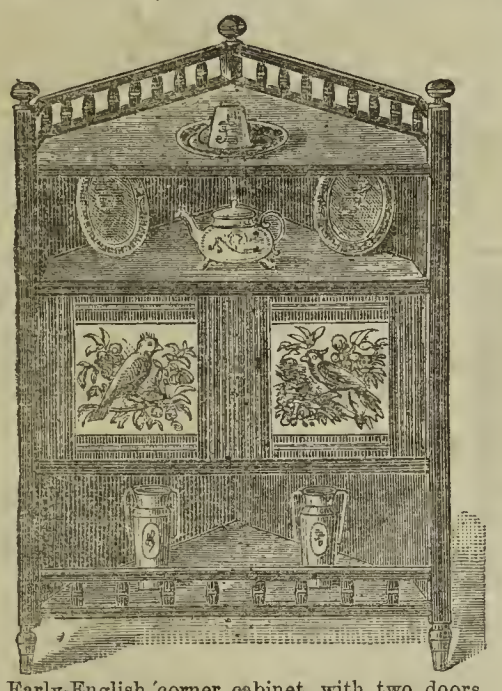

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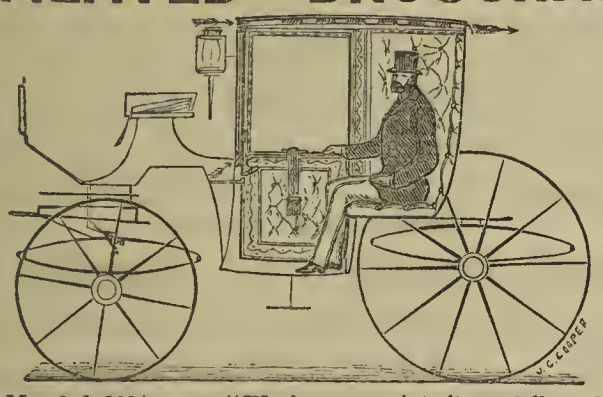

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5. Competitors will be allowed eight days for the composition and despatch of their efforts; but all such communications must, at the latest, be received at the Truth Office by the first post on Friday morning in the week succeeding the publication of the subject for competition.

6. Not more than one Prize will be given in a Quarter to the same competitor.

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8. The *nom-de-plume* chosen by competitors should not exceed 12, and must under no circumstances consist of more than 14 letters.

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10. On the announcement of the Prize-winner's *nom-de-plume*, the successful competitor must write and make formal application for the Prize, stating the address to which the cheque must be sent. Any competitor failing to do so within three months of winning the Prize will forfeit all claim to the same.

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"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 293.—NAME FOR NEXT YEAR'S INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

Tan Tun (Edwin Marwood, Esq., 26, Denmark Villas, Ealing, W.) £2 2 0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 294.

I have to cry "Peccavi!" In giving the prize to Cam, I failed to notice that the little word "but" had crept into his paragraph. But the use of this "but" clearly disqualifies Cam, since no "b" is to be found in the words "Steadfastness, Courageousness, Honour, and Discretion." Under these circumstances, I apologise most sincerely to Cam for the disappointment I have unintentionally caused, and as the prize cannot, of course, be given to him, I now award it to Friar Tuck, who, I find on examination, repeats no word in his paragraph. It may interest competitors to know that out of the published "Specimens" no less than twenty-two contained either prohibited letters or an unauthorised repetition of words. Neptune shares with Friar Tuck the honour of having used seventy-five different words, and but for his unlucky slip in alluding to our "only General" as "Sir" Garnet, he would have shared the prize.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 295.

This exercise in alliteration was very well done on the whole. As, however, I wish to devote as much space as possible to the "Original Proverbs," I will not enter into any detailed criticisms, but content myself with dividing the prize between Orchis and Beryl.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 298.

The competition this week will be a metrical one, and will consist in an exercise in somewhat eccentric rhyming. The prize will be given, in fact, for

The Best Five Couplets, One Line in Each of which must Rhyme with One of the Following Names of Actresses—viz., Cameron, Fortescue, Kendal, Eastlake, and Anderson, which will End the Other Five Lines.

The ten lines may be made part of a continuous stanza, or cut up into five couplets, or, in fact, arranged in any way so long as five of the lines have endings rhyming with the given names. Any ordinary and well known metre may be employed, and if couplets are written the metre may be varied in some or all of them. As the exercise is one specially intended to give an exercise in ingenious rhyming the rhymes furnished should be as neat and perfect as possible.

Answers to Correspondents.

*** The real name and address of Eurytus II., winner of a third part of Prize 281 are W. Grubb, Esq., 29, Holland-park, W.

Mary.—Yes, your alliterative lines were correctly done, as far as you went.

Mendelssohn, Cherry, Scrivener, Ericius.—I have attended to your various requests.

Sefton and J. T. Bedford.—I quite understand your suggestion, for which many thanks.

First Try.—Your answer to No. 629 was too late for publication.

Neptune.—Very many thanks for the trouble you have taken, and for your letter.

Aneids and Batch.—Your "M" lines are so good that I much regret they reached me too late for publication.

A Rustic and Bankfield.—Your suggestions of "The Crochet and Quaveries" and "The New Babylon" as names for next year's show reached me "Too Late."

Observer.—I will convey your censure, and hope no further cause for it will arrive.

First Try.—I am unable to trace your paragraph.

The Gardener.—I regret that I cannot find space for all your alliterative proverbs.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 295. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

ORIGINAL PROVERBS.

He who hates vice, loves his neighbour.—Nil.

Sighs are poor wings to fly with.—Harold W.

The man who wishes to continue believing in his friends should never put them to the proof.—Claymore.

What is nearest the heart is furthest from the tongue.—Mendick.

A white lie often makes a black story.—Mia.

He spites his stomach who quarrels with his cook.—Areopagus.

The more goody the less godly.—Osborne W.

Better burn your mouth than have no porridge.—Fuzzy-down.

Have a nose before you buy spectacles.—Pippin.

'Tis a wise man who knows what to pray for.—Neptune.

Sour grapes don't sweeten by keeping.—Nester.

It's a poor musician that can't blow his own trumpet.—Baal.

Do not speak of science before Huxley.—Hugo.

Riches without management is like food without digestion.—Robin.

The distant hill is the hardest to climb.—Addington.

He who would eat the egg must first break the shell.—Altiora Peto.

Heed not the opinion of the *World*, but keep Truth always before you.—A. B.

The man who cries "Stop thief!" the loudest, may have the watch in his pocket.—B. H. D.

When you 've to travel,
To save is to addle.* F. F. L.
* To earn.

He that can hold his tongue, can hold anything.—Pullie Wullie.

A drifting boat is hard to steer. Scum comes to the top as well as cream.—Guinea Pig.

It's not the loudest ticking clock that goes the best.—Vita Brevis.

Whatever you do, whatever you know,
The rain will fall and the wind will blow.—Dora.

Ripe fruit falls of its own accord.—Romantic Bar.

The last step tells.—Camac.

An enemy of no man make,
And for a friend no woman take.
Master Gunner.

Wire, rail, and post,
Shape the course of most. Novice.

Only the man of knowledge knows that he knows nothing.—Disco.

Don't try to measure St. Paul's with an inch-ruler.—Nokomis.

True proverbs are not framed to fit by study, but by native wit.—Squelette.

There is many a slip between the kiss and the lip.—Harold.

One swallow does not make a supper.—Orde.

Don't dive till you've learned to swim.—Prima Donna.

Every back has its pack.—Philleirene.

The strong call for justice, the weak for mercy.—Parmesan.

A man's nature is his destiny.—Humpty Dumpty.

Salt herring will cure no man's thirst.—Paste.

A little thing may hide a world from view.—Agelastes.

War, once the sport of Princes, is now too often the support of Ministers.—Scrivener.

The slightest breeze may make the bushes stir.—Delphi.

Eloquence is the soul of contention.—W. W.

Knowledge is the treasure of literature.—F. H.

Secret doings, open suings.—Little John.

You cannot hatch an artificial egg.—Leus.

Honours are the seed of animosity.—C. D.

The want of money is the root of all evil.—Lea.

One "I'm sorry for you!" weighs more than ten "I told you so's!"—Cabby.

Love is the rainbow of life.—Meg Merrilees.

It is better to bear with the cold than to set the house on fire to warm yourself. It rains the hardest on a borrowed umbrella.—Wild Thyme.

Swine see no scorns till they are fallen.—Sissie.

It is no use sounding the sea with a guinea-pig's tail.—Barge.

True wisdom is but the art of concealing your ignorance.—Vanity.

Pen and ink out of reach avoid many a breach.—Mrs. Bloss.

A mind vaccinated with common-sense is proof against many types of folly.—R. S.

Look after your wife; never mind yourself. She 'll look after you.—Rose Island.

All creeds begin with catechism, and end with dogmatism. It is possible to not remember, but it is not possible to forget.—Nutshell.

He who does his duty never names it. If pleasures were professions, where would their votaries be?—Glowworm.

Wax candles drip the least. Strap your tongue with your portmanteau.—Crystal Palace.

The present is the child of the past, and the parent of the future.—Elop.

Peace at home makes pleasure abroad.—Juvennillian.

At words of love despair will fly.—Simplex.

As love begets affection, so does tyranny give rise to rebellion.—Caveat Actor.

A child wants what he sees; a man sees what he wants. The blind see with their ears what the deaf hear with their eyes. I will, can; I can't, won't.—Taciturnity.

An unaimed shot often causes the deepest wound.—Purna.

Don't complain of the baker until you have tasted the bread. The road of Bye-and-by leads to the town of Never.—Werda.

All the warmth of "home" comes not from the fire, nor its brightness in at the windows.—Kerry Pippin.

Greatness commences where modesty prevails.—Arnutus.

Other people's burdens are always light.—Elfords.

He's a poor seaman who won't use the sounding-line. A weary traveller counts the milestones.—T. M. Dron.

The pure snow shows a sully.—Basil.

Sparkling waters are not always best.—A Little Q.

If the wife doth rule, the man is a fool.—Jeremy.

Faith in altars alters faith.—Ikeymo.

The early worm is caught by the bird.—Tib.

Be deaf and dumb to take and give offence. There will be another day to-morrow.—Skinned.

There's many a drub, without fist or club. It is never too early to mend.—Bob Ridley.

A wise man undertakes great things; a foolish one is the undertaker of greater.—Seadog.

Of life—whatever be the hue—
All take a liver-coloured view.
W. E. MacCarthy.

Never say nay and beg some day. A saint by avowal, a rogue as a rule.—Picador.

A full body is the precursor of a vacant mind.—Bombardier.

Love is a chain whose links are glances;
Hate is a hedge whose shoots are lances.
Malignant.

Men love women: women love a man.—Lebasi.

Fingered sweets stick. Floating bubbles burst.—Observer.

Regard not the wisdom of the *World*, but ever keep Truth before you.—W. B. C.

Honey is no sweetmeat to bees. Love is like a river that seems to flow upward.—Batch.

It is easier to satisfy man's wants than his fancies.—Vancouver.

Nobody's friend is somebody's foe.—Avon.

Poverty disclosed is riches in disguise.—Devereux.

Sow the seed where the plant is to grow. Concert is above suspicion.—Muddle.

Vicious virtues grow into vices.—Vagrant.

Egotism is an alphabet with one letter.—J.

Rank and wealth dignify merit, but emphasise mediocrity.—J. W. S.

The function of figures is to falsify facts. Corduroys can cover cœurs-de-rois.—The Gardener.

What we don't know does us no harm.—A. E. I. O. U.

A closed mouth and an open hand,
These are they that rule the land.
Frank Croson.

As fickle as stocks and shares.—Truth.

The wheel of Fortnne can't be turned by idle fingers. In long past hours grew the sweetest flowers.—Cæsar's Corner.

Only a coward fears a cow.—R. L. B.

If you would ascertain the length of a dog's teeth tread on his tail.—Ericius.

The less you talk the more you are heard.—Sutor.

Life is a royal robe not becoming to every one. By-and-bye is twin sister to never.—Prars' Soap.

'Twere better to be a fool on April the first than a partridge on the first of September.—Daleth.

The tongue paineth where the hand cannot reach. Do not overbalance that in your pocket by that on your back.—Dum Spiro Spero.

Eye an onion sprung a leek (leak).—Louis.

He must not stay, Who treads Fame's way. When wine runs slow, It's time to go.—Moonshine.

Omniscience wears no spectacles. A bad puzzler deceives none but himself.—Colin Clout.

Faith in self is ready pelf.—Emerald.

'Tis a poor soil where no weeds grow.—Sap.

If you always avoid the broken bridge, you'll never get near to mend it.—Anin Tirem.

He that rarely drinks is rarely dry.—M. T.

Let the brother have his spin, if the sister you would win.—Sherrington.

Fiction is stranger than truth.—Fatima.

You may write well with a good pen, but it will never make you a good writer.—G. A. S.

Only whisper scandal and its echo is heard by all.—Countess.

Calnmny can be endured if it is not deserved.—Thales VII.

Better fail fairly than win foully.—Jober Khan.

The nearer the ground the safer the seat.—Cherry.

He who thinks he's mighty clever,
Must be an ass, a wise man never!
But he who owns he has no sense,
His wisdom, truly, is immense.
Philosophiser.

Deceitful silence is as guilty as false speech.—Quern Mab.

Public spirit should not be imbued with the spirit of the "pub."—Tan Tun.

When in doubt, hold your tongue.—C. P. N.

Folly causes more misery than crime.—Mawber.

Truth's nuts defy crackers. Every fool finds fault.—P. M. G.

If you want none, say you want all (Salisbury dixit).—Pierre.

As sure as the post. As secret as the ballot.—Eclipse.

If you're out in the rain you're sure to get wet.—Rosedale.

A mirror is the wine of the mind.—Quetzalcoatl.

It isn't the bark makes the dog.—Kismet.

Bubbling water, still oil: a sure sign each doth boil.—H. Barr.

Always ask a favour after dinner.—W. M. & Co.

A mushroom gatherer does not trouble about the scenery.—Australian.

'Twere well to judge what is to come by what has gone before.—Garryowen Jack.

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Wisdom is the key to riches.—East-wind.

The surest road to honour is to deserve it.—Simla.

Self-pleasing is heart-freezing. They who live in a worry, invite death to hurry.—Aspen.

Fools' names, like monkeys' faces,
Are always seen in public places.
Prophet.

When girls grow fond, the men abscond.—Pooros.

Open heart, many friends;
Open hand, more friends.
Kitty Gaythorne.

If you'd know a man's character follow him home.—W. A. B.

Trust a woman's instinct, a man's judgment, and a child for the naked truth.—Fairy.

When cleanliness steps in at the door, disease flies out of the window.—Cherie.

Proverbs should be looking-glasses, not opera-glasses.—W. Horsley.

To be despised by the vicious makes virtue more delicious.—Paxtax.

It is better to fall down a well than to jump at a hasty conclusion.—Respice Finem.

A little dirt shows off cleanliness.—Kittifonia.

When the wolf bleats like a sheep, it is time to look after the lambs.—N. M. W.

When the poor man mentions money he makes the rich one look grave.—Harold.

Truth enlightens the world.—Seal.

No efforts will avail
If opportunities fail. Pugsby.

Truth in Truth is gold doubly refined.—Colchester.

A buttonless shirt is a shame unto the wife.—First Try.

The devil has no right to bless the Holy water.—Absolom.

Just in time is better than just too late.—Artemus.

Hurry to your train, haste to your end.—Stella.

A grub is a grub till his wings grow.—Ellart.

A pennyweight of "brass" is worth an ounce of gold.—Fuimus.

What some call tact others call deceit.—Kooreb.

A king has many courtiers.—Summerdale.

Better is a line of sense than a page of nonsense.—Fazie.

The greater the politeness the less the sincerity.—Ty-Du.

Inferior mirrors reflect objects diminutively.—R. M. E.

Desires come equally to rich and poor, but only ruin the rich.—Provident.

Wealth causes poverty, and no fault of the poor.—Spero Meliora.

A tip to a schoolboy is as food to a besieged city.—Mrs. Poyser.

He that maketh a proverb is mightier than he that taketh a city.—Daddy.

Never give away that which you want yourself.—Ghost.

He that would do a good many things, Should first finish one, ere the next he begins.—Smoule.

The screech of the parrot reminds that it does not understand about what it is talking.—Magellan.

One should pause (paws) before one claws.—Mercury Maker.

Screw is he that chisel does.—Asthma.

The most cowardly donkeys bray the loudest.—Initium.

Answers have also been received from Duncru, Guelder Rose, A. P., Desdichado, Soudanese, Penelope, Ivy, Sunbeam, J. S., Bluebeard, Deux Nigauds, Daphnis, Oxonian, Cantium, Convo, Rita, Gibb, Rosary, Trevelina, Truth II., Llewellyn, Hibou, Nottingham, John Cockerton, Tadpole, Simplex, Maid of Arcadie.

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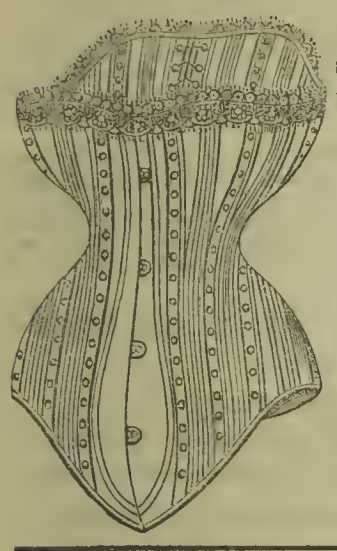

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No. 407. Vol. XVI. Thursday, October 16, 1884. Price Sixpence.

ENTRE NOUS.

THE Queen and Princess Beatrice are expected to arrive at Windsor Castle from Scotland either on Saturday, November 15, or on Saturday, the 22nd.

There are to be some festivities at Balmoral in celebration of the anniversary of Hallowe'en, but they will not be on such an extensive scale as formerly, nor will the Queen or any of the Royal Family be present. There have been no tenants or servants' balls at Balmoral for two years, as last autumn all such entertainments were prohibited in consequence of the demise of John Brown; and no sooner had mourning ceased for "the Highlander," than everybody was again plunged into woe by the death of the Duke of Albany.

The Prince of Wales and Prince Edward went up Deeside before leaving Abergeldie last week, and paid a two days' visit to Colonel Farquharson, whose party at Invercauld included the Grand Duke of Hesse. The deer-drives went off very well indeed, and the Prince of Wales killed seven stags, including two "Royals." The first drive was from Inver and Fellegie woods, on the east side of the forest, and when it was over the party had lunch at Clunie Lodge; after which there was a second drive from Craig Clunie by the Lion's Face. Prince Edward killed two stags during the day. Next day there was a third and concluding "drive" on another beat, which was equally successful.

On Balmoral and Ballochbuie forests the deer-shooting season terminated on the 3rd, and last Thursday the sporting on the Royal moors finished with a grouse-drive, in which the Prince of Wales, the Grand Duke Michael of Russia (who has been staying at Abergeldie), the Grand Duke of Hesse, and Prince Edward took part, but the bag was not so large as usual, for the weather was most unfavourable.

The Prince of Wales will be the guest of Lord Cadogan at Babraham Hall, Cambridgeshire, from Monday week, the 27th, till the following Thursday; and during the first week of November H.R.H. is to visit Lord and Lady Carrington at Wycombe Abbey.

Princess Christian left Balmoral on Thursday, and returned to Cumberland Lodge on Friday, after an absence of more than two months.

The Duchess of Albany is going to Germany to visit her parents, the Prince and Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont, at Arolsen. The Duchess will also pay a visit to the King and Queen of the Netherlands at the château of Loo, near Apeldoorn.

I hear that the Duchess of Albany is anxious to terminate her residence at Claremont, and in all probability she will only return there for a short time. The question will then arise for the Queen's decision who is to get Claremont? The Duchess of Albany cannot live there on £7,000 a year, even with a very small establishment, for to keep up the place properly costs £20,000 a year. The large and excellent house in Kensington Palace, which was occupied by the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and previously by the Duchess of Inverness, will probably be given to the Duchess of Albany, but I hear that the Queen has some idea of quartering her widowed daughter-in-law at Frogmore, a damp and dreary place, which has not been regularly inhabited since the Prince and Princess of Wales lived there for a few weeks more than twenty years ago.

It is probable that the Prince of Waldeck and Pyrmont, the father of the Duchess of Albany, will shortly be created a Knight of the Garter. He was made a G.C.B. when he came over here in 1882 to attend the marriage of his daughter.

The Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Germany, who went with their daughters to Munich on leaving Baden, were joined there by Princess Louise, and they have all gone to the Tyrol, and will remain in that district for the next fortnight. The Crown Princess and Princess Louise will probably go to Venice for a few days before returning northwards.

According to an article on Prince Bismarck's political and domestic life, which is the principal feature in the October number of the *Deutsche Revue*, Count Moltke came up to the Prince after the battle of Königgrätz was won, and exclaimed, "You are really a great man now. If we had been beaten, all the old women at home would have pelted us with wet rags." The Prince alludes to the Holy Alliance as "a Russian mouse-trap," and has always declared that the war of 1866 was only a passing thunder-shower, which entirely and permanently cleared the air between Germany and Austria.

The *Times* of Friday contained a telegram from its Berlin correspondent announcing that "the divorce case on appeal between the Grand Duke of Hesse and Mdme. de Kalomine is down for hearing before a tribunal of Second

Instance on the 18th." It was hardly necessary to telegraph this news, which is rather stale, inasmuch as it appeared in Truth a fortnight ago. I do not understand, however, why the somnolent correspondent alludes to th affair as "the Hesse-Darmstadt scandal." The Grand Duke of Hesse's morganatic marriage was no more a scandal than was the marriage of the parents of Prince Louis of Battenberg, or that of Princess Louise and Lord Lorne. He has behaved throughout like a weak simpleton, and has certainly been worked upon in a very reprehensible fashion by his "governing" relations in England and at Berlin.

It seems to me that the "scandal" lies in the strenuous efforts of the Queen to bring about a divorce between a lawfully-married couple, whose separation, within a few hours of their union, was entirely the result of her proceedings. The course taken in this affair by "our good Queen" has been equivocal in the highest degree, but it is a melancholy fact that Royal personages of all ages and countries have always been among the most unscrupulous and the most vindictive of mankind, which is doubtless to be attributed to the atmosphere of pimping and servility in which they exist.

I hear from Germany that if the divorce is granted, Madame de Kalomine will take other steps to vindicate herself, which are likely to prove most unpleasant, not merely to her foolish husband, but also to the Royal family of England.

The Emperor of Russia has been doing his best lately to bring about a *modus vivendi* between the German Government and the Duke of Cumberland, but he has not been more successful than was the King of Denmark last summer. The German Emperor is exceedingly anxious to come to terms with the *de jure* King of Hanover, but all such advances have been sternly repelled at Gmünden. The Duke's inveterate obstinacy is worthy of his great-grandfather George III.; but nothing can be more foolish than his present attitude, for he will, of course, lose the Brunswick succession; and while he remains hostile, the ruling powers at Berlin will retain possession of the £3,000,000 belonging to the late King George, which they captured so dexterously in 1866.

On the departure of the Duke of Cambridge for Cork, Lord and Lady Spencer came over to England, where they will remain for some time. Mr. Trevelyan arrived on Saturday evening at the Chief Secretary's Lodge to pay a short visit to Ireland before the opening of Parliament.

The Duke of Cambridge did not stay in Dublin on his way from Cork, only passing through it to Kingstown. Before starting for Holyhead, he dined with Sir Thomas Steele, and other military officials, at the St. George's Yacht Club, from the windows of which he had an opportunity of viewing the column erected in the enthusiasm of Celtic loyalty, in honour of the visit of that revered monarch, George IV., to Ireland.

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My dear, good, well-meaning Edmund, you have again got hold of that portion of the stick which is detrimental to kid gloves. Why go out of your way to announce that the Christian name of the new Ambassador at Berlin is "Edwin" and not "Edward" Malet, when all the world other than your organ knows that the latter is correct? I regret it the more when I come to think that a reference to the "Baronetage" or the "Imperial Calendar" might have saved you appearing ridiculous. "Whitaker's Almanack" is an excellent work, but in this case I fear it has led you astray; or can it be that you derive your Edwin from his Excellency's two Christian names, *Ed*ward and Bald*win*?

Mr. Morton Frewen, the Cattle King of Wyoming, U.S., who gave such prompt aid towards the transmission of the remains of the unfortunate Gilbert C. Leigh to this country, is an uncle by marriage of Lady Randolph Churchill.

Lord Randolph Churchill, on his visit to Sir George Wombwell, went on Sunday to the parish church. The rector, with conscious or unconscious humour, chose for his text, "Give this man a place."

Miss Mary Cunard, sister of Sir Bache Cunard, was married on Saturday last to Lieut.-Colonel George Gosling, late of the Scots Greys. The day was bright and sunny, and the old church, which adjoins the house, was filled with relatives of the bride and bridegroom and their friends and neighbours. Sir Bache gave away the bride, who looked very charming, and Colonel Fludyer supported the bridegroom. Miss Annie Cunard and Miss Margaret Cunard, the bride's sisters, were the only bridesmaids. After the breakfast, there was a meet of Sir Bache's hounds on the lawn in front of the house, and the gentlemen, who had come to the church attired in hunting costume, followed the master to Watson's Gorse, where they soon found and enjoyed a capital run. The presents were exceptionally numerous and valuable.

Sir Charles Freake, who died last week of heart-complaint, at his well-known residence, Cromwell House, was a remarkably successful man, and made a very generous use of his success. There are very few things which money won't do, but there are some. Money won't buy personal esteem during life or regret after death. Sir Charles had both. If the many assemblies at Cromwell House, South Kensington, for charitable purposes were generally supposed to be indirectly connected with schemes dear to rank or Royalty, they were nevertheless charitable efforts, and, as a rule, wisely directed. The onus of these fell almost entirely upon Lady Freake. Sir Charles was indeed present, but he had, for some years, been too infirm to do more than greet with a kindly smile or hand shake the crowd of visitors.

Sir Charles's great *coups* were made long ago. He made a very large fortune by quietly buying up the waste slips, potato fields, and worked-out gravel pits and dust-heaps, on the site of which South Kensington and that altogether mysterious locality known as West Kensington now stand. It was smartly done, and it would be well if

all modern speculators who aim at Sir Charles's successes were to imitate his industry and honesty. His son, Thomas George Freake, succeeds to the baronetcy; but I am told that the Dowager Lady Freake will remain—for the present, at least—in possession of Cromwell House.

Mr. Escott's article on the late Bernal Osborne, in the *Fortnightly*, gives a kindly but true idea of the man. To suppose that he could have become one of the best-liked debaters in the House of Commons, and have been for years the wit *par excellence* of society by means of mere swagger and vulgar bullying, is to suppose what is inconceivable. As a debater, he, indeed, somewhat suffered by his reputation as a wit, for he argued closely, and his speeches were far above the average, even if all their epigrams, sarcasms, and jokes had been eliminated from them. It is perfectly true, as Mr. Escott says, that he stood by his friends, and never made them his butts; whilst, far from attacking those alone who could not defend themselves, I have often heard him come to the rescue of those who were attacked by others. In his later years, his health was exceedingly bad, and his spirits were often somewhat depressed; but, when this was not the case, his society was eagerly sought after, and he was a most agreeable companion.

His speeches were carefully prepared. I have seen him working at them by the hour. It was generally said that his jokes were so too. Some of them very probably were. But he had a strong sense of humour, and was a master of that impromptu pointed epigramatic commonplace which is the salt of conversation. I remember once travelling with him for some time abroad, and whether he had an audience or whether we were alone, he talked cleverly and incessantly. He read, too, a good deal, and had a large fund of accumulated book-knowledge. We went to visit a French friend at his château. The conversation was generally in French, and—although he could speak it tolerably—this was the only time when he kept comparative silence; for, as he told me, he liked to start on equal conversational terms with those about him.

Vanity Fair states that the dance at the New Club on Wednesday last was "as largely attended as the season of the year would permit of." This is a mistake, for, as a matter of fact, the dance, although announced, did not take place at all, owing to the absence from town, at Newmarket and elsewhere, of so many of the club-members.

The New Club in Covent Garden has been decorated in white and gold, instead of the previous display of many colours. The Club band of Austrian musicians is about to give a series of concerts at Steinway Hall.

Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford, who has been staying for some time at Highcliff, her beautiful place on the Hants coast, near Christchurch, intends to pass the winter at Ford Castle, her seat in Northumberland, near Coldstream, which has been let during the autumn to Mr. Slingsby Bethel.

The Duke and Duchess of Somerset are expected shortly at Stover, their place in South Devon, where they will reside during the winter.

The Duke and Duchess of Richmond will not leave Gordon Castle for Goodwood before the beginning of next month. The deer-stalking in Glenfiddich Forest has now ceased for the year; but the Duke intends, as usual, to have several days' shooting with his tenants in the great fir-woods around the Castle.

Lord and Lady Pembroke returned last week to Wilton Abbey, after a lengthened cruise in their yacht. Lord Pembroke's health is now quite restored, and he has been out shooting on several days since his return home.

The Duke of Rutland has arrived at Belvoir from Longshawe, his shooting-box in Derbyshire; but he is going to Cheveley for a short time, before he settles down at the Castle for the winter.

Lady Cardigan has been receiving a shooting-party at Deene Park, and great bags have been obtained in the preserves around Wansford, which usually afford some of the best sport in Northamptonshire.

Lord Rosebery is going on well, but he will not be able to leave Dalmeny for the next three weeks. Lord and Lady Rosebery will go for a short time to the Durdans, their place near Epsom, when they come up from Scotland, and then to Mentone.

The Duchess of St. Albans has left Newtown Anner for the season, with her children, to join the Duke at Bestwood, where they will shortly receive a small party of friends.

Lord and Lady Hampden were staying last week at The Hoo on a visit to Lord Dacre.

The Earl of Fife's deer-stalking party at New Mar Lodge broke up last Wednesday. Lord Fife has had a remarkably successful season; on the Monday before he left Deeside he killed no fewer than eighteen stags with his own rifle.

Lord and Lady Carnarvon return this week to Highclere Castle from visiting Mr. and Mrs. Howard at Greystoke Castle, Cumberland.

During the past week Lord Londesborough has been shooting over his Seamer and Londesborough eatates in Yorkshire, and very large bags have been obtained, although the birds were unusually wild. Lord Rendlesham, Lord Wenlock, and Lord de Grey were included in the party.

Lord and Lady Lonsdale leave Lowther Castle this week for their place in Northamptonshire for the hunting season.

The Duke of Grafton and his friends have had some good shooting at Euston. The bag of partridges was 290 brace in two days, and 160 brace of pheasants were shot on another day.

Lord and Lady Derby are this week entertaining a large party at Knowsley.

Lord Dalhousie has been entertaining a large shooting-party at Brechin Castle, and they (seven guns) killed nearly 500 brace of partridges and a great number of hares on the Edzell portion of his estate. Lord Dalhousie will shoot at Panmure later in the season.

After an absence of seven weeks, Lord Mount-Edgcumbe and his son, Lord Valletort, returned by last week's Cunard steamer from America. They were the guests of their relatives, Lord and Lady Lansdowne, during their visit to Canada.

Edmund announces that Bosworth Park, the Leicestershire estate of Sir Beaumont Dixie, is "in the market." This is very stale news, and Edmund is presumably unaware that the estate has been "in the market" for the last two years, and that it has twice been offered by auction without success. I understand that the reserve price is about £180,000, and it is remarkable that so desirable a property, from the sporting and residential point of view, should not have changed hands at this very moderate figure.

The noted farm of Burton, in North Northumberland, which is one of the largest in the county, has just been thrown upon Lord Grey's hands in consequence of the tenant having taken advantage of a break in the lease. Burton was let in 1850 at £2,500 a year. The outgoing tenant paid £2,000 for several years, but as he was losing money, the rent was still further reduced to £1,500, but even at this rate he could not make the farm profitable. It is believed to be one of the largest arable holdings in England.

A splendid lot of polled cattled from the far-famed herd of Mr. Ferguson, of Kinnochtry, was sold last week at Coupar Angus, when the average for sixty-nine lots was a trifle under £52. The sale was attended by farmers from all parts of the country.

There have been extensive festivities of various kinds during the last fortnight at Dangu, in Normandy, in celebration of the arrival there of Count Pozzo di Borgo, who recently purchased the château and estate from the representatives of the late Count Lagrange.

The Duchess of Montrose holds Bedford Lodge, the magnificent training establishment of the late Joseph Dawson, on a twenty-one years' lease, which, I believe, still has seventeen years to run. The Duchess does not propose in future to keep her racing stud at Newmarket, so she is anxious to get rid of Bedford Lodge, and will accept £1,200 a year, although her own rent under the lease is £1,800. The Duchess and Mr. Crawfurd were rather "rushed" into taking Bedford Lodge, but at that time the great object of her Grace was to transfer the whole stud from Manton to Newmarket.

Newmarket was not brilliant last week from the social point of view. The principal feature was the great gathering of Frenchmen, who had come over in shoals to see Archiduc and Xaintrailles run. The Duc and Duchesse de Castries were among the visitors, and they will again be with us next week, when there is likely to be a very large attendance of "society" people, as the Prince of Wales is going to Newmarket on Monday for the meeting, and will occupy his rooms in the Jockey Club House. There will be parties at Lord Cadogan's, Lord Hartington's, Mr. L. Rothschild's, Lord Calthorpe's, and, indeed, at all the crack Newmarket houses, although it is to be feared that in some cases the meeting of Parliament will considerably interfere with the arrangements of the week.

Many wild stories were in circulation at Newmarket about Mr. Hammond's Cesarewitch winnings, the amount ranging from £70,000, upwards. I have reason to believe that, in reality, Mr. Hammond cleared just £30,000 by the success of St. Gatien; but on Wednesday he won the best part of £10,000 on Melton, and £5,000 on his own horse, Eurasian. He was also lucky in some of the minor races, and left off over £50,000 to the good on the week.

The Duke of Westminster was much disappointed by the defeat of the Casuistry colt in the Middle Park Plate, as he had given 6,000 gs. for him in the sure and certain expectation of an easy victory. The Duchess came all the way from Eaton on purpose to see the horse run; but her second visit to Newmarket was hardly more satisfactory than her first, when she came down last autumn only to see Duke of Richmond easily beaten by St. Simon.

Far be it for me to trench on the province of the gentleman who discourses upon racing in these columns, but, without doing so, I should like to know whether the principal members of the Jockey Club recognise the unquestionable fact that jockeys bet, and take very good care to win their bets? An owner of horses was explaining to me, the other day, their *modus operandi*. A jockey who was to ride one of his horses in a race would come to him and say, "I do not think that your horse can win this race, but I am sure that he would win another race in which he is entered if he were kept for it." This, in plain language, means that the jockeys have backed some other horse for the race about to be run, and that if the horse backed be allowed to win it, the owner is to have his "sure thing" on another day. To my mind it is, indeed, perfectly astounding that men can be so silly as to venture large sums on the honesty of jockeys. Some, possibly, are honest, but the majority of these glorified stable boys are more likely to be wise as serpents than to be harmless as doves.

I announced some weeks ago that Mr. R. L. Phipps, of Leighton, was making arrangements to hunt the old Mendip country in East Somerset. Everything has been settled, and the pack is to hunt two days a week. The kennels are at Leighton, near Warminster. Mr. Phipps will carry the horn himself.

The South Devon Hunt will open their season to-morrow with a breakfast and lawn-meet at Haldon House, the family place of the new master, Lord Haldon.

Mr. Chaston has resigned the Mastership of the Suffolk staghounds, in consequence of the great falling off in the subscriptions. The pack will therefore be given up.

The rod-fishing of the Tay closed on Friday, after a disappointing season, for till the last ten days the river was too low for the salmon to run up. Since the spate of September 28, there has been splendid sport, especially on Stobhall, Cargill, Stanley, and Murthly stretches. On Friday many of the pools were manifestly swarming with fish which had come up from the estuary, and there were loud and general regrets that the season should close when the prospects of anglers were so bright. Very large captures have been made on Lady Willoughby d'Eresby's reserved water at Stobhall, by Mr. Barclay Field, the tenant, during the last week; and higher up, at Murthly, the heaviest fish of the season (44 lb.) was killed by Mr. Millais. On the closing day a salmon of 43 lb. was taken, near Perth, with a fly by an angler fishing from the bank. Captain Adams, late of the *Arctic*, had four, including one of 38 lb. Mr. Bright had good sport at Stanley in the early part of the week, his captures including a very wild fish of 25 lb., which it took him over half-an-hour to land.

Some new rules have been adopted by the Football Association for this year's cup competition, which deal rather stringently with "imported" players. But, like all the doings of this body, the new measures are half-hearted, and will still further complicate and annoy where there is sufficient complication and annoyance already. There are two things which it is advisable for the Association to do as soon as possible: the first is to legalise and recognise professionalism (as at cricket); the second is to abolish, if they have the courage to do so, the cup competition and its attendant evils. Challenge-cups have ruined Association football as a pastime for those who do not regard pastime as a business, and those who do not care to play football except for trophies and gate-money should be left to look after themselves, while the Association should watch the true interests of the game.

Owing to the unfortunate wrangle which occurred after the last contest, there appears a likelihood of the International Rugby Union match between England and Scotland falling through. The referee having given his verdict in favour of the English claim, it is both ungracious and unsportsmanlike of the Scotchmen to maintain the dispute, and the English Union is quite right to decline to submit the matter to any other body. If a referee's decision is not to be regarded as final, wherein lies the use of having a referee?

I appended a short note a fortnight ago to a letter of my Paris correspondent giving an account of a thought-reading *séance* at Paris by Mr. Capper, under the management of Mr. Chandor. I find that I am a "thought-reader," for Capper has severed his connection with Chandor, who is, I understand, training up a "lady thought-reader" for exhibition purposes. Were I in this line of business, I should explain to my audiences how easy it is to find pins, &c., by means of the unconscious indications of the subjects; make clear to them the *modus operandi*, show them how to do the trick, and wind up with a denunciation of all mystic humbug. This sort of lecture, set off by experiments *in corpore vili*, would, I should think, prove profitable alike to me and to those who came to hear it.

The reports which have been published about the music for "Hamlet" at the Comédie Française, are all more or less erroneous. M. Ambroise Thomas, who has already written an operatic version of the tragedy, will merely compose two new airs—one for Ophelia and one for the gravedigger. In both instances these will be sung without music. Those who have heard Mr. Brandram recite this play will remember that he gives a musical version of his own to the songs of the above characters. In the French revival there will be no attempt, as in "Macbeth," to furnish a regular score of incidental music.

Things that are not true about "Hamlet" to-morrow (Thursday): That the ghost will be invisible, and will not walk; that new business has been arranged to illustrate the line, "Look here upon this picture and on this"; that the new Hamlet will be a gushing youth of eighteen summers. Things that are true: That "Hamlet," as rearranged at the Princess's, will be virtually a new play; that the King and Queen will be represented as lovely enough to satisfy a French dramatist of the nineteenth century; that the "play scene" will be given in the open air, directed by Mr. George Godwin, who was the instigator of the Coombe House theatricals last summer; and that the Prince of Denmark will puzzle all who are familiar with the stage text by going mainly to the first folio for his "readings," starting off with, "The air bites shrewdly; is it very cold?" instead of the positive statement of the Hamlet of other days.

The author of "Saints and Sinners" writes:—

Dear Truth,—I have received the enclosed letter, amongst many others, upon the matter of the "evil soul producing holy witness" in my play of "Saints and Sinners." As a general impression prevails that the play has been altered since the first night, will you kindly say that I anticipated the very sound advice you gave me in your review of the piece, and retained—and have still retained—the passages which met with such opposition on the first night?

I have done this out of no desire to shock the ear-and-lip reverence of this generation, or to turn the theatre into a debating-room, but simply because I considered these passages as vital features of widely-spread modern English types of character, and quite essential to their faithful portrayal. The play will ultimately be published in book form.

Oct. 10, 1884.

[enclosure.]

Dear Sir,—As I see you have modified your play of "Saints and Sinners" to suit the wishes of a parcel of idiotic and hypocritical fools, may I hope that you will publish in book form the play in its original form?—Believe me, yours very truly,

Oct. 9, 1884. H. Wyndham Carter.

Dr. Halliwell Phillipps, the veteran Shakespearean critic, seems to be treated with scant courtesy by the town of Stratford-on-Avon. Dr. Phillipps was instrumental in getting up the subscription in 1861 to buy the last residence of Shakespeare, and he founded the museum at Shakespeare's birthplace. He calendared and indexed the corporation records free of expense, and he has up to now been allowed the free use of the keys to inspect his own work. Lately he offered to have some of the most interesting of these works autotyped under his superintendence, and at his own expense. This offer was gladly accepted, but soon afterwards the Corporation passed a resolution which debars him from inspecting the records unless accompanied by a member of the New Record Committee, or from removing them from the dark chamber in which they are kept, and where it is impossible that they can be autotyped.

Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P., is an active member of the Social Purity Society. Social purity is an excellent thing, but surely Mr. Smith is going a little too far when he attempts to put a stop to the exhibition of works of art in which the human form is exhibited without a superfluit of clothing. Does he propose that every picture of a great master in which there is a lady only partially dressed, is to be clothed by a painter attached to the Society? Perhaps the worthy M.P. is a relative of the old lady who never allowed the legs of her dining-room table to remain uncovered. Certainly the nicest men have the nastiest ideas.

There is a very odd slip in Lord Malmesbury's Diary, which so far the reviewers have missed. On February, 28, 1851, Lord Malmesbury relates the difficulties experienced by the late Lord Derby in his attempt to form a Protectionist Administration, after Lord John Russell had been defeated on Mr. Locke-King's motion in favour of a £10 franchise in the counties, and tells how the Tory leader "had written to *Lord Stratford de Redcliffe*, who was at Constantinople, asking him to take the management of Foreign Affairs." Now, as a matter of fact, there was then no such person in existence as "Lord Stratford de Redcliffe," for Sir Stratford Canning was not raised to the Peerage till fifteen months later. Such a blunder makes it clear that Lord Malmesbury could not have made the entry at the date mentioned, but that he must have written on the subject from memory; and if his other political reminiscences have been compiled in the same way, they, of course, lose much of their value and interest, as there is a vast difference between putting down one's impressions of a transaction at the time, and, on the other hand, waiting till further experience has enabled one to take a more accurate view of the situation.

I believe that legally a letter belongs to the writer and to the writer's heirs. It is a pity, therefore, that the love-letters of Lord Lytton to his wife have been allowed to see the light. Such letters are generally exceedingly silly, and, when hundreds of them are collected together, the effect is singularly ridiculous. For a woman to receive a love-letter and show it, is as unfair as it is for a man to kiss and tell. Lady Lytton very likely had a good deal to complain of on the part of her husband; but I cannot see how her case has been bettered by the publication of several hundred pages of Lord Lytton's amorous gush to her, written at a time when it is evident that he was desperately in love with her. Both are dead, and it would have been far better had their disputes been buried with them.

However, I could not help thinking, when glancing through the book, that for people to marry simply because they are in love is a very hazardous proceeding. Two people of opposite sexes suddenly take a fancy for each other. The fancy is likely to go as it comes, and yet if they marry whilst this fancy is in full blast, they are tied together for life. It is, I believe, a statistical fact that there are more *mariages de convenance* which turn out well than love marriages.

As for "love at first sight," it simply means that a pretty face outweighs every other consideration. The women in history who have turned men's heads have not, as a rule, been exquisitely pretty. Beauty, indeed, is very much a matter of fashion; what one generation and the inhabitants of one country think beautiful, another generation and the inhabitants of another country think the reverse. The angular woman, with a hungry, pinched, and dolorous expression, whom we are called upon to regard to-day as perfection, would in every other age be held to be plain.

As Mr. Morosoni, Jay Gould's partner, has declined to receive his daughter and her coachman-husband, the bride has accepted an engagement to sing at Niblo's Gardens at £20 a night. The New York papers ridicule the fuss which has been made about this *mésalliance*, as they point out that "there is really no inequality between the parties in origin, or condition, or education." It appears that Morosoni was a railway brakesman only a few years ago, and, being also distinguished as a prize-fighter, he was hired by Jay-Gould as a kind of body-guard, at a time when that financier was threatened with assaults by numerous rude persons who alleged that they had been defrauded by him. This position put good chances in Morosoni's way, and, as he was a sharp man and not too scrupulous, he quickly acquired a large fortune, and now, according to the New York *Post*, "lives in a style which, no doubt, makes a coachman seem a very inferior sort of person." Another journal declares that "the worst part of poor Victoria Morosoni's entire escapade is the exposure it makes of her father's extensive powers of making a fool of himself."

The Rector of Carfax, at Oxford, has been making some very sensible remarks, I see, on the Sunday question—protesting against the limitation of Sunday occupations, in the case of the masses, to "worship or drink." As for the "thin-end-of-the-wedge" argument, he only regretted that it was so very thin an end, for the wedge he wants to drive in is that it is incumbent on our Church to brighten the joyless lives of the people, and "teach them to possess their souls as well as save them." I hope the Rector of Carfax may succeed in driving this wedge into the minds of his clerical brethren who have just been passing a resolution against Sunday opening of Museums at their Diocesan Conference, and into that of his Bishop, who spoke and voted against Lord Thurlow's motion last March.

Mr. Sneyd Kynnersley, inspector of schools for the Chester district, has been endeavouring to throw a little light upon the vexed question of over-pressure. I am not altogether sure, however, that he has been successful. "No case of over-pressure," says Mr. Kynnersley, "has been brought to my notice in Chester—indeed, anywhere. Third-rate teachers talk a good deal about it, and occasionally school-managers threaten me with a coroner's inquest, *but the over-pressed child takes no part in the proceedings.*" Now, when the over-pressed child has been reduced to that condition which renders the holding of a coroner's inquest either necessary or possible, I cannot help thinking that Mr. Kynnersley is somewhat unreasonable if he expects the victim to take any further part in the proceedings.

At a recent meeting of the Watford School Board, the inspector called attention to the impoverished appearance of the children attending the school. One of the masters reported that some of the children at his school were in a state of semi-starvation, their daily food chiefly consisting of swedes. If this be so, it is easy to predicate that over-pressure exists in Watford. Food, clothing, and housing are as essential to the proper training of decent, law-abiding, and capable citizens as is a knowledge of the three R's, and since the attendance at school of the children of the poor is compulsory, why should it not also be compulsory on somebody or other to see that these children are kept in a condition to bear the strain of the school work? The duty devolves on the parents or relatives in the first instance, of course; but, if these neglect it, are the sins of the parents to be visited on the hapless children? It is sheer cruelty to compel children to add up sums, and pick up notions of geography and history with brains nourished on swedes.

The Church Congress will meet next year on Sept. 29, at Portsmouth, under the presidency of the Bishop of Winchester.

During the past week, two of the principal Nonconformist representative assemblies—the Congregational and Baptist Unions—have been in session. Probably it would puzzle any of the gentlemen who attended them, and not least those who arranged the programme, to say why these Sessions were held at all. The fact is that these Unions are pervaded by an air of unreality; they are little better than shams. Secretaries and committees show much astuteness in shirking the very subjects which most need to be discussed, and the pusillanimous representatives submit without a murmur. The motto of the programme-makers is, "The subject which will divide the least." All questions on which strong convictions are held, on which warm words might be uttered, are shelved. No Church Congress could be more chary of the unpleasant facts, which are not the less actual because they are kept out of sight.

Dr. Parker, from the chair of the Congregational Union, magniloquently talks of self-sacrifice. He asks for men "who will never ask a question respecting money or comfort," who will bear hunger, pain, persecution, and death, for the truth's sake; and all the time he is in receipt of an income amounting probably to £1,500 a year, and lives in the enjoyment of every comfort. Dr. Parker has a fine opportunity of distinguishing himself by going out without "purse, or scrip, or shoes, or staves, and spending his life in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." But will he do it? Not he. All that must be left to the "poor brother," who receives so much sympathy in words. The Doctor has also much to say about the iniquitous land system; he preaches land-nationalisation in a vague way; and he holds the aristocracy up to ridicule. But will he and his co-religionists put it into practice? Will they help the Highland crofters in their struggle against the injustice of the landlords? Will they head a crusade against the hereditary House of Landlords?

There are two subjects which, above almost all others, ought to be discussed at these Unions, and yet they are nearly always avoided. They are, the scandalous poverty of many of the ministers and the uncomfortable relations existing between many ministers and their churches. Why do not the big-salaried men who make grandiloquent speeches, and the highly-placed ministers who vie with rich and selfish laymen in patronising and eulogising "their poor brethren" of the rural districts, do something to put these poor brethren into a more comfortable position?

The Rev. R. H. Faulconer, of St. Michael's, Lewes, is reported to have said that "he who does not give one-tenth of his income to God is a thief, and can hardly be called a Christian." I don't know what Mr. Faulconer's income is, but I hope he gives away a tenth of it. If the Archbishops, Bishops, and parsons with fat livings all gave a tenth of their incomes, the funds of their Church would not languish as they do now. But I should like to know on what authority any clergyman has a right to tell people the precise minimum amount that they ought to give if they wish to be called Christians.

To the Rev. Prebendary J. W. Reynolds, Rector of St. Anne and St. Agnes, Gresham-street, must be ascribed the honour of having discovered an entirely new method of confuting those persons who deny the existence of God. "Supposing," says Mr. Reynolds, "a man searches the whole universe, and declared that he could find no trace of God. To say that he must be able to say that he was in all places at once, and had been in every known part of the world. This no man could do, hence such a statement that there was no God was made through ignorance, *because sometimes God hid himself from such a search!*" There is a naïveté and logical force about this which doubtless convinced the reverend Prebendary's parishioners.

The Bishop of Lichfield ought to have the gratitude of many congregations in his diocese. His lordship has formulated a series of rules to regulate preaching by newly-ordained deacons. In the first place, the deacon has no formal licence to preach in church, though he may try his 'prentice-hand in "mission chapels and school-rooms." When he is required to preach in church, he is merely to read a discourse from a prescribed list, which "may be shortened if necessary." Last, and most drastic rule of all, the curate is to preach an original sermon once a month, "which sermon," says the bishop, "he will be required to send to me on the following day for my examination." It is an excellent idea to put a check upon the pulpit eloquence of some of the rawer recruits to the ministry. I only hope the bishop, in looking over his exercises, will give special "marks" for the inestimable virtues of conciseness and brevity.

Speaking at his Diocesan Conference last week, the Bishop of Peterborough, I am glad to see, put in a word for the much-abused town of Northampton. "When he looked at that other town in the diocese, which many people looked upon as sunk in utter Atheism and godlessness; when he looked at poor Northampton, he did not feel ashamed of

her—not the least. Although Northampton was not half the size of Leicester, five churches had been erected in sixteen years, and in a fortnight he would be called upon to consecrate a new church, built by the efforts and the savings of three hundred of the poor despised shoemakers of Northampton." Tory orators, who are nothing if not strenuous supporters of the Church, would do well to study Dr. Magee's address before they again allude to the people of Northampton as the "scum" and "residuum" of the human race.

I may be, perhaps, permitted to add my testimony to that of the Bishop. I do not think that one single town in the United Kingdom compares favourably with Northampton, not only as regards the Churches of the Establishment, but as regards the number of Dissenting places of worship, whilst its schools are a model to the entire world. It is probably due to these causes that its inhabitants are represented by sound and tolerant Radicals.

With his usual sound common sense, the Bishop of Peterborough has been pointing out the utter impossibility of separating the question of social purity from that of the housing of the poor. As he remarks, it is idle to expect men to lead the lives of Christians when they have the houses of brutes. No amount of preaching and founding of White Ribbon Armies will check the one evil until we do something to remedy the other. What is wanted is a great deal more practice and a good deal less theory.

It is amusing to find the *World* coming forward to defend the Bishop of Salisbury, considering that only a few months ago I read in that journal a violent attack on Dr. Moberly, who was accused by Edmund of delegating the distribution of his patronage to a committee of his female relations, whose arrangements, it was added, had caused great dissatisfaction in the diocese. I censured the Bishop for his recent appointment to the vicarage of Leigh, and I have abundant evidence that my views on the subject are in accordance with the general feeling in the diocese. I have no such intentions, as are absurdly attributed to me by Edmund (who has boxed his compass with a vengeance), of attempting to prove that the Bishop has been constantly in the habit of promoting his relatives, nor should I blame him if he had done so, supposing the aforesaid relatives to have been experienced, capable, and deserving persons. It is nonsensical to abuse either bishops or ministers every time they happen to select a relative for advancement. As to my "zeal in furthering the resignation of the aged Bishop" being caused (as is insinuated by Edmund) by my having any sort of "interest" in hastening a vacancy in the see of Sarum, it is too ridiculous, for I am not a clergyman of the Established Church, and, consequently, am not in the way of being made a Bishop. With regard to the Rev. J. Lee Warner, whose foolish letter to the *Guardian* appears to have inspired Edmund's remarks, I dealt fully with that reverend gentleman a fortnight ago.

The Rev. G. A. Shaw, of Tamatave celebrity, uttered at St. Leonard's last week some useful truths on the civilising influence of England. England, it seems, is responsible for the introduction of 10,000 barrels of rum to the east coast of Madagascar yearly. The Government having forbidden the introduction of spirits into the interior, it is not surprising to hear that on this east coast the drink question is one of the greatest difficulties the missionaries have to meet. That is to say, in Madagascar, as in most other places, the chief work of the missionary is to undo the work of the trader. It would be a thousand times better for the wretched native if he had never heard of either.

The following scrap of conversation, reported from Queensland in one of the Sydney papers, is rather an amusing commentary on our English habit of combining missionary and commercial zeal:—

"Missionary very good fellow. Missionary he come along, an' he see Kanaka boy with banana leaf round him. Missionary he say, 'White man God no like banana leaf; white man God like calico.' 'Oh, and who sold the calico?' 'Oh, missionary, he sell calico.'"

The truth, I believe, is that a good many of the missionaries are quite content with a "conversion" to calico, whilst others of them are leading agents in what is euphemistically called the "labour traffic." In the latter case they recognise it as clear that *laborare est orare*.

In the course of a sermon at a harvest thanksgiving, the Bishop of Colchester observed:—

The farmers, in the midst of their prosperity, launched out after extraordinary things, spending their money in the purchase of ponies for their daughters, and of fine carriages and horses to ride about with; while the labourers, with their higher wages, indulged themselves; and so the wheel of fortune went round. But I cannot help thinking that they deserve the depression which now overshadows the country.

Farmers and labourers are accordingly up in arms against the Bishop. I think that he was wrong in talking about the labourers' self-indulgence, for their wages have never been greater than their legitimate requirements; but, as regards the farmers, he was right. Pianos and carriages are all very well for those who can afford them. But land will not supply owners with high rents, occupiers with luxuries, and labourers with comforts. The farmers competed with each other for land, until its rent became excessive. Then, having rented a farm too high, they wished to live as country gentlemen. Even had prices of produce not gone down, I am inclined to think that they would have found themselves in the position of men who, having nineteen shillings, spend a pound.

It is to be hoped that strict inquiry will be made into the conduct of the Rev. Canon Doxat, the Vicar of Wilmcote. Some Nonconformist parents, whose infant child had died, desired to have it buried in the churchyard beside some other relatives of the family, and to have the funeral rites conducted by their own minister. To all this they had a legal right. But Canon Doxat grew furious about the matter, and declared that the sexton should not dig the grave, and that no Dissenting minister should officiate in "his" churchyard. A free fight in the churchyard between Dissenters and Churchmen was expected; but on a number of policemen being drafted into the village, the valiant parson's courage failed him. I trust that the attention of the Home Secretary will be called to this matter as soon as Parliament meets, and that this imperious Canon will be brought to book. It is intolerable that people should be exposed to insult and danger because they are Nonconformists, and that their reverend persecutors should be permitted to ride roughshod over the law in this fashion.

The midshipman of Captain Marryatt's novels seems to be not yet entirely extinct, in spite of steam and armour plates. Three "young gentlemen" of the *Northumberland* were amusing themselves the other day by rehearsing the "triangular duel" scene from "Midshipman Easy," when the zest of the performance was heightened by an unexpected stage effect. One of the revolvers which they were playfully snapping at one another happening to be loaded, the youth at the next corner received the shot in his face, the bullet passing through his nose and upper lip. *Happily*, says the account, the wound will cause nothing worse than permanent disfigurement. I wonder which feels the happier, the lad who was shot or the one who fired?

Judging by what is known of the prevalence of colour-blindness, there may possibly be something in the suggestion which Vice-Admiral Close has offered about the loss of the *Wasp*. There exists, it seems, a form of defective sight known as "moon-blindness," persons afflicted with which are unable to perceive a light shining in darkness. It is easy to see the consequences of this infirmity in the navigating officer of a ship. Admiral Close says he nearly lost H.M.S. *Trident* once from this cause, only discovering in the nick of time that his navigating officer was unable to see the light of a lighthouse half a mile distant. If "moon-blindness" is an established fact in medical science, the sooner provision for detecting it is made in the examination of naval lieutenants the better. Personally, I venture to think that the *Wasp* was lost through the incapacity of the crew to manage a vessel under sail.

A truly ludicrous instance of the cheeseparing policy of our naval authorities has just been reported from the Channel Squadron. Some time ago the chief engineer of the *Agincourt* invented, and had fitted on board his ship, an apparatus whereby a great saving in coal was effected. When the squadron is at sea the daily expenditure of coal is reported every morning by signal, and the *Agincourt* was always found to have consumed the smallest amount. This being so, it was contemplated to fit the apparatus to the *Achilles*. But the cost was estimated at £150, and, although this expense would have been repaid in fifteen weeks, the Admiralty declined to sanction the extra expenditure! It is really impossible to comprehend the vagaries of a Board which enjoins the strictest economy of fuel upon its officers, and, at the same time, declines to adopt any coal-saving apparatus.

The chief petty officers of the Navy are preparing a statement setting forth the grievances under which they as a class are at present labouring in respect to pay, pension, and status. It seems that under the present regulations they are actually in a worse position than their inferiors in rank. This is obviously an anomalous state of affairs, to which the attention of "my lords" should be immediately directed.

A court-martial was held on board the *Victory* last Thursday to try Henry George Merchant, R.M.L.I., on various charges of drunkenness and insubordination. The prisoner came on board drunk, and was sent to his hammock in charge of an orderly named Larkham. While undressing he threw his boot at Larkham, and afterwards tried to strike him. For this offence he was sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour. I cannot help thinking that these ferocious sentences constitute one of the chief reasons for the difficulty in obtaining respectable men as recruits. It is really monstrous that a man should be condemned to herd with the worst criminals for eighteen months, and that his prospects in life should be utterly ruined, for so trifling an offence as throwing his boot at a comrade.

I understand that it is practically settled that Sir Anthony Hoskins, now Admiral Superintendent of Naval Reserves, is to succeed the Duke of Edinburgh in the command of the Channel Squadron.

It is proposed to expend nearly £20,000 in erecting stores and offices in Portsmouth Dockyard for naval gun mountings, the custody and fitting of which have lately been transferred to the Admiralty from the War Office.

This letter refers to one published last week. Military clasps and medals seem to me to depend more upon the relations of the General (commanding an expedition) to the Horse Guards, than either to the importance of the expedition or to the services performed by it:—

Sir,—In last week's number of Truth "An Old Soldier" writes to say that the survivors of Havelock's column, which saved the Residency of Lucknow, with the loss of 60 officers and 700 men, have never received a clasp for this deed of arms. Permit me also to add that part of the same force, consisting of a few volunteer cavalry, Maude's Battery of Royal Artillery, detachments of the 64th and 84th regiments, the 78th Highlanders, the 1st Madras Fusiliers, and some Sikhs—in all about 2,000 men—marched from Allahabad, under General Havelock, in July, 1857, under a burning sun, and fought nine actions (some with great loss of officers and men), including the capture of Cawnpore from Nana Sahib, and did not receive a clasp, or the slightest recognition of their services, except some batta.—I enclose my card, and remain, sir, yours faithfully,

"Highlander."

It is said that English officers who attend foreign manœuvres have good cause for jealousy, when they see other foreign officers in the same position receiving crosses, orders, and decorations, and are not allowed by the regulations to accept the same themselves. I think, however, that the three officers who attended the Russian manœuvres did not come off so badly, as they were presented, according to rank, with a gold vase studded with jewels, a gold cigar-case, and a silver one.

Here is the answer of an advertising foreigner to a request respecting the price of obtaining a foreign order:—

Monsieur,—En réponse à votre lettre adressé à "X. Z.," à Bruxelles, vu votre position sociale, et vu les droits que vous paraissez avoir. Les frais de démarches, et l'offrande que vous auriez à verser pour obtenir une des décorations ci-après, Christ de Portugal, Medjidié, Lion de Perse, Nichan de Tunis (décoration française aujourd'hui, car on n'est nommé que sur la présentation du Ministre de France résidant à Tunis), Isabelle Espagne, Charles III. Espagne, St. Grégoire, St. Sylvestre, varierait de cinq mille à deux mille francs. Si vous donnez suite à l'affaire, je vous indiquerai le mode de versement de l'offrande et je vous donnerai mes références.

En attendant le plaisir de vous lire, recevez, Monsieur, mes civilités empressées. A. Rey de Bellonnet.

36, Rue de Penthièvre, Paris, août 13, 1884.

The *World* states that "the occult adverse influence which still bars General Baker from re-employment" is traced, "by rumour," to Mr. Gladstone. The "rumour" alluded to by Edmund is a complete illusion, and a highly absurd one, for the question of General Baker's re-employment is not one with which Mr. Gladstone would have any

occasion to concern himself. The fact is that, as has already been stated in Truth, the Queen has positively refused to allow Lord Wolseley to avail himself of the services of General Baker; and her Majesty has intimated that her decision in the case is final and unalterable.

I am glad to hear that the two able-bodied seamen who, on their look-out for a ship, were arrested for having no visible means of subsistence and for having slept in a dry-goods shed, and who were for these criminal acts sent, in default of being able to pay a fine, to prison with hard labour, by the County Magistrates' Court at Liverpool, did not remain long in durance, for no sooner was their fate made known in the local papers, than more than a dozen persons called to pay the fine. This speaks well for the inhabitants of Liverpool, but what manner of men are these County Magistrates?

The *Bangor Observer* states that an intelligent and well-conducted police-constable was placed at the door of the dog and poultry show which took place in Bangor, and told to let none in without a ticket. Presently "a young Tory county magistrate, better known for his wealth than for his ability to administer justice, showed up. The officer challenged him for his ticket of admission, and for doing this he has been summarily dismissed the force." If I remember rightly, Napoleon rewarded a soldier for not letting him pass without the watchword. This shows that the Bangor police authorities have other views of discipline than those which were entertained by Napoleon. But perhaps they knew more about it than he did.

I have been implored, by a worthy Worthinger, with tears in his ink, to say that the Salvationary riots have been unduly magnified by the lens of penny-a-lining, and the portentous fussiness of a nervous functionary, who sent for the soldiers to quell a handful of beach-loafers and vulgar little boys. It may be as my correspondent believes, or it may not be. Anyhow, the "Army" with a sacrilegious title is a gigantic nuisance, hugely disproportioned even to the good which it pretends to have wrought. Noisy and blatant Christianity, marching up and down a quiet street, is an anachronism, and not a particularly Christian one either. The British tax-paying householder, with his one day in seven for rest and thankfulness, is no Saracen; nor even if he were "the grim Soldàn" himself, has he done anything to deserve invasion from the Army of "General" Booth.

Whether the Salvationists are an indictable nuisance, or one that may be cured by cold water, I cannot say:—

Dear Sir,—In Truth you recommend the "cold water cure" for a calling sweep. The other Tuesday evening, about 7.30, we were much startled in my home — not 100 miles from Cavendish-square—by the loud braying of a very tuneless brass band; on looking out of the window, we discovered it to be that of the Salvation Army. In all my life never have I heard a more fiendish noise, not even excepting the Chinese band. First they *played* a verse of what they may call a hymn, and then sang, or rather yelled, the next, and so on alternately. Not content with that, they paused exactly under my window, and the leader of the band then said "Praise the Lord," which words were reiterated by the rest of the Army at the tops of their voices. What I wish to know is whether I should have been justified in pouring a jug of cold water on the assembled multitude. In passing, I should like to mention that my little nephew, who has only just recovered from a dangerous illness, was nearly frightened into a fit by the sudden awakening caused by the horrible demonstration.—Yours faithfully,

A Maiden Aunt.

I fail entirely to understand why Stephen Trinder should have had his sentence reduced from two months' to one month's imprisonment on appeal to the Middlesex Sessions. This ruffian—a broker—levied a distress-warrant for rent on a Mrs. Fletcher. She was ill in bed; the doctors declared that she could not with safety be moved. Trinder, according to the evidence, rolled her about in her bed, dragged the sheets from off her, and only left her in peace when some one guaranteed the rent. Mr. Paget, at the Hammersmith Police-court, sentenced him to two months' imprisonment—a very lenient sentence; but the Middlesex magistrates thought it too long by half. Why?

Public attention, I think, should be called to a somewhat remarkable case that came before Sir Thomas Chambers in the Mayor's Court, Guildhall, last week. It appeared that a man named Bright had for seventeen years rented a stall at Smithfield Meat Market every Saturday, at which he retailed meat supplied to him by various dealers. On a certain Saturday towards the close of 1882, a market porter named Hill brought him a carcass, and said it came from one Benner, with whom Bright was in the habit of dealing. At the end of the day, Bright heard that Hill had been arrested for stealing meat from the Great Northern Railway Company, and he therefore went to Benner the first thing on the Sunday morning and inquired whether he (Benner) had sent him the carcass. Benner said he had not, and Bright went early on Monday morning to the Great Northern Railway office to explain how the carcass had reached him. At the office he met two constables in the regular employ of the Railway Company. He was told that Hill had been taken to the Snow-hill Police-station, and was asked if he would mind going there and stating the circumstances. He consented, and, on arriving at the Police-station, was surprised to find himself charged by the constable employed by the Railway with receiving the meat, knowing it to have been stolen. He was locked up, brought before Sir Andrew Lusk, remanded, but let out on bail on his own recognisances, and, at the next hearing, discharged without any evidence being adduced to implicate him. The Railway Company's solicitor conducted the case against him.

A few days later, Bright received notice that he would not again be allowed to rent his stall, and he brought an action against the Railway Company for false imprisonment and malicious prosecution. The above facts were not disputed, but the learned Recorder nonsuited the plaintiff on the grounds that the policeman who charged Bright had not acted under authority from the Railway Company in so charging him. No doubt Sir Thomas Chambers is an able exponent of the law, but, if he was right in this instance, most people will think that the law grossly violates common sense. The Company's servant charged the man, the Company's solicitors prosecuted him, and, in consequence, the poor fellow had not only to incur some considerable expense in defending himself, but lost his

chief means of livelihood, and suffered for many days the ignominy of a foul charge hanging over him. I fail to see on what grounds the Company can ignore their obligations towards him. The case certainly requires explanation.

There is no doubt a great deal of truth in the following contention, and the matter is well worthy the attention of the sanitary authorities :—

Dear Sir,—There is hardly a newspaper, daily or weekly or monthly, which does not deem it incumbent upon itself to write upon sanitary affairs, so fashionable at the present time. Now, I read all the articles upon that subject with the greatest avidity, but there is one direction which strikes me as being overlooked in every single article I have ever read, and that is, *where our food is sold*. Most of the places where it is prepared are inspected now and then, but where it is *sold* never. Nearly all the food which we eat, or the ingredients for preparing it, we buy from retail shopkeepers, who generally live upon the premises connected with their shops, and who very often have wives and families. Well, we go into the different shops, order what eatables we require, and go on our way rejoicing, little knowing or thinking what perhaps is taking place in the dwelling part of the premises, who is ill in them, or what they are suffering with, &c., or dreaming that the food, which looks so tempting and so spotless, is every moment absorbing the foul, unwholesome air of a sick house. What, in my opinion, is required is that inspectors should be appointed, whose duty it should be to visit every shop where eatables or drinkables are sold, and to inquire if anybody on the premises is suffering from any disease, and, if so, what the nature of the disease is, and then take steps accordingly.

I see it is stated that the Markets Committee of the Corporation intends, in spite of the obvious leaning of the Common Council as a whole, to recommend the continuance of the Central Fish Market. I hope this may be so, for the Corporation could hardly override such a recommendation, and whatever else the new market may or may not have done, it has at any rate reduced the retail price of fish a little.

The well-meaning busybody who wrote to the *Times* one day last week, imploring the directors of the South-Western Railway to stop the gambling which habitually goes on in their carriages, and is so bad for "the young," must feel rather foolish after the reply which has just been published from one of the gamblers in question. The four gamblers, it seems, were aged respectively 63, 58, 51, and 49, and were playing the very innocent game of penny whist. But if the gambling had been far more desperate, it would surely be excusable on the South-Western line, if only to wile away the time on that most unpunctual of railways. The directors are so unsuccessful already in looking after the times of their trains, that I sincerely hope they will not attempt at present to supervise the morals of their passengers.

Mr. Ruskin, I hear, proposes to give a course of seven lectures at Oxford this term. His subject is to be "The Pleasures of England." Each lecture will be given twice —the first being on Saturday, Oct. 18, and Monday, the 20th, and the following lectures on the six succeeding Saturdays and Mondays.

The Long Vacation at Oxford, which comes to an end this week, has been a very busy time with the builders. Besides the Indian Institute, which was formally opened yesterday, good progress has been made with the Physiological Laboratory in the "Parks." As for the colleges, the east side of a new quadrangle at Trinity and the south side of one at Corpus have been put up, and some additions have been made to the Principal's house at Jesus.

It is probable that the Duke of Argyll will be chosen to succeed the late Duke of Buccleuch as Chancellor of Glasgow University. His claims for the office are incomparably superior to those of any other Scotch Peer.

Speaking of the Duke of Argyll, the gentleman who has been publishing some correspondence on the subject of the House of Lords decidedly has his Grace on the hip. The Duke declared, the other day, in a letter to the *Times*, that "in every case where the subsequent action of the House of Commons has been manifestly in accordance with public opinion, the House of Lords has followed in the same course without undue delay." Upon which his correspondent asked him to explain how it was that the Lords had persistently rejected the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, in spite of its having been seven times passed by large majorities in the Commons. The Duke's answer is that in this matter the House of Lords had "special reasons" to justify their over-riding the will of the Commons, inasmuch as the question involved "Divine, and not merely human law," from which it would appear that the House of Lords holds a brief on behalf of the Deity, as well as on behalf of the Conservative wire-pullers.

I had always been under the impression that in the United States the letter of the law is tempered with the spirit of common-sense, and that whenever there is a general feeling that a citizen is rendering himself a shame and a nuisance to the neighbourhood in which he resides, he is dealt with in a summary fashion. Sometimes he is hanged, and sometimes he is ridden on a rail in a garb of tar and feathers. O'Donovan Rossa, I see, boasts that he had a hand in the blowing up of the Parliament House of Quebec. It is impossible to know whether this be true, for the man is alike capable of the crime, and capable of boasting of having committed it, though he may have had nothing to do with it. In either case, I would venture to suggest to New Yorkers, and in these I include all decent men of Irish extraction, if it is fitting that such an unmitigated rascal should be allowed to live in peace amongst them. Whether they hang him, or whether they merely tar and feather him, I leave to their superior judgment. He clearly cannot object to Lynch law being meted out to him, for he claims to sit as a Judge Lynch over all Englishmen. The actual perpetrator of a dynamite outrage is not a commendable human being, but he is an angel of light compared to the instigator who lives comfortably on the subscriptions of dupes, and leaves others to incur all the risks of detection and punishment.

Fortunately, dynamite is not so dangerous an explosive as gunpowder. It makes a hole up and down where it explodes, but does not spread. The danger lies in so little of it being required to produce serious results.

It has always been my notion that the "Loyal Presbyterians of Ulster" were a very practical sort of people, and here comes that wide-awake Presbyterian paper, the *Coleraine Chronicle*, in support of my opinion. This (interspersed with the conventional amount of "loyalty") is what it says :—

The National League has now the making of the social condition of Ireland in its hands.... Its leaders are men who seem capable of swaying multitudes at pleasure. These multitudes will soon have

the franchise. For good or ill, Nationalism is on the eve of acquiring omnipotence in Ireland. Some nervous people may be inclined to exclaim, "What then will become of us?" We hope no personal harm will befall anybody. The union between Ireland and England will be preserved intact. But the practical aspect of the question is this: Ulster is again under the wave of agricultural depression. We are simply calling attention to passing events. [We ask the calm-speaking people of Ulster to look at them, without religious or political prejudice. Subject to the control of England and Scotland, the Nationalists are about to direct the destinies of Ireland in a far more effective sense than has hitherto been accomplished. Social discontent is conspiring with political changes to make the land policy of the National League a captivating object to both North and South. Whether a rival object will be set up by Conservatives or Liberals, time will disclose.

These are the people upon whom our Tory and Whig wiseacres say they "count in a struggle." Ah, well! count away, but do not count more than there are. There are 451,629 Presbyterians in Ulster, as against 833,566 Catholics. There are, however, in Ulster 34,825 Methodists; and, after reading the *Coleraine Chronicle*, I think our Whigs and Tories had better not "count upon" the Methodists.

The Coercion Act does not seem to exactly run upon wheels in Ireland. It is a beautiful machine to look at, but it appears to go rather heavy up-hill. Evidently, from the profits of the speculation a large deduction must be made for working expenses. The Viceroy is at his wits' end to know what to do with the Corporation of Limerick, which refuses to pay the Extra Police-rate. Over a great part of the country the constabulary appear to spend most of their time in "lifting" and auctioneering the cattle of persons who refuse to pay "the Blood-tax." But in Dublin, I understand the authorities are more considerate. There, no one pays "the Blood-tax" unless he chooses. The Castle papers complain that "the Field" Blood-tax has been levied chiefly off the loyalists. "The disaffected classes," it seems, "refused payment," and heard no more about it. Certain it is that Mr. Healy, Mr. W. O'Brien, and Mr. T. D. Sullivan refused to pay, and have not been brought to book for their contumacy. Truly this is a gentle sort of coercion. Nobody thrashed but those who kiss the rod. Under these circumstances, I do not think I should kiss it.

What are we to think of the action of my Lord Kenmare in assisting—with the aid of a hatchet—his evicted tenants to make a "forcible re-entry" (punishable under the Coercion Act with six months' hard labour) into the cabin from which they had been ejected by his own agent? Laudable as the act was, would it not have been better for his Lordship to have looked a little more closely after his agent? His entire time cannot be occupied in seeing that ladies go half-naked to Drawing-rooms.

From game-preserving most severe
Our landed Squires have never swerved,
But 'tis indeed a shock intense
That blackberries, too, in legal sense,
Like partridges, can be preserved!
Talk not of "Merrie England" more,
Her children have outlived their time,
When 'tis a sin to even ramble
Beside a hedge or touch a bramble,
And blackberry-picking's made a crime!

The Dublin Corporation, last week, showed conclusive proof of their belief in the magic of a name by determining on re-naming the principal streets in their town. At present, the leading thoroughfares bear names that no Celt could conjure by, Sackville, Westmoreland, Grafton, &c., all suggestive of the English garrison period. In re-baptism they are to be nationalised, the names of the great men of the country being commemorated in the street nomenclature. I think that this is a mistake. A street by any other name would smell as sweet. The French are always changing the names of their streets, and the result is endless confusion.

Edmund, your Dublin information respecting Mr. Frank Power is incorrect. His father was in the National Bank at Dublin, not at Mountmollich—indeed, there is no such place in Ireland. Power was never engaged as an artist on the *Telegrams*, nor was such a paper ever connected with the *Freeman*. He was merely attached to the *Freeman* office for a short time, doing the sensational city business for the *Evening Telegraph*. In this capacity he was noted for an exuberance of imagination which lead those who knew him to read his Khartoum telegrams with many grains of salt. One day he rushed into the office and announced that he had been attacked by four Fenians, and wounded in the arm, on the Grand Canal. Medical advice was at once procured, when it was discovered that the wound was a boil!

The best story that I ever heard of him is this, which very possibly is not true. A little while before he went to Egypt he was sitting with some friends. "You know," he said, "that I once held high rank in the Austrian Army." The friends said that they learnt this for the first time, and he proceeded:—"Well; I went back a few months ago to Vienna, and went to see a play at the Burg-Theater. The Empress of Austria was seated in a box, surrounded by her ladies and gentlemen. She recognised me at once, and sent a Chamberlain to desire me to come up to her. I found her Majesty alone in a small retiring-room behind her box, and she pointed to a seat." Then he paused. "Go on with your story," said a friend. "Gentlemen," he continued, "as an officer and a gentleman, you must allow me to say no more."

I was talking to a noted Conservative politician last week about the plans of his party.

"What is your game?" I said.

"To get in, and, if possible, to keep in," he answered.

"Precisely," I replied; "but how?"

"When the Lords throw out the Franchise Bill next month," he said, "there will be a desperate outcry amongst the Radicals. Gladstone will hardly waste all next session by bringing it in again for the third time. If he does, he will render his Government ridiculous. He will then either dissolve or resign. If he does the latter, we shall bring in a Reform Bill, to which I suppose the Radicals will not agree; but very possibly the Whigs and the moderate Liberals will. If it passes we shall, of course, at once dissolve. There will be, therefore, a dissolution any way next year, either with our new constituencies or with the existing ones. As soon as the Lords have performed their part of the business in November, the Radicals will wax even more furious than now, and the more they threaten and bluster, the more will all the moderate men who gravitate to and fro on the outskirts of both parties be attracted to us. I do not say absolutely that we shall get a majority at the elections, but I think that we have a good chance to beat you, excluding the Irish, whilst, if we had let you pass a Franchise and a Redistribution Bill we had not the ghost of one."

"But supposing that there is a creation of Peers, that will disturb your plan," I said.

"The Queen would not assent," he answered. "Even if she did, the creation would have to be so large a one that it would offend a number of Liberal Peers, who would stay away, and thus defeat its object."

"But Gladstone's personal popularity," I said. "Have you forgotten that?"

"No," he answered; "undoubtedly it will tell against us. I do not think, however, that he is so popular as you seem to imagine with the moderate Liberals. They are afraid of him in the House; but in the country they are not. They admire his energies, and they take some pride in them; but they have no confidence in him. Somehow, since he has been Prime Minister we have spent a good deal of money in military operations, and not only without any material *quid pro quo*, but without any addition to our glory; whilst at home neither trade nor agriculture is flourishing. All this will tell against the Liberals at an election. Putting aside, therefore, the Procedure question, we must force on an election as soon as possible, and do our best that it should not take place with the prestige of a Reform Bill passed by a Liberal Ministry."

"Well," I said, "supposing that you do get in, how will you keep in?"

"Possession," he said, "is nine parts of everything. We shall keep the Irish in good humour at first by spending a good deal of money in Ireland. Of course, eventually they will turn against us; but we shall then appeal to the moderate Liberals to support us against them. We shall try to catch the Goschens and the Forsters by an energetic foreign policy, which is always successful at home provided that it is successful abroad; we shall take off burthens which now weigh on the agricultural interest; and we shall have some grand scheme for the dwellings of the poor, in order to show that we are their friends."

"That is to say, you will spend money in every direction," I said.

"Yes," he replied, "but judiciously."

"And when the Liberals come in, they will have to pay the bill," I answered.

"As usual," he said. "Of course, we cannot expect to remain for ever in power. But I think that we might manage, by intelligent tactics, to get several years of office. Who knows what will happen in half-a-dozen years? Probably by that time the Radicals will be more Radical, and we shall have made a coalition with the moderate Liberals against them."

"Who knows?" I replied.

I am not surprised. The Conservatives of Birmingham issued tickets for a demonstration. Those who presented themselves with these tickets, and who wore Liberal colours, were refused admission. This attempt to palm off a packed meeting as one representing the Birmingham Electorate was resisted. Those who were not allowed to go in by the door, went in through the wall. Naturally, there was more noise inside the place of meeting than pleased Lord Randolph Churchill and Sir Stafford Northcote, so they, after a performance which Lord Randolph describes as "a variety of gymnastic jumps over benches, and chairs, and human beings," betook themselves to their hotel, where they poured forth their eloquence to a small and very select audience.

Who is to blame? The Conservatives. They chose to insist that the nation is not to be heard through their elected representatives, and they organise ticket picnics, which they have had the effrontery to endeavour to palm off as the spontaneous voice of the nation, whilst they jeered at working-men when they met together to protest not only against the action of the House of Lords, but against this picnic trickery. My only wonder is that the Liberals have been patient so long.

However, I hardly see that the Conservatives can themselves object to the proceedings at Birmingham. Lord Randolph Churchill, who passed through the streets to the accompaniment of groans, observed: "I am pleased at this reception, and I shall never forget it"; whilst genial Sir Stafford explained that he had failed to make himself heard in a large hall, owing to the "natural enthusiasm of our friends." The "natural enthusiasm of friends" at Birmingham is about a sample of that with which the impudent pretensions of the Lords have been received throughout the country. It is full time that the Tory gang should be brought to realise that the nation is in no humour to put up with two or three hundred Peers masquerading as the people's friends and opposing the people's rights.

The Peer stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled;
The storm that meant his Order's wreck
Roared round his puzzled head.

Yet masterful and mad he stood,
As though all threats were vain;
A creature of most noble blood,
But of a childish brain.

The storm raged on—he would not go
Without his leader's word;
That leader, fooled by friend or foe,
No warning voices heard.

He called aloud: "See, Cecil, see
How thick the people loom!"
He knew not that Lord Salisburee
Was reckless of his doom.

"Oh, let me go," again he cried,
"I surely can be spared?"
"Nay, you must stay," the "Whip" replied,
"Since you've remained 'unpaired.'"

Upon his brow he felt the weight
Of unaccustomed care,
And tried to "follow the debate,"
But ended in despair.

And shouted but once more aloud:
"Oh, Cecil, *must* I stay!"
But Cecil, still unwisely proud,
Would have his wilful way.

There came a burst, a shock, a jar!
The Peer—oh! where was he?
Ask of the Chief who scattered far
Our old Nobilitee.

Dukes, Earls, and Barons went to smash
Amidst a grateful cheer;
But the crassest victim of the crash
Was that deluded Peer!

I think that we may dismiss all ideas of a political compromise. The Government will give nothing and offer nothing, unless the Lords first promise to pass the Franchise Bill. That Bill is not to be dependent upon the Ministerial Redistribution scheme either passing the House of Commons or the House of Lords. On the other hand, the hereditary Tory Club will not pass the Franchise Bill unless they are allowed so to manipulate Redistribution that the electors—new and old—are to be jockeyed out of their votes. Primarily, the issue is one of procedure, but what underlies procedure is, whether the nation or certain privileged classes are henceforward to rule. Ministers are the representatives of the people, the Lords are the representatives of the privileged classes.

What, then, will happen upon the rejection of the Franchise Bill a second time! It will neither be brought in a third time, nor will Mr. Gladstone allow the Lords to establish a precedent for a dissolution on any issue which they may think desirable in the interests of their clients. Two plans are, I believe, under consideration—1. That a resolution should be carried declaring that the power of

Pfungst's Extra Quality Champagnes.—Pfungst Frères & Cie., Aÿ, are now supplying their 1880 Vintage Champagnes, which are the choicest and most successful they have ever shipped. To be obtained of all Wine Merchants.—J. L. Pfungst & Co., Agents, 23, Crutched Friars, London.

the Upper House must be abated, and dissolving on this, in order to enable the constituencies to express their opinion upon it. 2. For Ministers to resign and to invite Lord Salisbury to form a Government.

I am in favour of the former. It is in accordance with the views of ninety-nine Liberals out of every hundred throughout the country. It carries the war into the enemy's camp, and it gives us a clear, distinct, and popular issue. Let us see what might happen in case the second plan is adopted. Lord Salisbury would form a Government and meet Parliament. He would—following the example of Mr. Disraeli—bring in a Reform Bill. The two millions would be given votes, but the redistribution, which would form a portion of the Bill, would be based upon class and not upon numbers. The vote of one man of one class would outweigh the votes of a dozen men of another class. It is by no means certain that such a Bill would not pass, for many Liberal members whose boroughs are in jeopardy would accept it, and if it is difficult to pass a Redistribution Bill, it is more difficult to throw out one which perpetuates existing abuses. But, supposing that it did not, the cry at the polls would be that the Liberals had refused to give two million of people votes because the redistribution clauses by which this concession is accompanied are not satisfactory. We, in fact, should find ourselves in much the same position as the Tories are now.

Nor do I see any reason why we should accept the issue which Lord Salisbury is seeking to force on us. People are apt to say that he is wild and impulsive. I regard him as an exceedingly able tactician—so able, indeed, that he can only be defeated by a flank movement, removing the battle-ground from a spot of his choosing to one of our choosing. When, during the march of William of Orange from Torbay to London, Marshal Schomberg was told that James intended to fight at Salisbury, the old tactician replied that this would be as he, and not as James, decided. To fight the Lords as the Lords please is but poor tactics. The entire future of Liberal principles is at stake, and we really must not lose the day, either by a false move or by not charging home.

Should the dissolution take place under Lord Salisbury, I recommend to him the following speech of Charles I., when he dissolved his first Parliament. After stigmatising the Commons as vipers, his Majesty said :—

> I declare to you, my Lords, and all the world, that it is only the disobedient carriage of the Lower House that hath caused this dissolution at this time, and that you, my Lords, are so far from causers of it, that I have as much comfort in your Lordships' carriage as I have cause to distaste their proceedings.

The document published by the *Standard* was one of several schemes which have been before the Ministerial Commission appointed to inquire into redistribution, it has not been submitted to the Cabinet, and, consequently, it had not received its approval. The scheme is an excellent one. I am glad to find that it is not to the taste of the Tories. This is one of its principal recommendations. It must not be forgotten that, as it is admitted that the majority of the old and new electors are likely to be Liberals, the Liberals do not require any gerrymandering in order to ensure the success at the polls of their principles. The Tories, however, do, and this is why they are so exceedingly anxious to have redistribution in their hands. It is a fight between anti-gerrymanderers and gerrymanderers.

Private official documents, of which few copies are required, should be reproduced by a manifold writer. This is the second time that such a document has been stolen within the last few years. It is remarkable that, on both occasions, the receiver should have been a Tory newspaper. I trust that when Parliament meets a committee will be appointed to take evidence on the matter, if a police investigation proves unsuccessful.

Whenever any one protests against reckless expenditure on the part of our rulers, and against the slaying of some thousand human beings in some parts of the world, he is immediately told that he is a contemptible creature, who wishes the British Empire to dissolve into thin smoke. That he may have at heart the interests and the maintenance of the Empire, and that he may sincerely question a particular mode of maintaining it, is not regarded as possible. Just now, not satisfied with our trouble in Egypt, we are told by Conservative Jingoes, by discontented ex-Liberal Ministers like Mr. Forster, by persons who have money invested in Colonial enterprises like Sir William MacArthur, and by militant missionaries, that we shall be disgraced and ruined if we do not at once make war against the Boers.

Now what is this story about the Boers? Lord Beaconsfield's Government tried to trick them out of their independence and to annex their country to the empire. When they objected to this we sent an army to endeavour to put down their rebellion. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Gladstone did not in the final treaty which re-established them in their rights, recognise their full independence, but reserved for us a sort of vague suzerainty over them, and they were forbidden to enter into treaties or to make conventions with their neighbours. Near to the Transvaal is Basutoland. In it there are rival chiefs. One we have recognised and taken under our protection. The Boers and the Basutos fell out; very probably both were in the wrong. They fought and they have signed a convention, which the Boers have submitted for our approval. Naturally the chiefs of the Basutos, who are "in opposition," object to this convention, and we are now called upon by Mr. Forster to send "regiments" to South Africa to avenge an insult to the Empire, and to protect "the people who are being roused by the Boers' insults." And why? Let Mr. Forster reply. "The Cape colonists are becoming alarmed, as are also the Cape bondholders with their £20,000,000." We are therefore to make a new departure in expense and bloodshed to protect the Cape bondholders, just as we have been spending and killing in Northern Africa to protect the Egyptian bond-

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"The Lay of St. Aloys," at 10s., has been just produced by Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode, uniform with the "Jackdaw of Rheims," and by the same artist.

Screens, with tea-cup shelf on each fold, from 21s. A large variety of screens in Japanese leather paper, needlework, stained glass, and hand-painted in all sizes and styles.—C. Hindley & Sons, 290 to 294, Oxford-street, London.

holders. I can quite understand a preference for Basutos over Boers; but, speaking practically, what have we to gain or lose by Basutoland belonging either to Basutos or Boers?

The truth is that we cannot afford to allow these frontier disputes between settlers and gentlemen of various colours in debateable lands to drift into costly wars for the benefit of the Colonies and of the holders of Colonial securities. If the Cape Government is becoming alarmed, let the Cape Colony look to the matter. It would seem, however, that the greater portion of the inhabitants of the Cape Colony, notwithstanding that they all have a keen eye to the advantages of Imperial expenditure amongst them, rather prefer the Boers to either the Basutos or to us.

I really see no end to our expenditure if we are to fight in Northern Africa to secure a safe southern frontier for Egyptians, and in Southern Africa to ensure a safe northern frontier for Basutos.

As soon as Parliament comes together I presume we shall be told what communications have been received from Gordon. It absolutely puzzles me how Power can send despatches, how Gordon can send out shelling expeditions from Khartoum, and how the Mudir of Dongola can exchange messages with him, and yet that we should receive no definite despatches from Gordon, nor be able, apparently, to send instructions to him. That the inhabitants of Khartoum who wished to leave did so before the siege is clear; that Gordon has no adherents there beyond the African condottieri whom he pays is also clear. Moreover, one would suppose that if he can send out forces to shell and destroy other towns, he might, were he so disposed, withdraw from Khartoum. I suspect it is the old story, "Let me smash my enemy, the Mahdi," who is the Agag of this Samuel. The latest news that we have of the General through Power is that he expressed the hope that the Mahdi would be assassinated. Now, are we prepared to accept the responsibility of an officer of the English Army putting forward this monstrous advice?

A letter has just been published in a provincial contemporary, which affords some edifying information as to the pastimes of the garrison at Suakim. The writer says:—

> We sold the enemy beautifully the other night. They ventured too near; we laid a mine with gun-cotton, &c., and blew them to fragments. We picked up fourteen next morning. As we thought they were particular in taking their dead away, we decided to take the legs, arms, heads, and trunks of those we found, and strew them carelessly about. We then laid another mine underneath them, thinking that the enemy would come and step on the mine, when of course they would have been blown to the same warm spot their comrades had already gone to.

We English are exceedingly fond of reading the French lessons on the sanctity of the usages of civilised warfare; but I should very much like to know if the usages of civilised warfare, whatever they may be, uphold the baiting of a trap to catch Arabs with the mutilated remains of their luckless comrades. It is certainly not surprising that on the continent we are looked upon as a set of Pharisaical hypocrites.

In the Puzzle Pages of this week's Truth will be found the details of the Prizes that are to be offered for the Home-made Toy Competition this Christmas. This plan of giving toys at Christmas has been a great success heretofore, and I trust that when this year I apply to the readers of Truth for funds to supplement the "home-made toys" by purchasing others, I shall get them; for the children in the workhouses and hospitals now look forward to their toys—and the poor little things have very few pleasures to look forward to—so that it would be sad were they to be disappointed. I have received the following letter, with an accompanying cheque:—

> Chew Stoke, near Bristol, October 6.
>
> Dear Sir,—The officers and ship's company of H.M.S. *Vigilant*, during their recent commission in China, collected the sum of £3. 2s. to purchase toys for the dear children who are sick in the London hospitals at Christmas; and knowing, sir, the great interest you have hitherto taken in the little ones who are sick, I hope you will receive this money, to be expended as you think best.—I am, dear sir, faithfully yours, A. Turner.

SCRUTATOR.

THE SHAKERS.

A FEW weeks ago I was in the New Forest, and I thought that I would pay a visit to the Shakers. After driving a few miles, I stopped at a small roadside inn, and inquired for their whereabouts. I was told that they were in a field about a mile further on, and that I could not miss them, as I should see a quantity of sheds. Having at last discovered them, I passed through a gate, which was opened by a decent-looking man. He said that he was one of the family, and conducted me into a shed. It was roofed with American cloth, there were two or three long wooden tables in it, at which some women were seated sewing and ironing, and there was a stove in the middle. "I will go and fetch the Mother," said the man, and he disappeared. Left with the women, all that I could get out of them was "Yes" and "No." Soon, however, the door opened, and the Mother entered. I had expected to see a weird sibyl. I found myself in the presence of a sharp-featured, but not unpleasing, woman of about fifty. She was arrayed in a clean white dress, on her finger glittered a diamond ring, and a voluminous gold chain meandered over her breast. The Mother was chatty, and we soon got upon friendly terms, confronting each other on two chairs before the stove. Her conversation was a mixture of shrewdness in temporal matters and ravings on spiritual matters. She explained to me, as one of the most ordinary of things, that she had heard a voice: this voice had told her that the Deity had once appeared in the form of a man, and that it was about to appear in the form of a woman. "And whose is this form to be?" I asked. "Mine," she replied, as she put a few coals on the fire. "I am the Deity." "Immortal, I suppose?" "Yes, I shall never die. I do not feel a day older than I was twenty years ago." "Beautiful for ever," I murmured, and she smiled at the compliment. "Are these ladies also immortals?" I said. "Well," she answered, "I am not prepared to say so, for if I did, and they were to die, what would be thought of me? It depends upon their faith." "In you?" "Of course." Some of the ladies nodded to each other in a dreary way at this announcement. One

was a crone, who sat rocking herself on her chair and glaring at the ceiling. I have seen such persons in lunatic asylums, and I make no doubt that she was three parts an idiot. There were two or three pretty girls, who had a sly, wild expression, but the others seemed to me to be much like charwomen. "How many Shakers are there?" I asked the Mother. "We do not call ourselves Shakers, but Christites," she said. "The family consists of about fifty; thirty-six are women, and sixteen are men." "And what do you live on?" "Our labour." "Do you manufacture anything, or sell your garden-stuff?" "No." "I suppose that you occasionally have to buy something—the roof of this room, for instance; you could not have manufactured the material?" "Well, we bought that." "But where did you get the money?" "The Lord provided it." "Yes, but I don't suppose that your American cloth came down direct from heaven; through whose hands did it reach you?" "Friends have been kind to us, but sometimes we are without dinner." "And are there to be no more births in the world?" "Those who have faith and who are immortal do not want to marry." "But suppose that young lady there were to fall in love with some one, should you hinder her from marrying?" and I pointed to one of the pretty young girls. "No, certainly not; but if she were to fall in love, and if she were to wish to marry, it would be proof of her want of faith." "Immortality in single life, or mortality in married life?" I said. "Precisely." Then the Mother and I strolled out to look at the other sheds and the garden. There were two sheds with beds—one for the men, the other for the women. The beds looked clean and comfortable, but were crowded too closely together from a sanitary point of view. The Mother had a room to herself, but she did not take me into this sanctum, and there was a shed with a grand piano and a harmonium in it. "For your services, I presume?" "We have no services," she said, "but on Sundays we meet together to sing and dance." "Devotionally?" "No, rather for amusement and exercise. We often have a good many visitors." Just then a good-looking young man, somewhat of a rustic dandy, made his appearance. "My son," said the Mother; and the young man explained that he had been out for a walk. My divine guide now invited me to accompany her into the garden. It was well kept, and in the main devoted to vegetables, but each member of the family had a private flower-garden. The "Mother" seemed to me to know a good deal more about gardening than theology, but she occasionally reverted to the former, and I could not help thinking how very different were the goddesses of old when they condescended to appear to mortals, and to discourse with them in woods and groves. On leaving the establishment, I saw a box for contributions, into which I deposited my mite. And I should say that the entire nonsense is got up with a view to this box. Mrs. Girling may have had a dream, but I hardly think that she herself believes in her divinity. She has no money. A few of the men and women who joined her had a little, but this has been spent. They may not live in luxury, but they are comfortably clothed, and from their appearance I should imagine they have quite enough to eat. Were the "family" to break up, they would have to work, some in the fields, others as domestic servants. They prefer to loaf about, gossiping, playing the piano, dancing, and occasionally doing a little light and easy work in a garden, and to be supported by those who visit them out of curiosity. As they have succeeded so far in this, I am only surprised that more "Mothers" do not found more "families."

We live in an age when a man or a woman has only to announce the possession of some mystic gift in order to live on fools. This Mrs. Girling, who lives by boldly saying that she is a goddess and immortal, is not one whit worse than the host of clairvoyants, spiritualists, table-turners, thought-readers, and other humbugs who live by quackery and deception; nor is there one atom more real evidence in favour of their pretensions than of hers. The other day, a woman called Blavatsky turned up in London. She pretended to hold communication with an "astral" Thibetan named Koot Hoomi. In India she had already obtained notoriety. She had there a "shrine," where, I suppose, offerings were deposited, and the astral Thibetan either appeared in person to her dupes, or answered letters they wrote to him. Unfortunately, however, her confederates there have revealed the mechanism with which she performed her tricks. Not in the least abashed, she, or one of her disciples, has written a letter to the *Times* to explain. The explanation is that these confederates actually manufactured secret doors, &c., in order to revenge themselves on her. Whether this is more likely, or it is more likely that this owner of an astral Thibetan is an impostor, any one may form an opinion. But so credulous is the age, so utterly incompetent are those who love mysticism to understand by what evidence phenomena beyond the recognised laws of nature ought to be supported, that numbers will still swear by this Blavatsky woman and her "astral" visitant, and she probably will eat, drink, clothe herself, and enjoy all the comforts that she desires by means of this impudent and detected imposture. Where are the police?

COME BACK.

The tide of cabs and carriages laden with bags and baggage, which for weeks in the summer set towards all the metropolitan stations, has turned. People are pouring into town. Of course, certain happy mortals, with plenty of money and nothing to do, can afford to laugh at times and seasons, and go down South in search of the vanished summer. I am not sure that I altogether envy them. I have a sneaking affection for the "old style"—the four seasons, I mean; and my observation is that a swallow life is not so preferable, after all, to the monthly run abroad, the peep at the Highlands, or the whiff by the sea. By the way, there never has been such a season in Scotland, Wales, and the South Coast. Thousands, who thought it impossible to breathe anywhere in August except on the Alps or in Norway, have discovered the merits of their own country. The Italians and French are, of course, moaning bitterly. Many of the hotels are nearly bankrupt. Where is the "blanche Mees?" where is "Rosbif?" where are the "forestieri Inglesi?" "Sacre nom de," &c.,

Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street Grosvenor-square.

Riding Habits.—Specialty of John Redfern & Sons. Ladies' Tailors by Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 26, Conduit-street, London, W. Also at Cowes and Paris.

or "Diavolo! they are at home!" As if, forsooth, they had no right to be!

"'Tis an ill wind that blows no one good," and, on the whole, I should say, although foreign pockets are empty, English pockets, and, perhaps, English health, have profited by the cholera scare. Most of us have probably spent less money these holidays than usual, but more of it has been spent in England—about six millions, I am told, has been kept circulating in the two islands. This, together with the good harvest, ought to do something to satisfy both those hungry classes known as the British Tradesman and the British Farmer. The holidays, on the whole, therefore, have, from a financial and sanitary point of view, been an all-round success. I am not sure that what is called 'coming back" can be viewed with the same general complacency. There is the dear old home, to be sure, and the familiar streets and the recurrent faces, bless them!—but there are also the recurrent bills. A man's letters, too, which he has judiciously allowed to accumulate, are not always of an exhilarating character. Robinson finds that unless the gas bill is paid on or before, &c. Glancing at the item, he infers that rather more gas is burned when he is out of town and the house is shut up than when he is in town. A friend of mine pointed this out to the gas people the other day. He was blandly referred to the meter. He replied, he knew nothing about the meter—he merely knew he had been swindled; and being a literary man, and a man of substance to boot, he threatened forthwith to print a few remarks. The gas people, without another word, halved his gas bill. This is a fact, and a fact of recent occurrence, and if requested to do so I will give chapter and verse for it. Other reflections of a painful nature crowd upon some who, if not "called back," have, at any rate, to "come back." I find waiting for me all the things I "put off" doing when I went out of town. I knew the chimney smoked, but it was summer then—ah, me! six weeks ago! Now I dare not light the fire without going through that eternal loose-tile business with the builder. I am sorry to say the water has at last fairly come through the best bedroom ceiling. I knew it would in the spring. I saw the first stain in March, but the glorious weather tided me over. Scratcher, the plumber, says "the state of the slates is puffeckly awful!—he never see such a roof!" The cook has just come up to say the kitchen boiler has burst. I believe she cautioned my wife about it before we went out of town. My wife said she thought "it would keep." So it has. It has kept for me till I came back. The housemaid—the best servant in the house—has just given warning. She is going to be married *at once*. As she had nothing to do whilst we were away, she seems to have met a young man in the park, who is a courier by profession, the son of an Italian Count. I have spent an hour in trying to persuade the girl that she has been duped. The poor thing is only twenty-five, and has got a few pounds. I wish my wife had taken Susan with us, and then this worry might have been avoided.

And what is the moral of all this? It is that although a holiday does not alter circumstances, it does make you fitter to cope with them. "Andrew," you say to your head clerk, in your most vigorous manner; "when I went out of town things had been decidedly flagging. Clerks were not quite up to time in the morning; were too long over lunch, and that sort of thing. Now, do you hear? we will have no more lounging, no missing of trains and 'buses, no more blocks on the Metropolitan. When I arrive at ten, every one must be at his post. Do you understand?" "Yes, sir." "And," you continue, bracing yourself for the coming struggle, "I expect from this time up to Christmas an unusual pressure of work. The men must not go till everything has been properly attended to." "Yes, sir." "And I will have none of to-day's work left over till to-morrow; the leavings must be either taken home or finished here, so as to start fair at ten o'clock." "Yes, sir," says old Andrew; and as he joins the junior clerks he takes his steel pen from behind his right ear and scratches his forehead with the holder. "The master's come back brisk enough, to be sure," says Andrew. And, depend upon it, there is not a subordinate, down to the messenger outside, who does not feel the full effect of your recruited energies, and the necessity of putting his shoulder to the wheel in common with the rest; and all in honour of your having "come back." That's the bright side of the medal; and I should recommend every one about this time who is at all "bothered" to keep "this side up with care."

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THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—"King" Cole's Successors.

BY AN EXASPERATED "HEALTHERIES" EXHIBITOR.

NOW that success so great has crowned the labours
Of those who run our International Shows,
A Vote of Censure, for myself and neighbours,
Is what I wish to formally propose.
A vote of censure which I hope will sting
Even the thick-skinned Brompton-Boilers "ring."

"King" Cole is dead—his life this week is printed—
But still his restless spirit marches on,
And jobs are risked at which he scarcely hinted,
By those who his officious mantle don,
And who the country's warm approval claim
To sanction every selfish end and aim.

But I, at least, a protest mean to make
And sternly their bureaucracy condemn,
Which nothing gives, but everything would take,
From those who dealings chance to have with them,
And which, unchecked, will, in no distant days,
Destroy the goose the golden eggs which lays.

One thing is certain, Annual Exhibitions
Might lasting institutions soon be made;
They suit the tastes of folks of all positions,
And should to commerce give substantial aid;
But their Executive must acquiesce
In instant changes to retain success.

This same Executive should take to heart
My well-meant warning; they forthwith should know
That, howsoever they may play their part,
'Tis we exhibitors that make the Show;
And that upon this ground we take our stand,
And juster treatment earnestly demand.

Vanity Fair says:—"Mr. Benjamin is still the Prince of Ulster and Stalking-Coat Makers." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

For, as it is, we're saved from no infliction
That fussy Jacks-in-office can invent;
We ask for help, and only get restriction,
Unrighted wrongs increase our discontent;
And grumbling grows, as rank illiberality
Is only tempered by gross partiality.

Unfairness thrives; we first detect its savour
In altercations as to space or stall,
In which, if we possess no secret favour,
We 're sent, in literal earnest, to the wall,
There to lament, vexed by officious whim,
That we are not included "in the swim."

And so all through; harsh, petty regulations
Limit the Exhibition's aim and scope.
Circumlocution's needless obligations
Defeat our efforts and destroy our hope;
Till we are tempted, well-nigh in despair,
To ne'er again in such a venture share.

And others feel the evils that we bear;
In Scotland, too, I find a stirring text
In that harsh treatment, grievously unfair,
Which Forestry Exhibitors has vexed.
And we, though occupied with our own woes,
Their glaring hardships also would expose.

As to our own, their tale is far from told;
Renewed abuses deepen our disgust;
Until, at last, by way of comfort cold,
We jurors get we neither know nor trust,
And whose selection would a joke be thought,
If it were not with such importance fraught.

Nor is this all; for should the Press record
Our triumph, spite all adverse calculation,
The distribution, then, of this award
Affords a chance for more procrastination,
Till it grows doubtful whether we shall live
To take the medal they're so loth to give.

But why go on? It is the same sad tale
Of despotism now, as 'twas in May;
And still we find, upon the same grand scale,
Rank nepotism, muddle, and delay—
Whilst Merit, kicked and cuffed, and beaten down,
Sees rank Pretension take the victor's crown.

My protest's made; I would it were more strong,
Though it for certain could not be more real;
But facts will make a protest too, ere long,
And figures join to strengthen this appeal;
Which even old offenders will be taught
Cannot be laughed away nor set at naught.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE BEAUTY EXHIBITION.

THE Beauty Exhibition may, and probably will, be interdicted on moral grounds, as the Baby Show was on hygienic. There is an idea that it would be chiefly beneficial to those unlovely beings who trade on the loveliness of others. Restaurateurs deplore the absence of novelty among their fair and fast customers who sit on *les terrasses* in front of their establishments in the evening. This state of things, I have been told, led to the wind-up of the Café du Helder, and other similar establishments. You may believe this if you please. I do not. What has chiefly ruined the cafés is the spreading out of the wealthy quarters of Paris, so that *la vie Parisienne* is no longer concentrated in and around the Boulevards. My feeling on the subject of Beauty Exhibitions is that they should be managed in accordance with the principles that reign at cattle-shows or at the Constantinople slave-market. Jurors should only have to pronounce on form, texture of skin, complexion, the regularity and whiteness of teeth, the quantity and quality of the hair, and the colour, size, and expression of the eyes. It would be impossible at a Beauty Exhibition to discern those charms which render the European woman mistress of her lover's soul and her husband's better half. A Light of the Harem would distance a Van Zandt, as a Cleopatra would be distanced by the mere plastic perfection of a Mary Anderson or a Madame Gauthereau. Pascal said that if the nose of the Egyptian Queen had been a little shorter, and therefore irregular, the course of the world's history would have taken another direction. The truth is, that the success of Cleopatra's nose lay in its irregularity. Modern Egyptologists have discovered that it was short, saucy-looking, and celestial. It was an independent little nose—*un petit nez en l'air*—scorning to submit to the rules of Greek statuary, and contrasted pleasantly with the high-bridged noses of the Roman ladies, who were too heavy eaters not to be "heavy parties." I am sure they were dreadfully monotonous. Nothing in their faces, and, least of all, in their chins and noses, expressed sensibility, which is to plastic feminine beauty what flame is to a lamp. Octavia's profile was a faultless mask. It must have been a revelation to Mark Antony, when he went to Egypt, to find that an irregular phiz could be the most charming of any.

There are some women, very successful as such, who are not at all good-looking, unless when animated by pleasurable excitement. An eye which, on a sudden meeting after a long absence, beams out a joyous recognition, has more witchery in it than the visage of a Mrs. Langtry, expressing only indifference or self-consciousness, could have. The feeling that a new and pretty bonnet is as becoming as it can be often transfigures a commonplace young face. Some roses and lilies only charm in country environments. There are English girls who are paragons of loveliness as they return to Brighton after a canter on the Downs, but who merely pass muster in a ball-room. Then there is the glowworm style of beauty, which only shines at night. I know a yellow-skinned, thick-lipped, pug-nosed being who has distanced some of the handsomest women of Europe and America at festive gatherings and merry little parties. But she could only achieve this feat in artificial light, which stimulates her, and gives her a peculiar power of fascination. One then sees that she has the finest eyes in the world, and a set of teeth which in laughing brighten up her dark face. A thick and rebellious head of raven-black hair gives her in the day-time a bison look. In a ball-room, with a flower stuck in it, or some jewels, it has a splendid effect. The tawny "Salomé" of Regnault's picture would have no business seeking admission to a beauty show. Skobeleff's sister, who is married to the Czar's cousin, is as far removed

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I certainly recommend Mr. & Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most just and liberal purchasers of Cast-off Clothes, Jewellery, and every description of property. They punctually keep appointments, and remit P.O.O. for articles per return

as Cleopatra or Salomé from the Mary Anderson type of classic purity; but she is the incarnation of all the graces, and her physiognomy is eloquent in expressing poetry of feeling. Anne Boleyn had many plastic defects. The Duchess of Burgundy, who lit up, in the old age of Louis Quatorze, the Court of Versailles, and neutralised the morose influence of Madame de Maintenon, had a goitrous neck and decayed front teeth; yet she was proclaimed a beauty, even by the bilious and censorious St. Simon. Marguerite de Valois, with whom most of the prominent Frenchmen of her day were at some time or another desperately in love, had heavy cheeks, like a monkey's, too prominent eyes, which were often congested, and a thick, hanging under-lip. She had not the vices of the ladies of her mother's Court, though she passed for being as naughty as they were in her efforts to make conquests for the pleasure of showing she had power to conquer. It was this Royal coquette who first resorted to the expedient of receiving company sitting up in bed, with black satin sheets to give value to the whiteness of her bust and arms. Her gallants used to say that had she been a shopkeeper's spouse, without any of those rich accoutrements which are brought into her portraits, she would have been every whit as potent. I am sceptical in this matter. If Sovereigns hardly ever love their Queens or women of princely rank, a King's daughter who enjoys flirtation is sure to turn the heads of all her sire's courtiers. The last Duchesse de Berri would not have been allowed to so much as compete at a beauty show had she presented herself incognita. Sir Walter Scott, who was close to her at Mass in the Tuileries Chapel, wrote in his Diary that she was very plain, and that her eyes were not fellows. An old Breton gentleman, who, when she was at Morbihan to unveil a commemorative monument, presented her some relics on that occasion, says of her:—

"She was hideously ugly, but her woman's charms made us forget her ugliness. The eyes neither matched in shape nor colour; one was of myosotis-blue, and had the sunniest expression conceivable. The other was grey, and turned in. She often, in laughing, held a fan before it. Her nose was trumpet-shaped, and her complexion that of a bilious blonde. But her mouth, though coarse, was very agreeable. She had a great deal of go, and her manners were so genial that she carried all before her. When she laid herself out to please, she was intoxicating. I was madly in love with her, and so were all the Brittany squires, peasants, officers, and soldiers, down to the little drummer, who were at the ceremony. Each one fancied she glanced kindly at him. She had the prettiest conceivable way of saluting with the fan that hid the ocular defect. We were out of our senses, and cried as she was driving off 'Vive la Duchesse de Berri!' After her carriage had passed the troops and crowd, she stood up and turned round, let fall the fan, and blew kisses with both hands. The action was not royal, but it seemed so spontaneous and so hearty that it was not undignified, and it electrified us all."

I asked, on hearing this pleasant and graphic episode of now an ancient history, whether the Duchesse dressed with fine art.

"Not at all. She dressed very badly. Her big bishop-sleeves spoiled her shoulders, and she did not resort to any expedient to dissimulate the flatness of her back. The day I saw her in the Morbihan she was in a pea-green pelisse, and a lilac dress and bonnet. The bonnet was immense. A gust of wind, when colours were being presented by her to a regiment, blew it off her head. She let it remain hanging from her neck. Her hair was of pale, golden blonde, and was dressed in tufts of corkscrew curls, with a chignon on the top of her head the shape of a butterfly. I moped for some time after she went away, and then went off to Paris to see her walking in the Tuileries gardens. But as she lived a good deal in Normandy I was disappointed. She was already beginning to distinguish Colonel des Misnars, the author of her Blaye disgrace."

Three frightfully ugly women in our time took Paris by storm. They were the Princess Metternich, Thérésa, and the Princess Lise Troubetskoi, whose *genre* was *canaille sans l'être*. She was uglier young than when she had been some time a grandmother, and, though chaste as snow, was capable of having invented the Order of the Garter. Her face was frankly Kalmuck, and in size she was a mere hop-o'-my-thumb. It was necessary for her to strike while the iron was hot. The first impression she produced was agreeable, or, as her French admirers said, *capiteux;* but it wore off soon, and the after-impression was different. She was too restless, and apparently too anxious, to play a noisy and empty part, to please long. The Princess Metternich had Hungarian originality, and was less vain than fond of pleasure. Thérésa was a genius. She went on improving as she gained experience of the world.

The Countess Castiglione, who had originality, suavity, *mutinerie*, and magnetism, had also the plastic perfection which should command most votes at a Beauty Show. There was no disputing her loveliness. The Countess inaugurated the fashion of sleeveless ball-dresses. As modesty begins where beauty ends, she could see no harm in the innovation.

I have often been tempted to give numerous English correspondents raps on the knuckles for insufficient prepayment of letters which they send me. Young ladies writing to friends abroad are very apt to stick penny stamps only on their letters. Is this from carelessness or from thrift? Those who have been to France must know that the postage for an ordinary letter is twopence-halfpenny. What is also provoking is to receive a note of a few lines on the heavy paper which lies on tables in club reading-rooms, and for which one has to pay double postage, because insufficiently stamped. English people now write in strong big characters and on thick paper. A short letter may cover several sheets, and it is sure to have on the cover but one penny stamp. I get letters from London clubs and from the House of Commons, where surely there ought to be some machinery for the right prepayment of those having a foreign destination, which, at the end of the year, amount to a big total under the head of losses. I am about to relate what I think a very hard case. I was asked last year to subscribe to a public and useful enterprise, and promised to send two guineas. This autumn the Secretary reminded me of my promise in a letter on heavy paper, enclosing a report, and bearing on the envelope a single penny stamp. I sent the money claimed, and thinking I had done with the matter, forebore to mention the insufficient postage. But yesterday my *concierge* gave me another missive

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from the same person. It was also insufficiently prepaid, and merely contained a receipt for the two guineas. Tradesmen's clerks are great sinners in this respect, but I dare say they err in ignorance.

Another postal bore, which, however, is due to the hard-and-fast routine of the French Post Office, is the registered letter. The postman will only give it to the person to whom it is addressed, whose receipt he takes. He comes with it in the first instance at about seven in the morning. I get up early in the country, but as I am a nightbird in Paris, I like to sleep when there far into the morning. The servant had orders on no account to disturb me. So the registered letter was sent away, and I was forced to remain in the house until the particular postman to whom it was confided returned. It was impossible to say when this would be, as all the deliveries are not made by the same person. Last week I got a telegram in the country, where I had gone for a few days, telling me to shorten my visit, because a registered letter awaited me, and that if I was not soon back, it would be returned to the writer through the Post-Office. I should have had it three days sooner had it not been registered, which, however, was a guarantee that it would not be lost or Grahamed. It did not contain money, but plenty of scandalous gossip and a queer story, which was condensed into a few dozen words, and in which there were the elements of a highly-sensational novel, dealing with persons who figure in "The Peerage." The Foundling Hospital, gilded drawing-rooms and casinos, a sea-beach and a farmhouse, aristocratic rosebuds, dashing cavalry officers, a pushing and plausible scamp, a baby, a tuft-hunting parson's wife, and a wealthy Lady Bountiful might be all brought into the work of fiction evolved from the tersely-written tale. The registered letter was, therefore, worth coming back to town to receive.

SPORTING NOTES.

I DID not attempt to predict the winner of the Cesarewitch, and am exceedingly glad that I left it alone, for I had no fancy whatever for St. Gatien, and fully expected that Archiduc would beat all the three-year-olds. It seemed to me that Mr. Hammond's horse was decidedly overweighted, and I could not see how he was to beat other animals of the same age on Epsom Downs, as there appeared to be good reasons for ignoring the Ascot victory over Corrie Roy and Tristan. However, St. Gatien not only won, but, like Robert the Devil and Corrie Roy, he won so easily that I do not believe another 10 lb. would have stopped him. It was a great performance, and altogether a triumph on which Mr. Hammond may be warmly congratulated, for nothing could be more open or straightforward than his policy, and all along he let everybody know that he was backing St. Gatien heavily, and that he thought him sure to win. Mr. Hammond thus sets a commendable example to the great majority of owners, including most of what are termed "the aristocratic patrons" of the Turf, who, as a rule, resemble Sir Francis Clavering, as described by Major Pendennis:—"By gad, Clavering, you sicken me with lies, I can't help telling you so. I've no patience with you, by gad. You cheat everybody, yourself included. I've seen a deal of the world, but I never met your equal at humbugging. It's my belief you had rather lie than not. St. Gatien is evidently a grand stayer, and, moreover, he has palpably improved in every way since Epsom, but no doubt he is a very much better horse over the Cesarewitch course than over one mile and a half. He has been most judiciously managed all through, and as he has not been over-raced, and looks like training on, he ought to develop into a Cup horse of the good old sort. I do not know why some papers describe him as "unfashionably bred." His sire, Rover, is by Blair Athole—Crenon, by Newminster—Margery Daw; and most people would say that there is not a more "fashionably" bred horse in England. His dam, St. Editha, is by Kingley Vale (Nutbrown, out of a Newminster mare)—Lady Alice, by Chanticleer. Archiduc was, no doubt, second best, but it is evident that he cannot stay. When he won over a distance at Longchamps the other day there was no pace. It is utterly absurd to talk seriously of Polemic's second, for if the winner had been out of the way, it is very doubtful whether he would have been in the first four. Ben More, who had been backed for a lot of money, must be remembered when he is started in a mile race; and Studley ought to be kept for a Welter Handicap, as no boy can do justice to him. Florence and Stockholm ran the Goodwood Stakes over again, allowing for the difference in the weights. Stockholm was all the craze on the morning of the race, and so general was the run upon her that, after the numbers went up, it was almost impossible to get an offer against her. If M. Staub's mare had won, she would probably have been returned at 3 to 1. The Leger horses were never seen in front, and Highland Chief did not "flatter" his supporters at any part of the race. I have all along advised my readers to leave Quicklime alone, and how he came to be such a favourite it is impossible to conjecture. This horse cannot stay, and he failed this year quite as ignominiously as last year. After this second discomfiture, "the talent" will, perhaps, be disposed to ignore him when he has to run over a greater distance than a mile and a-half. He was not a bit fancied by the Stanton people. Xema ran creditably, and she ought to win a good handicap before the season is over. It is grotesque to remember that in the Lincoln Handicap St. Gatien had 6 st. 3 lb., while in the City and Suburban he had 6 st. Perhaps, however, if he had been trained and started for those races he might not have won either Derby or Cesarewitch. He must have "come on" prodigiously during the last five months.

The week before Goodwood I warned the owners of crack two-year-olds that they might anticipate finding a formidable French opponent in the Middle Park Plate, in the shape of M. Lupin's Xaintrailles. My attention had been directed to this splendid colt by a special circumstance. Xaintrailles, who had been at Newmarket for some weeks past, went amiss most unluckily a few days before the Middle Park Plate, and, seeing that his condition was not all that could be desired, I consider

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that his performance was an excellent one; and if all goes well with him during the winter he will make a really good three-year-old. He is engaged in both Two Thousand and Derby. He walked in for the Prendergast on Friday, but that form proves nothing, as he was in receipt of 9 lb. from Rosy Morn, who has woefully degenerated during the autumn. The "pots" on Wednesday were Cora and Casuistry colt. The former, who has shown excellent form throughout the season, had been well tried with several reliable "clocks," including Royal Hampton and Solitude (the latter being R. Peck's 1,600 gs. sister to Queen Adelaide), and the confidence of the stable was strengthened by her very easy victory over a large field in the Marden Plate on Monday. She was, however, most seriously interfered with just as the flag fell, and she never really recovered herself, and, for all practical purposes, may be regarded as not having started. Had all been well, she would have won cleverly, judging from Royal Hampton's form. It was a most provoking disaster. As to Casuistry colt (who last year cost 700 gs. out of the Yardley team) the Kingsclere division appears to have added another to their long list of blunders. He was said to be from 7 lb to 10 lb. in front of Luminary, but I apprehend that this calculation was arrived at through a collateral trial (which in nine cases out of ten is utterly misleading and ruinous), as Lord Alington's colt has not been doing any work for a long time past, and therefore could not have been in a condition to try anything. Be this as it may, either the trial was all wrong or else Melton has improved two stone. In the July Stakes Luminary beat Melton a head, and it therefore seemed that if Casuistry colt was 7 lb. better than his stable companion, he had 16 lb. in hand of Lord Hastings's steed, who nevertheless gave him 7 lb. and a good 7 lb. beating. He is a powerful, racing-like colt, but I doubt whether he will stand much training. Crosskeys and Lonely were never formidable, nor was Langwell, who on Monday had won the Clearwell, but he was "all out" to beat Goldsmith at 6 lb. This colt cost 2,550 gs. as a yearling, and he is so backward that I think his owner is very ill-advised to knock him about, instead of keeping him till next season. Melton, by Master Kildare —Violet Melrose, was bred by Lord Hastings at Melton Constable, after which place he is named. It will be remembered that his New Stakes victory caused much consternation at Ascot, as everybody had plunged on his stable companion, Langwell. He has been laid up since the July Stakes, and he has given Matthew Dawson a great deal of trouble, and it is vastly creditable to that experienced and careful trainer that he should have brought the colt to the post last week in such good condition. His chance was generally ignored at Newmarket, as it was supposed that he had not done enough work for such a race, and it was reported that he had been coughing. He is a very nice colt, but it is a pity that he was omitted from the Two Thousand entry, as it seems impossible for a Middle Park Plate winner to secure the Derby.

Tristan ran a dead-heat with Thebais for the Champion Stakes of 1882, and last year he walked away from Ossian. As the nominations of St. Simon, Clairvaux, and Archiduc had become void through the deaths of their respective owners, there was nothing better to oppose Tristan last week than Cambusmore, Quicklime, and Lucerne, and it certainly looked good odds on Mr. Lefevre's horse; but, thanks entirely to the very artistic riding of Cannon, Lucerne got up in the last twenty strides, and caught the favourite literally on the post. Of course, the result was preposterous, according to "the book," and the weary and disheartened followers of public form were entirely demoralised; but surely people ought to have realised by this time that Tristan is not exactly the beast to plunge upon. Cambusmore ran a wretch, but those who fancied him on the strength of his victories during the first week would have done well to remember the exceedingly low calibre of his opponents in those Stakes. The Oaks was a mere exercise canter for Sandiway, with nothing better than Damietta to beat. It was 50 to 1 *on* her, instead of 5 to 2, unless she tumbled down; but some of the gullish herd insisted that she was "running out of her course," whereas her best form has been shown over this very distance.

The Select Stakes, which promised so well, dwindled grievously, and Duke of Richmond had only Belinda to beat, the result being that, instead of adding £200 to the Stake, the Jockey Club had only to give £50. It is iniquitous that all the forfeits should go to the fund in a race of this class. Another collapse was the Challenge Stakes, usually the great race on Friday, in which nothing came out to oppose Energy except a bad two-year-old of the Duke of Portland's, although there was quite a long list on the card, including several "cracks." Thebais had no difficulty in beating Louis d'Or in the Queen's Plate, and this was *the* "good thing" of the week, and, as is often the case in races of this description, the bookmakers were content to take about a fourth of the proper odds; for if Thebais was fit and well it was literally "any odds." But I suppose there are some ingenuous people who believe that the Doncaster Cup was a true-run race, although even that addle-brained theory would not give Louis d'Or a chance with Thebais after Lambkin's doleful exhibition in the Cesarewitch. In the overnight races the most striking feature (remarkably unsatisfactory, moreover) was the mysterious disinclination of owners and trainers to patronise the Selling Stakes.

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Florence, who was nowhere in the City and Suburban with 6 st. 12 lb., is now first favourite for the Cambridgeshire with 9 st. 1 lb.! I plumped for this mare for the Manchester Cup when she had 7 st. 2 lb., and she won "all the way," but I shall not recommend her for this race with another 27 lb. on her back, and with an infinitely better field to beat. Archiduc (8 st. 9 lb.) will certainly run well, as this is probably about his best course, and there can be no doubt that he is a really good horse over his own distance. Prism (9 st. 7 lb.) has been freely backed during the last few days, and he will certainly be the best of Lord Zetland's, but I do not think that he has a chance of beating Clairvaux (9 st. 3 lb.) and in my opinion the handsome brother to Thebais will defeat all the top-weights if he can be got to the post in fair condition, and providing that he does not break down in the

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race; but people must exercise their own judgment about backing a horse who is certainly unsound. The danger which "sharps" protest is to be looked for from Preston-pans is a mere fairy tale. Legacy has been knocked out, in consequence of her having gone seriously amiss—a tragedy which must be very acceptable to the handicappers. Captain Machell now looks like falling back on St. Médard (7 st. 7 lb.), but I will not have this colt at any price, as he nauseated me over the Two Thousand and Derby. Blue Grass and Fulmen cannot be trained, and Quicklime's form with Lucerne in the Champion Stakes is not encouraging. Prince (8 st. 9 lb.), has been going well at Newmarket, but the course will hardly suit him, and he certainly is not "well in." He cannot give Highland Chief 2 lb. Nor do I fancy Pizarro, although he seems likely to come to a short price, and he is fancied by clever people. Stockholm (7 st. 11 lb.) is backed somewhat freely, but a dismally distinct recollection of her form over this distance at Leicester is not calculated to encourage one to trust her. Chislehurst (8 st. 3 lb.) has been a tip for this race for a long time past, and he looks like seeing a short price, and the same may be said of Bendigo (8 st. 1 lb.), who won cleverly enough last year with 6 st. 10 lb., when he was receiving 6 lb. from Tonans, who was second. Corunna, on the Epsom form, represents Thebais at an impossible weight. In conclusion, I shall give a plumper for Spring Morn (6 st. 5 lb.), and in case anything should happen to prevent Mr. Houldsworth's filly from starting, I shall be content to rest solely on Sandiway.

Of course, the Cambridgeshire is the great popular event of next week, but the Dewhurst Plate will be incomparably superior in interest if it is contested by Casuistry Colt (8 st. 9 lb), Cora (8 st. 13 lb.), Melton (9 st. 5 lb.), Xaintrailles (8 st. 13 lb.), and St. Helena (8 st. 10 lb.) The field will probably include Crosskeys (8 st. 13 lb.), Lonely (8 st. 10 lb.), and Langwell (8 st. 13 lb.), but they cannot have a chance on last week's running. Among the dark contingent are Anglesey, the brother to Beaudesert, which cost 1,000 gs. as a yearling, but he may give way to Cora; and St. Honorat, the brother to Thebais and Clairvaux, for which Captain Machell gave 4,000 gs. at the sale of "Mr. Manton's" horses on the Cesarewitch day, a somewhat sharp transaction, which has excited much ill-feeling, and has been commented upon with unbounded asperity. It is imprudent to venture an opinion on such a race ten days before it is run, but I anticipate that the finish will lie between Cora and Xaintrailles.

The Criterion, on Monday, seems a good thing for Melton, who has only to beat Risingham, Langwell, and St. Helena; but, if St. Honorat is a flyer, it would take Melton all his time to give him 7 lb. over this severe course. The Cheveley Stakes, on Thursday, has Risingham, Lonely, Kingwood, and St. Helena, but maidens have 15 lb. the best of the weights with the above. There is nothing better than Lady Chatelaine and Eurasian in the Houghton Stakes. The All-Aged (B.S.C.) would be exciting enough if Geheimniss, Despair, Clairvaux, and Duke of Richmond all ran; but, probably, it will end in a walk over. St. Simon has been struck out of the Jockey Club Cup, and I hear that it is doubtful whether he will stand training for another season. This leaves this trophy at the mercy of St. Gatien, but, as there is £50 for second, it may be hoped that there will be, at least, the show of a race. Archiduc and Lambkin may probably be started. I think it is a pity that the Stewards have abolished the penalties and allowances in this stake.

Although large sums were ostensibly added to the principal events of last week, very little money was really given, thanks to the ingenious system of entrances. Every shilling of the £500 which is added to the Middle Park Plate was got back from the subscribers, who literally ran for nothing but their own money. Of the £800 given to the Champion Stakes, £465 was contributed by the owners of the horses entered; who, in the Challenge Stakes, gave £325 out of the £400 which was added; while in the Cesarewitch they gave £288 out of the nominal £300 which is advertised (surely in "the interpretation of Loyola") as being "added by the Jockey Club."

MAMMON.

GENERAL CREDIT.

THE shares of this Company are, I observe, quoted at 3—3¼, which means that if a shareholder wishes to part with a share he would receive £3 for it. I have already pointed out that were the assets of the Company to be realised, each shareholder would receive £4 and a few shillings for his share, whilst the Company never has paid 5 per cent. on this amount. The Company is, therefore, kept up solely in order that a certain number of City gentlemen should have salaries as directors, and other gentlemen salaries as managers and clerks. There is an uncalled liability on the shares, which involves the necessity of their sale in case of death; for executors will rarely hold shares with an uncalled liability. The business of the Company is carried on in a humdrum fashion, and the manager is appointed by hereditary descent. When the father dies his son inherits his place. In order to hoodwink the shareholders as to the value of their property, freehold buildings belonging to the Company are set down in the balance-sheets at less than half their value. The Company has recently taken to discounting foreign bills, which, of course, involves an extra risk. Under these circumstances, it is clear that the shareholders should look after their own interests. They should appoint a Committee, consisting of shareholders neither directly nor indirectly connected with the management, and neither directly nor indirectly connected with any facilities given for discounting, and this Committee should report upon all connected with the Company, and upon the advisability of liquidation. Why the shareholders should, except upon the assumption that they are asses—such asses, indeed, as to prefer £3 to £4—allow a nest of City gentlemen to continue to pocket salaries for kindly converting £4 into £3, I cannot conceive. Companies, it is said, have no souls. Certainly they are not subjects for sentiment. It may, and it no doubt does, suit City

Army and Navy Hotel, Victoria-st., S.W., is probably now the best Hotel in London. Table d'hôte 6 to 8. Cookery excellent.

John Shaw, Share Broker, Wardrobe-chambers, Queen Victoria-st. deals at tape prices at an inclusive commission of one-sixteenth.

gentlemen to have salaries and a "melting" establishment where £4 in hard cash belonging to the public should become £3, with a possibility not only of the £3 disappearing, but of a pound more being lost belonging to the shareholders. But does it suit the shareholders? The directors are not knaves—they would not steal—but they find it convenient to augment their incomes by means of salaries, and, so long as they can enjoy these salaries, they do not mean to give them up. We hear a good deal about the West-end director—a poor wretch who, knowing nothing of business, undertakes to conduct one for a consideration; but we seldom hear about the City director—the golden calf who cannot rest contented with his accumulations, but must needs increase them by condescending to sit on the Board of a Company—also, for a consideration. I should like to know how many of them would carry on a business, or rather pay others for carrying on a business for them, with their own money, in which 5 per cent. on capital cannot be earned, in which the risks of loss of capital are considerable, and which possesses the singular property of converting every £4 invested in it into £3?

WABASH.

The Wabash meeting has come and gone, and the thin end of the wedge has been inserted by the Gould clique, through the appointment of a committee, representing the English holders of the general mortgage bonds, to negotiate with the Company. It seems to have become evident to the wirepullers, that there was no chance of the scheme which had been put forward by them being adopted by the indignant English mortgage-holders, so Mr. Joy did not attempt to force it upon the meeting. But, as the next best thing, the proposal of a committee, for which the names were cut and dry, was carried. That the men proposed by the Railway Share Trust Company are connected with the charmed circle of insiders, there is little doubt,—just as little doubt as that Mr. Joy, although posing as the representative and benevolent friend of the share- and mortgage-holders, is a confederate of the astute Gould. As to the three gentlemen whose names have been added to the committee, they may be free from this taint; yet even then I see little prospect of the committee vindicating the rights of the mortgage-holders in the way in which alone the swindle could be exposed and redress obtained. The two representatives of the Railway Share Trust Company may naturally be expected to favour any scheme which may suit the Trust's interests. Holding, from all accounts, a considerable amount of Wabash general mortgage bonds, and a large assortment of bonds of the Wabash leased roads, the Share Trust will move heaven and earth to bolster-up the Wabash in some way or other. Yet I do not suppose that the English mortgage-holders will allow themselves to be easily befooled this time; and they would, indeed, deserve what they got if they were to give up one iota of their rights. The manner in which they have been robbed is now so patent to all that even Mr. Joy had not the audacity to say anything in favour of the men whose agent he virtually is. I need hardly recapitulate how, when the Wabash was in a bad way, Jay Gould and his associates—of whom, for all I know, Mr. Joy may have been one—lent money to pay dividends out of capital; how, while thus concealing the true position of the road, they got out of their holdings; and how they now have the impertinence to come to the very men they have robbed to ask them to provide the four millions of dollars lent under such disgraceful circumstances. The committee appointed may be bamboozled or not, but I strongly suspect that the body of English mortgage-holders will not endorse any scheme encroaching on their privileges. The first thing, however, to be done is to take the road out of the hands of the Gould set and to appoint other receivers. That preliminary condition is indispensable, if any good is to be achieved. This would, undoubtedly, have been the first action of a thoroughly independent committee. Nor can I agree with Mr. Joy, that foreclosure proceedings need be directed against the true interests of the road. But the whole swindle ought to be inquired into, and the status of the leased lines ascertained. With the ordinary Wabash shareholders I have not much sympathy. Many of those ordinary shares were never paid for, and nearly all are held in the United States. If these shareholders will allow themselves to be assessed with $8 per share, the general mortgage bondholders will not object. A large proportion of the mortgage bonds, however, has been foisted on the British public, and I fancy, from the temper of the meeting, that they will call the committee to account if it neglects its duties. The Wabash is one of the greatest robberies of modern times, and those who condone it will sully their names, be they ever so respectable.

UNITED HORSE-SHOE AND NAIL COMPANY.

My strictures on the management of this Company have brought me a communication from a gentleman who, with becoming modesty, intimates that his initials, H. D., will sufficiently identify him to all those interested in this Company, but whom I may as well name as Major Durrant, a newly-fledged director of the concern. That gentleman expresses his opinion to the effect that I very often give good advice to shareholders, but that my advice to wind up the above Company is the reverse of good. Major Durrant also calls attention to the fact, to which I alluded on May 15, that the Company in its present form is a combination of the late Horse-Nail Company and the Horse-Shoe Company. I cannot, however, with Major Durrant find any room for congratulation in the fact that the Company realised during the ten months ending April 20 a profit of £1,283, at the cost of an expenditure of over £8,000, and with a capital of £340,000. My correspondent remarks, that "a proposal for liquidation, made at the meeting of the 25th ult. by a holder of fifty shares, also a disappointed applicant for employment, met with small favour." Now, Major Durrant is a successful candidate for employment, and as he suggests that the shareholder in question was influenced by disappointment, it is perhaps fair to assume that the Major's advocacy of the Company's

Profitable Investments.—Our circular for October, now ready, contains particulars of several selections, paying from Five to Ten per Cent., in the safest and best paying class of securities, viz.:—Trust, Mortgage, and Investment Companies.—Abbott Page & Co., Stockbrokers, 42, Poultry, London, E.C.

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C.

prospects is due to his elevation, from a member of the deputation of shareholders, to the honours of the Board. But, as he himself remarked at the last meeting, "it was true they were living on promises," it will require something more than the new director's assurances to convince me of the Company having a reasonable prospect of eventually achieving success.

A PLUCKY SHAREHOLDER.

Mr. Andrew Hutton deserves to be commended for the plucky manner in which he has exposed, in a police-court, the disgraceful subterfuges so often practised by Company-mongers and directors. Were shareholders generally to take a leaf out of his book, these gentry would probably be taught a proper sense of their responsibilities and duties. Mr. Hutton has invested £1,000 in ten shares of the Union Electric Light and Power Company, Limited, a concern formed with a capital of £30,000 during the electric-light mania for the promotion of baby electric-light Companies, the Pilsen and Joël Company being one of the undertakings so formed. The directors of the Union Company, according to Mr. Hutton, received £55,000, but had only returned £10,400 to the shareholders. Mr. Hutton very naturally made efforts to obtain an examination of the accounts, and applied to the directors and to the solicitors of the Company, Walter Webb & Co., who, by-the-by, assisted at the birth of most of the "Brush" progeny. All his attempts to obtain information, however, were without avail, and on Aug. 22 last the Company was wound up. Determined not to be baulked in this manner, Mr. Hutton obtained a summons against the directors, Dilwyn Parrish, Alfred Parrish, and John Goddard, for contravention of the clauses of the Companies Act of 1862, by carrying on the business of the Company at No. 2, Copthall-buildings, the private offices of Messrs. D. & A. Parrish, without having the name of the Company affixed, and having the registered office of the Company in an empty room at St. Stephen's Chambers, Telegraph-street. It has of late become a common, but most reprehensible, practice for directors of Companies to carry on the business of some of the Companies with which they are connected in their own private offices, and with their own clerk as secretary; and it is as well that a stand should be made against a custom adopted entirely for their individual convenience, and, in many cases, benefit. In the present case, Mr. Hutton proceeded on this plea as the only means by which he could force the directors to grant him the inspection of the books. That such should have been refused to a shareholder, who is a sufferer to a considerable amount, is a monstrous instance of the manner in which shareholders are treated by the men whom they have placed in office, and who are their paid servants. It also very naturally leads to the conclusion that there is something to conceal which the directors do not wish known. I hope that Mr. Hutton will proceed with the fresh summons that has been granted, so as to vindicate his rights, and teach a lesson which will not be thrown away on a good many who are responsible for other people's money.

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Goode's Depôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

ANECDOTAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE LATE HANS MAKART.

So much ado about a painter's funeral was never heard of before Hans Makart's death. No fault is to be found with the Austrian Emperor, Archdukes, and lords and ladies of Vienna for trying to honour his remains as best they could. But we, in sympathising with them, should be careful not to appreciate their favourite painter according to their estimate. Makart unquestionably had genius. But, for his fame hereafter, it is to be regretted that he rose to eminence when quite a young man, and became at once, not only the fashion, but the rage. The hothouse temperature (morally speaking) in which he lived for sixteen years, coupled with very hard professional work, rendered him morbidly sensitive. He felt that the favour he enjoyed was slippery, and was haunted by the idea, to him a dreadful one, that it would soon slip from him. If he thought he detected a shade of coolness in the Emperor, it threw him into a state of nervous excitement, which congested his brain, weakened his body, and induced the chronic affection of which he died. All ties which are advantageous and agreeable, and yet not binding, give rise to this kind of brooding ill-humour and suspicion. Makart depended on the good pleasure of Francis Joseph for his splendid house. He saved 300,000 florins, on which an artist of quiet habits could have lived in dignified ease. But, unluckily for him, he had contracted luxurious tastes, was fond of show and splendour, and of seeing his fêtes written about in the newspapers. He burned, if ever a man did, the candle at both ends. Society in Vienna is at once very religious and just the contrary. In its highest ranks pleasure is the rule. Though it takes an artistic gloss, it is rarely associated with intellect. Ladies behave like Magdalen and Mary of Egypt before these saints repented. The facility with which gallant relations are entered into and broken off is too great for even the young attachés of the French Embassy not to think it *vraiment trop fort*. Being married is not, at Court and in the higher circles at Vienna, a reason for taking life seriously. Makart was dragged into this whirlpool of aristocratic dissipation. Professional models are generally well-conducted girls, and, to keep their beauty, are as sober in their habits as a pugilist in training. But amateur models are different; and, to his misfortune, the pet painter of the aristocracy had chiefly to do with the latter kind. High and puissant and well-born dames went to pose in his studio as the Five Senses, *alias* the Lusts of the Flesh, as Summer and her *cortége* of lightly-clad nymphs, as Cleopatras, Circes, Goddesses of Plenty, and those Flemish Venuses who walked in a state of nature before the triumphal Emperor, Charles V., as he entered the good city of Antwerp. If he had had to begin life over again, he would have stuck to the docile and easily contented professional model. The fashionable ladies did what they could not to be artificial. But their second nature was constantly asserting itself, and their whims and fancies were endless and always bewildering. One day a Princess of a Sovereign

but not Imperial or Royal house remained longer than she should have done in the model's room, preparing for the studio. He sent in a maid, and was told that she would come when the sunshine was less crude. Makart was preparing for an exhibition, and, as he was rather behindhind, was anxious to get on quickly with the picture at which he was engaged, so he put up an awning to soften the daylight, of which the lady complained. Meanwhile she was engaged in gymnastic exercises in order to heat her skin to the point at which the pearl-powder, with which she meant to get herself dusted, would adhere. The painter kept his temper when he saw her, because she was very influential at Court. But he was so annoyed at her folly as to be laid up for many subsequent days. She insisted on his painting her in her *poudre de riz* state. His women are, in general, purely decorative. One no more thinks of falling in love with them than with the caryatides of a balcony, or the classical figures on a Bank of England note. Rubens's feminine divinities were splendid animals: Hans Makart's are not. As he himself well knew, *Il n'y a pas de sang dans leurs veines.* But having gone in for high-born models, he had to depict them as they wished to appear. On being asked why he married a second time, he said "to have a good-tempered, sensible woman to fall back upon when all the butterflies, who, after all, are only caterpillars dressed, forsake me."

Makart hated to be a toady. He spoke eulogistically, but with sincerity, of the Emperor Francis Joseph, and particularly of his brother, the Archduke Victor Louis. He regretted, however, having stuck, or seemed to stick, to the Imperial Family, and often envied Herkomer (who is from South Germany also), his honourable, opulent, and independent situation. According to Makart, the Austrian Kaiser was a thoroughly good fellow, though (this was only whispered) brought up by the Jesuits. His Majesty was upright, and had a very cultivated mind, without being at all a wit. Indeed, a fine brain was imprisoned in a too narrow skull. The crown of St. Stephen's, on the day of the Emperor's coronation as King of Hungary, slipt over his forehead to the bridge of his nose. The painter, when at all excited, was not master of his tongue. *Il s'en battait facilement*, poor fellow, in his latter days. A weakness of his was to shun conversation about the good old times when he was as poor as a church mouse at Salzburg. His relatives were decent people, and every one knew they were in a humble station. Nevertheless, it was unpleasant to him to hear much about them. Not that he was a cad, but, although of a vigorous temperament, he wanted backbone, and was entirely deficient in "soul." He was, so to speak, on a pinnacle of the Temple at Vienna, and never had the strength of character to say, "Get thee behind me, Satan!"

Makart had the luck to be born at the nick of time. South Germany has a stomach, a good musical ear, placid sentimentality, stage management instincts, and a taste for decorative art, but no intellect to speak of. It was as tired of the pseudo Greek and Roman, imposed on it by the present King of Bavaria's grandfather, as he himself became, if we can judge of the state of his feeling from his passion for the unclassical Lola Montez. The reaction against Winklemann and the spurious classics was at its height when the young painter from Salzburg came forward after a tour in Italy, where he picked up in some things the manner of the old Venetian school. He drew with elegant correctness, had go, audacity, and confidence in himself and in his star. A first-rate colourist he was not. One might have thought that his eye was formed in North American woods in autumn, or so impressed with the tones of an Indian forest as to become insensible to the demi-tints which prevail in the European landscape north of the Alps. Beauty was only skin-deep for him. He never saw below the surface of man or woman, perhaps because he passed the sixteen best years of his life with superficial and frivolous people. Like the artists of the Decadence, he tried to subjugate by the great size of his works. "Summer," that pictorial fantasia of his, was meaningless and pretentious, the nude for the sake of nudity abounded in it. There were women bathing and issuing from natural baths; and women standing, sitting, reclining, and playing chess—which is not a mythological game. His "Five Senses," and "The Entrance of Charles V. into Antwerp," having gone round Europe, it is needless to describe them. "Cleopatra Sailing up the Cydnus" was the most gorgeous and, to my mind, the most vigorous of his theatrical works. Makart has left his second wife all his fortune. He had two children by his first wife, to both of whom number two was very, very good. She is an excellent housekeeper, but all the *bric-à-brac* that was in the living-room and studio worried her. Makart set great store upon it, and was always fancying that it might be stolen. He was apt latterly to fuss and fume. Anxiety to execute well the order which he received to decorate a hunting-lodge of the Empress killed him. The base of the brain had been for some time inflamed, and occasioned alarming nervous symptoms. It is probable that, had he recovered, he would have been a dangerous maniac.

The appreciation accorded by the highest circles during the last sixty years to Jewsbury & Brown's Original and only Genuine Oriental Tooth Paste proves the efficacy of this refined toilet luxury. It is compounded of rare and fragrant herbs in an especial manner known only to the sole proprietors and manufacturers, Jewsbury & Brown, Chemists, of Manchester. Its use keeps the teeth and gums in a state of preservation and soundness to old age, while its rare aromatic properties render the breath always exceedingly pleasant. It retains its invaluable properties in all climates, and can be obtained through all perfumers and chemists at home and abroad.

QUEER STORIES.

A ROMANCE OF THE STORES.

"I TELL you," snorted Mr. Ramsbury Browne, waxing purple with rage, "that I absolutely forbid you to hold any communication whatever with Captain Cannon, and if he comes here again I shall turn him out of the house!"

"Well, you need not be so violent," protested pretty Mrs. Browne, as she subsided in a becoming attitude on the drawing-room sofa, and prepared for a flood of tears. "Only if you insist upon my never seeing any man but yourself, and bully me in this absurd fashion, I shall go mad, or run away, or something," and Mrs. Browne stifled her sobs in

To all who Shoot or Travel.—Visit Ulster House, Conduit-street, and see B. Benjamin & Son's Specialties. Pamphlet on application.

the folds of a delicately-embroidered handkerchief, while her lord and master marched angrily up and down the room, half ashamed of his own suspicions, but determined not to betray any outward sign of repentance.

Mr. Ramsbury Browne was a rich City merchant, who had committed the not uncommon mistake of marrying a penniless and exceedingly pretty girl, some thirty years younger than himself, who, without giving her husband any definite cause for jealousy, contrived to make his life exceedingly uncomfortable. The reason was not far to seek. Before she came to London she had never seen anything; therefore balls, race-meetings, polo-matches, river-parties, and such like frivolities had for her the charm which novelty alone could give them. Like most pretty women, she was fond of admiration; men ran after her, thinking, not without reason, that she could not possibly be absorbed in her dull and uninteresting husband, and it must be confessed that Mrs. Browne did not altogether discourage their attentions. Hence it came to pass that Browne's jealousy was aroused, and that he selected his wife's friendship with the aforesaid Captain Cannon as the excuse for an extremely unpleasant matrimonial dispute. The Captain himself was a good-looking Hussar, a loafing, ne'er-do-weel man-about-town, or a gallant, chivalrous, and fascinating officer—it all depended upon the point of view from which his character was regarded. Needless to say that Browne's opinion of him was not the more favourable one, and when his wife showed a somewhat marked preference for the Captain's society, exchanged little notes with him-about-books, music, and such-like innocent topics, and was generally followed by him wherever she went, Browne determined that the intimacy should come to an end.

"You're not to see that man again," continued he, blustering somewhat unnecessarily, in case his determination should falter. "Do you hear me, Mrs. Browne?"

"Oh, yes, I hear you," she sobbed. "I won't see him any more; and perhaps when you've bullied me into my grave you will be sorry!"

So Mr. Browne marched off to the City, filled with the proud consciousness that he had gained a great moral victory and had made his wife exceedingly miserable.

During the next week or two the meekness of that young lady was admirable, and her obedience to her husband's will positively touching. The demon of jealousy had, however, taken entire possession of the bosom of Mr. Ramsbury Browne, and his wife's somewhat unlooked-for submissiveness only served to increase instead of allaying his suspicions. He thought that she was merely acting a part, and he watched her with redoubled vigilance. In business matters Browne was a strictly honourable man, and he had a very good name in the City for honesty and straightforward dealing. Nevertheless, he did not think it inconsistent with his dignity to descend to all sorts of subterfuges in order to catch his wife tripping. He sometimes came home at unusually early hours. He occasionally announced that he would dine-out, and then appeared, with some lame excuse, at the family meal, and though he did not go so far as to open his wife's letters, he carefully examined every epistle which came to the house, in the hope of recognising the handwriting of the hated Captain. This sort of thing went on for a week or two, and nothing came of it. Browne was beginning to think that, after all, he was mistaken, when he made a discovery which revived all his worst suspicions. He had come home early; his wife was out shopping, and in an aimless sort of manner, he walked into her boudoir, and sat down at her writing-table. Brown had rummaged in all the drawers before, and knew the position of every paper. Nothing was changed, and, as a last resource, he glanced into the waste-paper basket. There were a few bills and circulars, a torn-up letter, and a telegram. He saw that the letter was in a lady's handwriting, so he devoted his attention to the telegram. It, too, was torn into half a dozen or more pieces, and Browne spent several minutes in putting them together. Two or three fragments were altogether missing, but he managed to make out quite enough for his purpose. The telegram had been sent out and received that very day, and the following startling sentence was clearly legible:—

Meet me at the stores to-morrow afternoon. Browne is a—"

"The devil!" ejaculated the victim of jealousy; "that is what she has been doing of late, is it! Shopping, forsooth! And that infernal Captain calls me bad names, I've no sort of doubt. I'll be even with you yet, Mrs. B.!"

And after searching in vain for the missing fragments of the fatal paper, Browne abandoned himself to the torments of the green-eyed monster, and to the pleasurable anticipation of detecting his wife's faithlessness on the morrow.

The next day he started off to the City as usual, having first asked his wife, with a great assumption of carelessness, how she meant to occupy herself until the evening.

"I am going out this afternoon," she answered; "I may meet mamma; but I don't know."

"Meet mamma, indeed!" said her outraged husband to himself. "Oh, you deceitful little wretch!" And he departed, filled with schemes of vengeance.

The thought of exposing his guilty spouse so occupied Browne's mind that he found it impossible to concentrate his attention on business, and, after spending an hour or two in the City, he resorted to his club by way of passing the time until he should go to the Stores. There he met several friends, and ordered an elaborate luncheon. Jealousy had somewhat affected his appetite, so he endeavoured to drown his sorrows in a bottle of claret and several glasses of potent brown sherry. In fact, by the time he arrived at the trysting-place he felt perfectly equal to confronting half-a-dozen Lotharios, and inflicting condign chastisement upon them, unaided by the powers of the law. Browne, oddly enough, had never been to the Stores before. Being himself a tradesman, he professed to look upon such establishments with hatred and contempt, though, in practice, he had found it both convenient and economical to allow his wife to deal

"Liberty" Art Fabrics.—Original designs for Curtains, Chintz, Upholstery and Furniture Stuffs. Patterns post-free Regent-st., W.

Welford & Sons, Limited. Warwick Farm Dairies.—Chief Office, Elgin-road, Maida-vale, W. *The Times* of 14th May, 1884, says: "The first and best dairy is that of Messrs. Welford & Sons." *The Lancet* of 21st June, 1884, says: "There is no doubt the contagia of typhoid and scarlet fever are disseminated by impure milk." *The Echo* of May 22nd, 1884, says: "Messrs. Welford do all that is possible to supply their customers with pure milk." Families supplied in all parts of London with absolutely pure milk. Dairy Farm, over 300 acres.

there, and even went so far as to keep a deposit account for her. When, therefore, he entered the door of the large block of buildings in Victoria-street, and noticed what crowds of people were passing in and out, and what a number of different departments he would have to search, his heart failed him a little, for he plainly saw that he might spend the day there without ever having the good fortune to hit upon the guilty couple. So he loitered about near the entrance in some perplexity.

As he stared anxiously about him, Mr. Browne could not help wondering if all the people he saw had come to shop. There were, it was true, a certain number of individuals who sat at a table in the middle of the room, writing out orders from the list, and gazing in agony at the ceiling as they endeavoured to solve intricate problems of mental arithmetic, but they seemed for the most part to be servants, lodging-house keepers, and such-like. Nearly all the best-looking people strolled about in a somewhat aimless fashion, occasionally looking at the goods exposed for sale, but more often at each other, and showing plainly enough that whatever their business might be, it was entirely unconnected with the purchase of tea and sugar. There were plenty of well-dressed young ladies, officers' wives, thought Browne, and a goodly sprinkling of fast young fellows, who stared at the ladies, and sometimes addressed them apparently on terms of easy familiarity. All this puzzled the worthy merchant not a little, and he began to wish that he looked more like a military man, for he was getting bored, and longed to find some one to speak to.

"Would you be so kind as to direct me to the china department?" suddenly said a feminine voice in his ear.

Browne started somewhat, and looked round. A pretty little fairhaired woman was standing at his elbow. She was decidedly an attractive person; her age might have been five and twenty, she was exceedingly well got-up, and he noticed that she was possessed of a very neat figure and very small feet. Browne had been rather a gay dog in his time—which was certainly one reason why he looked so sharp after his wife—and the wine he had drunk at lunch made him feel disposed for an adventure. So, after taking a good look at his fair friend, he answered in his most gallant manner:

"I am afraid I can't, madam, but I shall be delighted to find out for you."

"Oh, thanks! It's *so* good of you," she replied sweetly. "My husband sent me here to do a lot of shopping, and it is such a confusing place, I am constantly losing my way."

"I assure you I am charmed to be of the slightest service."

And Mr. Browne inquired the way of an attendant, and started off with his interesting charge. She asked to see some dinner-services and several other articles, and engaged Browne in a discussion on the various shapes, sizes, and colours of the samples exhibited for her inspection. She was really charming, he thought—the nicest woman he had met for years.

After much deliberation, she selected a somewhat expensive set, a gorgeous arrangement in blue, red, and gold.

"Ticket number, madam?" asked the shopman.

"Let me see, 9, 0, 7, 3——no, 7, 0, 9, 3—and then there's another. How silly I am," she continued, looking up at Browne with a pretty air of perplexity; "that horri number! I never *can* remember it."

"Never mind," said Browne, gallantly, "use mine," and he gave it to the shopman.

"Cash or deposit, sir?"

"Deposit," said Browne, mechanically.

"But I could not think of allowing you to pay!" protested the lady, producing her purse.

"Not at all, not at all; we will settle later. No doubt you will be getting other things."

"Thanks, it's *so* good of you. Will you have the things sent to the door, please? I will take them away later."

"Certainly, madam;" and she betook herself to another department, followed, of course, by Browne.

"Do you know," she at length said, "my husband has been ordered to India, and I am to be left all alone in London, where I scarcely know a soul. Isn't it terrible?"

Browne's very heart melted beneath an appealing glance from her lovely blue eyes.

"Dear me! how sad! I can't understand his leaving you. *I'd* sooner resign my commission!" She looked modestly down.

"I am afraid you men are all flatterers. How dreadfully fast you must think me for allowing you to speak to me like this. But I felt so lonely!"

Mr. Browne had already forgotten that she herself was the first to open the conversation.

"Madam, I could never have an unworthy thought of you!" he fervently ejaculated.

They were then examining some sunshades in the drapery department, and the lady made several more purchases on the same terms as before. Presently Mr. Browne proposed an adjournment to the tea-room, and his fair friend agreed, after some little persuasion. Browne began to feel as if he did not care whether his wife was flirting with Captain Cannon or not. He would show her that if she were incapable of appreciating his fascinations, there were other women who possessed more discernment.

"What can I get you?" he inquired, as they entered the refreshment room.

"A cup of tea, please."

"Sure you won't have a glass of sherry, or something of that sort? You look quite tired."

"They are not allowed to sell wine here. Very stupid, isn't it?"

And to do the fair unknown justice, she seemed to regard the absence of more potent fluids as a very real deprivation. So Browne ordered the tea, and some strawberries-and-cream, and, selecting a corner table, was soon engaged in a most interesting conversation.

"Would you think me unpardonably rude if I asked your name?" he presently said. "Mine is Ramsbury Browne," he added, producing a card.

"Really? Do you know, I am certain I have met you before somewhere. At Lady Teddington's? No? Then it must have been at Lord Cramleigh's or Sir Crœsus Nupkin's. I am Mrs. Herrington; my husband is in the 33rd Lancers, you know."

"I remember you perfectly," cried Brown, enraptured.

"Charmed to renew our acquaintance in so delightful a manner!"

Browne had not the faintest recollection of Mrs. Herrington, but he did not like to own that he was not on visiting terms with such exalted personages as Lady Teddington, Lord Cramleigh, and Sir Crœsus Nupkin.

They grew more and more confidential, and the afternoon slipped away imperceptibly—at all events to Mr. Browne.

"Might I ask to be allowed to call?" he inquired, emboldened by the lady's affability.

"Well, I suppose it's not at all proper," she answered diffidently, "but I shall be very glad to see you any Friday at 150, Curzon-street."

"You may depend upon me," said Browne, as he noted down the address.

At this moment he happened to raise his eyes, which he had hitherto kept pretty constantly fixed on his fair companion, and the sight which met them caused a cold shudder to run down his back. At the next table but one sat no less a personage than Mrs. Grewser, his mother-in-law, the only person of whom he really stood in fear, and beside her was his wife. The elder lady's eyes were fixed upon him with a stony glare of horror, while a flush of indignation lent additional beauty to the face of Mrs. Browne. They had evidently been there for some minutes, and must certainly have noticed him writing down Mrs. Herrington's address. Browne vainly tried to persuade himself that he had done nothing to be ashamed of—he writhed in his chair, and devoutly wished that the floor would open and swallow him up.

"What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Herrington sympathetically, "you look quite pale and agitated!"

"Nothing," stammered the unfortunate man; "some people I did not expect to see. Rather sudden, you know; it startled me a little."

"Pray go and speak to them. Don't let me detain you."

"Well, if you will excuse me one moment."

"By all means."

And Browne rose in a feeble manner, and advanced towards his outraged relatives.

"How do you do, Mrs. Grewser?" said he, with the courage of desperation. "This is quite an unexpected pleasure."

"So I should think, indeed!" rejoined that lady in a tragic whisper, ignoring his proffered hand; "and may I ask who that creature is?"

"Oh, certainly. Mrs. Herrington, wife of a man in the 33rd Lancers. Met her at Sir Crœsus Nupkin's."

"I don't believe you, Ramsbury," retorted his mother-in-law. "Introduce her to me at once!"

Browne turned to obey, but Mrs. Herrington had mysteriously vanished.

"Dear me, how odd! But she lives at 150, Curzon-street. We can go and call."

"150, Curzon-street!" almost shrieked Mrs. Grewser. "There is no such number! That woman is no more the wife of a man in the Lancers than I am; and this, sir, is the way you deceive your poor wife, whom you worry to death with your abominable suspicions. I came up to town this morning to protect her from your insults, and this is what I find!"

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—Were you not sorry to see the death announced of Sir Charles Freake, the good baronet who set South Kensington to music? He found the suburb chaos, but soon flooded it with waves of sweetness and light. I wonder if the inhabitants are duly grateful to the originator of the well-planned houses in which they live? If so, almost the whole of the S.W. district ought to have attended his funeral.

Do you ever read the daily papers? I know it is very difficult to do so in the country, where the mornings are the busiest, briskest time for the ladies of the house—and after luncheon it is almost impossible to find them—that is, if there are any men about. These selfish and unreasonable beings carry them all off to their own haunts.

But perhaps you are more fortunate that the majority, and can obtain a daily glimpse of the sheets that bring to us inaudibly "the murmur of the world." If so, have you seen the very odious title given by the Vegetarian Society to the "banquet" at which they feasted themselves and their guests last week? They called it a "Non-Flesh Dinner." Now is not that quite too nasty? There is something curiously disagreeable about the word "flesh" in connection with food. I see that Dr. Richardson presided, and, though by no means a vegetarian himself, he wished success to the society. I suppose he would not have done so only that he is aware that such movements work but slowly, and consequently he is satisfied that England will continue to eat beef and mutton for the rest of *his* time. Some portions of his presidential speech, however, are calculated to do the Vegetarian Society some injury. Who, for instance, would feel inclined to accept an invitation to a dinner where such dishes as boiled fern-fronds, prepared puff-balls, or toasted toad-stools might be offered under some veiled and misleading title? Fancy a menu that should set forth "Nettles à la Nebuchadnezzar," or "Grass au naturel," "Thistles à la maître d'hotel," or "Dockweed aux œufs." I earnestly hope no one will ever convert me to a "non-flesh" diet.

The wedding of Lady Elizabeth Graham Toler was a pretty one, the bride and bridesmaids all being quite young, and forming a charming group. Lady Elizabeth departed from the now reigning rule that brides shall wear scarcely any jewellery, and also from the much older though unwritten law that forbids them to wear any but pearls and diamonds, these being colourless. She wore magnificent diamonds as well as sapphires. The Countess of Caledon's black lace dress was one of the most tasteful there. Lady Constance Combe looked remarkably well in brown, relieved with touches of pale blue. The Countess of Norbury's copper-coloured velvet and satin, brightened with a little gold, exactly suited her.

Lady Mary Graham Toler, too, was married last Monday at St. Peter's, Cranley-gardens, to Mr. C. J. Stewart. On the previous Thursday she had been one of her sister's bridesmaids. Archdeacon Farrar officiated, and Earl Stanhope was best man. The bride looked lovely in her wedding gown of softest satin and Brussels lace. The bridesmaids also wore white satin dresses. The bridegroom's gifts to them were shamrock brooches, with initials in pearls. Thursday's bride, the Countess of Caledon, was among the wedding company. After the breakfast, Mr. and Lady Mary Stewart left for Ards, Mr. Alexander and Lady Isabella Stewart's place in Donegal. Her travelling dress was of golden brown vicuna and velvet. Some magnificent plate and jewellery were included in the presents.

The marriage of the Marquis of Stafford with Lady Millicent St. Clair Erskine is fixed for next Monday at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge; and that of Miss Lambart with Mr. Boyd Levett will take place on the 22nd of this month at half-past eleven. It is to be at St. George's.

Why do not some autumn brides get their attendant maidens to wear the leaves and berries that are now in all their richest tints of fading? Tastefully arranged, they would look lovely against a background of pale tints, such as nun's-veiling in blue, canary, or tea-rose pink.

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We made a delightful expedition the other day with Mrs. Fourstars. Taking the train to a country station not far from town, we wandered through the fields gathering berries, red and green, rose-thorns with their vivid hues of red and yellow and orange, and leaves in every possible gradation of these three colours, besides brown and green. We enjoyed ourselves immensely; and you should see our vases! They are a dream of beauty.

Charlie and Amy discovered a stream or pond where reeds and grasses and bulrushes grew; so we carried home much booty. The people at the station, where we had to wait for the London train, must have taken us for lunatics. Our spoil certainly needed trimming and paring, to say nothing of drying. Charlie was the only one of the party who possessed a penknife, and what could one poor solitary little blade do towards cutting off the superfluous branches and various muddy roots of our respective bunches?

I suppose there *are* women who carry about penknives with them. They must be useful acquaintances now and then. I have, however, never met any of them. I have once or twice bought nice little decorative pocket-knives, but I could never succeed in persuading them to stay with me. In a week, at most, they have gone; perhaps to reappear after a long interval, only to vanish again immediately and for ever. It is curious, this idiosyncrasy of knives. I suppose the only people they really love to be with are schoolboys. Like our soldiers, they prefer active service, and scorn apron-pockets and apron-strings as an effeminacy.

Photography is one of the fashionable amusements for ladies now; in fact, so popular has it become, that I see amateurs are to have their own organ in the shape of a weekly paper called the *Amateur Photographer*, a copy of which I now send you with a very useful little volume issued by the London Stereoscopic Company, entitled "The A B C of Modern Photography," in which all the processes are described. What fun it will be sitting to you if you definitely decide to become a "photographeress"—is that right?

Have you read "Ishmael," Miss Braddon's new book? Every one is talking of it, and I am longing to get it. My name is one of a long *queue* at Mudie's, so I suppose my turn will come somewhere about Christmas. It is the book of the season, and the very moment it comes out in a cheap edition (31s. 6d. is *too* tremendous!) I will buy it and send it down to you.

I have just seen a sweet thing in mantles, destined to be worn at Sandown. There is something rapturously bland and balmy about it. Broché plush is the material, the lining consisting of quilted tea-rose satin. The trimming—oh, Amy, *the trimming!* It is of blue fox, and you cannot imagine how perfect is the harmony between its soft, pale grey and the warm brown of the plush. Ah, how beautiful is ever the unattainable!

Lilla's husband gave her fifty pounds on the anniversary of their wedding-day, so, of course, she went on a shopping expedition at once. I went with her. First, she invested in one of the new Romanoff mantles that Redfern has made such a success with. It is in two colours—one being a very dark brown red, the other a shade of chaudron. The combination is an effective one.

As Lilla is going to a ball next week, she chose a dress for the occasion. You may think it rather sombre, but it suits her wonderfully. The material is net, in a deep tone of moss-green, and the trimming consists of trails of nasturtiums in their natural colours, made of velvet and the leaves of silk. There is no tucker to the bodice, which is silk, matching the tulle in colour. The waterfall back is at present in some disgrace. Whether it will come into favour again when the regular dancing season begins, it is difficult to say; but now the favourite sort of drapery is that which falls in loop-like folds to the very edge of the skirt. The tulle in Lilla's dress is very fully and thickly draped over a foundation of yellow-red nasturtium-coloured silk, which is just visible enough to warm up the dark green. Her stockings are of the precise tint of this silk, and her shoes are of dark-red satin, embroidered in nasturtium colours. Her gloves are silk, matching the shoes, and are tied above the elbows with many-coloured velvet ribbons. Her fan is a large, brown-green leaf, made of plush, with a bunch of velvet nasturtiums tied upon it with long, drooping, velvet ribbons, like those on her arms and on her dress.

I told her that the only things I did not feel sure I liked were the ribbons tying up her long gloves. "Well," she said, "I'm not quite certain about them myself, but I could not get the colour in kid or suède, so I must have silk gloves, and when they are loose and wrinkle on my hands, coming between my fingers and whatever they are holding, they are perfectly odious, and make me long to tear them off. I broke a tea-cup the other day at Mrs. Smythe-Smythe's, just because I could not grip it properly, my silk gloves were so loose."

I send you the *World* of last week in order that you may read the bit about fashions contributed in a letter from Theoc's "elegant and papilionaceous friend, Madame de Risqueuville." You will be more interested in it than I was, for I had read it all the week before in a Paris paper. I am surprised that the papilionaceous one did not translate for her friend, Theoc, the remainder of the article, in which it is announced, as a great secret, that the new knitted headgear that has begun to be fashionable in Paris, is to develop asses' ears before long!

I see that freckles are in fashion. How nice for the people who have iron hidden in their blood and visible on their faces! Freckles are the outward sign of inward iron, I have always understood. In America they are so much in vogue this year that artificial means have been adopted for producing them. A freckle manufacturer has invented a sort of sand that is rubbed into the cheeks and comes out freckles. Probably, he is the same practitioner who sows dimples—result warranted.

A question has just occurred to me—At what age do dimples disappear? Middle-age knows them not, and when little hollows appear upon the cheek of old age, they mean missing teeth—absent without leave.

Some one has written a long letter to the *Queen*, teaching the correct manner of treating the fire. It is *never to be poked*, says this domestic Mentor, as poking is a waste of caloric. I can imagine that individual's house, constructing it from this item of information, as the learned constructed the statue of Hercules from the foot. The windows are never opened, for fear of dust. The blinds are never drawn up, for fear of the sun. The chairs are kept covered in holland wrappers. When any one indulges in a promiscuous nap, there are layers of foreign matter introduced between the sleepy head and the couch or arm-chair on which it rests. I should not like to go on a visit to a prohibitory house like this. Should you?

And then imagine what a beneficent safety-valve is lost when poking the fire is forbidden. When somebody says something annoying, but unanswerable, what a relief it is to take up the curate (the slender little business poker, as distinguished from the ornamental bishop, too bright for human nature's daily use), and with one fell swoop smash the largest lump of coal in the grate into ever so many nice shining slices. There are ill-bred persons who find relief in banging doors, but vigorously to poke the fire is a much less brutal exhibition. In some households it would be highly dangerous to forbid this useful wrath-dispelling exercise.

Ella is still in Ireland. She says there is a good deal of weather about, and that their party is showing decided symptoms of home-sickness. They went on Tuesday to a subscription dance at the Royal Hotel, Malahide, a small but delightful little place a few miles from Dublin. Nearly all the regiments in garrison at the capital were represented, and dancing was kept up till the five o'clock train left for Dublin in the morning. Ella says that most of the dresses were not born yesterday, but that she noticed some fresh-looking white ones. A brown tulle, trimmed with autumn leaves, was among the prettiest there, and it danced a good deal. A crushed strawberry frock, with gloves and shoes to match, stood out pleasingly among the

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varieties of white and cream-colour. This dance was one of a series of subscription balls that have been lately organised in Malahide. Nearly all the "good people" of the neighbourhood are on the committee, including Lord Talbot de Malahide, who is lord of the manor.

The season for thoroughly appreciating soups is upon us, so I give you a recipe for an excellent accompaniment. It is an Italian dainty :—

Mince a small onion, put it into a saucepan on a clear fire with a piece of butter; as soon as the onion begins to take a golden colour, add half-a-pound of rice, moisten with stock, and leave the saucepan on the fire. When the rice is cooked and nearly dry, take a quarter of a pound of butter, the same quantity of grated cheese, and a spoonful of tomato sauce, and mix these ingredients with the rice, turning them gently with a wooden spoon. When well incorporated, so as to form a sort of pinkish mass, place the rice symmetrically on a dish, and serve it at the same time as a tureenful of soup. Hand it round with the soup-plates, so that each guest may take as much of the *risotto* as he or she may like.

Good-bye, dear.—Your loving cousin MADGE.

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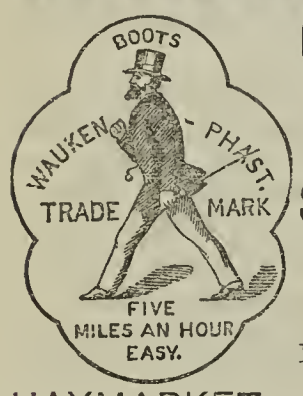

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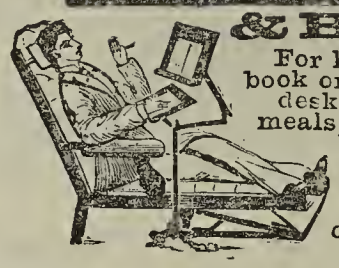

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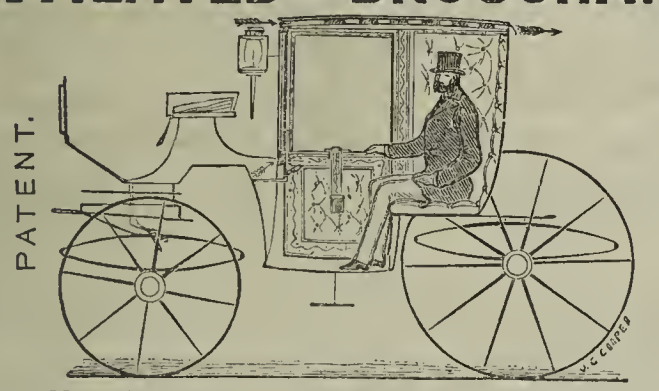

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OUR PUZZLES.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

IT requires no word of apology to introduce OUR ANNUAL TOY COMPETITION AND DISTRIBUTION, which has now, thanks to the readers of this Journal, become a regular Christmas Institution. The matter has to a great extent, indeed, passed out of the hands of the Editor of TRUTH, and it is not possible to even contemplate the cessation of that Annual Distribution of Toys which is now awaited with such eager interest by those thousands of children in London Hospitals and Workhouses, who know either by happy experience or widespread report what is in store for them. This year, as formerly, the main feature of the preliminary Toy Exhibition will be the HOME-MADE TOYS; but it will, of course, be necessary to supplement the Toys thus received by the purchase of new ones, for which donations will, it is to be hoped, be sent in with all the cheerful alacrity of past seasons. As to the amount required, it will necessarily be larger than heretofore, for it is a sad, though well-nigh inevitable, fact that the number of Sick Children who pass their Christmas in the wards of the Hospitals of London, and of Girls and Boys who are then found within the walls of Metropolitan Workhouses, should annually increase. Complete returns will shortly be received from every Institution concerned; but it is already certain that an appreciably greater number of Toys will be required to carry out that scheme of thoughtful and seasonable benevolence which TRUTH readers have now so willingly made their own.

To return, however, to the main and most interesting feature of the Exhibition—the HOME-MADE TOYS. Last year, it will be remembered, the larger part of the sum offered in prizes was apportioned to Home-Made Dolls' Houses, of which several highly ingenious and interesting examples were shown. It is not proposed, however, to repeat this experiment, for it is evident that the construction and furnishing of a complete Doll's House involve more application and skill than the average amateur can be fairly expected to devote to such a task; but the main feature of the Competition for the current year will be what may be called MODEL TOYS. Before going into details, it may be said that the sum of

FIFTEEN GUINEAS

will be given in prizes, and that a large proportion of this will be distributed amongst the makers of the said MODEL TOYS. Each of the Annual Exhibitions of the past has contained a number of well-made toys of this description, and it is found that they have always afforded their recipients well-nigh endless amusement. It must, of course, be borne in mind that the Home-Made Models are destined to be sent to the wards of Children's Hospitals or to the playrooms of London Workhouses, and for this reason it is thought that the subject of the model undertaken may well be the realisation, on a small scale, of some fashionable social amusement, or rural scene, the contemplation of which cannot but specially interest those for whom the Toys are intended. Thus, the Models may include the representation of a Cricket or Polo Match, a Game at Lawn-Tennis or Football, an Archery Fête, a Flower-Show, or, in short, any means of social distraction, not excluding even Croquet or Golf. The "Rural Scenes," too, will be found most comprehensive, as they may include models of Farm-Yards, Dairies, Haymaking, Blacksmiths' Forges, Gipsy Encampments, Picnic Parties, Village Churches and Churchyards, Country Houses and Gardens, and well-nigh any phase of country life that recommends itself to our Competitors' ingenuity. Nor is it proposed to limit them even to this wide field. Models of Butchers' or Grocers' Shops, Models of Ships, of Fire Engines, of Railway Stations and Trains, Model Omnibuses or Tramcars, Model Schools, Model Windmills, Model Fortifications, Model Theatres, Model Carts and Horses, in short, to sum up, Model Anythings will be gladly received and, in due course, Exhibited and Distributed.

With regard to the making of the said Models, it is not intended to draw the line too strictly. Last year, it may be remembered, in the case of at least one admirable Model, that of a Farmyard, everything, including even the horses and pigs, was home made, but it does not follow that only those models in which a similar thoroughness is shown will be considered eligible for prizes. On the contrary, it is easy to imagine cases, say, in representing a Cricket Match, for instance, in which for the modeller to attempt to model the figures, instead of buying dolls for the purpose, might result in a virtual waste of time and energies. The Editor reserves, however, discretion in the matter, as it is impossible to lay down a hard and fast rule. The general effect of each Model, as well as the ingenuity shown in adapting commonplace materials, and the success with which they have been invested with "artistic merit," will be considered.

All Models must be delivered in boxes—cardboard or otherwise—so that it may be possible to send them on to the Hospitals and Workhouses without fear of damage. In case any competitors would like to arrange the details of their Models after they are sent in for competition, they will have a chance of doing so at the place of exhibition, which will be duly announced.

But it is by no means intended to confine the efforts of Competitors to Models only. Many who would not care to attempt a work involving so much mechanical skill will gladly help in other and less exacting ways, and all such are invited to send in Home-dressed Dolls; Illuminated Texts; Dissections, &c., made with a fret-saw; Worsted Balls; Scrap Books; and, in short, anything which will be likely to please a child, whether sick in a Hospital, or hale and strong in a Workhouse. Scrapbooks, it may be mentioned, are in particular request at Hospitals, where little patients, to whom any movement is painful, can be amused by turning over picture-pages. It is hoped, too, that many nurseries will, as in former years, send consignments of old toys and story books.

Information on any matter connected with the Competition, Exhibition, or Distribution will be most willingly supplied; and any letters of inquiry shall receive immediate attention. At present, it will be only necessary to add that Competitors will have for the completion of their Toys the eight and half weeks between the present date and December 15th, and that it is confidently hoped that the readers of TRUTH will, by their gifts of money and expenditure of time and skill, unite once more to make our Annual Toy Exhibition and Distribution that pronounced success which past seasons' experience lead us to expect.

There is one other point, however. In former years, it has always happened that the bulk of the subscriptions for the Toy Fund has not been received until just before Christmas. The result of this has been that, being unable to calculate earlier in the season on the amount at my disposal, I have been prevented from making the purchases of Toys at a time when a greater assortment, and more favourable terms, might have been secured. If, then, this year, those who intend to subscribe to the Toy Fund would do so some weeks before Christmas, the result would be a practical verification of the motto, "He gives twice who gives quickly."

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 294.—FRIAR TUCK (R. J. Bragg, Esq., Catherine House, Market Harborough)	£2	2	0
" " No. 295. ORCHIS (F. B. Doveton, Esq., Grange Lodge, Grange Gardens, Eastbourne)	1	1	0
" " No. 295. BERYL (Mrs. Charles C. Mort, Mosspit, Stafford)	1	1	0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 296.

As I am exceptionally driven for space this week, I can only find room to refer generally to the Original Proverb Competition. The large assortment printed will have shown the wide interest taken in the subject, though it will have also made manifest the fact that many competitors failed to quite realise what a proverb is. It is not, for example, necessarily an epigram; nor is it a mere moral aphorism or copy-book heading. There were, however, numerous competitors who succeeded in adding to our proverbial philosophy; and I wish I had space to publish some of the more striking additions. But I must be content to state that the Prize will be awarded to MENDICK, whose Proverb is considered at once the best and the most original.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 299.

It has been determined to give the Thought Readers a chance this week. During the past few days there have been repeated discussions amongst the Tory Chiefs at Castle Gordon, and it is assumed that some plan of action has been decided on for the coming Parliamentary campaign. What, then, TRUTH's competitors are required to do is to give, not so much, perhaps, the thoughts of Lord Salisbury—for he does not always say or do what he thinks—but what will be the actual outcome of his thoughts in the shape of real action on the part of the House of Lords. The prize will be, as usual, Two Guineas, and it will be given to that competitor who shall prove to have given

THE CLOSEST AND MOST CORRECT PREDICTION OF THE PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF PEERS WITH REGARD TO THE GOVERNMENT FRANCHISE BILL.

To show the kind of thing required, I will append a paragraph, purely hypothetical, of course, containing some such details as are required, so that competitors may have something to guide them, not as to the nature of their predictions, but as to the way in which their predictions shou'd be embodied. Here, then, is a sample paragraph:—

POLITICAL PREDICTIONS.

"House of Commons having passed Franchise Bill without division,* it went up to the House of Lords, and was read a first time, on motion of Lord Granville, on Nov. 6. After a debate of two nights, second reading was carried on motion of Lord Salisbury without dividing the House. The next night, in Committee, a clause postponing action on the Bill until a Redistribution Scheme had been passed was carried by 250 votes to 189. House of Commons rejected this amendment on Nov. 20 by 300 votes to 269. Conference of two Houses on Nov. 25, and Franchise Bill with amended clause as to date passed both Houses on Dec. 11."

It will be found that my paragraph contains about 100 words, and no paragraph sent in must contain more than 120. Competitors may leave out small words in they wish to compress further; and they are not required to carry prediction beyond the Parliamentary fate of the Bill. I need scarcely repeat that the specimen paragraph does not in any way represent my actual notions of what may come to pass.

* If competitor predict a division, the majority should be stated.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** As the Rules are omitted, let me say that all Puzzle letters must be sent in on or before Friday, the 2 th inst., to the PUZZLE EDITOR, Truth-buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, London, S.W.

CAM.—Let me congratulate you on your philosophic acceptance of disappointment.

THE CRAW.—I regret the misprints.

JOE BOTTING.—Your name has been duly added.

FRANCESCA, SCOTIA, AQUA, AGRI.—Your proverbs were too late for publication.

BUTTERFLY.—Your proverb, "A dried pea must not sit in the sun," is also too late.

WEE JOCK.—Your proverb, "A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand," was too late for competition.

M. M. E., CRACKJAW, MOONSHINE, DON TASHAM, AND ERICUIS.—Your several requests have been complied with.

JOBER KHAN AND PEW-MOANER.—Many thanks for your kind suggestions.

EXCELSIOR AND M. A. GILL.—Your definitions, though good, were far too long for publication.

MAID OF ARCADIE.—Let me congratulate you on your pen-and-ink illustrations of the Height of Meanness, which I regret I cannot reproduce.

SIR PAT FELIS.—Yes, any MSS. you may send to the Editor will have full consideration.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

[Continued on next page.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 297. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

DEFINITIONS OF THE HEIGHT OF MEANNESS.

1. To borrow £50 from a friend, and on the strength of it elope with that "friend's" wife. 2. To win £100 at a private gambling-house, and then inform the police.—Phileirene.

To insure in an accidental assurance company, and then go up in a balloon.—Wild Thyme.

Borrowing a thousand pounds from your best friend to cover the expenses of your elopement with his wife.—Di-Do-Dum.

Begging a guard of a tram already full to give you a seat on a pouring wet day, and then reporting him for carrying one more than his number.—Mrs. Poyser.

To kick away the ladder by which you climbed up, and leave the people down below to liquidate the breakage.—Vagrant.

Stealing a coat exposed for sale at the front of a pawnbroker's shop, and going round to the back premises and pawning it.*—Campana.

* A fact which took place at Newcastle.

1. To accept a favour and defame the benefactor. 2. To kiss and tell. 3. To give bad wine.—Tortu Foulque.

To buy and eagerly read Truth every week, and yet habitually to speak of it as "a lying paper I never look at."—A. R.

1. Asking foreign Royalty to England, and sending them to an hotel. 2. Ringing the marriage bells, and then sending in the bill to the bride and bridegroom (Fact!). 3. A man pawning his wife's wedding-ring to take another girl out for a spree.—The Yarmouth Cs.

Ordering several costumes to be sent on approval from your draper's, and making your maid take the patterns before returning them to the shops in the evening, without comment.—Puck and Pyho.

1. Make a cloak of religion. 2. Listen unseen to private conversation.—Ludicar.

1. To send men to sea in a coffin ship. 2. To mutilate an animal because of ill-will towards its owner.—Stultissimus.

1. Standing on one's head to save shoe-leather. 2. Selling Master Tommy's spinning-top, and buying a new cane with the money.—Rose Island.

1. Writing to ask a favour of a friend, and omitting to stamp the letter. 2. Marrying a girl for her money, and complaining of her extravagance in dress.—Hajita.

Getting advice and medicine gratis from a friendly doctor, and asking him to buy back his own bottles.—Gus.

To make your neighbour a present of brooding hens, and afterwards steal the chickens.—Telémaque.

A grocer brushing the sugar off a fly's legs.—Mayboy, Paix, Castle Club.

The proprietor of a gas-works, who, when one of his retorts exploded, and blew several of his employés into the air, deducted from their wages a sum for the time they were in the air, going up and coming down, saying he did not pay men when they were not working.—Castle Club.

For a wasp to sting the humanitarian who has just carefully transferred him from the cream-jug to a clean sheet of blotting-paper.—Bob Ridley.

To accept smuggled cigars from a friend, and then show him up for not having paid duty.—Orchid.

Using Christmas cards received last year to send to one's own friends.—Purna.

Writing a letter on foreign paper, "and crossing it."—Mia.

Writing a letter on a postcard.—Purna and Mia.

To partake freely of the hospitality of the monks of St. Bernard; and, on departure, to refrain from contributing an offering to the alms-box, on the ground that it is against your principles to encourage Popery.—Devereux.

Deriving benefit from a course of galvanic treatment, and then taking out a summons against the doctor for assault and battery.—Daphnis.

For a minor to get his girl to sue him for breach of promise of marriage, and having made his paternal parent pay heavy damages, to elope with the girl and enjoy the proceeds.—Dirlpig.

To get a dentist to gratuitously extract a tooth, then demand compensation for loss of blood, and payment for the "old bone."—Cantium.

1. For a politician of either party to cringe and fawn upon the Premier of the day, till he receives a peerage, and then to turn round and abuse his benefactor. 2. To buy a paper from a newsboy with a bad sixpence, and tell him to keep a penny of the change.—Initium.

The action of her Majesty's Government with regard to General Gordon.—Yevrah.

To "indulge" at a penny-gaff until you can see "double," after paying half-price for being blind of one eye.—Shotover.

1. For a woman to beg a lock of hair from each of her lovers, and then have them made up into a chignon. 2. To nourish a flea all night and kill it in the morning.—Nutshell.

A tottering Government to abandon a hero to his fate in a hostile country, after shielding themselves under his name.—Terar.

Inviting a "professional" singer to dinner with the purpose of having his services to amuse your friends.—Alto.

1. To help a crying child to look for a dropped sixpence, and when you have found it, to pocket it, and give her a halfpenny. 2. To kiss and tell.—Guinea Pig.

Prosecuting a man for stealing when he takes a rope away to prevent you hanging yourself.—Tout Paris.

A man upsets a box of ashes on a gentleman's doorstep; applies at the house for a broom to clear it; engages a street arab to sweep it off, and presents him with the broom for his trouble.—Norah.

To recover from a dangerous illness and fail to pay the doctor's bill.—B. A. F.

A friend suggesting to share a cab, and leaving you to pay the whole.—Snap Dragon.

1. Stealing gravestones to pave the back yard with. 2. Going about bald-headed to cheat the barber.—William Tyrrell.

Borrowing a friend's umbrella and accidentally breaking it, returning it to him mended, with the bill for repairs.—M. T.

To sue a railway company for damage done to your coat while saving you from certain death in your rash attempt to enter a train when in motion.—Guelder Rose.

A roly-poly pudding containing two qualities of jam, an inferior make at one end intended for the servants, a superior at the other for the mistress and her friends.—M. S.

Lying under the cover of truth.—Emerald.

To grumble at the decisions of a puzzle editor.—T. M. Dron.

To put two penny open jam tarts one on top of the other and only pay for one (a fact).—Mädchen.

For a shopkeeper to sell a bad egg, and then charge his unfortunate customer for the "young chicken."—Alouette.

1. A millionaire writing his letters on blank backs of circulars, and crossing them. 2. Seeing a small child off by train and pocketing the money his anxious mother has sent to tip the guard to look after him.—Sir P. Felis.

To sell New Zealand mutton at South Down prices.—Blanket Monkey.

To invite one's self and family to a friend's house for a week, and at the end of six remind her of the penny she owes one.—M. A. Carr.

Make your bosom friend a present of a dog, and immediately go and inform that he hasn't got a licence.—Fatima.

Introducing to an Irish tenant his "absentee" landlord as his bosom friend.—Humdrum.

Sitting silently by to hear some one unjustly blamed.—Mendick.

Counting out a 2¾d. packet of matches (twelve boxes), finding one box minus a match, and sending to the tradesman to make it good.—Roggee Shurt.

To steal a poor man's clothes and leave a stolen suit in their place, so that the poor fellow on putting them on (having no others) is arrested and convicted of robbery.—Mrs. Bloss.

Skinflint having to support his poor old mother, steals her false teeth, sells them, with the money buys hard biscuits on which he dicts his mother.—Parmesan.

Marrying your second wife with your late wife's wedding-ring.—Glowworm.

To make your will in favour of a friend, and then survive him.—Darby.

For the blackest sheep in a secret swindling society to pocket the largest share of the plunder, and then to turn Queen's evidence, getting off scot-free.—R. M. E.

To borrow from your sweetheart the money for the licence and wedding-ring, and make use of it to marry somebody else.—Marmaduke.

To invite a friend to dine at a restaurant, and, at the end, ask him to pay his share of the bill.—Tasso.

To act as a friend in order to become a betrayer.—Patience.

Accepting a dinner-invitation, and letting the host pay your cab-fare. This is told as an authentic anecdote of Turner, the great painter.—J. McGrigor Allan.

Give a child a penny to go quietly to bed; rob it of the same whilst asleep; then deprive it of its breakfast for losing it.—Skinny and Rosary.

For a person to dig up his deceased friend, and to sell him to the resurrectionists, to pay the legacy duty on the fortune his friend has left him.—Charon.

Accusing a man of insobriety when he has slipped on your orange peel.—Corsica.

Borrowing a horse from a friend for a week, and then sending him a bill for its keep.—Cæsar's Corner.

To upholster one's drawing-room in a colour known to be trying to the complexions of one's female friends.—No Name.

Taking away the crutches from a lame man and using them for firewood.—Percy Millington.

Stabbing an unoffending and unarmed person and running away.—Technites.

Putting a sixpence in the plate at church and taking out fivepence change.—Browser.

Visit a sick paupor and lunch off his beef-tea.—Crystal Palace.

Count Wallenstein's apology for putting some prisoners to death who had surrendered under a promise of life, viz., that a council before his time had declared that no faith should be kept with heretics.—W. W.

A lady, after being attended and physicked, gratuitously, by a medical man, because her husband was a clergyman, sending the doctor's own bottles back to his surgery to be sold.—Peggotty.

1. To owe the recovery of one's health to the skill and care of some hospital, and on Hospital Sunday to drop a brass button in the collection bag.—Bobtail Nag.

Two prisoners were escaping over a high wall, and the first one, hearing the warders coming, pulled up the ladder before his comrade could follow, so that the keepers should not know which way he had gone.—V. L.

1. Being unkind to your mother-in-law. 2. Telling tales on yourself.—Harold W.

1. The man who, at the point of death, wished to change his shirt for a very old one, as he found the nurse was to have it as a perquisite. 2. The old woman who, with her last breath, blew out an inch of candle, "because," said she, "I can see to die in the dark."—Cæsar.

Repaying a generously-lent five-pound note, demanding a receipt for it, and informing against the lender for neglecting to cancel the stamp.—Harold.

1. Forcible annexation of territory, and compelling the inhabitants to pay the costs. 2. Borrowing a brother artist's cow for a model, and milking it before sending it home.—Sphinx.

To see a thing with only half an eye.—Dora.

Offering a starving man the Franchise.—Silas Scrivener.

To drop a penny into your own poor-box every time a beggar asks charity, and at the end of the year, by breaking it open, to see how much you have saved.—St. M.

Artfully opening another's letters.—Eclipse.

To rob a blind sow of its acorns.—All Sorteries.

Being ashamed of parents who have given you a better education than they received themselves.—Tani.

To give a man who saves you from a watery grave an ounce of tobacco.—Olive.

1. To take a penny from a blind man's hat. 2. To rob Peter and not pay Paul.—Blue Boss Woss.

Refusing a civil answer for fear of wasting words.—Experience.

Asking a friend to spend the day, and telling them to come after breakfast, bring their dinner, and go before tea.—Cherry.

To empty the contents of your dusthole in your neighbour's garden, and send in your bill for manure.—Xema.

To steal your grandmother's false teeth for the sake of the gold setting.—Sailor.

Last Saturday's eclipse of the moon.—Truth.

The conduct of Mark in the Giant's Robe.—Sissie.

Inviting a guest to stay with you, and then constantly borrowing ready-money of the unlucky visitor, but never remembering to pay.—Rita (a victim).

"Brabournism," or asking and taking a peerage as price of party services, and ratting ever afterwards.—Skriker.

Stealing the soap from the readers' lavatory at the British Museum.—Bobus.

At Eton College, a boy filled up the key-hole of a master's door, would not give himself up, and so got a half-holiday stopped for the whole school.—C. D.

To pick the pocket of the Good Samaritan whilst binding up your wounds.—Slop.

To have the prettiest things in a fancy shop sent you on approval, and having at your leisure copied the patterns, to return them saying they do not suit.—Neptune.

1. To borrow a person's watch, pawn it, and return him the pawn-ticket. 2. To bombard and destroy another nation's town, and send in a bill for damages.—Don Juan.

1. The height of meanness is to steal a poor man's wooden leg when he is asleep, and then to sell it to him, cut up in small bits, for firewood. 2. To overturn the plate in church, on purpose, and then to pocket half the money when picking it up again.—Orchis.

Last week I was the victim of the height of meanness. Seeing an advertisement that gold watches were obtainable for 10s., I sent a P.O., and received nothing better than a child's trumpery brass thing.—Maid of Arcadee.

Attending the May Meetings, and collecting the notice papers with a view to the paper-mill's sack.—Briggate.

To live, speak, or act a lie. To betray your bosom friend. Eavesdropping.—Madge.

To blackball a candidate for a local tennis club, after accepting his hospitality and being driven to the club meeting in his "gig."—Hope.

Giving a servant cracked china to clean, and requiring her to replace any broken articles by new and superior ones.—Sissie.

To have receptacles worked round one's boots to preserve the blacking in case of rainy weather.—Pierre.

A captain far out at sea gave his crew fourpence each to go on half-rations for one day, and made them pay him eightpence each for full rations the next day.—Simla.

Possessing a vote, neglecting to use it, and crying, when millions demand one, "Refuse it."—Fairfax.

An Irish patriot mangling his dictionary, after using all its available epithets applicable to the present Government.—Daniel Ross.

To make a present at the expense of a poor relative.—Magellan.

The Admiralty's instructions to the navigating officers of the *Wasp*, to economise the use of coal on such a coast as Donegal, whereby a Government steamer and fifty-two valuable lives have been lost.—Penny-Wise.

For clever men from Oxford and Cambridge to answer the puzzles in Truth, and deprive their less clever sisters and brothers of a chance.—Miss Madcap.

Obtaining admission to Hastings Pier on the Sabbath by procuring a free ticket for the religious service now being held in the Pavilion, and remaining outside.—Sumes Nunous.

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer.
Tale Quale.

Give a schoolboy sixpence, and tell him not to spend it all before he comes home.—E. C. Phelps.

To steal a penny out of a blind man's pocket.—Organ-Grinder.

Having your tooth extracted gratis, and then offering to sell the dentist the old gold stopping it contained.—Mince.

To ask the occupants of a full omnibus on a very wet night to make room for a lady, and then to take the seat yourself.—R. L. B.

Stealing a poor man's cat, and selling it to him in the form of sausages.—Timothy Squib.

Stealing a cigar from a tobacconist, and then asking for a match to light it.—Dangerfield.

To accept hospitality kindly offered, and then speak disparagingly of your host to his guests.—Risk.

To crib a bon-mot or a good story from a brother-author, and to publish it as your own in your next book.—True Blue.

To sell anything to a friend, under pretext of want-

ing it no longer; then to borrow it, and keep it.—Ellart.

Staying with a friend for six weeks, and leaving your washing bill unpaid.—Asthma.

Eavesdropping. To kick a fellow when he is down. —Eastward.

To ask your father to dinner and pawn his false teeth to pay for it.—Vita Brevis.

Wearing into holes a borrowed coat and charging the owner with repairs.—Avon.

To send a telegram to which an immediate answer is necessary, and not to pay for the reply.—M. E. D. C.

To ask a friend to lunch, and afterwards to tell him you are sorry you have not sufficient in your pocket to pay.—Norrie.

To go to church with the intention of contributing a bad threepenny-piece to the collection for the hospital which has saved your life. Finding a brass button on the floor of the pew, you contribute that instead, reflecting that the threepenny-piece might purchase something.—Vasques.

Insist on going out of your way to serve a friend, and afterwards make yourself out a martyr for having done so.—The Little Lad.

To marry your daughter to a rich blackguard because you profit by so doing.—Psyche.

For a man to marry a woman, not for affection, but for her money.—Trevelina.

To ride to a farmer's and ask for a rest and a sheet of paper and pen and ink, then copy a writ and serve him with it.—Llewellyn.

The Marquis of Salisbury taking the initiative to improve the dwellings of the poor of London, and leaving the dwellings of the poor of Hatfield to rot.—Joe Botting.

To take advantage of any mistake which would benefit you and injure the one who made it.—Francesca.

Sucking a fly which has been drowned in a cream-jug that nothing be lost.—Mukhijus.

A poor, struggling author who, borrowing money from a sympathising and intimate friend, with it publishes a work that "hits or sells." He afterwards asks his helping friend to purchase an autograph copy as a memento of his success.—Jobee Khan.

Competing for a Truth puzzle and leaving the editor to pay the postage.—Dick.

A well-to-do person putting a button into the alms-bag at church on Hospital Sunday.—Juliana de W. W.

To rob a workhouse girl of her bread.—Hova.

To ask a rich friend for some old clothes, &c., to give a poor man, and then keep them yourself.—Evermore.

To be civil in a person's presence for a favour to be gained, and then, when the favour is gained, to speak ill of that person behind his back.—J. E. S.

A man, at the imminent risk of his own life, dragged another out of a river with grappling irons, was given into the hands of the police for tearing his clothes and for injury received from the hook, and, when the prisoner said he did it to save the life of the prosecutor, the ungrateful man said, "I never asked you to do it."—J. R. S.

Receiving a present of a chest of caravan tea (from Russia), and sending the bill to the donor for freight and duty.—Jessica.

Policeman stealing old woman's marketing money, running in small child for theft, and applying to old woman for reward for capture.—Pugsby.

To suck a man's brains, use the knowledge gained for your own advancement, and then disown his acquaintanceship.—Mep.

General Mite.—Poowong.

A country farmer taking the place of a deaf and blind Italian organ-grinder's dog, and thus leading him into his farmyard, where, after skilfully substituting a barrel-churn for his barrel-organ, he allows him to grind away till the butter comes, and then sets the dog on him for intrusion.—Pigeon's-wing.

For a man while professing to further his friend's cause with the object of his love, to slowly and stealthily (though having no real regard for her) alienate her affections from his friend and insinuate himself into them.—Mary Jane.

To put a button in a church-collection bag.—All Saintite.

Winning the pure love of a true heart, and forsaking it for another conquest.—Dnalwor.

A man who asks a schoolboy to turn a grindstone for him until he has sharpened his axe, and then calls him a "lazy little rascal" for playing truant.—John Elliot.

To reduce the pension of a soldier who has lost both his legs in the service of his country, on the plea that he would not require shoe-leather.—Summerdale.

To give a blind beggar a halfpenny, and then steal his dog.—J. H. O.

That the present Government keeps in so long.—Malignant.

Answers have been also received from R. W., Technites, Nitto, Magill, Excelsior, Victim, Vrachie, A Miser, Tincup, Mommie, Minx, K. E. V., Cato, Esterel, Thomas Snooks, Meg, Werm, Spray, De Maupin, Veilchen, Ink Pencil, Funny Judge, Tout Paris, Virago, Gibb, Twee, Scamp, Hilson, Daleth, and Magger.

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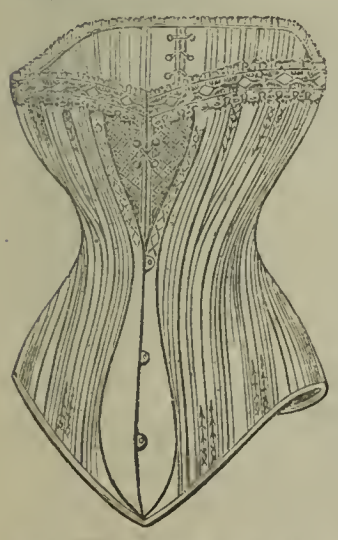

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ISSUE PRICE—£86. 10s. per cent., payable as follows:—
£5 per cent. on Application.
£15 ,, ,, Allotment.
£25 ,, ,, 17th November, 1884.
£25 ,, ,, 2nd January, 1885.
£16. 10s. ,, 16th February, 1885.
£86. 10s.
Payments under discount can be made on any of the above dates, at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum.
Messrs. Morton, Rose, & Co., are prepared to receive applications for the abovementioned Bonds, being balance of the Loan authorised to be issued under authority of the law of 14th March, 1883, for the purposes stated in the Prospectus dated May 3rd, 1883, and identical with those quoted in the Stock Exchange Official List.
The Bonds, in addition to being secured upon the general revenues of the Province, have as a special security the proceeds of direct contributions and the receipts from the sale of Government lands. The Provincial Bank of Santa Fé, which was established in 1874, and is reported to be in a most prosperous condition, is further directly responsible for the principal and interest of this loan, and all the assets of the Bank are specially pledged therefor.
The Province of Santa Fé is one of the most fertile and productive in the Argentine Republic, its rich and progressive character being well known. A large portion of the European Emigration to the River Plate goes to the Province of Santa Fé; the Agricultural Colonies, which in 1872 amounted to 30, are now 85; their properties in land, buildings, agricultural implements being valued at £5,400,000. Late official returns show that about 81,000 tons of wheat, maize, &c. were exported for the first six months of 1883.
The Central Argentine Railway starts from Rosario, the principal city of the Province, which ranks as the second most important city in the Argentine Republic, having a population of about 65,000; the Port has facilities for admitting vessels of the largest tonnage, and has a direct steam communication with London, Liverpool, and Antwerp.
The Buenos Ayres and Rosario Railway, now in course of construction, will bring the Province in direct Railway Communication with Buenos Ayres.
A cumulative sinking fund of One per cent. per annum will be established and applied towards the redemption of the Loan, by purchases in the market under par, or by drawings at par, but with liberty, if the Bonds are above par, to invest the Sinking Funds in other Securities.
Applications must be made in the accompanying form, and lodged at the Counting House of Messrs. Morton, Rose, & Co., with a deposit of £5 per cent. on the nominal amonnt applied for.
Where no allotment is made, the amount of deposit will be returned in full. In default of payment of the respective instalments at their due dates, all previous payments will be liable to forfeiture.
Scrip Certificates to Bearer will be issued against Allotment Letters. The Definite Bonds will be delivered after payment of the last instalment, or on payment in full under discount.
Translations of the Laws authorising the Loan and of the General Bond can be inspected at the Office of Messrs. Bompas, Bischoff, & Dodgson, 4, Great Winchester-street, London, E.C.
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Mr. John Clay, jun., of Messrs. Clay & Forrest, Chicago, a gentleman well acquainted with such properties and of large experience as a Reporter, who visited and reported on the Ranche on behalf of this Company states:—"*That the Range combines to a remarkable degree the three primary necessities for successful ranching—good grass, plenty of water, and the best shelter to be found on any part of this continent.*" *He is also of opinion that the herd, as a whole, cannot be excelled.*
HERD.—The Herd, as purchased for the Company, consists as follows:—5,250 Three and Four Year Old Beef Steers; 4,000 Two Year Old Heifers; 4,000 Two Year Old Steers; 3,000 Yearling Heifers; 3,000 Yearling Steers; 14,000 Cows; 450 Bulls, High Grade and Thoroughbred; 3,800 Stock Cattle, Graded, and recently Purchased.—Total, 37,500—of which the Vendors guarantee an actual delivery by count or otherwise of not less than 35,000 head; and the directors will adopt the best means available for having this number verified and proved. 150 Saddle Horses and Mules. 5 Waggons, 1 Mowing Machine, and all other usual and necessary Implements. In addition, the Company purchased 6,000 Texas Steers, bought by Cresswell & Co. this year for feeding.
MANAGEMENT.—An excellent arrangement has been made for this. The Company have secured the services of Mr. R. G. Head, of the Prairie Cattle Company, and Mr. James Mackenzie, late of the Western Land and Cattle Company, as joint managers, on terms which are considered moderate and satisfactory, ensuring to the Company that integrity, economy, and practical knowledge essential to its success.
TITLES.—When the State of Texas was annexed to the United States, the public domain instead of becoming, as in the other States, the property of the National Government, was reserved by the State of Texas to itself, and the possession and title to all the then public lands within the boundaries of the State disposed of since that time have been derived direct from the State on terms fixed by the Legislature. The title to the freehold lands of this Ranche has been derived from the State in this regular way, and the patent will be transferred to the Company by formal deed, with absolute warrandice, and which, when placed on record, will make the title complete. Under the law of Texas there is no legal disability in an alien Company holding or dealing in heritable property.
PRICE.—The price payable for the Ranche, including the 6,000 Texas Steers bought this year, is £294,520, which the Vendors agree to take as follows:—1. Cash, £169,520; 2. In fully paid-up Shares, £40,000; 3. In Debentures for ten years at 6 per cent., £85,000.—Total, £294,520.
The following is the valuation of Mr. Clay (of date 8th May, 1884):—35,000 head of Cattle guaranteed, including Bulls, at $27·50, £198,028; 150,000 acres Freehold Land at $2·50 per acre, £77,165; Horses, Mules, Fences, and Ranche outfit, £4,115; Texas Steers, £22,020.—Total, £301,328.
Beyond this it is important to keep in view that this is the best-bred herd of cattle in the State of Texas, and that whilst they are estimated by Mr. Clay at $27·50 per head it is believed they are reasonably worth considerably more. The herd has been systematically bred up by the use of thoroughbred bulls for fifteen years. The calves of 1884 are acquired without being taken into account in the price, as the Company enters into possession as at 1st January, 1884.
In addition to the cash dividends, estimated at 10 per cent. per annum, the increase and growth of the herd must be taken into account, and may safely be estimated for 1884 at from 10 to 15 per cent. *In* 1889, *if not sooner, the herd will have doubled in number, and also in value, and this increase in the money value of the herd alone will represent a sum of* £185,000, *equal to the whole paid-up capital of the Company. Competent authorities predict further that in a short time the Freehold Land will be worth* $10 *an acre or more.*
The vendors, H. W. Cresswell & Company, are a private firm consisting—including Mr. Cresswell—of four gentlemen of such undoubted means and position that their personal warrandice forms an ample guarantee for the verifaction of all the statements in this prospectus, which has their approval, and protects the Company against the possibility of any failure of title or over-statement or misrepresentation in the extent or particulars of the property or herd of Cattle. THE POSSESSION OF SO EXTENSIVE A RANGE OF FREEHOLD AND FENCED PASTURAGE, AND THE EXCELLENT QUALITY AND CONDITION OF THE CATTLE, MAKE THIS PROPERTY SPECIALLY DESIRABLE. THAT IT WILL BE LARGELY PROFITABLE TO THE SHAREHOLDERS THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT. TAKING INTO ACCOUNT ALL THE ADVANTAGES NAMED, THE REASONABLE PRICE, EFFICIENT MANAGEMENT, AND THE SIMPLICITY OF THE ORGANISATION—THERE BEING NO PREFERENCE OR DEFERRED SHARES, BUT ALL THE STOCK HAVING EQUAL RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES—IT IS CONFIDENTLY CLAIMED THAT NO PROPERTY OF LIKE VALUE HAS HITHERTO BEEN OFFERED ON TERMS SO MODERATE AND WITH SO GREAT CERTAINTY OF SUCCESS.
Mr. Clay's Report, and the only Contract (with relative agreement) entered into by the Company, can be inspected at the offices of the Solicitors.
Copies of the Prospectus and Forms of Application for Shares may be obtained on application to the Bankers, Brokers, Solcitors, or Secretary of the Company.
If no allotment is made the amount paid on application will be returned in full.

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL CATTLE COMPANIES AND THE LAST DIVIDENDS DECLARED BY THEM:—

Arkansas Valley Land and Cattle Company	10 per cent.
Cattle Ranche and Land Company	10 ,,
Hansford Land and Cattle Company	6 ,,
Matador Land and Cattle Company	8 ,,
Missouri Land and Live-Stock Company	10 ,,
Prairie Cattle Company	20 ,,
Western Land and Cattle Company	15 ,,
Texas Land and Cattle Company	12½ ,,
Swan Land and Cattle Company	9 ,,

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· TRUTH ·

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

No. 468. Vol. XVI. Thursday, October 23, 1884. Price Sixpence.

ENTRE NOUS.

THE Prince of Wales will shoot the Royal covers near the Flemish Farm in Windsor Park the week after next. There is never any trouble about distributing the pheasants and other game on these occasions. The Prince of Wales and Prince Christian take what they want for themselves and their friends, a quantity is given away to people at and about Windsor Castle, and then there is a prodigious list of persons who are to receive a present of game every year, which list has to be got through in the course of the season—and several hundreds of pheasants are sent by the Queen's orders every winter to numerous hospitals and charitable institutions.

Of the game at Balmoral, the red deer venison (which really is not good for much) is given away to farmers and villagers in the neighbourhood, and all the grouse which are not wanted for Balmoral and Abergeldie are sent off to Royal relatives and friends. There is usually a big head of pheasants at Osborne, where the covers are never shot till after Christmas. The Osborne covers were managed for several years by John Brown, who greatly improved the shooting there, and he was rewarded for his trouble by being granted the exclusive right of sporting in the Queen's Isle of Wight preserves.

A contemporary states that the Queen is in favour having Marlborough House assigned to Prince Edward as a residence, while the Prince and Princess of Wales are to remove to Buckingham Palace. This is pure fiction—and is, indeed, so utterly absurd an idea that it is wonderful that any one could for a moment believe it. There is not, and never has been, the slightest notion of the Prince and Princess leaving Marlborough House, and it is not proposed that Prince Edward shall "go into housekeeping" on his own account at an early date. The young Prince will probably quit Cambridge at Christmas, and early in the spring he will leave England on a lengthened tour, which will include a visit to the United States and Canada, but which will commence with an exploration of Germany, Austria, and Italy.

The Queen has been endeavouring to induce the German Emperor to abate his wrath against the Grand Duke of Hesse, but without much success, as his Majesty has expressed the utmost contempt for the ruler of Hesse-Darmstadt, and is as indignant as ever with him; and his feelings are shared by the Crown Prince and Crown Princess.

A "skit" on the Grand Duke's marriage with Madame de Kalomine, entitled "A Midsummer Night's Madness," has been published at Frankfort, and is exciting universal attention in Germany. The satire is so pungent that it is reported that the Grand Duke intends to prosecute the publishers.

The complication between the Grand Duke and Madame de Kalomine will be most unpleasantly increased if there is any truth in a report which was wafted over from Germany last week, that the lady is *enceinte*.

I hear that the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Serge of Russia (Princess Elizabeth of Hesse), are expected to come to England shortly on a visit to the Queen. They will also be the guests of the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Edinburgh during their stay in this country.

The Duke and Duchess of Teck, who are still in Germany, will return to England shortly, and I understand that they are to reside at the White Lodge, in Richmond Park, which was "lent" to the Duchess by the Queen several years ago.

In a few days, the Duke of Cambridge is going into Yorkshire to visit Lord and Lady Londesborough a Londesborough Park, and will shoot over the preserves around Selby and Market Weighton, which usually swarm with game.

The Duke was much dissatisfied with the drill of the Portsmouth troops last week, and expressed his sentiments with his customary vivacity. The fact is that decent drills cannot reasonably be expected, seeing that recruits have to be taken from the depôts for routine barrack duties, and the Marines actually have to be landed from ships in the harbour in order to make up a battalion of that corps.

Lord and Lady Hastings's party at Melton Constable, to meet the Prince and Princess of Wales, included the Duke of Portland, Lord and Lady Gosford, Lord and Lady Coke, Lords Cadogan, Zetland, Calthorpe, and Suffield, and the Hon. Misses Harbord and Astley. The party travelled to Norwich on Wednesday and Friday by special trains from Lord Hastings's private station at Melton.

The Duke of Portland goes to Welbeck when he leaves Newmarket at the end of the week, and will receive company at the Abbey for cover-shooting till he moves to Melton.

Lord and Lady Southesk entertained a large party last week at Kinnaird Castle, Forfarshire, including Princess Frederica of Hanover and Baron von Pawell-Rammingen.

The Princess went fishing in the Southesk on Wednesday, and succeeded in landing a fine salmon of 18 lb.

Lord Coleridge has been entertaining a large party during the last week at Heath's Court, his place in East Devon.

The Duchess of Beaufort has left Badminton for Bournemouth, where she is staying with Lord Henry Somerset.

Lord and Lady Ilchester have been entertaining a succession of visitors during the last three weeks at Abbotsbury, their charming seaside place near Weymouth. They remove early next month to Melbury Park for the winter.

The Bishop of London has returned to Fulham Palace from Monmouthshire, where he has been residing during the last five weeks for his annual holiday.

Lord Rosebery was not to have left Dalmeny for another ten days; but his condition improved so rapidly, and he was so exceedingly anxious to get to London, that his advisers allowed him to come up on Friday; he got through the journey very well indeed, and was not in any way the worse for it. He is now suffering from weakness only.

Mrs. Durnford, wife of the Bishop of Chichester, whose death occurred after a very short illness, at the Palace at Chichester, last Thursday, was a daughter of Dr. Keate, ometime Provost of Eton. Mrs. Durnford was seventy-two years of age. She had only returned a few days before her death from a visit to the West of England.

The sudden death of Lady Hopetoun has caused great grief in a very large circle, for she was exceedingly popular in society, which she adorned by her numerous accomplishments, and by her kind and genial dispcsition. She liked to see her friends, and Hopetoun Housc has every autumn been the scene of brilliant hospitalities, and has during the last few years been visited by the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and many other members of the Royal Family. Lady Hopetoun was a distinguished musician, and was endowed with a very fine voice. She will be greatly missed on her son's estate, for she was most kind and charitable to the poor, and took a warm personal interest in all classes of her neighbours. Lady Hopetoun had been somewhat out of health for several months, and she succumbed to an illness which was caused by a chill; but no danger was apprehended till within forty-eight hours of her death, which took place on Wednesday afternoon. Lord Salisbury had been expected at Hopetoun on Tuesday, and it was only in the morning that a telegram was despatched to Mounteviot, announcing the critical state of the Countess. The greatest sympathy is everywhere expressed for her family, to whom her loss is indeed irreparable.

Sir Moses Montefiore (who has just completed his hundredth year) recently applied to the Duke of Westminster for a renewal of the house in Park-lane, which the Hebrew philanthropist, who is in two senses the Duke's oldest tenant, has maintained as his town establishment since the days when he retired with a fortune from the Stock Exchange. The Duke of Westminster declined to renew the lease for the term of years proposed by Sir Moses Montefiore, but engaged to accept the worthy old gentleman as a yearly tenant at the same rent.

I hear that a member of the Cavendish family has opened a tea-shop at Eastbourne, and he is receiving a full share of public support from the inhabitants and visitors who have benefited so much by the judicious enterprise of his relative, the lord of the soil.

Here is an endorsement of the complaint I recently published about the Brighton bands:—

Sir,—I can fully endorse the complaint of your correspondent concerning the Queen of Watering-places and its bands. The music of Brighton is shocking. The Town bands have evidently no knowledge of the Heavenly Maid, but for utter depravity the band on the West Pier, under the leadership of a man who has grown grey in its service, beats anything travelling out of Germany; their selections are singularly unlovely, their time is nowhere, their instruments are worthless, and the pier pays 12 per cent. per annum to its fortunate shareholders.

One of the American humourists tells the story of a young man who persisted in playing the cornet daily, to the consternation of a gentleman who lodged beneath. One day the musician received a visit from the gentleman in question, who introduced himself, and smiled upon the cornet-player, saying: "Young man, thank you; you have conferred a blessing upon me. I am an old man, and I have clung to life hitherto; but since I have heard you play upon that cornet I am willing to die—even anxious." That unknown cornet-player's execution may be taken as a fair sample of the Brighton instrumentation.

Among the itinerant musicians in Brighton are two Italians with a harp and violin, who play with far more feeling and phrasing than all the bands in Brighton; there is, however, one notable example of how things should be done; there generally is an oasis in all deserts, and that is the band of the 4th Dragoon Guards, who play weekly in the Pavilion grounds; and some idea may be gathered of the appreciation of good music by the crowds that visit the gardens and sit patient listeners to the music provided for them by the courtesy of Colonel Shaw-Hellier.

The Corporation of Brighton do a great deal for the pleasure of their visitors; they build sea-walls, lay out lawns, and extend promenades; but they let the music go and hang itself, which it does faithfully six days in the week.

Had Orpheus taken a Brighton band with him on his musical tour, he would no doubt have been unlucky in his quest; they would probably have been devoured by Cerberus, if they had not been previously brained by Charon. Without wishing Brighton to rival the Music of the Spheres, one might at least hope they would make some effort to creep a little nearer, and not follow at such an unconscionable distance. Marine Parade.

The inaugural address of the newly-established Scottish Geographical Society is to be delivered by Mr. H. M. Stanley on December 3, in the Music-Hall at Edinburgh.

As the Forestry Exhibition at Edinburgh has been a great success, it may be hoped that it will produce some practical results. The area of woodlands in Great Britain and Ireland is now only 3·29 of the total acreage, against 42·38 per cent. in Russia, 40·43 in Sweden, 31·39 in Austria, 22·30 in Norway, 18·64 in Switzerland, 15·79 in France, 14·82 in Belgium, and 12·34 in Italy. Denmark, with 4·25 per cent., is lowest on the list except our own country. Of late years, however, the Danish Government has been greatly extending the Crown woodlands, and an association has been formed to plant several thousands of acres of the bare dunes.

One of the most attractive objects at the Edinburgh Forestry Exhibition was a chalet constructed of Scotch

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pine, which was sent by the Queen. It was made by one of the foresters at Balmoral, and was prettily decorated outside in rustic fashion, while the inside was of polished hart wood, and contained a table and several chairs. This chalet has been sent back to Balmoral, and the Queen intends to have it erected on a charming site which she has herself chosen in the "policies." The chalet was not, as was generally supposed, a model of the one recently built in Ballochbuie Forest, which is a large Swiss house, constructed of Aberdeen granite.

There has been some capital sport lately in Rannoch Forest, Perthshire, rented by Mr. Tollemache-Scott from Sir Robert Menzies. Mr. F. Lawless has killed four stags in one day, and last Monday he shot two, one being a "Royal." Mr. Scott also had two heavy stags on another day.

The Duke of Westminster and his party shot between sixty and seventy stags during their recent stay at Stack Lodge, the average "clean" weight being a trifle under 17 st.

Lord de Grey, when shooting the other day by himself in Yorkshire on Lord Ripon's estate between Studley Royal and Masham, killed 303 partridges to his own gun.

There has been a tremendous fuss among Exmoor sportsmen in consequence of Lord Lovelace having prohibited the hunt from entering the extensive woods on his estate round Porlock, which are about the best deer-covers in the country. Last week, however, the edict was revoked, and, under certain conditions, the Culbone woods are again open.

Next week Lord and Lady Zetland will take up their residence at Aske Hall for the hunting season.

Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam have arrived at Wentworth Woodhouse, for the hunting season, from Coollattin, county Wicklow.

An unusual number of changes have taken place in well-known hunting countries since last season. The Quorn has lost Mr. Coupland, but has obtained an excellent successor in Lord Manners. Lord Valentia has given up the Bicester in anticipation of his coming into Parliament for Oxfordshire, and is replaced by Lord Chesham, who has hunted in this country for several years, and is exceedingly popular. The lamented death of Lord Craven made a blank for the Old Berkshire, which has not been filled up, and for this season this country is under the joint mastership of Colonel Van de Weyer and Mr. C. Duffield. Mr. Merthyr Guest has succeeded Sir Richard Glyn with the Blackmoor Vale, and Major Dent's place with the Bedale is filled by Mr. Elliot, M.P. The Glendale country, in North Northumberland, was given up by Mr. A. Grey in consequence of failing health, and the mastership has been accepted by Mr. F. Lambton, M.P., who owns a large estate in the district. The regretted retirement of Mr. H. Deacon from the H.H. made a vacancy which has been filled by the appointment of Mr. A. Wood, who is well known in the country, and Mr. Heywood Lonsdale succeeds Lord Hill in Shropshire. Mr. C. A. Egerton, late master of the Rufford, takes the East Sussex in the room of Sir Thomas Brassey, who succeeded Mr. Frewen only last year. Mr. A. Hamond's place in West Norfolk is filled by Mr. Fountaine. There have also been changes with the South Devon, the South Durham, the North and South Herefordshire, the Essex and Suffolk, the Flint and Denbigh, the Hurworth, the Sinnington, the Surrey Union, and the Wheatland Park; and in Scotland the Dumfriesshire and the Linlithgow and Stirling have changed masters.

Three countries have been given up: the Dulverton, kept for more than a quarter of a century by Mr. Froude-Bellow; the pack with which Mr. Combe hunted an extensive district in Surrey; and the Haydon, with which Mr. Maughan hunted in South Northumberland. The new packs are Lord Somerton's, which will hunt the country formerly known as Lord Radnor's, and the Leighton, with which Mr. Phipps will hunt the Mendip country. These packs will hunt two days a week, and with both the master will carry the horn.

Vanity Fair announces that "Mr. W. H. Smith is quite disposed to become a Devonshire landlord when opportunity offers." "Ruffler" is presumably unaware that Mr. Smith already possesses a considerable property in Devonshire, in the Exe valley, between Tiverton and Exeter, which he purchased a few years ago from Lord Ilchester and from the trustees of the Egremont estates. Mr. Smith is an excellent landlord, and has expended a large amount of money on this property, which is now a model in every respect for owners both of farms and of villages.

Maize has been successfully cultivated near Coniston by Mr. Goodison, whose residence adjoins that of Mr. Ruskin. The crop was cut a fortnight ago, and made twenty tons to the acre.

The Duchess of Montrose has found a tenant for Bedford Lodge, her extensive training establishment at Newmarket. The place has been taken by Captain Bedford, who manages the respective studs of Lord Cawdor and Baron Hirsch. In future any racehorses belonging to "Mr. Manton" which happen to be at Newmarket will be kept in the stables attached to Sefton Lodge. The Duchess has her large place at Cannes, the Château de Thorenc, thrown on her hands, as Lord Wolverton, who rented it last season, does not intend to go abroad this winter. There should, however, be no difficulty in letting it, as it is by far the nicest villa in Cannes.

A well-known Paris bookmaker, named Bayford, had a double-event bet of 10,000 to 90 about St. Gatien for the Cesarewitch and Macheath for the Cambridgeshire. Last week he made himself safe, by laying 4,000 to 200 to Mr. Hammond, against Mr. Manton's long-kept horse.

The principal net-fisheries in the Tay, below Perth, have been let during the last ten days for next season, and rents have increased considerably. The station belonging to the city of Perth has realised £978, against £782 last year. This is the best rent since 1880, when £1,173 was obtained. Of the twelve stations belonging to Lord Wemyss, only six

were let at the "roup," and the rise with them was about 8 per cent., as compared with last year's rents, when £1,957 was obtained, against £2,818 in 1880. The reserves on the Moncrieff fisheries were not reached, but those of Mugdrum and Carpow fetched £2,368, against £1,876 last year, and £1,709 in 1882.

During the last ten days the Tweed has been in capital order, the river having been much higher since the heavy rains on Saturday and Sunday week, and the fish have been able to ascend from the tidal waters. On several mornings the water at Coldstream and Kelso Bridges has been quite alive with salmon rushing upwards. Mr. H. Brougham has obtained plenty of sport in the Mertoun water, belonging to Lord Falmouth, having landed seventeen salmon in four days. At Ravenswood, near Melrose, Colonel Fairfax had a fine fish of 29 lb. on Wednesday; and Mr. E. Drummond has killed several fish at Ednam water each day he has been out. The Duke of Roxburghe's water at Floors has been yielding well on both upper and lower stretches, and the Duke, Lord Breadalbane, Lord Walsingham, and Lord Sandhurst have all been successful in landing salmon of fair size. There has been good sport lower down on the Hersel and Carham waters, and Mr. Denison has killed several fish at Bergham Dab. The season extends till November 30, and if the weather is favourable, there should be lots of sport, as the river is swarming with fish.

The Richmond Piscatorial Society have wisely been endeavouring to improve the angling in the tidal waters. Last week they turned in twenty-five young trout up to twelve inches in length, at Strawberry Vale, about half a mile below Teddington Lock, above the influence of the mud water, and it is expected that they will head up to the weir. Twenty-five more are to follow shortly.

Trout culture on the Thames deserves encouragement, as it is the only fishing allowed between April 1 and June 16, when the open season commences.

On Saturday Mr. W. G. George made his last appearance on the running-path, previous to sailing for Australia, and for the second time attempted to beat Deerfoot's imaginary record of 11 miles 970 yards within the hour. Unfortunately, the champion, whose previous performances have convinced the cognoscenti that the feat in question is within his powers, was very stale from his recent exertions and prolonged state of training, and though he started well, he was compelled to retire without completing the full distance; having, however, travelled nine miles in 46 min. 48⅖ secs., a wonderful performance in itself. Deerfoot's record is undoubtedly apocryphal, and George, who, on the occasion of his last attempting to beat it, ran 11 miles 932 yards, should certainly be accredited with the record for an hour's journey.

At the close of the meeting, George was presented by the Lady Mayoress, on behalf of the London Athletic Club, with a handsome gold trophy, on which was engraved a list of the various "records" he has made at the Stamford Bridge grounds. Certainly no athlete has ever made half such a name for himself as the "all-round" champion; and his loss to the running-path will be all the greater, as his conduct throughout a lengthy career has entitled him to a respect that could not justifiably be paid to many other prominent athletes.

It is a pity that Mr. Wilson Barrett did not state precisely what was the age of the ambitious "little boy" who visited the Princess's Theatre "twenty-five years ago." I am rather curious to know what sized "little boy" Mr. Barrett must have been at that time.

I see that "Parsifal" is to be given somehow in the Albert Hall this year under Mr. Barnby's direction. This is a subject of congratulation to no one, except the enemies of Wagner. I have no fault to find with Mr. Barnby. I have no doubt that he will do all that loving care and intelligence can do for the dead master's religious masterpiece. I suppose they will have the Oberammergau Play at the Agricultural Hall next. This would only involve a shock to the religious proprieties; but the mangled fragments of a "Parsifal" will outrage religious and dramatic proprieties alike. When Mr. Barnby first saw the "Parsifal" at Bayreuth, he clearly perceived two things—first, that it could never be presented as an oratorio without action or *mise-en scène;* second, that it ought never to be given out of the Bayreuth Theatre.

He has apparently forgotten both of these things. Of course, there will be a rush. All musicians will be astonished at the depth and variety of Wagner's musical resources, and those who remember the Bayreuth performances will at least be reminded of them, as the very same singers are to appear at the Albert Hall; but the general public will be disappointed, and the whole thing, unless some miracle of arrangement is hit upon, will be heavy. I only hope too much of it will not be attempted, and I shall be very glad, but much surprised, if the public like even that. "Parsifal" is doubtless the most thrilling and daring of Wagner's musical and dramatic conceptions, but in a concert-room I should say it was impossible.

The head-waiters of some of the principal restaurants have received the following somewhat curious circular:—

Major-General Frederic Brine (Members' Mansions, Westminster) will feel extremely obliged if, in future, respectable, well-conducted men will communicate with him when they see the Police or Chuckers-out unnecessarily interfering with the people or brutally ill-treating them, especially at such places as the Royal Aquarium, Promenade Concerts, Criterion, Gaiety, Globe, and Westminster Palace Hotel Restaurants. General Brine's sole object in issuing this request is to try and cause the Police, &c., to be considered protectors of the poor and helpless, instead of oppressors.

The following from Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps refers to some remarks I made last week as to the treatment he received from certain worthies at Stratford:—

Hollinbury Copse, Brighton,
Oct. 18, 1884.

Sir,—Will you kindly allow me to say a few words in reference to a paragraph in your last number?

It is true that I have been treated with "scant courtesy" by certain individuals at Stratford-on-Avon, who have made the place a less agreeable workshop to me than heretofore, but I have received nothing but kindness from the main body of the Corporation. During the many years that I have held honorary relations with that Corporation no request of mine has been refused, nor have I the least reason for suspecting that an exception would now be made. At the same time I have made up my mind to have

nothing further to do with the conduct of the Shakespeare autotypes; but this determination is the result of circumstance in which the Corporation, as a body, have had no share.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps.

The proposed statues on Blackfriars Bridge are not to come to anything, after all. The matter has been in the hands of the Bridge House Estates Committee for a very long time, and when their report was at last presented, the Common Council shelved the whole thing by discharging the reference to the Committee. I could not quite make out, from the discussion in the Court, whether what was objected to in the competing designs was the subjects or their treatment. But one chief ground of complaint, at any rate, seemed to be that the sculptors had chosen Kings when they might have chosen Common Councilmen. It was therefore suggested that the Councilmen should select the subjects themselves before asking any more artists to compete; but the plan would, I should be afraid, lead to many heart-burnings, as whilst there are 240 Common Councilmen, there are but four pedestals.

I understand that 250,000 copies of "Called Back" have been sold in Great Britain, that two authorised and six pirated editions have been issued in America, and that the story has been translated into French, German, Italian, Norse, Swedish, Dutch, Roumanian, and Welsh, whilst, on the strength of this success, 60,000 of the author's forthcoming story, "Dark Days," have been ordered.

As I am not on the side of *Messieurs les Pirates*, I rejoice in the following true story:—

Some years ago a very young governess wrote a crude dramatic sketch for the amateurs of a small country town. Prior to the date fixed for its production, however, the local managers discovered that the amateurs had omitted to procure the necessary licence, and the entertainment had to be postponed. During the delay the excitement cooled down, and when at length the piece was produced it was to a very limited audience. Some time afterwards the governess forsook teaching for the stage, and, while at the Haymarket theatre, it occurred to her to turn her play into a novel. The governess, actress, and authoress is Miss Florence Warden, and the name of the novel "The House in the Marsh." There are now, I believe, no less than six dramatic versions of the book in the market which are not worth the paper on which they are written, simply because the authoress dramatised the play first and made it into a novel afterwards.

The Lord Mayor took very good care of the Incorporated Society of Authors at the Mansion House on Saturday last. As I looked round, I thought they were certainly not the sort of men usually seen at City feasts. Not the rubicund and robust kind, at all, but eyes telling of the "midnight oil," and brows "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought:" George Augustus, and you, Edmund, were, of course, exceptions. My Lord Houghton, Billy Russell, Mortiboy Besant, George Augustus, Sir C. Warren, and others, all spoke more or less inaudibly, and more or less to the same effect, viz., that a good time was coming for authors, and that the "Incorporated Society" would see to their little agreements (or disagreements) with publishers; that publishers were the most honest of men, and generally the best fellows alive, but that it was high time for authors to look after their own interests; that America was a great and smart country, but that she would have to accept a law of international copyright; that the Queen was a distinguished authoress, and the Lord Mayor was a jolly good fellow, which nobody ventured to deny within my hearing. Altogether, although my Lord Laureate, the president, was not present, and Sir Frederick Pollock, the leading vice-president, was also absent, we got on pretty well without them, and they both lost a capital dinner.

As to the reporters, they were in despair, walked about from place to place, and ended finally by constructing the speeches out of their own heads. As far as I could judge, from what I could hear, this was no great loss, for, with one or two exceptions, poorer speeches from better men (and, of course, they were all clever fellows in some way) I think I never heard. However, all's well that ends well. That the Incorporated Society of Authors exists (and has taken good care to announce itself) there can be no doubt. As Artemus Ward would say, it has a future *before it*, which, up to the present time, may have seemed to have been rather behind it. Every member of the "Incorporated" is dubbed a knight errant of literature. The Lord Mayor is his trumpeter, Lord Tennyson is his prophet, the valiant Sir Frederick Goldsmid and the convivial Houghton carry the flags, and, on the whole, the astonishing combination of "Mars, Bacchus, Apollo," and "Virorum" has seldom been more startlingly realised, and I am sure never to better purpose.

Now that the public schools are in full swing again, it might interest the British parent to hear of a little device which is practised at Harrow. A gentleman who has a son there was puzzled by an entry in his school bill of £1 for "copies." On inquiry, it appeared that the item did not represent, as he was at first inclined to suspect, a pittance afforded the boy in preparing his copies of verses or Latin prose by the House-master, but it meant that, the young gentleman having sufficiently distinguished himself to be given a couple of house-prizes, the father was charged with them at ten shillings each. It would be interesting to know by what right the master gives prizes to his pupils at the expense of the parents, and why he disguises the fact under the ambiguous entry of "copies."

If this be correct, some explanation ought to be forthcoming:—

Last term at Oxford counts as two terms, although it is only the same length as Michaelmas or Hilary terms. The result is that you are charged double dues by the University, *i.e.*, £7 instead of £3. 10s.

The number of Freshmen at Cambridge this term is in excess of any previous year, being 892, against 873 in October of last year, so that the drainage scare cannot have had much effect in frightening away intending undergraduates. At Oxford the number of Freshmen is 620, the most popular college apparently being New, which has 55 recruits, against 53 at Christ Church, and 41 at Balliol. The young Duke of Newcastle has entered at Magdalen.

Oxford has had a succession of professional *premières* during the past week. Professor Monier Williams found himself playing for once to a full house, the occasion being the formal opening of his Indian Institute—a strange-looking building at the corner of Broad-street, ornamented with "Mystical monsters marine, Part molluscous and partly crustacean, Betwixt and between." A full house is less of an event for the Professor of Fine Art, but the audience which greeted Mr. Ruskin's first lecture of a new

course on Saturday was larger and more enthusiastic than ever. Heads of houses and other dons were in particular force, and the undergraduates—the gods in the gallery—much enjoyed the struggles of the great men to secure front places for themselves and their ladies.

Mr. E. A. Freeman, the new Regius Professor of Modern History, had almost as large an audience for his inaugural lecture two days before, and the heartiness of his reception must almost have made up for the feeling of chagrin (an expression of which escaped him in the course of his lecture) that he had only been called upon to undertake the duties of the office at an age when most men are thinking of laying aside work altogether. The more personal portions of the lecture were eloquent and effective. His tribute to his predecessors—Arnold, Goldwin Smith, and Stubbs—was listened to with keen attention, and the vigorous onslaught in which, regardless of the presence of the Vice-Chancellor and other officials, he indulged against the new statutes, the professorial boards, and the examination mania, repeatedly brought down the house. Mr. Freeman is residing this term at Oxford, and has rooms in Trinity. It is a great thing, by the way, to know that the rising generation at Oxford will learn their history from so sound and tried a Liberal.

It seems that a religious conference cannot even handle such a subject as social purity without displaying enough bigotry and intolerance to neutralise any good that might come of the discussion. At the Ripon Diocesan Conference, the Rev. Dr. Pigou read a paper on this subject, which seems to have pointed in some way to the demoralising influence of the stage. Although Dr. Pigou himself disclaimed any intention of attacking the stage, Mr. Tudor Trevor, of Leeds, announced that "after the remarks of Dr. Pigou, he had made up his mind in that room never to enter a theatre again," and this announcement, it seems, was received with loud applause. I am glad to see that one or two Churchmen came forward in reply to make a spirited defence of the theatre. It would be a pity if an idea got abroad that purity has a necessary connection with Puritanism. Mr. Tudor Trevor, indeed, is more particular than Mrs. Kendal, for even that excellent lady has not made up her mind never to enter a theatre again, but only to ask to be taken out if the plot or the dialogue of a play is deficient in moral tone.

St. James's, Piccadilly, which has just been re-opened, has been considerably altered. Besides the stone porch which has been erected at the north-west entrance, and the additional vestry built for the choir, the pews have been replaced by open seats, and the chancel has been extended by new choir-stalls and screens. The east end has also been paved with mosaic. The money for this and other work has come out of the famous sale of the Hampstead-road burial ground to the North-Western Railway.

"Is there no way of bringing home a wandering sheep but by worrying him to death?" asked that truly humane divine, Dr. Thomas Fuller. The pastor of St. James's Scottish Episcopal Church, Springburn, being troubled with the unruly behaviour of one of the weaker vessels in his flock, could find no other way of correcting her than kicking. For this he was fined a guinea, with the alternative of a week's imprisonment. A Glasgow reporter calls this "a singular case." Fervently I hope it is.

The Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, of New Zealand, who gave a lecture on that country at the Metropolitan Tabernacle one day last week, seems to have the same happy knack of combining worldliness with godliness as his father, and there was capital "business" between them. Mr. Spurgeon, junior, playfully remarked that the New Zealanders were "by no means the outlandish people some imagined, for they had all the best products of civilisation, including sewing machines, steam tramways, and Spurgeon's sermons." Mr. Spurgeon, senior, returned the compliment by congratulating the good people of Auckland on having a pastor so like himself—a man, above all things, who was "not overburdened with refinement, which is a thing not cultivated here," with which remark the hat was sent round for subscriptions towards a new tabernacle at Auckland, of which, needless to say, Mr. Spurgeon, junior, is to be the pastor.

Army doctors are making a great fuss about the degradation of their having to pass examinations for promotion. It seems to me to be an excellent arrangement, as hitherto it has been possible for men, after entering the Army Medical Department, to draw a good salary without being obliged to add to their professional knowledge in any way. In the medical profession, more than any other, it is imperative for a man to be well up in his work, and as it is impossible at every station for a doctor to have a varied practice, the simplest way to ascertain that he is acquainted with recent improvements is by examination. The examinations are not at all hard for a man who takes an interest in his profession, while they will root out all who merely care for their pay, allowances, and pensions.

How is it that the course of cooking at the Aldershot Instructional Kitchen for training master-cooks lasts nearly six months, when courses of an infinitely more complicated nature than the cooking of a soldier's "plain statement" are successfully carried out in a month or six weeks?

From the statistics contained in the General Annual Return of the British Army, which has just emanated from Pall Mall, it would appear that the tone of the Army is at last improving. The number of men tried by court-martial in 1883 was 11,834, which is less than the number in 1882 by 764, and is the lowest number of any year given in the comparative table, which extends back to 1865, in which year the number of men tried by court-martial was 18,590.

An unpleasant discovery was made by Sir Houston Stewart, Port-Admiral of Plymouth, during his recent inspection of the *Indus*, flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Curme. On visiting the cells, they were found to be absolutely unfit for human beings to be in, both from their state of filth and want of ventilation. There happened at the time to be only one prisoner in them, whom Sir Houston Stewart ordered to be removed forthwith. Who is responsible?

Considerable discontent has been created at the various naval dockyards in consequence of the shipwrights and other workmen not having received any reply to their petitions for an amelioration of their condition and prospects. Most of the officers have been dealt with by the Admiralty in a liberal spirit, and it seems hard that the workmen should not receive similar consideration.

The *Triumph* is to be commissioned at Portsmouth next month as flagship for Rear-Admiral Baird, the newly-appointed Commander-in-Chief on the Pacific station.

I hardly agree with one of the suggestions put forward by the *Pall Mall Gazette* in an interesting paper respecting our coaling-stations. It is that a cable should be laid connecting West Africa and the Cape direct with England, and the Cape with India and Australia. The writer seems to be under the impression that a submarine cable can only be broken at one of its shore ends. This is not correct. Such a cable would be broken in mid-ocean if we were engaged in a maritime war.

However, I am surprised at either India or Australia submitting to the prohibitive rates which are charged on cablegrams in order to pay a dividend on the watered capital of the Eastern Telegraph Company and its progeny. I should have imagined that the Australian Colonies and the Indian Government, being both able to borrow money at about 3½ per cent., would have had cables of their own connecting them with Europe.

One of the most startling revelations made about the navy was contained in a casual remark in the account of the defences of Hong Kong. "The gun-boats available for defence," the *Pall Mall Gazette* contributor says, "are slow tubs, several of whose guns are known by the Admiralty to be not trustworthy, and *whose crews are necessarily Chinese.*" There is a very wide-spread impression that the British Tar always has been, and always will be, the one element of irresistible superiority in the British navy, and that while we have got the men, ships, guns, and fortifications are matters of secondary importance. It will do something to dissipate this illusion to learn that her Majesty's ships on an important foreign station are "necessarily" manned by Chinamen.

I must say that I rather admire the "Claimant" for his pluck and determination in insisting upon being put back to work, so soon as he found that easy hospital nursing would not entitle him to so many days off the full term of his sentence.

It is a curious fact that during his trial the London papers sold more copies than during the Franco-German War, or any other recent eventful epoch. I confess that it never was proved absolutely, to my mind, that he was Arthur Orton; on the other hand, whilst there was the strongest presumption that he was, he entirely failed to make out that he was Sir Roger Tichborne. What his friends seemed to forget was, that if a man lives for years in Australia as Castro, marries, and has children under that name, and then suddenly asserts that he is some one else, the *onus probandi* lies with him, not with those who deny it.

I remember once during the trial, in company with Mr. G. A. Sala, passing an evening with the "stout nobleman" at his hotel in Jermyn-street. We found him very pleasant, and he told us many tales of his existence in Australia. He certainly had a wonderful command over his features. On the last day of the trial, the room at the hotel was filled with adherents, many of whom were Tichborne bondholders. Suddenly the Claimant walked in. He leant against the mantelpiece, took his cigar out of his mouth, and announced the fatal news. Great was the excitement—great was the despair and the indignation. But the Claimant calmly smoked on, apparently the only person in the room who had no sort of interest in the matter.

Then, too, when the jury returned to give their verdict on the second trial. The Claimant eyed them, and at once saw his fate. Slowly he took off his watch and chain, and handed them to a friend, in order that they might not find their way into the hands of the prison officials. It was a strange instance of the *mens æqua in arduis.*

Lord Marcus Beresford does not seem to have had it quite his own way with Mr. Bowles,—indeed, he appears to "have got as good as he gave." This must always be the case where the would-be thrasher and the thrashee are equally matched; when, on the other hand, the former is considerably stronger than the latter, the attack is a mere piece of wanton ruffianism. Duelling was silly enough, but it had, at least, the merit over gutter-fighting, of the combat being on equal terms, with due notice to both parties, and without a ring of loafers hugely enjoying the spectacle. If we are to come to fisticuffs in the street, it will be a happy time for athletes skilled in the art of self-defence, who will toss and gore like veritable Bulls of Bashan let loose, and the world will be divided into irresponsible bruisers and responsible non-bruisers.

I do not know much about the Helen of this war, beyond what I have seen in the police reports. But although she does not appear a very commendable sort of lady, it might be well that her husband should at least provide her with the means of subsistence, or give some explanation why he refuses to do so. It is a public scandal that this wife of a Colonel, endowed with a fair fortune, should be periodically appearing at a police-court, for—according to her account—stealing in order to keep body and soul together.

Originality of any kind is rare enough, but it sometimes happens that parents, in the excitement of mind caused by the birth of a child, receive an inspiration. The parents who were responsible for naming a boy "Reconcile" Smith must have possessed unusual mental capacity. The fact that the man bearing this peaceable prenomen should be, as he was recently in Oxfordshire, summoned for assault only proves the irony of fate.

There is something very mysterious and unsatisfactory about the death of the Rev. Spencer Edwards, the Congregational minister. It seems the unfortunate gentleman

suffered from delusions, and thought he was watched and kept a prisoner in his own house. He was, therefore, taken to a private asylum at Cricklewood, "at his own desire." When his daughter wished to see him at this place, permission was refused, and her mother seems to have been a consenting party to this arrangement. The jury were evidently not quite satisfied, for their verdict was that, although death resulted from heart disease, it was hastened by the refusal of Dr. Keele and Mrs. Edwards to allow the deceased to see his daughter and a solicitor. This is a serious matter, as I believe eminent judges have ruled that to hasten the death of a man already ill by a single day or hour amounts to manslaughter.

Lord Deas is about to resign his office as one of the Judges of the Scotch Court of Session.

I publish the following for the benefit of Her Majesty's Judges :—

Sir,—While on a tour through Norway with some friends this summer, we had to pass the night at a small village called Roldal—a day's journey from Odde, on the Hardanger Fjord. When we arrived at the *station*, we requested accommodation for the night. Hereupon, the landlady went upstairs and knocked at the door of a room in which we saw, sitting at a table, several men, apparently transacting business or holding a council. In a very short time, they all came out with their papers and documents, and made their way to another room. In passing us, one of their number—a venerable-looking old gentleman—informed us they were holding the assizes in the room, and introduced himself to us as the Judge. On our expressing great concern at interrupting them, the old Judge answered, in English, "In this country we help each other"; and, certainly, no better proof could have been given of the maxim. The room was a bed-room, and for the first time in our life we slept in a veritable Court of Assize. This gentleman we afterwards met at dinner at the Hardanger Hotel. He, no doubt, had the luxuries of a Norwegian gentleman at home; but, also like a true gentleman, he could rough it a bit when it was a matter of duty or humanity. It might be said that at Roldal the Judge had the best accommodation in the place, and though none, perhaps, but criminals about to be convicted and sentenced would begrudge her Majesty's Judges the best accommodation, still if any had to put up with anything approaching this, either in South Wales or elsewhere, we should never hear the end of it.—Yours truly, C. R. W.

Ashby-de-la-Zouch.

The proprietor of the Angel Hotel, Cardiff, writes to say, with regard to the accommodation provided for the judges on circuit at that hotel, that

Mr. Justice Stephen sent for the waiter, and expressed his satisfaction, and that of his brother judges, with the accommodation they had received, remarking upon the excellent situation and view. The only objection was to their having been lodged at an hotel instead of a private house. Will you kindly oblige by inserting a short paragraph in your next issue explaining the objection made by the judges?

I never can see why a prosecutor, after having caused the arrest and temporary incarceration of a criminal, should be consulted as to whether he wishes to proceed farther or not. At Marylebone police-court, for instance, George Smith was brought up, on his own confession, on a charge of obtaining money by false pretences from Major-General Gardiner. The General, at the first hearing, gave evidence which substantiated this confession, but, after a week, he elected not to have the prisoner sent to trial, and Mr. Mansfield discharged him. Now, it is obviously undesirable that a man's liberty should depend entirely upon the caprice of the person he defrauds, for the object of prosecutions of this nature is to protect the rest of the public. Moreover, at Portsmouth the other day, when a couple of artillerymen, whose battery had been ordered to India, wished to withdraw from a prosecution rather than miss the ship in which their comrades were about to sail, they were curtly informed by the magistrate that, unless they consented to be bound over to appear, they would be sent to gaol. The convenience of a Major-General must apparently be consulted at all hazards, but with private soldiers it is altogether another affair.

With regard to the following letter, my impression is that the public has no *locus standi* when cases are being investigated at night by an inspector. If a person is detained to answer a charge, that charge is made the next day in public, and before the magistrate :—

Sir,—Is a police-court in which a case is being heard open to the public? Between twelve and one this morning I was passing Vine-street Police-court, and, judging from the remarks of the crowd near the entrance, I concluded that there had been an excess of zeal or undue violence exercised by the police in "running-in" the individual whose case was being investigated by the night inspector. I and a friend entered, but were immediately told, in impolite language, that we could not remain unless we had business with the inspector. We said we wished to hear the case, and there was no crowd inside; but we were hustled out by a rough looking individual in a suit of brown check, who refused to give his name. He was giving orders to the constable at the door, so I presume he was an official. If the public has no legal status inside a police-court on such occasions I am ready to submit, but I do not think such is the case, and at any rate people who behave themselves have a right to expect civility from public servants. The reputation of the decisions of night inspectors is not very high, and by excluding the public the confidence in justice will certainly not be raised. I enclose my card, and remain, yours faithfully, Sigma.

A curious case was heard last week at the Halifax County-court. Mr. Edmund Strickland sought to recover twenty-one shillings for vaccinating two children of Mr. Walter Ackroyd. The defendant pleaded that Mr. Strickland had been accompanied by an unqualified practitioner, who cut the arms too deep. The decision was against the doctor, the Judge saying that if, as asserted, it is the practice of unqualified assistants to do this work, it is to be regretted, as it can only increase the agitation against compulsory vaccination.

"The Englishman named Leithbridge," who last June killed the Iceland owl in the Paris Jardin d'Acclimatation, and who has just been condemned in damages and heavily fined as well by the Tribunal of the Seine, must not be allowed to suppose that the extreme rarity, and consequent value, of the bird constituted the gravamen of the case against him. His brutality would have been as shameful, if not, perhaps, quite as notorious, had the creature so cruelly tormented to death by the cane of this British cad been the commonest owl that ever blinked from an ivy bush.

I am continually getting letters complaining of servants' registration offices. Many of these offices are little better than swindle-shops. Any one answering their advertisements is called upon to pay a preliminary fee, and then either a servant without a character, or no servant, is sent. At some of these offices one or two "servants in want of situations" are kept as decoys.

The authorities will be, perhaps, good enough to look after James Wood, No. 8, Clinton-road, Mile End-road, who is sending round circulars with tickets for the

Twenty-second Grand Annual Monster Christmas Distribution of 1,246 Gifts. The tickets cost sixpence each, and the "enterprise" is clearly a lottery, without the slightest guarantee, so far as I can perceive, of *bona fides*.

Mr. Moncure D. Conway writes :—

Dear Sir,—In Mr. Stuart Cumberland's letter (TRUTH, Oct. 9) he says, "Let both medium and subject be properly blindfolded, and thought-reading without contact would be impossible." But my own observation of these performances convinces me that if the "subject" alone is properly blindfolded, and turned round a few times, so as not to know the direction of the object he has hidden, the "medium" can never succeed. All this blindfolding of the "medium" is a mere diversion from the real crux of such an experiment. If a pin be really hidden, the "medium" is sufficiently blindfolded. The hider is the one to be blindfolded; if he cannot guide the "medium," the "medium" will never be guided.

As the silly season is over, I wonder at the *Times* publishing the letters of Mr. Donett Stone, and Mr. C. F. Dowsett, of Wandsworth, respecting gambling in railroad carriages. Between two asses it is not easy to assign the pre-eminence in asinine qualities; but I think that to C. F. Dowsett the prize ought to be awarded. A game of whist in a railway carriage, at which the sum of 2s. 3d. was lost and won, has called forth the indignant reprobation of these two moralists. According to Dowsett, youths, who know that whist is played at every Club-house in London, who must, unless they are hermits, have seen it played hundreds of times, and who read the odds against horses in forthcoming races every day in the newspapers, would have been honest, industrious citizens, had it not been that they espied four gentlemen playing at whist in a railway carriage.

These Donetts and Dowsetts fail to understand that persons who really work require some sort of relaxation, and that an occasional game of whist affords this relaxation by employing intelligence in a fresh channel. What do Donett and Dowsett do when travelling by railroad? Probably gaze aimlessly out of the window, or doze, or pester their neighbours with commonplace remarks. If gentlemen who travel together every day to and from their place of business prefer to wile away the tedium of the journey by playing together at whist, I regard them as sensible persons.

Mr. Simpson writes a letter in reply to the Donett-Dowsett trash, in which he says that whist is played by "bishops, priests, and deacons." "He could not support this," replies the polite Dowsett, "by evidence." I have not the slightest doubt that he could. The best whist-player with whom I ever had the pleasure to have a rubber was a dean, and I still remember with respectful admiration the masterly performances of this Churchman. But supposing that the clergy never do play at whist; what does this prove? Surely even Dowsett, of Wandsworth, must be aware that there are many things in themselves harmless which might be indecorous in a clergyman, but which are decorous when done by laymen.

That Mr. Simpson, however, should claim for himself and his friends the title of "respectable" is almost too much for Dowsett, and he indulges in cumbersome sneers at their respectability. What does this amount to? That in Dowsett's opinion no person who plays at whist is respectable, or that, respectable as it may be to play the game in private, it is wicked and reprehensible to play it in public. This latter is probably the Dowsett view. I take it that he is one of the Eleventh-Commandment men, and that "Thou shalt not be found out" is his scheme of morality. He has acquired for himself a nice little advertisement as a stern and severe moralist; and—as I wish the silly fellow no harm—I trust that this may be of use to him in his social relations at Wandsworth, and in his business relations, wherever he carries on his business.

A good suggestion :—

Would it not be possible, before the next year's Exhibition at South Kensington, to have the footpath leading by the grounds of the Natural History Museum roofed in with a light ornamental iron roof on pillars? A great number of people passing to the entrance-doors would thus be under shelter for a considerable way, and carriages could set down much more easily than at present, as they now have to wait until they are opposite the roofed-in portion of the path at the entrances to the building.

With the close of this month and the Healtheries, the managers of the Metropolitan and District Railways will, it may be hoped, find leisure to consider their ways, for the patience of the regular travellers by their lines must be well-nigh exhausted. For some weeks past the irregularities of the traffic have been disgraceful—a delay of half an hour on a journey of less than five miles having been no unusual occurrence—and the pretext that the arrangements for opening the Inner Circle were the cause has been only a partial excuse. There is, however, not even a partial excuse for the overcrowding of the carriages which is permitted, in fact almost encouraged, by the Companies' servants.

Sir Edward Watkin, who never misses an opportunity to boast of the wonderful safety with which his passengers are carried, seems to think that this makes up for want of attention to their comforts, and that, therefore, convenience may be dispensed with; but the time is coming when the public will insist on some great amelioration of the hardships to which they are needlessly subjected in the horrible middle passage of the sewers. It is merely a question of cost. Any one who pays at the rate of a penny or twopence a mile for one place in a compartment constructed to carry fourteen passengers is just as much entitled to have what he pays for, if he only travels for two or three miles on the Metropolitan Railway, as if he were going to travel two or three hundred miles on the Midland or North-Western Railway, and has no more right to be put off with the half of what he paid for on the one line than on the other. If the Railway Companies, like other stage-coach proprietors, were liable to a fine for carrying more than their registered number of passengers, the overcrowding of the carriages would be stopped at once.

LONDON is also indebted to the directors of the District Railway Company for a further addition to the charms of the Victoria Embankment. The somewhat severe beauty of the blowholes on the waste land adjoining the Temple has within the last few days or so been relieved by the introduction of a railway signal-box, the glass and timber roof of which, in all its native elegance, now caps the ventilator. As this particular blowhole is not on the public

portion of the Embankment, the public has, perhaps, no business to trouble itself about the use the company may put it to. I think, however, we have a right to ask Mr. Forbes and his colleagues why, if blowholes along the Embankment are an absolute necessity, it has been found advisable to practically stop up one of them at the very worst ventilated point in the whole line.

I am a strong advocate of temperance, and a local optionist; but I do not think that the cause is likely to gain by the exaggerations of its advocates. Sunderland is suffering from distress. This is due to a vast number of persons being thrown out of work. But Mr. James Laing, the shipbuilder, ascribes it to drink. And how does he prove this? He sets down the weekly wages paid to the Sunderland artisans in the shipbuilding and allied trades at an average of £1,122,222 per annum, and shows that the annual average received from these artisans by the Licensed Victuallers was £100,000. But shipbuilders receive fairly good wages. It might have been wiser on these facts had they put aside the one-twelfth of their wages which they have been spending in drink. That they could, however, afford this expenditure without either they or their families suffering is sufficiently proved by the fact that so long as shipbuilding throve, they did spend it, and yet did not suffer from distress, and that were they now receiving the amount of their former wages, minus that portion of it which went in drink, they would not be in distress.

The majority of the respectable people all the world over who are "moderate drinkers" came in for some very hard words at the meeting held under the Bishop of Exeter's presidency at Exeter Hall, last week. Dr. Richardson, in particular, seems to have resolved to atone for his confession to the vegetarians the other day, that he still hankered after the fleshpots, by being more severe than ever upon those who still hanker after the wine-cup, and moderate drinkers were described as "sirens sitting on the rocks of intemperance and luring the weak to their destruction." I am always sorry to hear this kind of immoderate language, because it has the effect not only of diverting the energies of some of the temperance reformers from more practical ends, but of setting a good many people against them altogether. After all, asceticism is not the Christian ideal; and, when the "moderate drinker" is lectured by bishops and others as if he were a reprobate, he may well ask whether the man who uses a thing without abusing it is not setting quite as good a "Christian example" as the ascetic abstainer.

Anent the Coffee Public Houses Company (in liquidation), I learn that when the properties were realised by the liquidator, a dividend of 1s. in the pound was paid to unsecured creditors, and that, possibly, they may receive a second shilling.

The Court of Common Council have shown their affection for the Farringdon Fish Market in a way that would have done credit to the House of Lords. They have resolved to let the market continue, but they have eliminated the only feature that was of any value. The point of the market, of course, was to break the Billingsgate monopoly by giving the consignors of fish an alternative market, and it was for this purpose ostensibly that the official salesman was set up at Farringdon. From the first, however, the Markets Committee supported this functionary in a very half-hearted way; they imposed restrictions, such as forbidding him for some time to break bulk till ten o'clock in the morning; and they refused to allow him to visit the fishing towns with a view to getting business. And now, although the market is to be continued, the official salesman is to be abolished, and the place will thus be merely a collection of retail fishmongers' shops, supplied probably from Billingsgate.

The Circumlocution Office is nothing to the Shoreditch Vestry. The sanitation of six small houses in the district was called in question at the meeting of the Vestry last week, and the officials triumphantly answered the charge of having done nothing by showing that correspondence had been going on with the owner of the property for the last eight years. Not that the activity of the officers had been confined to paper; on the contrary, whereas in 1876 there were eighteen inches of sewage in the kitchen of one of the houses, at the present time there are only twelve inches; so that the nuisance has been abated at the rate of almost an inch a year. The owner of the property is a member of the adjoining Vestry of Hackney, and as the Vestry of Shoreditch have not yet determined what action (if any) to take, the process of setting a vestryman to catch a vestryman does not seem to be quite so expeditious as it might be.

There are philanthropists who do their work quietly and unostentatiously, and others who proclaim their good deeds upon the housetops. Mr. Archibald Dobbs is not one of the latter class. His crusade against the Grand Junction Waterworks Co. is now over, and the report which he has just published would excuse even the most extravagant self-laudation. But Mr. Dobbs states his facts quietly and calmly, without any cock-crowing. What he has done, however, practically amounts to this: he has reduced the rental on which the Water Companies charged their rates from £35,026,577 to £28,990,289—a trifle of some six millions!

At Sheffield, where the "penny dinner" movement for Board School children is making good progress, a difficulty has arisen, owing to the inability of the Board to spend the ratepayers' money in providing tables and forms for the meals. The school furniture cannot be used for this purpose, for fear of damage from grease, &c. As it appears, however, that the Board is able and willing to provide rooms for dining in, there is no reason why private charity should not go a little further, and supply not only the food, but the tables to put it on.

A correspondent writes with reference to presents of game to hospitals:—

> In another fortnight people will be commencing to send game to hospitals "for the use of the patients." It is my firm belief that game so sent seldom gets beyond the medical staff. Last winter a servant of mine, who was seriously ill, went to the County Hospital, and remained there for several weeks. During that period I sent a present of pheasants for the patients, and many similar presents were sent by landowners in the county, in accordance with the usual custom. I asked my servant a few weeks afterwards whether he had been regaled on pheasant, and was rather disgusted to hear that not only had he not either tasted or even heard of the game, but that none of the patients on his (the surgical) side of the hospital had

at any time been given any, and I do not believe that those on the other "side" had been more fortunate. It ought to be distinctly understood that game so sent, or fruit or vegetables, is intended only for the patients, and the managers should now, at the beginning of the season, make it their business to impress the fact on the officials. It is a fraud both on the donor and on the patients for gifts of this sort to be quietly appropriated by greedy and unscrupulous functionaries.

One of those individuals who seem to think that the best way of making their names immortal is to write letters to the daily papers, has rushed into print for the purpose of asking whether it is "an ennobling occupation" for girls of tender years to carry sandwich-boards. Does this self-advertiser suppose for one moment that any one in his senses considers it an "ennobling" occupation for either man or woman? He might just as well ask the same question with regard to flower-hawking, match-selling, crossing-sweeping, or any other of the numerous occupations which enable the poorer classes to keep the wolf from the door.

A New York paper states that Mr. Vanderbilt has lost eight millions sterling during the last two years, principally through the disastrous speculations of his two sons. The "Commodore" left one million sterling to Cornelius Vanderbilt, and £400,000 to William K. Vanderbilt; but as they did not find their incomes sufficient for their style of living, they went in heavily for stock speculations, and having lost continually, their father has been obliged to assist them. It is added that "Vanderbilt is abundantly able to pay, inasmuch as he still has £30,000,000 of his father's fortune to back him." Nevertheless, however, "he has lately been hardly pinched for ready cash."

An alliterative head-line in the *New York Herald*, above an article on the contest for the Presidency, is thus worded: "Butler's blasted boom busted by brag."

The banquet given to Lord Dufferin in Belfast on Wednesday evening, the Mayor, Sir David Taylor, presiding, was successful and sociable. As an after-dinner speaker Lord Dufferin is second to none. Few of his countrymen have kissed their native "Blarney-stone" to more advantage. The feat of the evening, however, was the proposing of and replying to the toast of "Prosperity to Ireland," coupled with the name of the Lord-Lieutenant. It requires no exceptionally vivid imagination to picture, amidst the war of conflicting opinions in Ireland, the delicate nature of the task, and its strong demand on personal tact.

Mr. A. M. Sullivan's death has furnished to the English Press an opportunity for an infinite number of articles contrasting the Irishmen of '48 with the Irishmen of '84, very much to the disadvantage of the latter. Mr. Sullivan—it is discovered, now that he is dead, though no one ever suspected it before—was of the '48 as distinguished from the '84 school of Irish politicians. So when Mr. Parnell departs this life, the world will doubtless be told that he was—

> A generous—if somewhat sentimental—enthusiast, a patriot of a pure, if rather unpractical, type, whose aspirations always secured the respect of Englishmen, though his methods might not invariably command the approval of our more cautious and cool-blooded race.

And when Mr. Healy goes over to the majority, I expect, if I survive him, to read something to this effect:—

> Timothy Healy was emphatically a politician of the *vieille école*; essentially, and before all things, a courtier. In the list of Ireland's worthies, Healy stands next to St. Patrick. Between the character of Ireland's patron saint and that of the late lamented member for Monaghan there is indeed a close and touching resemblance.

As a matter of fact, however, the difference between the '48 men and the men of '84 is just this:—The men of '48 may have meant business, but they did not understand business. Now the men of '84 both mean it and understand it. The men of '48 wrote some very good poetry; but they did not know bookkeeping or the ways of the world. The Parnellites are not poets, but, on the other hand, they are emphatically what your poet so seldom is, wide-awake. Poetry plus cabbage-garden is, doubtless, the form of Irish disaffection most popular in this country. But in Ireland people are beginning to think that there is a good deal to be said for prose plus success.

The idea of an Orange newspaper in Ireland is that any one who does not show due honour to the Queen's Representative outside Ulster is a "dastardly rebel," and that any one who does so inside Ulster is rather worse than a dastardly rebel. During the recent visit of Lord Spencer to the South of Ireland the people, for reasons best known to themselves, did not receive him effusively. For this crime the *Belfast News Letter* rained down denunciations on their heads. Unfortunately however, for this newspaper, a correspondence between its proprietors and one of its contributors has been published, by which it would appear that what is wicked in a Nationalist is a virtue in an Orangeman. Here is the correspondence:—

From the Proprietors of the *Belfast News Letter* to Rev. W. C. M'Cullagh, Ballysillan.

I must request you to discontinue your service in a month from the present date. Against the spirit of our paper, you made yourself conspicuous during the recent visit of the Lord-Lieutenant to our town. You have only yourself to blame for this—
Yours truly, (Signed) James Henderson.

Ballysillan Manse, June 25, 1884.

Sir,—I am in receipt of your vulgar slip of paper. Had you the audacity to imagine that the aged Presbyterian Minister of Ballysillan was ready, like a crouching hound, to obey the lash of the Episcopal mountebank of Christ Church? And had you the insolence to suppose that for the sake of the salary I was receiving from you I was bound, at your bidding, to surrender my independence as a Presbyterian and my loyalty as a citizen? Thank God, my spirit has not descended to the level of yours, and that I do not belong to that class who "write for food and feed because they write." (Signed)
James Henderson, Esq. W. C. M'Cullagh.

Nothing, perhaps, has so much diminished of late years as the political influence of London newspapers outside London. One reason is that their editors live in a London atmosphere, and that this atmosphere is so foggy that they seldom see beyond it; another reason is that each locality has now its own newspapers, which are ably conducted, and which, so far as newspapers can, lead local public opinion. In days gone by everything political was decided by the action of London clubs, London cliques, and London salons, and the newspaper which could mirror their collective opinion could pronounce with considerable authority upon the course of events. At present, however, the most important political leader is the man who, instead of endeavouring to force either his views or London views upon the country, finds out what the country wants, and

brings it within the area of practical politics. Mr. Gladstone owes his popularity to having realised this. He is hated in London, and yet he is the most powerful Minister of modern times.

The *Dundee Advertiser* publishes a letter from Mr. Chamberlain, respecting certain misrepresentations of Mr. Mallock. Says Mr. Chamberlain :—

> The Grub-street hacks, who in former times lived by libelling political personages, never perpetrated a greater outrage on literary propriety than that which Mr. Mallock has avowedly committed.

I have just been looking over a bill of a Conservative demonstration, held last month at Aylesbury, and it is a curious specimen of what these gatherings really are. The following are the inducements set forth :—

"The Aylesbury Town Band."
"Balloon Ascents during the afternoon."
"An Al Fresco Dance." "A First-rate Quadrille Band."
"A Brilliant Display of Fireworks."
"Refreshments of all kinds, including tea."
"Swings." "Cocoa-nut Throwing." "Shooting-Galleries."
"Every other amusement calculated to entertain the public."
"Special trains at picnic rates."

In the midst of all these varied amusements, there is a statement that "several members of Parliament and other gentlemen will give addresses in the Conservative interest." The demonstration can hardly be said to have been a public one, for it is announced that "police-officers will be stationed at various parts of the ground, and no person will be allowed to enter without a ticket. Any one found on the grounds without a ticket will be immediately expelled."

Could anything be more egregiously silly and ridiculous than the "regret" in the *Spectator*, that Sir Theodore Martin, with his close relation to the Queen, should have taken part in a political demonstration, as "his office" ought to impose the silence observed by permanent chiefs of departments? Sir Theodore Martin holds no "office" of any sort or kind, and his "close relation" to Her Majesty consists in his having completed the "Life" of the Prince Consort, which was commenced by Sir Arthur Helps, and his having subsequently "edited" the Queen's last book, and revised the letters of Princess Alice for the English press. It is surely rather hard if such work is to disqualify a man from taking part in a political controversy. I hardly suppose that any one cares whether he is in favour of the House of Lords or against it, but in either case there can be no sort of objection to his saying so either to Welsh or to any other human beings.

How the *Spectator* would have screeched if, a few years ago, when Lord Beaconsfield was in power, the Tories had attempted to raise a cry against Sir Henry Ponsonby, the Queen's excellent private secretary, on the ground of his being a Liberal, and an avowed admirer and supporter of Mr. Gladstone! Everybody knows, moreover, who knows anything about the matter, that at Llangollen Sir Theodore Martin was speaking in the most direct opposition to the views held by the Queen, who is entirely on the side of the Ministry, and whose most anxious wish is to bring about a reasonable compromise.

I announced some time ago that Mr. James Finlayson, of Merchistoun, would be the Liberal candidate for Renfrewshire at the next General Election. The Renfrewshire Liberal Committee have just nominated him formally, and it is very generally believed that, in view of this selection, the Conservatives will not contest the county. Mr. Finlayson is a sound Liberal, and he has the additional merit of being the direct employer of some three thousand men and women.

Mr. Story-Maskelyne was asked to second the Address, but was unable to do so, owing to his absence in America.

Lord Kimberley and Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice will represent the Ministry at the Anchor dinner at Bristol, on Colston's Day.

Mr. Albert Grey says that if the Peers had sent down the Franchise Bill with his amendment last July, great pressure would have been brought upon the Government to accept it as amended, and that several of the influential Radicals below the gangway would have urged the Government to pass the Bill. Mr. Grey refrains from stating the names of those influential Radicals; this I regret, for I should like to know them. So far as I could gather, all influential Radicals were entirely opposed to the suggested amendment, which would have handed the Liberal party over to the Conservatives, bound hand and foot.

The Birmingham Conservatives are remarkable beings. The Secretary of their chief association is denouncing the Chief Constable of Warwickshire because he declined to place a body of Warwickshire police under the orders of the Committee of this association. What next?

Carlyle's fierce and almost brutal attacks upon Mr. Gladstone will delight the hearts of the Tories, and of course they will be quoted in all their journals. But will the Conservative papers be equally ready to quote the dyspeptic sage's opinion on the House of Lords? Here it is: "O Bull, were I [in your place, I would try to get other Peers, or else abolish the concern—which latter, indeed, by your acquiescence in such nominations, and by many other symptoms, I judge to be unconsciously your fixed intention."

At the great Liberal demonstration at Bristol on Saturday, the motto on one of the flags very neatly combined the pious and the humorous—"The Lords will be done."

On the whole, I think that the best speech which has been made on the political situation is that which was delivered by Mr. Shaw Lefevre at Bristol. I have never seen the grounds for the action of the Government and the reasons against the action of the Peers more clearly or more cogently put.

Had Lord Salisbury been wise, he would have closed with Lord Hartington's offer of compromise, for in this case the Liberal party would have been disintegrated, owing to the resignation of some of Lord Hartington's colleagues.

I question whether the majority in the Lords against the Franchise Bill will be materially decreased. A good many

Tory thanes would be exceedingly glad to keep away, for they are aware that if not Lords they would be nothing, and they are happy and contented as gilded dummies; but the strongest efforts are being made by the leading Conservatives to keep the rank-and-file up to the mark, and these efforts will probably be successful, because few Tory Peers will care to risk the odium of being termed deserters.

Mr. Chamberlain, too, has made two capital speeches in Wales. When he said that we must end the system under which we Liberals live on the sufferance of Tory Peers, and when he pointed out that any compromise would be to lay our liberties at the feet of a club of Tory landlords, he fully expressed the views of all those Liberals of whose opinions he, more than any other man, is the representative in the Cabinet.

Some choice samples of Tory orations were delivered last week to the electors of Newton-Stewart by Sir Herbert Maxwell and Sir John Hay. The former baronet described Mr. Chamberlain as a "political drunkard;" and the latter alluded to Mr. Gladstone as a "cackling old goose." Invective of this description is, without doubt, deplorably wanting in finish.

Lord Penzance, the former Judge of the Divorce Court, has come forward to protest against any divorce between the Lords and the People being decreed. His letter, published in the *Times* last week, is a lawyer's letter, and he most conclusively proves that, according to the text of the law, the Lords have a perfect right to throw out a Bill which has passed the Commons.

According to the text of that same law, the Queen has an equal right to refuse her assent to a Bill which has passed both the Lords and the Commons. Yet no one would say that she has this right except in theory.

If, says Lord Penzance, the Lords do not stick to their guns, they will abnegate their legislative functions, and "Mr. Barry's gilded chamber will be little better than a sort of Old London street, with a live Peer on the woolsack, looking for all the world as if he were really legislating." Precisely. I entirely agree with his Lordship. There may be some of us who do not think it worth while to waste time in abolishing the House of Lords, provided that they are prepared to consider their chamber an old rookery, in which they harmlessly caw. What all of us have made up our minds to is, that if they scratch as well as caw we will have none of it. Lord Penzance must himself admit that the majority in the House of Lords is an hereditary Conservative majority, and that it would not be a majority were it not for the votes of men who have given no evidence of political intelligence, and who are without political experience. How, then, can party Government be carried on, if the Conservative leader is to use this majority in order to acquire power, whenever the country has decided that power is to be entrusted to the Liberals?

I hate shams. I can easily understand able Conservative Peers, who would remain statesmen, objecting to being lay figures in a sort of Madame Tussaud exhibition of the British aristocracy. But if they do object, why do they not themselves induce the Lords to abdicate with a good grace a position which is either absurd or which brings them into conflict with the country? Would not Lord Salisbury, Lord Cairns, and many other Conservative Peers be more important factors were they in the House of Commons than they are now? As for the present issue, much has been spoken and written about it. And yet it may be summed up in a few words. A compromise means a surrender, and therefore no compromise is possible. The question therefore is, Whether the House of Lords is to yield to the House of Commons, or the House of Commons to the House of Lords? If in this struggle the Lords stand by their order, are not the Commons right to stand by their order?

And, in the main, they do. Without ascribing too much importance to great gatherings, it is obvious that the Lords have entirely failed to gain over the people. They have given picnics in their parks, they have endeavoured to debauch the electors with "bread and circus" entertainments. Lords have condescended to explain what excellent persons they are, and how they care for nothing and think of nothing but the welfare of those who are not Lords. Sycophants and servile creatures have rained down blessings on their heads, and every petty politician who hopes to get a place if the Tories acquire power has been stumping the country. And yet what has been the result? Absolutely *nil*. On the other hand, the Liberal meetings have been more numerous, more largely attended, and more genuine, and at not one of these meetings when a resolution has been put to abolish the House of Lords has it been negatived. Whilst the leading Tories have been spurring their supporters on, the leading Liberals have been holding in their supporters,—so much so, indeed, that if they do not show themselves more in unison with their supporters, they stand a very good chance of sharing in the fate of the Lords. The strength of the Tories is not indeed their own strength, but the weakness of those of the Liberal leaders who are secretly their allies, and it is precisely on this that Lord Salisbury counts for victory.

At the commencement of the French Revolution, certain of the nobility incited their hangers-on to insult and maltreat those who were in favour of reform. The sheep, however, defended themselves against the wolves, and, before the revolution was over, turned the tables on them. This same advice has been given by Lord Randolph Churchill to the clerks and the Tory mashers of Birmingham who love a lord. Let me hope—for the sake of his young friends—that it will not be followed. Probably, however, he would have them hire roughs, and not soil their own hands with anything so vulgar as a Radical's head. These hired roughs are, it would seem, to invade all meetings addressed by Mr. Bright or Mr. Chamberlain, to storm the platform, and either to murder or to maul the speakers. And this is the outcome of Tory Democracy! I always thought that it meant something of the kind.

And why is this militant counsel given? Because the electors of Birmingham refused to allow an odious trick to be palmed off upon the country. If Tories call a meeting,

give tickets to all comers, and then station roughs at the door to refuse admittance to Liberals who have tickets, in order that they may be able to assert that they carried their resolutions at an open meeting, they really cannot be surprised at energetic action being taken to defeat this fraud. I see that many newspapers regret what happened at Birmingham. I, too, regret that the Conservatives should have obliged the Liberals to have recourse to exceptional measures, but I congratulate the Birmingham Liberals upon not having shirked action when it was forced on them.

It would not surprise me were we to see somewhat rough times when the Lords throw out the Franchise Bill for the second time. The people are still in good humour, because they cannot bring themselves to believe that twenty or thirty hereditary nonentities, whose very names are unknown to them, can possibly have the assurance to pit themselves against Mr. Gladstone with the country at his back. The impudence of these worthy gentlemen is indeed so astounding that it is incredible. If, however, they persevere in wrong-doing, the consequences may be serious. James II. was legally in the right in exercising his dispensing power, but when he attempted to do so, he soon had to run for his life. So, too, as Mr. Bright observed, had the Irish landlords, when they were under the illusion that they could levy the crushing rents to which they were by law entitled.

There are occasions when plain simple people are apt to fall back upon first principles. Our ancestors made short work with Monarchs who endeavoured to force their will on the nation, and they did not exactly do this in order that a few irresponsible nonentities should play the same game. The smug editors of London newspapers; the gossips in London clubs and drawing-rooms; the young lordlings and their henchmen who address electors at ticket meetings and in private parks; and the owners of these parks who eat, drink, shoot, hunt, and are merry, have about as much notion of the indignation which only awaits a spark in order to break forth into flame, as the fatted oxen before Christmas of what is likely to befall them.

Says Mr. Chesson, the Secretary of the South African Committee :—

All the anarchy and bloodshed in Bechuanaland have arisen in consequence of the struggle between Montsioa and Moshette for the paramount chieftainship of the Baralongs, and of Moshette having been set up by President Burgers on false pretences for the purpose of introducing elements of strife into the country, Montsioa being the true claimant for the position.

Replies Mr. C. B. Clark :—

If Mr. Chesson will turn to the Bloemhof Arbitration Blue Book, he will find at page 138 the evidence of Moroka, the chief of all the Baralongs in the Orange Free State. Moroka stated, "Moshette is the head of all." Mongola, at page 141, says, "Moshette is the present paramount chief;" and at page 270 Molema admitted Moshette's claim for paramountcy.

Mr. Forster and his friends would have us engage in a war to settle this question. And yet what can it possibly signify to us whether Montsioa or Moshette is the paramount chief of the Baralongs, and whether Moroka, Molema, and Mongola are right or wrong in their view of the matter?

North of the Cape Colony is a debateable land. To the north of this is the Transvaal. In this debateable land Boer settlers and Cape settlers endeavour to get farms without paying for them, and to use the natives for their purposes. Between the rivals there is very little to choose. But when the Cape settlers get the worst of it, they at once clamour for aid from us. Let them go to the Cape Colony for this aid. If the Cape Colony cannot hold its own against the Boers in this debateable land, so much the worse for them; but this is no reason why we should pull the chestnuts out of the fire for them.

The report of Colonel Duncan fully confirms all that I have suggested with respect to the evacuation of the Soudan. The number of refugees passed through Assouan have been 2,138. Of these the men and boys were 1,176, and the women and girls 960; the number of civilians, including the families of officers and soldiers, was 1,799. Amongst the refugees there were a good many merchants, some Copts, some schoolmasters, a few European priests with their converts, and some prisoners released by Gordon at Khartoum. "The number of soldiers would have been greater had it not been necessary for his Excellency Gordon Pasha to recall from Berber all the men who had started for Egypt Proper, and who were fit for service."

It would seem, then, that every man, woman, and child who wished to leave Khartoum was able to do so, and that, of course, the garrison might have gone too, had not Gordon prevented it.

Gordon, therefore, notwithstanding his orders to evacuate Khartoum, deliberately retained the Egyptian soldiers there, with a view to carry out his own policy of "smashing the Mahdi." If Power's latest telegrams are to be credited, this remarkable General has established himself in Khartoum as a sort of Adullam cave, and having bought slaves and converted them into soldiers, is inciting the Soudanese to assassinate the Mahdi, whilst he himself is sending out steamers to bombard the towns in the neighbourhood.

Government is fully aware of these facts, but, having so lauded Gordon, and themselves for selecting him, is afraid to call attention to them. Had Gordon obeyed his instructions, we should have been richer by several million pounds (£10,000,000, I see, is the latest estimate), there would have been no expedition, and a considerable number of Soudanese, of Egyptians, and of Englishmen who are now dead would be alive. I really have no patience with this Christian hero, and still less with those who, being in possession of their senses, insist that it is high treason to protest against his pernicious folly.

I have received £1 from H. E. Goldschmidt towards the fund for providing toys for the poor children in the London hospitals and workhouses at Christmas-time.

Screens, with tea-cup shelf on each fold, from 21s. A large variety of screens in Japanese leather paper, needlework, stained glass, and hand-painted in all sizes and styles.—C. Hindley & Sons, 290 to 294, Oxford-street, London.

SCRUTATOR.

HAMLET.

TWO thoughts traversed my brain as I sat last Thursday in a stall in the Princess's Theatre. My first thought was, What a difference there is between the utterances of genius and those of the clever flies who buzz about for a day or two, and then vanish. Through how many great political issues has "Hamlet" held its own; how many eminent politicians have shouted and fretted since it was first produced, and who cares what they said, what they did, and what they thought? We are now in the midst of a franchise excitement. The newspapers are full of long-winded speeches of this or that fly, and of articles commenting upon these speeches, as though each word of them were a pearl of great price. One hundred years hence, the speeches, the articles, and the very question which called forth all this flow of words will be forgotten, and yet people will probably be crowding to see "Hamlet," admiring it, and commenting upon it.

My second thought was this: When I saw the poor silly Polonius, the man of small brain, solemn carriage, and narrow prejudices, I wondered how it was that a sane nation, in the enjoyment, as it supposes, of self-government, could allow about fifty Polonii to have and exercise power to frustrate and set at nought the national will. As it is not clear what was the precise period when Hamlet's father reigned, we cannot tell what the policy of Denmark then happened to be. But if he was such a man as Shakespeare describes, we may, I think, assume that he did not submit his councils to the arbitrament of a number of hereditary Polonii.

Mr. Wilson Barrett told his audience at the end of the play, that five-and-twenty years ago he had sat, a dirty little boy, in the gallery of the Princess's Theatre, when he had seen Kean act Hamlet. On emerging from the theatre he registered two vows: one, to become manager of the theatre; two, to play Hamlet in it. The double vow showed his precocious intelligence, as the only way for an actor to play the Prince of Denmark is for him to be the manager of a theatre. To be an actor and to burn with a desire to be Hamlet are one and the same thing. The latter is the marshal's bâton which is to be found in the scanty store of every supernumerary that walks upon a stage. As he strolls along the streets he mutters the "To be or not to be;" before the broken bit of looking-glass in his garret he rehearses scene after scene, and in his fancy sees himself arrayed in a suit of black, enthralling audiences by his outbursts of passion and by the dignity of his demeanour. And yet Hamlet is probably one of the easiest of all important stage parts to play, because it requires no creative talent on the part of the actor, for it has been performed so often, and discussed so often, that every kind of "business" in connection with it has been tested again and again. Moreover, the situations themselves are so dramatic that it may be said to play itself, if it be in the hands of an actor with intelligence enough to understand it, with some elocutionary skill, and who has mastered the mechanical details of acting. Unfortunately, however, actors are not inclined to let well alone. They feel that they ought to play Hamlet as it has never been played before, and that they ought to give some new rendering of the character. If they are unable to do this, they depend upon new readings of the text, or new arrangements of the scenery and stage properties. The play, therefore, is, as generally acted, overladen with minor details, and the public are led astray to discuss whether Hamlet should have a blond or a black wig, what the colour and the cut of his coat ought to be, whether his father's picture should be hanging round his neck or against the wall, whether he ought to sit or stand and where he ought to sit or stand, and whether he should repeat a line as it is in one text or in another; whilst generally there is a dismal and formal solemnity thrown over the entire play that entirely precludes all light and shade, and which renders it most insufferably wearisome to an audience.

The great merit of the "Hamlet" of the Princess's Theatre is that it is a sensible and unpretentious rendering of the play as we may imagine Shakespeare intended it to be acted, or rather as he would have wished it to be acted had he lived in our days. The scenery is magnificent, and the dresses are striking; and as I believe Mr. Godwin is responsible for them, they are, no doubt, archæologically correct. Hamlet is—as he ought to be—an unformed youth, a fair scholar, of amiable rather than of brilliant qualities. When the Ghost tells him of the cause which deprived his father of life, and urges him to avenge it, the task is too much for him. He is bold in words and intent, but when it comes to action he collapses. He is not absolutely mad, but his mind is unhinged, and amongst his silly pretexts to avoid action and yet to appear to be bent on it, he shams absolute madness. In portraying this complicated and uncertain character, Mr. Barrett is successful. His elocution is natural, and he converses rather than makes speeches. There is an entire absence of theatrical conventionality in his gestures and in his mien, and one sees Hamlet rather as he might have been in the Danish castle than as we are accustomed to him on the stage. Miss Eastlake is a good deal better as Ophelia than I had anticipated. She restrains to a considerable extent the nervous exuberance of her movements. As the persecuted heroine of London suburbs she was too much of Ophelia, but this stands her in good part when she has to play the character. No doubt her straight, waistless dresses were correct, but they were so unbecoming that I should think they will prove useful in exploding the æsthetical craze. The King models his mien upon the remark that a man may smile and yet be a villain. He is, in fact, a comic Monarch; he entirely lacks dignity, and grins over his misdeeds and the vagaries of his son-in-law as though he thoroughly enjoyed them. Miss Leighton looks exceedingly handsome as the Queen, and one could more easily understand the strong measures which the King had taken to replace her first husband in her affections than when the part is played by an elderly lady. She fails, however, to make anything out of the closet scene. Laertes and the Gravedigger are especially good.

I see that the newspapers commend the fencing scene. As fencing, it is very bad; indeed, Hamlet and Laertes

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Goode's Depôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

seem to have mistaken singlestick for fencing. The art of defence at the latter is to keep the foil touching that of the adversary, except when lunging. Instead of this, the combatants are perpetually striking their foils against each other. If any one in a real combat with a skilful fencer were to do this, he would at once be run through.

The attitude of the audience amused me. Most of them evidently regard a play of Shakespeare as a religious ceremony, and would see nothing incongruous in its being performed in Cathedrals on Sunday afternoons. If there was a laugh, there was at once an indignant hush from a hundred throats.

Personally, I shall be glad when Mr. Barrett, having fulfilled his vow, goes back to melodrama. The best of plays palls upon the appetite when it has been witnessed frequently, and I have seen Hamlet performed a considerable number of times. But admitting that we want a stage version of this play just now, the performance at the Princess's adequately fulfils that want, and those who either have never seen the play, or who, having done so, wish to see it again, would do well to take this opportunity to gratify their wish.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

Although Saturday was a brilliantly fine day, the Crystal Palace opening concert was by no means well attended. It is really very difficult to say what will draw. Here was Brahms's splendid Third Symphony, a comparative novelty, superbly played by the first classical orchestra in England, under one of the best conductors. Here was Madame Valleria, a most effective opera-singer, and a new violinist of good calibre, Theodor Werner, who played from Beethoven and Ernst. What more could be wanted or expected? And yet one glance at the galleries was enough to see that it couldn't pay. The attempt to create a steady and reliable market for these choice Saturday Concerts has been an up-hill struggle, and it has always been complained by the management that good music at the Palace, with the one exception of the Handel Festivals, has been carried on and kept up at a financial loss. Brock's fireworks and Leotard, in fact, have to pay for Brahms and Schubert. As violinists go, Mynheer Werner is not remarkable. He played Beethoven's concerto very well, but I prefer Carrodus's reading—he has more breadth and more tone; and I also prefer the bravura cadenza which Carrodus uses to Joachim's cadenza played by Werner. Joachim's cadenza, though structurally ingenious, seems to me to go off at the end, and to join on to Beethoven's fabric by a weak seam; but Werner played it in a masterly way—so masterly that I felt I should like to hear him again in a smaller room. When quite at his ease, he may develop qualities which I at present don't altogether give him credit for; an occasional defect in purity of intonation seemed to indicate nervousness. But we are sadly in want of new solo violinists. Now Wieniawski and Vieuxtemps are dead, and Alard has retired, there is no one left but Joachim, Sarasate, Néruda, and Carrodus. Next Saturday, at the Crystal Palace, we are to have Mdlle. Kleeberg, a new pianiste. Edward Lloyd is to sing, and Schubert's "C Symphony" is to be given.

I hear that Bottesini will soon be over here again, to make a tour in the provinces. I hope he will not shun the capital.

MORE BEAUTY.

One cannot very well exhaust such a topic as the forthcoming Beauty-Show in Paris by discussing the claims of a number of women who have been distinctly ugly, though fascinating. My Paris correspondent pretty well covered that suggestive ground last week. The kind of beauty which comes from graces of character or mental gifts is probably not the sort which will commend itself to the Paris judges for a beauty-show, simply because at such a show it can hardly be shown.

But, stay! the details have not yet leaked out. The committee have not yet issued their full rules. I wonder quite as much how the committee has been formed as how the beauties will be chosen. I am told that our Royal Academicians have a rather rough and perplexing time of it when it comes to their turn to select the female models for the Academy students. It is even whispered that some have shirked the delicate and difficult task altogether; but what is their task? what was the task of Zeuxis himself, who only had to paint into his one ideal woman bits of all the most beautiful Greeks he could find, compared to the invidious office of excluding from the great "Garden of Girls" hundreds, perhaps thousands, of pretty creatures, whose parents may be poor, dowries *nil*, and who may have come hundreds of miles, on the strength of an approved photograph, and then missed being even "placed"? Of course, all can't get the prize, which is a magnificent diamond necklace; but to be "placed" at all would, no doubt, ensure several offers of marriage, and each young lady might have a plate, or tray, or pillar-box by her side to receive the cards or letters of would-be suitors.

Punch said, at the time of the Exhibition of '51, that Spiers & Pond's young ladies all married French Dukes or Marshals, and, like many of *Punch's* wittiest jokes, there was truth at the bottom of it. The fact is, *vis-à-vis* the relation of the sexes, man requires fixing—his attention must be arrested—a woman requires to be seen; she must have a chance. Women are quite alive to this. In this overcrowded age, hundreds of pretty girls never get their chance, and they often end by throwing themselves away in more ways than one. Beauty has a very definite value in the marriage lottery; but girls cannot hit upon a market. Find one for them, and their own charms may be trusted for the rest. But how many bloom almost unseen, and waste their fragrance, &c.? They may live in a small way, see no company, be too closely watched by mamma and papa, and waste and pine year after year; but no one comes along, and they cannot hunt for themselves. Some modified form of the old Babylonian marriage market is much needed nowadays. It is all nonsense to say that women are shy of exhibiting themselves. Provide them with a "*modus* exhibition," smooth the way, make it respectable, "the thing," or something recognised, and they will be ready enough, poor neglected dears! More than one of the Academicians have assured me that

I certainly recommend Mr. & Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most just and liberal purchasers of Cast-off Clothes, Jewellery, and every description of property. They punctually keep appointments, and remit P.O.O. for articles per return.

Sanitary Inspection.—Fee, 2 Guineas. Improvement works undertaken. The Sanitary Engineering Co., 115, Victoria-st., Westminster.

quantities of girls of the utmost respectability are only too eager to be models. Some apply who are "quite like ladies."

Then, as to any excessive prudery, look at our ball-rooms and bazaars. What is the difference between a row of bazaar stalls, with a pretty woman behind each counter, and a beauty-show, I should like to know? Of the two, if either be considered indelicate, the bazaar is the more so. The beauty-show is really far more impersonal and ideal—no acting about—you are simply there to be seen, as you are in the streets, or at dinner, or in church, or at a ball; seen because you are thought delightful and desirable, and because a thing of beauty is a joy for ever! At a bazaar you are forced to act about; at a ball you must flirt just a little; at church you are not, or ought not to be seen at too great advantage; in the streets you can't really be properly seen, and to be stared at or followed is to be affronted. There seems nothing for it but a beauty show, after all, and the avoidance of indelicacy is simply a question of detail.

The thing itself—the exhibition of girls' charms—exists all over the world in some form or other. Mothers are anxious for opportunities; girls do not really object. The fancy fair, or ball for hospitals and missions, throws the *ægis* of philanthropy and religion over what is really an entirely secular transaction—a sort of a beauty-show, in fact; and, from all I hear, the cleverness and good taste of our lively neighbours are going to be equal to the organisation of their more downright exhibition on terms satisfactory to every respectable class of the community. There is one idea which I should like to see borrowed from Mr. Long's famous picture of the "Marriage Market." There the row of beauties went steadily off—beginning with the loveliest, and ending with one apparently so frightful that she deemed it advisable to hide her face, and only show her arms and neck, which were, if I remember rightly, good. I would not allow repulsiveness to be carried so far; but it would add greatly to the attractiveness of the Paris show if there were first, second, and third classes. Of course, any beauties who objected to travelling into notoriety third-class would have the opportunity of retiring from the contest; but the interest, the excitement, the discussion, and general subject-matter for reflection and contemplation would be greatly increased by thus extending the field of observation.

Upon my word, I have grown altogether serious. I do not see why every town should not have its beauty-show of respectable girls of all classes, as every village used to have its May Queen. Much of our Puritanical squeamishness has worn off of late—some people think a little too much; but we must always remember that with fiery steeds—and the fundamental instincts are fiery steeds—when the rein is drawn unnaturally tight, there is as much danger as when the rein is too slack. To deny that people of both sexes and of all ages care about pretty women, or to say that it is wicked to take pleasure in the sight of a beautiful face, is mere affectation. Why do people go to see Mary Anderson or Mrs. Langtry? Not because they can act, but because they are pretty. Were either of them as plain as was Rachel, or as old as is Mdme. Ristori, no one would go near them. Why do we like tableaux vivants? Because pretty women are to be seen there, and may be positively stared at without offence. No, there is a lot of humbug about the contemplation of, and, I will add, legitimate delight in, female beauty, as if only a "Peeping Tom" here and there ever really looked straight at a fair form, or as if a beautiful woman necessarily resented admiration, and was embittered and humiliated to think that she could give so much pleasure by simply allowing her lovely face to be seen. Jenny Lind, in her prime, was never what could be called beautiful; but crowds loved to look upon her face; and when she came on to the stage, and stood waiting silently until the storm of applause which always greeted her appearance subsided, she was in the habit of turning first to the left and then to the right, simply to allow every one to have the pleasure of a good stare. They had paid their money almost as much for that as for the songs, and she was resolved that none should be defrauded, as far as she was concerned. No one thought the gracious and unaffected act anything but one more artless manifestation of a simple and beautiful character.

Beauty has a kind of Royalty of its own. If we acknowledge this by trotting out our girl-queens at fancy fairs, and inviting them to pose in drawing-room tableaux, whilst the French say the thing out boldly and advertise "Beauty-Show,"—what is the difference? In Venice and Rome, in the days of Titian and Raphael, a woman of any rank, even Grand Duchesses, thought it a privilege, almost a duty, to place their beauty at the disposal of the great painters. Like any other distinguished personal gift, they seemed to feel that the world had a sort of claim to it, and I do not see why, in the great Republic of Art, there should not be a feeling similar to this. Only I would, in the beauty-show, have rank and position adhered to, as far as it belonged to the style of person or was characteristic of her special beauty. I would not dress a peasant like a countess, but I would get a beautiful countess to sit at a beauty-show if I could, just on the principle that she allows me to buy her photograph, or to see her pose for a charity in any other way, if I choose to pay. If a charity is benefited by her sitting at a *concours de beauté* for an hour or so on certain days, what does she more than other ladies of high rank who have been willing to sit in the public streets behind boxes on Hospital Saturday? You may say that this is mixing charity, personal display, and interested motives all up together. I reply, "'Tis but 'the mixture as before;' it may be sweetened differently, but the essence remains the same."

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—"Our Marquis."

By a Long-suffering Tory Peer.

WHO, by his tyrannous oppression
And obstinate and proud aggression,
Has really caused this Autumn Session?—
Our Marquis.

Who made us vote against the Bill,
And thus defy the people's will?
Who wants to keep us stubborn still?—
Our Marquis.

Who, much against our inclination,
Forced us to take to "demonstration,"
And foster outdoor dissipation?—
OUR MARQUIS.

Who goaded us by his remarks
To let off fireworks in our parks,
And let in 'Arry, with his "larks"?—
OUR MARQUIS.

Who, too, with malice so prepense,
Made us attempt our own defence,
In feeble words and weaker sense?—
OUR MARQUIS.

Who, in his arrogance and pride,
Brings us to town this autumn-tide,
Decided facts to re-decide?—
OUR MARQUIS.

Who spoils our sport, upsets our plans,
And trips to Cannes or Carthage bans,
Whilst popular disgust he fans?—
OUR MARQUIS.

Who takes the time we would allot
To gun and game, to moor or yacht,
To waste it in abortive plot?—
OUR MARQUIS.

Who, 'stead of pheasants, gives us fog
Debate in place of horse and dog,
And "Whips" us when our streams we'd flog?—
OUR MARQUIS.

Who class 'gainst class insanely sets
With his "Elizabethan" threats
And "Burleigh-nods" and epithets?—
OUR MARQUIS.

Who, knowing we are somewhat dull,
And slow of speech, and thick of skull,
Has found it easy us to gull?—
OUR MARQUIS.

But who, though he our pleas may spurn,
Will find, ere we again adjourn,
That even Tory worms will turn?—
OUR MARQUIS.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE EXTINCTION OF THE BRUNSWICK GUELPHS.

THE death, or rather fading out, of the late aged Duke of Brunswick has ended the elder branch of the House of Guelph, up to 1814 the most distinguished, by the personal worth of its members, of any reigning family in Europe. King Leopold I. attributed the mental capacity of the Saxe-Coburgs within the present century to his Brunswick grandmother, who was sister-in-law to Frederick the Great, and a correspondent and warm friend of Voltaire. There were two saints on the genealogical tree—Adelaide, the wife of Emperor Otho, and Queen Theodelinda—to say nothing of Countess Matilda, to whom the Popes owed for centuries St. Peter's Patrimony. Emperors who were men of renown were not, either, wanting in the ancestral line. The Dukes of Brunswick were great soldiers, and in all other respects far above the level of most German Princes until after the battle of Quatre Bras. The grandfather of the Duke who has just died of senile decay had a many-sided mind and intellect, at once sound and brilliant. He was a pupil of Winkelmann, with whom he visited Italy to study old classical manuscripts in the libraries there. At the Court of Versailles, which he visited on his way back, he was nicknamed "Duke Encyclopædia." Turgot pronounced him the first economist of the age. It was his destiny to be execrated by French Republicans, and to go down to posterity as an arch reactionist. Yet this is what Mirabeau, who was sent on a diplomatic mission to Brunswick, wrote home about him—that he was the greatest character, the deepest, most perspicuous, brilliant, and elegant mind that he ever exchanged ideas with; earnestly liberal and altogether opposed to the scheme of the first-class Sovereigns of Europe to impose the Monarchy on France. He was, though ad a poor opinion of human nature, chivalrous and kindly, and refused to join the coalition unless it bounded its aims to the deliverance of his old friends, Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. Mirabeau said of him, moreover, "he holds military glory cheap, because he has seen, in gathering laurels, that fate or luck has more to do in gilding one who gains battles than personal worth." "Finally," wrote the revolutionary orator, "he is too wise a man for wise men to fear." But this soldier, scholar, polished gentleman, and sage made one terrible mistake which caused the moral bankruptcy of his house and its inglorious wind-up. He married the addle-headed Augusta, daughter of the restive, mulish, and numskull Frederick Prince of Wales, and of his Gotha wife, who, in her widowhood, was too busy with small backstairs intrigues and in maintaining the influence of her favourite, Lord Bute, to attend to the education of her children and strengthen their feeble minds. Augusta spoiled the Brunswick race. Caroline Matilda was too great a fool to govern the half-insane King of Denmark to whom she was married, and so compromised herself with Struensee that her family, when she was repudiated and let out of prison, thought it better for her not to come back to England. George III. lost America by his obstinacy, and then fell into the hands of the mad doctor, who, in treating him, did not spare the rod. Augusta's addle-headedness went on to her daughters, one of whom was the roystering, provokingly foolish, and ill-used Queen Caroline. Her mental weakness skipped her sons, who all three had great qualities. Frederick William, "Brunwick's fated chief," was a hero, but too impulsive not to be rash. Leopold, his brother, saw poor wretches being swept along with their hovels in a flood of the Oder. Nobody among those around him deemed them worth saving. Prompted by generous pity, he dashed into the water, calling on those who had any heart, to swim after him. Many were saved. But the Prince, in attempting to rescue a woman and her baby, was struck by a floating rafter and drowned. The French Academy proposed his death as a subject for a grand poetic prize, for which the Comte d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.) uselessly competed. Augustus, the third son, was the ablest man of the three. He died of poison. The Brunswickers believed it was administered by the agents of a villainous Royal cousin, who wanted the enormous wealth of the House of Brunswick to pay his debts, and who, as next-of-kin to the last Duke and his brother, was their guardian, and thought he would be able to do as he pleased with them and their

heritage. Duke William, who has just died, was not a man of many words; he, however, often in his old age recurred to the death of his uncle Augustus. But his idea was that the illustrious personage who compassed it was not his guardian, but another Royal cousin and presumptive heir to the Duchy of Brunswick, who was, perhaps, the blackest-hearted scamp in Europe. He was suspected in England of having murdered a valet to whose wife he paid attention. So many persons who stood in his way died suddenly that he became a legendary villain. An illustrious sister-in-law, to whose yet more illustrious daughter he was also heir-presumptive, trembled for the young girl's life, and was careful to let nobody in her uncle's confidence near her.

Count d'Arnim had a caustic way of gossiping about Royal and high and mighty acquaintances. He knew the last Duke of Brunswick. Talking to me about him he said, "The first time I heard (was it Leigh Hunt's or Southey's poem?) of the 'Devil's Walk,' it was recited to me by his Highness in 1877. The devil is represented as saying: 'no wonder my darling Duke' (the lover of the valet's wife) 'and I are so often taken for brothers.'" Duke William thought some of the events which followed the battle of Sadowa just retribution for all that the House of Hanover had done after Quatre Bras to his family.

The last Duke was a melomaniac. All he wanted was to be allowed to enjoy, in peace and quietness, the fortune which his Duchy of Oels, in Silesia, brought him, and to cultivate music at his Schloss there. He owed the Silesian appanage to the affection of his brother, whom he unwillingly superseded, and who bestowed it on him the day on which he came of age in 1823. The income then derived from it has, owing to the mining and manufacturing activity of Count Henkel Donnersmark and others, since been quintupled. As he lived plainly, and was insensible to the charms of the fair sex, his fortune, accumulated during his long reign or figure-head-ship, must rival that of the late King of Hanover. He had a right to dispose of it by will, and is understood to have made a testament in favour of the Emperor of Austria, whom he *in petto* regarded to the end as the true head of the Germanic Empire. Nobody to have seen Duke William decrepit, stammering, wearing a brown wig, and dressed as he remembered the First Gentleman in Europe and Castlereagh, would have imagined what a number of adventures he had gone through. He was the Rip Van Winkle of the old Germanic Confederation, and the most prosaic of Serene Transparencies.

The House of Brunswick was so influential at the beginning of the century that the eccentric Duke, who was born in 1804, had sixteen godfathers and godmothers, who included all the first and second-class non-Catholic Sovereigns in Europe. There were great junketings at the christening; all the Brunswickers were treated in various ways at their Sovereign's expense. A cannon, which had accidentally remained charged, when announcing that the baptismal service was going forward blew off an artilleryman's head. All Europe was quaking at Napoleon, Brunswick was filled with *émigrés*, and Louis XVIII. and his brothers were residing out of the way of a French *coup de main* in a Grand-Ducal Schloss in the Hartz Mountains. Fear makes us superstitious. The artilleryman's fate was counted a bad omen, and cast a gloom over the festivities, which were followed up by Jena, where "Duke Encyclopædia" lost his eyes, and then his life, from a gun-shot wound. William was in swaddling-clothes when his family had to fly from Brunswick. The fated chief went to Bohemia to create a nucleus of resistance, and there formed the corps, at the head of which he made his way against the French to a Baltic port, from which it was taken to Spain to serve under Wellington. The Duchess fled to her sister's Court at Stockholm. She confided her two babies to a Colonel Nordenfels, who took them to Berlin. The nurse of the younger expired on the way, and the Colonel, to keep the infant from dying, requisitioned a female dog, which had been severed for a couple of days from her puppies, to provide lacteal nutriment in the post-chaise. He did not dare stop in any village to buy cows'-milk, Germany being overrun by French troops. When the refugees got to Berlin, Napoleon asked the King of Prussia to surrender the bantlings to him as hostages for their father's submission. They would have been given up if Nordenfels had not got an inkling of the transaction. He absconded with them to Rügen, near which he heard that an English ship was lying. The captain was signalled, and sent a boat to shore. As the Colonel was preparing to embark with the little Brunswicks, the hue and cry was raised, and a functionary came to arrest him. He fired at the man while sailors were wading with the children into the boat, wounded him, and then got off himself.

After the peace of Tilsit the Duchess left Stockholm with her boys to return to her father, the Margrave of Baden, who had become a satellite of Napoleon, and she soon died of anxiety and mortification. Festivities had been given in Carlsruhe in honour of the King and Queen of Westphalia (her niece), who were going to instal themselves in her palace at Brunswick, which was brought into their kingdom. A woman who has infant children is a great fool to die of a broken heart if in any way she can help it. The Duchess being no more, Napoleon again wanted to get hold of her sons, whom he proposed this time to place under the tutelage of their cousin, the Queen of Westphalia, "a highly-educated and amiable woman." Nordenfels again carried them off by night. He wandered with them six weeks before he could get to a port where English vessels were allowed by Napoleon and his allies to touch. On their way to England they were saved by a storm from a French privateer. Duke William half regretted in his old age that they were not captured. George IV. and the Duke of Cumberland were their evil geniuses. In London they were joined by their father, who was *en route* for Spain, and who took a house for them in Vauxhall, where they were placed under the tutelage of the Rev. Thomas Prince. Nordenfels accompanied the Duke south.

The boys found England a delightful place. Their foolish and affectionate grandmother Caroline, and the good-natured daughters of George III., rivalled with each other in petting and spoiling them. At Blackheath

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the tradesmen's children, and even the little ragamuffins of the neighbourhood, were invited to the Ranger's Lodge to play with them. The suppressed maternal instincts of the Princess of Wales found vent in this and other ways. The Princess Charlotte doted on them, and taught "Billy Brunswick" (there was a "Billy Gloucester" in the Royal Family) to play duets on the piano with her. They were in as favoured a footing at the Duchess of York's as any of her troop of lap-dogs.

The grave and Reverend Mr. Prince used to complain that he might as well try to conduct the wind as his eldest pupil, but he found William malleable, and naturally sedate. He taught him to reverence the King (who was out of his mind), the Prince Regent, and the other Royal Dukes. Charles was an *enfant terrible* in their presence. Leipsic was fought, and in a large degree won, by the unflinching and impetuous Duke of Brunswick, whose sons were at once placed on an eminence so giddy as to turn the head of Charles, and stimulate his natural vanity. Ackermann opened a subscription for the wounded at Leipsic. The two Brunswick boys proposed to give him all their pocket-money, and were taken by their tutor to his shop. On being recognised they were mobbed, and their carriage as they drove off was followed by an enthusiastic crowd. Charles was much noticed by the Prince Regent, was taken down to Brighton to be shown the gewgaw Pavilion, and was presented at Carlton House to the Allied Sovereigns. A bent was given to his light head from which it never recovered. Brummel was to be out-Brummeled, and George IV. unconsciously was caricatured by him.

Up to this time Charles and William had led a twin existence. They were very fond of each other, and, curiously enough, remained so to the end of the chapter. But the younger, although supplanted was the fonder He was always pleading extenuating circumstances for the guy who was the legitimate Sovereign and explaining who he should not be blamed for going wrong and making a fool of himself—for having the vices of Henri Trois and (in a mean way) of Louis XV.

Quatre Bras forced the brothers to differentiate. Their father loathed and hated the upstart and debauched Jerome Bonaparte, who played fast and loose when he was at Brunswick with the morals of the maids and matrons there. When on the eve of Waterloo he was informed that the corps headed by Jerome was within charging distance of the Brunswickers, he dashed at them, was wounded, thrown from his horse, trampled upon, and when picked up, carried to a hovel in which were the Rev. Thomas Prince and the Countess Dillon, wife of a general of Napoleon. The Countess was all pity. The Duke asked for a glass of water. She did not know where to find any. But as it was raining she spread her skirt on a bush, and when it was wet wrung it into the mouth of the Duke. He implored Prince to cast aside his veneration for the English Royal Family and make known that he wished the Margravine of Baden, and his own brother, Duke Augustus, to be Regents of Brunswick and guardians of his sons. The breath was scarcely out of him when Jerome Bonaparte entered to take his pistols as trophies of victory. Forty years later, Napoleon Jerome showed them to the eccentric Duke Charles at the Palais Royal. "Is it possible," quoth the latter, "that a man of my father's rank could have used such inelegant weapons?" The eccentric Duke became, under Count d'Orsay's auspices, the friend and fellow-conspirator of Louis Napoleon. The former shared his purse—or some of the money it contained—with the latter. They made together gay acquaintances in a house in Bow-street, Covent-garden.

The First Gentleman of Europe claimed the guardianship of the two lads, and was allowed to have it, Duke Augustus, their uncle, dying suddenly. Prince, after they returned to Brunswick, was seized in bed by a kind of press-gang, at a suburban palace where he and they resided, and packed off to England. A doctor, when he landed, certified him to be a lunatic, and he was cast into Bedlam. There was no Mrs. Weldon in the Brunswick family. A Count Fosco, named Linsingen, succeeded him. He proved a professor of debauchery, and taught that Eve's daughters were no better than their mother. He was more classical than French or English in his lessons, the object of which was to blight the elder branch of the House of Guelph for the benefit of the younger. William marked, learned, and inwardly digested what he taught, and there was not the slightest danger when he was made Duke of Brunswick that he would ever marry. Charles only half believed him. He fell in love, in London, with Charlotte Colville, whom he saw at the Opera House, got on the back of her carriage, found out her address, paid court to her, got her to elope, married her privately, the Duke of Sussex giving her away, proclaimed his daughter and hers legitimate and resisted all efforts made to get him to set aside the marriage. She was fool enough to imagine her position dishonourable, and not to act energetically, like Madame Kalomine, when our Royal Dukes pressed upon her. Instead of holding her ground, she, when her husband was at Vienna concerting with Metternich how to outwit George IV. and his brother Ernest, became lachrymose, and let herself be persuaded to beat a retreat, leaving behind her infant daughter Elizabeth, who was "recognised" as by the Duke. This girl was educated most carefully, had a well-chosen household, two physicians, and two professors of the Princess now Queen Victoria. One of her teachers married an Irish Earl, and the other Sir Henry Caldwell. She was christened by a Lutheran, confirmed by an Anglican bishop, received her first communion from Pastor Coquerel, and was cast off for allowing herself to be seduced to Catholicism by Lacordaire's eloquence. Prince's pupils, whatever might be their faults and foibles, were to the end of their lives good Protestants.

William did not accompany Charles in his triumphal tour round the Courts of Europe after he came of age, but lay by quietly at Brunswick. It being ascertained that he would never marry, the Hanover party set him up as a rival to Charles, when the latter was enjoying abroad his minions, minstrels, hair-dressers, and tailors. His carriage was a moving fortress in which, if attacked by robbers, he could stand a siege, and held a bed,

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sofa, iron safe, library, and all that was needed for the toilet. It astonished France and Spain, through which it was escorted by a guard of honour, and Italy, which its owner visited to witness a Papal investiture. Coming from Rome to Paris he met the funeral of Louis XVIII. near St. Denis, admired the hearse, which, forty years later, bore his own remains to the tomb, crossed to England, was welcomed at Dover by the Iron Duke, behind whom the Guards were drawn out, and was made an honorary general by the King. He struck up a friendship with William IV. and the Duke of Sussex, but did not spare with his tongue the Dukes of Cumberland and Cambridge, on whom he played practical jokes, which neither relished. Society lionised him, and the City of London lauded to him his heroic father, and surfeited him with feasts. His Chamberlain was a merry Andrew, named Bitter, the son of a cook, but was dignified with the title of Baron Audlan. He was a polyglot, mimic, sharp man of business, and took off to the life the many exalted and other personages who called on the Duke.

It was at the close of this tour that Brunswick revolted. The Diet sided with the insurgents, but allowed the hereditary treasury of money and precious stones to be carried away by the deposed Duke, who had offered to share his domains with the people, to confiscate the wealth of the aristocracy for the good of the poor, to let the communes elect their judges and mayors, to dissolve the army, and to release the working classes from all taxes. Volleys of stones were the answer. In climbing over a wall to escape, the Duke broke his arm. His adventures in trying to quit his States utterly unhinged his mind. Henceforth he gave the rein to his eccentricity, and became a permanent source of mirth to the Parisians. It was his pleasure to ape the Count of Monte Cristo. A silk wig was invented for him, to go with his enamelled face. The house he lived in was rose-pink, and his carriage was drawn by cream and piebald horses. The rules of Court etiquette were rigorously imposed on his household, and on the kind of ladies who visited him. They were treated as born Princesses under his roof, and were expected to act as such.

Duke William will be buried in the Church of St. Blaise, in the family vault, which, after his remains are laid there, will be shut up for ever.

SPORTING NOTES.

CAPTAIN MACHELL is singularly unpopular on the turf, and the odd thing is that he seems to be regarded with equal loathing by men of all sorts and conditions, though what he has ever done to excite such violent animosity it would not be easy to say. The individuals whose hatred of this astute gentleman is most feverish are those who have graduated on the turf under his auspices. One of them took an incredible amount of trouble some years ago in order to persuade Admiral Rous to put another 7 lb. on a horse in the Bedford Cottage stable which was known to be in reserve for a certain big handicap which the Admiral was then drawing up; but, in spite of his strenuous efforts, he was unsuccessful in this flagitious attempt, as the Admiral at once penetrated the motive for his friend's sudden fit of rigid purity, and besides was perfectly aware of the entire absence of truth in the allegation by which it was attempted to make out a plausible case for severity. Another expended the tactics of half a campaign in order to have an animal ready to beat a certain "pot" of Captain Machell's which had been long simmering. The extravagant asperity of the comments on the purchase of St. Honorat appears to me to be utterly absurd and foolish. There is much to be said on both sides, and it reminds one of that famous question of which Plunkett exclaimed, "I would like a hundred pounds to argue it either way!" Why on earth, in the name of common sense, did the owner send up an animal which she did not wish to sell? I certainly do not understand why the reserve of 4,000 gs. should be described as "prohibitive." Looking to the prices recently paid, I should, under the circumstances, be more inclined to marvel at its moderation. Captain Machell had presumably acquired his knowledge of St. Honorat's merits in his capacity as "manager" for the Duchess of Montrose; and certainly a person of austere principles would, under such circumstances, have refrained from bidding, especially as he must have been perfectly aware that the Duchess was most anxious to retain the brother to Thebais. The Captain, however, does not pretend to any morbid sensibility in such matters, and perhaps thinks that nice scruples would be out of place at Newmarket; and no doubt he felt impelled to do his best for his staunch supporter, Lord Calthorpe, who has been always "all there" for the last sixteen years, and whose aid is supposed to have carried Bedford Cottage through some stormy crises. Lord Calthorpe, in this connection, reminds one of those old Dutch weather-glasses where one figure comes out when it is fine, and the other when it is wet. He resembles the latter, for whenever there has been a bad time, and when things are becoming slack, Lord Calthorpe invariably emerges, and makes some big deals. Captain Machell's almost superhuman cleverness is one of the articles of an average turfite's racing creed, and, thanks to the Hermit legend, he is popularly regarded as a sort of magician. He has shown consummate ability not only in keeping himself afloat, but also in sustaining a somewhat equivocal position; but in the management of a racing-stud there has been very little manipulation of the exceeding acuteness with which he has always been accredited. Captain Machell has won a great number of important races, but, except when Disturbance won the Grand National, I do not believe that he has ever secured a really large stake. When playing "the great game," he has blundered egregiously, having either backed his horses when they did not win, or let them run with a mere trifle on when they did win, or, worse still, run two and backed the wrong one. He ought unquestionably to have won £100,000 on King Lud, but I do not believe that he cleared as many shillings by that horse's victories; and the mistakes which he committed with King Lud he has since repeated with several

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other horses; so that, instead of having made a large fortune by racing, as is generally supposed, Captain Machell is really in very moderate circumstances. He has been exceedingly clever in selling horses, and also in attracting to his stable a succession of wealthy men, although most of these have not lingered long at Bedford Cottage, except the ever-faithful Lord Calthorpe and Mr. Gerard. It is, however, quite untrue that most of Captain Machell's pupils have "gone under," for some of the earliest of them are still well to the fore, such as Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Walker, and Sir George Chetwynd, to say nothing of Lord Hastings and Mr. Hungerford; and Sir John Willoughby would not have retired so prematurely if he had listened to the sagacious advice of his manager; but nothing can be done either with or for a man when reckless plunging is the aim, end, and final cause of his racing. Captain Machell is really very able at cross-country business, and he thoroughly understands the art of placing animals in small handicaps and selling plates, so as to render those events as near certainties as anything can be; but in the higher branches of racing he is very far inferior in capacity to both Sir Frederick Johnstone and Colonel Forester. One of his weak points is, if not a contempt for public opinion, at least a curious ignorance or indifference or disregard to it, and it is to this trait that we owe such melancholy exhibitions as the objections to St. Gatien and to Lambkin. Obtrusiveness, and a certain pinching and elbowing have been unavoidable for one in Captain Machell's position, and he was blessed by nature not only with a very "masterful" disposition, but also with a violent temper, and this last has been exacerbated by bad health. He has blind flatterers and blind detractors, but when he retires from racing, and his career is viewed "with calmness and impartiality," I anticipate that his reputation for superlative cleverness as a manager and owner of race-horses will collapse utterly, while on the other hand he will receive high praise for the tact and ability with which he steered his way amidst so many shoals and quicksands and dangerous currents; and people who really knew him will be disposed to admit that, on the whole, he was not a bad fellow, and that hitherto his disposition and character had hardly received fair play, for it is certain that few racing-men have had more enemies.

That "fashionable" sires and "crack" mares are very risky investments is a fact of which most breeders receive frequent and expensive reminders. Quite apart from the irritating disappointments arising from the fluctuating character of the produce, it is horridly disheartening suddenly to lose an animal which brings in a handsome income every year. The premature death of Blink Bonny must have cost Mr. I'Anson a large fortune, for even if she had never produced anything "within a street" of Blair Athole, yet her yearlings would have regularly sold for enormous prices. Mr. Chaplin is now bewailing the death of Adelaide, one of the "gold-mines" of the Blankney stud, and one of the most successful mares in the world. Adelaide was bred out of a mare belonging to the late Lord Glasgow, by General Peel and Mr. George Payne, and at the sale of their stud in 1878 Mr. Chaplin bought her for 900 gs., very much less than Mr. Crawfurd paid for Lady Masham and Lady Sefton, neither of which has since bred anything smart. Adelaide's foal by Pero Gomez was then sold, so far as I remember, to Mr. Taylor Sharpe, for 175 gs., and at his sale in the following year it was bought for about 400 gs., by R. Peck, for the Duke of Westminster. This was the colt subsequently known as Peregrine, who came out "dark" and won the Two Thousand, and then ran second to Iroquois for the Derby. For Mr. Chaplin Adelaide has produced Queen Adelaide, Solitude, and a yearling filly, all by Hermit, and the three were sold at the Blankney sales in successive years for £7,200 gs. !—an average of 2,400 gs., which is without a precedent in the records of public breeders. Lord Wolverton has lost Redwing, by Blair Athole—Wheatear, for which he paid 750 gs. at Lord Falmouth's sale in July; but he consoled himself last week by giving 400 gs. for Jael, the two-year-old filly by Silvio—Jannette, for which "Mr. Manton" paid 1,350 gs. in April—one of the supposed cracks of "the finest lot of yearlings ever seen." It is difficult to understand by what principles the purchases of speculators and yearlings are regulated. Looking at current rates, it was indeed remarkable that none of "Mr. Manton's" grandly-bred and exceedingly good-looking and promising yearlings should have changed hands, for surely 1,500 gs. was not an exorbitant reserve on the colt by Seesaw—Pilgrimage, the sister to Peter (a perfect beauty), and on the sister to Grecian Bend; while the brother to Sefton would not have been dear at 1,000 gs.; and, seeing that Oberon had manifestly "done well," since 2,500 gs. was paid for him at Lord Falmouth's sale in July, it was decidedly odd that nobody would now bid that price for him, and still more remarkable that Lord Falmouth should have been allowed to take the filly by Sterling—Marie Stuart at 400 gs. Another "splendid failure" is R. Peck's half-brother (by Muncaster) to Superba. There was animated bidding for the yearling sister to Queen Adelaide in July, yet now nobody would bid the price (2,000 gs.) for which she was then sold. Queen Adelaide herself would not be dear at 3,000 gs., for apart from her value as a brood mare, she ought to win some good races, if judiciously managed; but, so far, there has been no affinity either to reason or knowledge in the way she has been knocked about. Bohemian—a three-year-old—who cost 1,250 gs. as a yearling, was now sold for 50 gs., and the Salamanca colt, for which 1,500 gs. was paid last year, went also for 50 gs. So much for "sensation" yearlings.

I understand that the Stewards of the Jockey Club were very much inclined to make next year's Cesarewitch a handicap of £5,000, but they finally resolved (and very wisely, in my opinion) to wait and see whether their new races of £1,000 and £2,000 proved profitable speculations. It is only thirteen years since the late Mr. Frail obtained unbounded applause for his liberality in adding £500 to the Shropshire Handicap—a sum which was then unknown except in the Middle Park Plate, and in one or two stakes at Ascot; but it cannot be doubted that

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in another couple of years the *Calendar* will contain several handicaps of £5,000. The Derby managers had wished to lead the way by starting a £5,000 race at their meeting, but the shareholders lacked pluck to make such a plunge. There is, however, to be another £2,000 handicap at Leicester next year, and a weight-for-age stake of £2,500 at Kempton Park, and it is probable that the inducements offered to owners at the Manchester Whitsuntide Meeting will be greatly increased. Moreover, I hear that Mr. Williams, the "man at the wheel" at Sandown Park, contemplates advertising the Eclipse Stakes with altered conditions. The race for 1887, which was to close last month, did not fill, and I believe that the entries were not within a long way of the stipulated number—three hundred—owners being, no doubt, afraid of St. Simon and St. Gatien, but if the new stake is confined to foals and yearlings, there would be no excuse for "funking."

The writers who lavish ignorant eulogy on the Jockey Club for their "liberality" cannot have read the conditions of the new handicaps. It is certainly not a question of "adding" £1,000 or £2,000, for the greater portion, if not the whole, of the amount will be subscribed by the owners. Last week the amount nominally added to the stakes at Newmarket was £5,900, but, by means of entrances and forfeits, and other ingenious devices, this sum was reduced to £2,245; and, as there was a profit of £620 on the selling-races, the net amount actually contributed on a meeting extending over five days was £1,625. The Newmarket handicap will be worth £1,000 next year if there are seventy entries. I think the Stewards would have done well to change the venue of the race to the last mile and a-half of the Cesarewitch course. It is all vastly fine to increase the value of the handicaps during the Craven Week, as the only meetings which will suffer from the change will be Epsom and Sandown Park; but it seems to me a grave error to make the October Handicap a stake of £2,000, for it cannot fail seriously to injure both Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. It would be much better to raise it to £1,000 and to enrich the week's programme by bringing forward the Middle Park Plate, while the Great Foal Stakes might be transferred to the second October week. I object strongly, moreover, to making a handicap close nearly a year before running, and as the weights are to appear at the same time as the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire (ten months after closing!) the arrangement seems entirely irrational and aimless. The fact is, however, that the Stewards are quite angrily eager to make Newmarket popular—*i.e.*, to attract down a mob of ruffians to crowd the stand and enclosures, and thereby to replenish the empty coffers of the Club, which coffers would have been well filled if it had not been for the insane folly which prompted the purchase of the Exning estate. The Stewards, however, must revise their programmes all through, and the minor races must be made more attractive; and, above all, they must very considerably cut down the number of race-meetings throughout the country. The recent failure of the overnight stakes at Newmarket has been very remarkable; and it is an inscrutable mystery why, with such an enormous number of horses in training there, race after race should either not fill or else be competed for by three to six runners, especially when at a suburban meeting you will see a dozen or a score coming to the post for a race of precisely similar value and conditions. The project of permanently reinvigorating Newmarket, by the creation of a few £1,000 or £2,000 Handicap Plates, is as chimerical as Walter Shandy's scheme of compensating the loss of his son's nose by christening him Trismegistus. In the first place, owners are beginning to find out that these showy stakes are mere whited sepulchres, and the enthusiasm with which they were hailed a few years ago has been replaced by a gloomy distrust of specious appearances. Again, as such stakes really cost so little, they will soon be found in rich abundance on the programmes of every gate-money meeting in the country, for the records of race managers are eminently imitative, and if the £1,000 handicaps do well at Newmarket, nothing is more certain than that next year they will be trumped with similar events of double and treble value at Manchester, Derby, Leicester, and other speculative fixtures. The fact is, that at Newmarket, as at most other meetings, the great object is to provide big stakes with conditions so artfully arranged that they shall be thoroughly self-supporting, and never cost the proprietors sixpence. "Ah!" said the old Irish Countess, "there's nothing I like better than oysters! I'd have a supper of them every night if the servant would be content to eat the shells!" The Stewards of the Jockey Club will, in the same way, amuse themselves by offering rich stakes, which will attract large fields of good horses and draw a crowd, provided that the owners bear the cost; but, although this arrangement may answer admirably for one or two seasons, it certainly carries within itself the seeds of an early decay. These peddling, hugger-mugger measures cannot produce any real amendment. The whole thing is over-done, and it is the imperative and paramount duty of the Stewards, as it ought to be their earnest and engrossing desire, to secure the application of the only really efficacious remedy, by cutting down all meetings (except Newmarket) to six days in a year, and by peremptorily refusing to permit the extension of any existing fixtures, or the creation of any new ones.

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MAMMON.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANIES.

MY articles on this subject have drawn numerous letters, showing the importance attaching to it, and I find that the reforms suggested by me as necessary in the case of our British offices meet with almost general approval. I am glad to hear from Mr. Charles Hancock, barrister, that he has, as a share and policy holder in the Atlas Company, given notice of the following motion, which he will bring forward at the next annual meeting:—"That the reporters of the insurance and other newspapers be admitted to these

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annual general meetings, and that the annual accounts submitted for consideration and the proceedings taking place thereat be open to full publication in the usual way." It is to be hoped that policy and share holders in the other four or five offices which so persistently refuse admission to the representatives of the Press will take similar steps, so as to enforce that publicity which can only be beneficial to all parties, unless the office be a rotten one. A properly-constructed directors' report, giving re-assurances, statistics of new business, particulars of investments, and other important information, ought also in all cases to be insisted upon. Amongst a mass of correspondence, endorsing, as I have said, my remarks in the main, I have received a communication from a correspondent signing himself "Pro Bono Publico," but who is officially connected with one of the largest Scotch offices. The epistle is so lengthy that it would nearly fill a whole number of Truth; but, as it is virtually a defence of English and Scotch Life Assurance, for which I have every sympathy, I will give the writer an opportunity of airing a portion of his views. My correspondent prefaces his statement as follows :—

> The figures you quote are very remarkable, and all praise is due to the energy which has built up such results. I do not wonder that, as these enormous figures passed from under your pen, and without taking into consideration *both* sides of the accounts, you should have been led to the conclusion, so unmistakably implied, if not actually expressed, in your article, that, because the American Companies show figures which dwarf those of British offices, the former are more profitable to policy-holders than the latter. The figures of the American Companies, however, are gigantic *on both sides of the ledger*, and it is only when we have clearly before us the ratio which certain items on one side bear to certain corresponding items on the other, that we can possibly form an accurate judgment as to which is the better class of office to insure in. I am afraid you have fallen into the too common error of supposing that quantity of necessity involves quality in Life Assurance business. The British Company which at present reports the largest amounts of new assurances is one of the most unprofitable in the kingdom for its policy-holders. An American Company which some years ago extended its operations to this country, claimed in 1876 to have "issued more new policies than any other Company in the world," and that its accounts, under the supervision of the Insurance Department of the State of New York, showed a large surplus; yet within a year it went into liquidation, and it was found that its boasted surplus had no existence.

Now, the American Company referred to was the Continental Company of New York. It was notoriously a weak office, and was actually stopped by the Government Insurance Department on account of insufficiency of assets. Had it been a British office, it would have gone on in its headlong career, the frauds committed by its officials would not have been detected, and a crushing disaster might have been the consequence. As a matter of fact, the few British assurers interested in the Company received very handsome dividends. This is one of the instances proving the great value of Government supervision as practised in the United States, and which unfortunately is wanting in this country.

The writer proceeds to criticise the position and system of the American offices, taking as a basis the figures of the Equitable Society of the United States, and the New York Life Office as, he says, the only American offices doing life business in this country. Of the two, the Equitable takes by far the larger share of British life-assurance business, and it will be sufficient, in my reply, to treat its figures as representing those of the other American offices. The chief charge brought by the writer against the American Companies is that their expenses are heavier and the interest receipts smaller in proportion to their business than those of the British offices; but the merest tiro will, on examination of the figures, discover that the reason of the smaller expenses of the British offices is to be found in the fact that their new business is small, the old business of any Company involving little outlay. The policies of the British offices are, as a rule, older, and the fund created by premiums accumulated during many years necessarily bears large interest. On the other hand, the liabilities of these older offices have increased at, at least, the same rate. The outlay for deaths in an old office neutralises any apparent advantage, and in some instances the assets of such Companies, after attaining their maximum, are actually diminishing by reason of excessive mortality and of lack of new business, so that such offices are undesirable for fresh lives to enter. The policy adopted by many of our older British offices, to rest content with the business already secured, and not to make the necessary effort to acquire a large amount of new business, naturally tends to reducing present expense, but it involves a much greater rate of mortality, while young and progressive Companies secure—at some increase of expense, it is true—many newly-selected lives, and a consequent greater reduction of mortality. The following table, showing a comparison of the death-claims in the Equitable Office of the United States with those of four prominent British Offices during the eight years from 1874 to 1881, brings this fact in the most startling relief :—

	Total Income.	Claims by Death.	Ratio of Claims to Income.
North British & Mercantile	£3,916,838	£2,042,860	52·06 per cent.
Scottish Equitable.....	2,480,784	1,714,170	69·60 ,,
Scottish Widows' Fund.....	6,926,290	4,022,645	58·08 ,,
Guardian.....	1,460,782	1,367,047	93·58 ,,
	£14,784,694	£9,146,722	61·89 ,,
Equitable of the United States.....	£14,926,873	£3,441,279	23·06 ,,

When the death-rate is so much more favourable, as in this case, it stands to reason that the two forces of decrease (death-rate and rate of expenses) must be considered in combination, for they affect the cost of insurance conjointly. A further table, the figures of which are taken from White's Insurance Register and the Blue Book, shows the ratio of death-claims and expenses combined, for the same eight years.

	Claims and Expenses.	Ratio to Total Income.	Differences in Favour of the Equitable.
North British and Mercantile	£2,413,205	61·61	23·19
Scottish Equitable	1,935,995	78·04	39·62
Scottish Widows' Fund.....	4,558,425	65·81	27·39
Guardian	1,482,427	101·48	63·06
Equitable of the United States	5,734,265	38·42	—

Taking a wider range, I find that, as compared with twenty prominent British Companies, the American Company laid up for reserve and surplus, in consequence of its more favourable ratio of claims and expenses combined, from 3·70 per cent. in one case to 63·06 per cent. in another of the cases just stated *more* than these British offices, the average working out to 23 29 per cent. After quoting figures in support of his contention that the ratio of expenses to premiums is larger in the American than the

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British offices—a circumstance which, as already stated, I fully admit—the writer proceeds :—

> The two American Companies do not question these figures, which are contained in their own returns; but as accounting for their high rate of expenses, they point to the enormous amounts of new assurances transacted by them—amounts in comparison with which the figures of our individual home offices, who draw their business almost entirely from Great Britain, are nowhere. The American Companies claim that their vast volume of new business will ultimately yield a rich return upon the heavy outlay inseparable from its collection, by inducing a favourable mortality experience. This it would do (though certainly not to the extent claimed for it) *if it remained long enough upon the books to allow of its influence being felt.* Does it do so? This is the first question which would be put by any one at all acquainted with Life Assurance finance.

We will now see whether "it does so or not." On comparing the figures, I find that the Equitable of the United States gained in the five years ending Dec. 31, 1883, £25,777,652 of insurance (being 81·9 per cent. of the assurances in force Dec. 31, 1878), as compared with an increase of £25,607,545 (being 15·1 per cent. of old business previously in force) in the case of twenty-three leading British Companies, during an average period of five years ending with their last reported valuations. The amount of insurance in force of the Equitable Office is, moreover, at present over £60,000,000.

This is, therefore, a complete answer to the writer's argument, who concludes his remarks with an attack on Tontine policies, as issued by the American Companies. It is hardly necessary to point out the absurdity of calling Tontine contracts immoral. Every Company in which dividends are deferred for the benefit of members who retain their interest in it practises the Tontine principle. In the oldest purely Life Assurance Society in the world (the Equitable of Great Britain), no policyholder receives a dividend until after he has paid premiums for six years, and not then unless the date and number of his policy makes him one of the oldest five thousand policy-holders in force at the time of distribution. This is essentially a Tontine system, having much longer dividend periods than that of the American offices. The dividend system of a prominent Scotch Company is essentially and wholly Tontine. Those who do not wish to take Tontine policies have the alternative of taking semi-tontine policies in the American Company, which provide for a surrender value on policies of three years' standing. My correspondent admits the splendid result of the policy of the Mutual Society of America quoted by me, and challenges the fifteen years' estimate of the Equitable of the United States mentioned in my article. I, therefore, give him the following examples of actual payments in cash to policyholders in the latter Company on 1884 on matured Tontine policies.

No. of Policy.	Name.	Age at Issue.	Amount Insured.	Annual Premium.	Kind of Policy	Surrendered end of	Cash Paid Policyholders.	Percentage of Total Premiums Paid.	Paid up Policy equivalent to	
									Amount	Per cent. of Premium Paid.
			Dols.	Dols.	End'mt.		Dols.		Dols.	
47,339	M. L. R.	25	2,500	76.53	30 yrs.	15 years	1,456.95	127	2,490	217
44,193	J. S.	41	10,000	324.70	life	,,	5,530.70	114	10,260	211

This result is, indeed, excellent. It has never been equalled by any Company, and proves that dividends and surplus are larger under the Tontine system than under any other. As to the desirability of investing in an office which gains annually a large amount of well-selected lives, there can be no question. Most of our British offices, I fancy, do all the new insurances within their reach. But to transact annually a large volume of carefully-selected business requires great expense, activity, and skill; and I am afraid the average management of our offices does not come up to the standard. It is certainly peculiar for their advocates to attempt to persuade the public that it is not desirable to invest in offices which offer the advantage of a favourable death-rate; but all the theoretical twaddle in the world will not avail against splendid practical results as shown by the American Companies. Instead of trying to disparage their formidable adversaries, the British offices should try, by an active and progressive policy, by the acquisition of well-selected new business, by rigid medical examination, by the prompt payment of claims, and by the fullest publicity of accounts and assets, to secure the lasting favour of the public.

QUEER STORIES.

LADY MARY MINX'S REPENTANCE.

LADY MARY MINX was clever, strong minded, and bad tempered, and she imagined she held her good-natured, vain old mother, the Countess Dowager of Scilly, in complete subordination. When, therefore, one morning at breakfast the latter informed her that she had on the previous evening become engaged to the able young actor, Mr. St. George Coningsby, her ladyship was both surprised and indignant, and expressed her opinion of the Countess and the Countess's betrothed with great vigour and little equivocation. As long as the remarks were applied only to herself, the Countess bore them in her usual meek and submissive manner; but when Lady Mary proceeded to denounce Mr. Coningsby in all the terms of her varied and powerful vocabulary, she suddenly became so exceedingly wroth, and used such strong language, that her daughter found herself, to her amazement, completely eclipsed. She then felt she had gone too far, and that it would be wise to withdraw her observations and express her regret for them. This, she accordingly did, as soon as her mother's eloquence allowed her an opportunity. But the effect of her remarks was not effaced. Henceforth the Countess bore herself towards her daughter with a coldness and a hauteur to which that young lady was not accustomed, and which she did not like.

Lady Mary knew well the handsome young actor to whom the Countess had become engaged; and, before that event took place, she had admired him very much, and even liked him. But since his engagement she absolutely detested him. His presence was to her almost intolerable; and when he came, as he now frequently did, to lunch at the Dowager's house, she usually found some excuse for being from home. Occasionally she had to meet him; and then she watched his behaviour very closely. As far as mere bearing was concerned, she had to admit to herself that he was a perfect gentleman. He was easy and

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polished in his manners, and there was about him a certain stateliness of mien which, though to an unfriendly critic like herself, might savour of the stage, sat well on one of his noble and distinguished appearance. But though in these respects he was all that one could desire, every time Lady Mary saw him she disliked him more and more. To her keen eyes it was clear he was insincere in his professed affection for the fond Dowager. Again and again she saw in the smile he cast upon his betrothed something which seemed to her very like a sneer. She noticed —as everybody but the Countess did—that in company his attentions were directed, not to the younger and more attractive ladies, but to the wealthy. To another widow of very homely looks, but of great fortune, Mrs. Blunt, he was almost as affectionate in his manner as towards his betrothed. Before she had watched him long, therefore, Lady Mary became convinced (if she had ever doubted it) that he was nothing more nor less than an unprincipled fortune-hunter.

Under these circumstances, since she wished to believe it, she had little difficulty in persuading herself that it was not merely her interest, but her duty, to break off the engagement; and she was resolved it should be broken off. As to the means, she felt no scruples. If she could find any, be they fair or foul, she would willingly use them.

For some time all her observation and all her ingenuity were unsuccessful. The course of the engaged couple's love was, on the whole, running very smooth. The Dowager was as warm and constant in her affection for Mr. Coningsby as ever; and if he seemed scarcely so attentive as at first, he could hardly be considered negligent. Formerly he came almost every day to lunch, and not infrequently after he left the theatre he would sup with them; while now he thought two or three visits in the course of the week quite sufficient. This inattention (which Lady Mary attributed simply to his feeling secure in his betrothed's affections) evidently annoyed and alarmed the Countess. She seemed to suspect that some one else was making advances to him, and she was therefore naturally anxious to have the marriage hurried on. So it was clear that if Lady Mary wanted to prevent it, she must take some decisive step without delay.

Though not so regular in visiting as formerly, Mr. Coningsby was still very attentive in writing to his betrothed. Every morning, as sure as the sun, came a little note to her from him. Lady Mary sometimes, in her mother's absence, made voyages of discovery into her apartments, in order to study these productions. It was while engaged on one of these that a device occurred to her which, though mean and despicable as she knew it to be, might, she considered, if carried out well, enable her to put an end to the match she so hated. It was to be worked by means of a forged note. She would write a letter purporting to be from Mr. Coningsby to some lady of the ballet, and direct it to the Dowager. In the morning it would, if posted after the last mail of the previous night, arrive by the same post as his letter. She, through whose hands all the letters by the early posts passed before reaching the Countess, could retain the real letter and allow the forged one to go to her mother instead. The latter, if the note was ingeniously written, would at once conclude that Mr. Coningsby, when he was writing to her, had also written to an humbler love, and, by mistake, had enclosed the wrong note in the envelope addressed to her. If she could but do this without discovery, Lady Mary was certain the match would be at an end. She knew how jealous her mother was, how easily her vanity was hurt. The rage and indignation she would feel at his supposed duplicity and contempt for her would soon put an end to her love. The only objection was that it was an extremely dangerous undertaking. If it were discovered there would be an incurable breach between her mother and herself. At the same time, if the letter were addressed to "Tottie" or "Lottie," or some such common name, it would be difficult for Mr. Coningsby to show that it was a forgery by anything save his own assertion, which Lady Scilly was scarcely likely to believe. At any rate, it was the only chance, and, let the danger be what it would, Lady Mary determined to try it.

Next day she spent several hours writing a letter which might pass for one of Mr. Coningsby's. She had a pretty turn for imitating other people's handwriting, and before she had practised very long she had written some lines which it would have taken a very clever expert to have said were not his work. She then composed the following note:—

Dearest Tottie,—I am sorry I shall not be able to call on you to-morrow night, as I have to pay my respects to the old gold-bag I am going to marry. She is getting rather disconsolate of late at my negligence, and so I have to console the poor old thing. After marriage it will be different. It is late. I am extremely tired, and I have to write to her. So good-bye, my little fairy.—Your own Georgie.

As she knew that Mr. Coningsby was to sup with them the following evening, she took the opportunity that night when returning from a ball to post her own production.

Next morning while the Countess, who since their quarrel seldom came down for breakfast, was still in her bedroom, the forged letter and one from Mr. Coningsby arrived. Lady Mary received them with a score of others, but so well had she imitated Mr. Coningsby's writing, that for a moment she was placed in some difficulty; she could scarcely distinguish her own *billet-doux* from his. In a moment, however, she remembered that the envelope she used had a peculiar water-mark, and, holding up the one letter between her and the light, she noted this peculiarity, and thus settled any doubt she had. Retaining, therefore, the other letter, she gave the forged one, to Lady Scilly's maid. Lady Mary then hurriedly locked up the purloined note. She was glad the handwritings were so identical. If she herself found some difficulty in distinguishing them, surely her mother would never suspect forgery.

She had hardly got the letter secreted, when Lady Scilly's maid returned to her, pale and frightened-looking.

"Oh, my lady," she cried, "her ladyship has taken ill. I think she's in hysterics. Will your ladyship please see her?"

"Has she sent for me?" asked Lady Mary, very much scared.

"No, my lady," answered the maid.

"Then ask her if I may come. I don't like to intrude on her without her permission."

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The fact was, Lady Mary was not at all anxious to see her mother. Her guilty conscience had already begun to trouble her; and she was afraid that if she went just then into her mother's presence, her crime would in some way or other come out. She waited uneasily until the maid returned, which she did not do for a considerable time; and then, by the Countess's direction, she informed Lady Mary that her ladyship was much better, and did not wish to see her just at present—news which eased Lady Mary's mind not a little.

In about an hour, Lady Scilly's maid again came to her to tell her that her ladyship would not be down that day to lunch; and, in reply to inquiries, said that the invalid was much better and engaged in writing. Lady Mary had little difficulty in guessing what she was writing about. She felt so uncomfortable that she could no longer remain in the house. So, after lunch, on the plea of having some purchases to make, she spent a considerable time driving about rather aimlessly.

When she returned—it was about six o'clock—she noticed that the household was in an excited state, and she soon learned the cause. The Countess, after writing and sending to the post two letters (one for Mr. Coningsby and the other for Mrs. Blunt), had become so ill that the butler had felt it his duty to send for the family physician, Dr. Killen. That gentleman was now with her, and they were waiting to hear his report.

Lady Mary was horrified by this intelligence. Her mother was, it seemed, seriously, it might be dangerously, ill, and that illness was caused by her act—an act, as she had now to confess to herself, done not for her mother's but for her own interests. What would she do if the Countess died? Would she not be her murderess? The thought was terrible beyond expression. How she bewailed her stupid anger! How she wished she had never written that letter! Torn with regret and fear, too conscience-striken to venture into her mother's presence, she waited in agony at the bedroom door until Dr. Killen came out.

"Oh, doctor," she said, when he at last appeared, "is she seriously ill?"

"Yes, Lady Mary," replied the doctor; "very seriously, I am afraid. She must have suffered a terrible shock of some kind or another. It seems as if she were going to have brain fever."

"Brain fever! Is that very dangerous?"

"Very," replied the doctor in a solemn tone. "And I don't think it right to conceal from you, Lady Mary, that I greatly fear her ladyship's case will prove——"

While the doctor was speaking, Lady Mary stood gazing at him with a dazed look. Suddenly, before he could catch her, she fell fainting at his feet.

It seemed likely enough for a time that Lady Mary would soon be suffering from brain fever as well as the Countess. She was certainly scarcely in her right mind for several days; but fortunately as her mother grew worse she grew better. Before a week was over she had, as if by a superhuman effort of will, thrown off her illness; and she insisted, against Dr. Killen's strongest remonstrances, in nursing her now delirious mother.

Lady Mary had not the reputation of being a very dutiful or affectionate daughter. All her friends had seen or heard how she again and again had annoyed or shocked her poor mother by her wilfulness or her bitter tongue. But now she exerted herself in her care in a way almost beyond belief. Day and night saw her by the sick-bed, watching and tending the sufferer with an indefatigable tenderness. People were surprised to find her capable of such devotion.

As long as it was uncertain whether the Countess would live through the illness or not, Lady Mary thought little of anything else; but when the crisis was over, and the patient was once more conscious, she began to wonder how it was that Mr. Coningsby had not called or written to her mother ever since that eventful morning. It was strange that he should bear so calmly a false charge, which dealt such a blow to his prospects. She had resolved that when her mother was sufficiently recovered, she would confess to her everything, and absolve the young actor from the charge. But now, as she pondered over his conduct, she felt inclined to change her resolution. It was plain that he was either glad of an excuse for breaking off the engagement, or was actually carrying on an illicit correspondence, in which he imagined he had been discovered. In either case, it would be a small kindness to her mother to bring him and her again together.

One day Dr. Killen, after he had examined his patient and pronounced her to be progressing in the most satisfactory manner, on leaving the room, motioned to Lady Mary to follow him. When she went out, he said to her, "I suppose you have heard of Mr. Coningsby?"

"No, doctor," she answered eagerly. "What is it?"

"Well, he's engaged to Mrs. Blunt," said the doctor.

"To Mrs. Blunt!" exclaimed Lady Mary.

"Yes. Now the reason I asked you to come out was to caution you on no account to mention this, or to let it be referred to in the Countess's hearing. We did not know what the shock was which caused her illness, but it was clear from her remarks when delirious that it was something about Mr. Coningsby."

"Yes," answered Lady Mary, but in such an absent-minded manner that Dr. Killen, with an annoyed air, bade her good day, and went away.

When Lady Mary returned to the sick room, the Countess had fallen asleep, and so she had both time and quietness for reflection. She now remembered that her mother when she received the forged letter had written both to Mr. Coningsby and to Mrs. Blunt. There was nothing in the letter she sent to indicate that it was written to Mrs. Blunt—in fact, it could hardly seem to be. Was it merely by chance that her mother had set it down as intended for Mrs. Blunt? Or had she some private information of the way things were tending in that quarter? One thing was certain, the cause of Mr. Coningsby's not replying to her mother's charge was now evident; on consideration, he had doubtless concluded that Mrs. Blunt was a better catch than the Countess.

While Lady Mary was engaged in these reflections, her mother awoke. She had been free from delirium for some days past, and had noticed, and been greatly touched by, the devotion of her daughter. All traces of their quarrel

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were gone; and mother and daughter were on more affectionate and confidential terms than they had been since Lady Mary was a child. Though by the sad, regretful expression that occasionally passed over the Countess's face Lady Mary knew she was thinking of her lost lover and of the letter which had caused her such pain, neither had alluded once to the subject. On this occasion, however, the Countess suddenly turned to her daughter and said: "Have you heard anything of Mr. Coningsby lately?"

"Not much, mamma," answered Lady Mary, vaguely, and in an embarrassed way.

"Has his engagement with Mrs. Blunt been announced yet?" asked the Countess.

Lady Mary started. How did she know of his engagement? Was it merely an inference from some information she had before her illness? Or was it a delusion of her delirium still remaining with her? Lady Mary would have given the world to have asked her one or two questions; but, remembering the doctor's orders, she bent over her and, kissing her, said: "Mamma, dear, you should not think of these things. They are all past now. Mr. Coningsby will, I'm sure, be here before long to see you."

"Never!" exclaimed the Countess, with strong vehemence. "Never, with my consent. He is a mean adventurer—a fortune-hunter of the lowest kind. I always suspected as much, but I wilfully blinded myself. And I never thought he would be so cold-blooded. Mrs. Blunt may have him with all my heart."

Lady Mary was frightened at her mother's passion. She endeavoured to calm her and to turn her thoughts to some other subject. For a time she failed, and the Countess continued talking in broken and passionate phrases; but she was very weak, and soon became exhausted. Lady Mary, who for some time feared that the fever had returned, breathed freely once more when she saw her sink back into a sound and quiet sleep.

That night, Lady Mary went back to her own bedroom, to sleep there for the first time since she left it to nurse her mother. The return to her old ways induced her to reflect on all she had recently gone through. In the midst of her meditations she suddenly remembered that the letter she had stopped in transmission lay in that room locked up where she placed it on the day she perpetrated the fraud. She took it out to destroy it. When she saw it, and thought of all the suffering it had caused, of the long days and sleepness nights of fruitless repentance and painful watching, of the weeks of sickness, when the shadow of death seemed to be over the house, and when she feared every moment would make her a matricide, she had hardly the courage to touch it. She had intended to tear it up without looking at it; but a strange curiosity possessed her to read the last of her mother's love-letters, and, with trembling hands, she opened it. When she glanced at the contents she turned ghastly pale, and a moment afterwards burst into bitter and almost hysterical laughter. The note she had stopped was her own!

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GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—The wedding of the season—that of the Marquis of Stafford and Lady Millicent St. Clair Erskine, the eldest daughter of the Earl of Rosslyn—came off on Monday afternoon at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, as arranged. Lady Millicent (is not hers a beautiful, old-world name?) was married on her seventeenth birthday. She is very tall and slight, and looked charming in her wedding-gown, which was one of the most graceful I have seen. The bodice and train were made of very soft and rich white satin, the petticoat consisting of the same, scattered over with tiny flowerets embroidered in small pearls. A few folds were caught together hither and thither, with artistic irregularity, many of them converging towards a point to the left of the front, where a spray of orange-blossoms nestled among them. Some lovely old Brussels lace, "by age made yet more mellow," was arranged in a double perpendicular line, so as to appear to peep through a slash towards the left of the skirt. Thence it extended on either side horizontally, veiling the pleated satin flounce that edged the petticoat. Over this fell the rounded tabs in which the edges of the drapery were cut out, each of these being embroidered in a rich design in pearls of various sizes. The tabs were also edged with a fringe of mingled silver and pearls. The whole formed a delicious harmony in tones of white. A spray of orange-blossoms ran along the edge of the petticoat at either side of the front; and high up on the right side an antique lace scarf was tied in a large bow, with long wide ends falling over the satin as only old lace can fall.

The bodice was embroidered down the front in a design similar to that on the tabs, but graduated towards the waist. The neck and wrists were finished with more of the old Brussels turned back upon the satin. The veil was one of the long ones worn over the huge bonnets of Josephine's time, round which they were tied with a silken ribbon, and fell thence to the knees. Lady Millicent's was of the rarest old Brussels, of the costly kind, in which the sprigs are worked in with the ground. They were but small, and thus proved very becoming. The very large sprays sometimes give a grotesque, one-sided look to the countenance. But this veil, falling so as just to cover the face, and in fullest folds at the side, made the youthful bride look like an old picture.

The bridesmaids, eight in number, wore quaint and original dresses, evidently "after" some old master, in white satin and lace. Their caps were extremely becoming, and most uncommon in shape, consisting of a plain square of white muslin edged with lace, which fell over the hair. They carried no bouquets, and the bride's, made of the most exquisite white flowers, was moderate in size, I was glad to see.

The chancel was decorated with white chrysanthemums, and, as the church was lighted up, the effect was beautiful. The congregation was a brilliant one, including the Prince and Princess of Wales and Princess Christian. I heard that the Duke of Cambridge was to be there, but I did not see him. Our dear Princess wore a dress of black-velvet brocade, with a design like curly capital S's all over it, these being in crushed-strawberry colour. Her bonnet was made of black lace, edged with jet beads, and had a bunch of soft ostrich feathers in crushed-strawberry for sole trimming. Round her neck was a round boa of dark fur; her gloves were tan-coloured.

There was not the smallest sign of crinolette, a "hideosity" that was, in fact, conspicuous by its absence throughout the assembly. The Princess seemed in excellent spirits, but looked a little thin.

Princess Christian wore dark grey, brocaded in black, and a small, close, dark grey bonnet. She, too, had a round boa of dark fur.

The Duchess of Sutherland was in brown of a very dark shade, trimmed with fur. She carried on her arm the most adorable little jacket of softest grey fur. Lady Brooke

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ooked, if possible, lovelier than ever, in a magnificent costume of black brocaded velvet, trimmed with bands of brown fur. Her small bonnet was brown, like the fur, just the exact shade to set off her "lily looks," hair of paley gold, and eyes blue as Naples violets.

Lady Burdett-Coutts was among the wearers of magnificent diamonds. Her mantle of scarlet cashmere with Oriental embroidery wrought in gold, had a curious rounded trimming of white fur. Most of the dresses were dark of hue, and a wholly white one, trimmed with marabout to match, stood out conspicuously among them.

Wilton-place was blocked with carriages, and the crowd round the doors was so great that it was a matter of some difficulty to get near them. So stringent were the regulations that even those who were provided with tickets were not allowed to pass, and many of the guests were obliged to wait outside in the cold. Surely some better arrangements might be made for distinguishing between those entitled to admittance and the contingent of pushing and struggling women who always try to make their way within the churches on such occasions, and who, when admitted, stand on seats and tumble off hassocks, to the accompaniment of noisy whispers!

The bride's going-away dress was very original, and made a perfect symphony of autumnal tints. The petticoat was dark green velvet, trimmed with a wide band of wolverine, a fur of a deep brown tint; over this fell the soft folds of the red velvet overskirt, deep and rich in point of colour, and in texture resembling plush in its softness. At the edges of the breadths, this brightened into ruby, showing a satin ground, on which the velvet was cut out in a scroll-like design. Very little of the green velvet underskirt was visible, and you can scarcely imagine how beautifully that colour accorded with the "stained-glass" shade of red and the deep brown tints of the fur.

Some of the folds of the velvet were held at the side by a trimming of cut ruby beads. The bodice was red velvet, with the brocaded part running up the fronts and down the backs of the sleeves. This was good, for it made the deep tones of the dress appear to brighten as they approached the wearer's fresh young face. The cuffs were of green velvet, and a lace collar and jabot finished off the bodice at the neck. Sash-like bands of the brocade came from the side-seams, and crossed in front, the ends falling over the skirt and terminating in heavy tassels of cut ruby beads. The toque worn with this was made of green and red velvet. A muff and boa of wolverine matched the fur on the skirt.

Lady Millicent's trousseau comprised some lovely gowns, especially a dinner-dress of gold brocade, crêpe-de-chine, and white satin; and a delicious tea-gown of pale blue crêpe draped rather loosely from the left shoulder, with the folds tied in at the waist with ribbons of blue and lemon-coloured gauze.

If you want a ball-dress to fit literally "like a glove," get a peau de suède bodice; I saw one at Russell & Allen's, made to be worn with a skirt of coppery-brown pompon tulle, and edged round the shoulders, as well as round the basque, with a double row of dull coppery-brown beads.

They had just finished an order for the Crown Princess of Sweden, who is tall and fair, with a fine figure. The ball-dress made for her is of salmon-pink silk, covered with longitudinal folds of tulle in a much paler shade, and powdered over with the softest, downiest pink marabout feathers. Can you imagine it? In the flounce or ruche that edged the skirt were other marabouts, the whole looking soft and light as thistledown. The bodice was of pink satin, edged round the shoulders with a garland of marabouts. How the ladies of her Court will long for a dress like that when the Princess goes back to Sweden and appears in it! I do hope she will wear pearls or opals with it. It is too soft for diamonds.

Another of her gowns is for a dinner-dress. The front is old-gold satin, covered with three deep flounces of tinted Valenciennes. At either side are wide pleats of brocade that no dictionary words could describe. Velvet poppies in clusters, the stalks tied, as it were, with ribbon, are thrown upon a ground of palest gold, like the tint of over-ripe corn. The train is of gold-coloured satin, lined with poppy-red silk, and draped up one side in zig-zags, so as to show the lining. This dress might be called a millinery lyric of autumn fields.

It is pleasant to find so many foreign Princesses coming to England for their fashions. The Infanta Maria Antonia of Portugal, who was married to the Duke of Parma at Fischhorn last Wednesday, had her going-away dress made by Redfern. It was in a new shade of dark-green vicuna, with a peculiar bronze braid down the centre of the bodice, on each panel of the skirt, and here and there on the drapery. The *cachet* of the gown lay in the novel cut of the short habit-bodice, with a loose, flowing drapery over an almost plain skirt. The jacket to be worn over this travelling costume was of the same colour, and was braided in military fashion. The lining was of shrimp-coloured satin, which "went" beautifully with the dark-green and bronze. The travelling wrap was of "elephant fishing" cloth, a new thing, smoke-grey in colour, which was lined with electric blue. It was made double-breasted and with abundant fulness at the back, so as to combine style with comfort for actual travelling. The Infanta sent a special messenger, Count Luchino Zileri dal Verme, all the way from Austria to Cowes to fetch these garments.

I saw a very pretty redingote the other day, and pinned it in my memory for you. It was dark green velvet, and was made long enough to hide the whole of the dress, except where it opened a little in front. All round the edges it had a deep trimming of chinchilla. Unfortunately, the wearer had made up her complexion to suit the rather trying contrast of green and grey. As she was both young and pretty, it was to be deplored that she had thought such a process necessary.

We went to the first night of "Hamlet" at the Princess's, and found the audience as interesting as the play.

A black velvet dress there, falling in perfectly straight lines at the sides, and showing a skirt of lovely old white lace in front, made me long to have had more grandmothers. The principal advantages of a long line of ancestry lies, I fancy, in their legacies of old lace. I would rather, a thousand times, have it than jewels. There were many diamonds to be seen on Thursday night. They shone through the house from stalls to the highest boxes. The Princess's is a very becoming theatre.

A rather remarkable dress was of jet-embroidered net over scarlet silk. The bodice—what there was of it—appeared to be made entirely of jet, and the sleeves consisted of three drooping festoons of black beads. But for the red that appeared beneath the net, the effect would have been quite funereal, and very appropriate to the graveyard scene. In fact, it might have done for an advertisement of ready-made mourning for the last scene of the play, when the stage is strewn with moribunds.

It is extremely wrong of me, I know, but this last scene always appears to verge upon the ridiculous, especially when Horatio, too, makes for the poisoned cup.

I hear from a friend who has been "doing" Amsterdam that there is a doctor—Meyger—there who is so much the fashion, that all the delicate Royal Highnesses are flocking thither to consult him. Among these distinguished people the Grand Duchess Vladimir makes herself specially conspicuous by her lovely, though rather eccentric, costumes. For instance, during the second week of the present month the good Dutch people were much astonished to see H.R.H. driving about in a white woollen dress, opening over a petticoat and waistcoat of pink satin! Her hat, of sand-coloured straw, had a splendid bunch of white cock's feathers for trimming.

Here is a new way of cooking hare fillets:—

Shape the fillets, then put into a saucepan some minced bacon, a good piece of butter, and three or four spoonfuls of oil, add some minced mushrooms, some shred parsley and thyme; let the mixture cook for a few minutes, then put the fillets, cut in two, into the

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saucepan, adding pepper, sauce, and spices. When the fillets have become stiff, take them out of the saucepan, put them in a dish, and let them cool; then cut some lengthy pieces of paper, so as each may wrap up a piece of fillet. When the hare's flesh is enveloped, close the two ends of the paper. When about to serve, put them on the gridiron, and see that they do not become too brown. Serve without any sauce.

Here is a *piquant* little breakfast dish, a great favourite with the gastronomic sex :—

Split a young and plump partridge, and wipe it with a soft cloth inside and out, but do *not* wash it; broil it delicately over a very clear fire, sprinkling it carefully with a little salt and cayenne, rub a bit of *fresh* butter over it the moment it has been taken from the fire, and send quickly to table with a sauce made of a good slice of butter browned with flour, a little water, cayenne, salt, and mushroom ketchup poured over it.

There is Maud calling to me to go for a walk with her and Charlie, so I must leave off writing. And I wanted so much to tell you about a new dinner-dress I am getting, and about the pretty new collars that are coming in. But alas! the duties of a "daisy-picker" are not to be evaded. Go I must, to act the chill part of propriety-preserver.

By the bye, I made a mistake recently as to the publisher of "L'Invitation, a Musical Picture for the Piano." It is published by Wood & Co., Great Marlborough-street.

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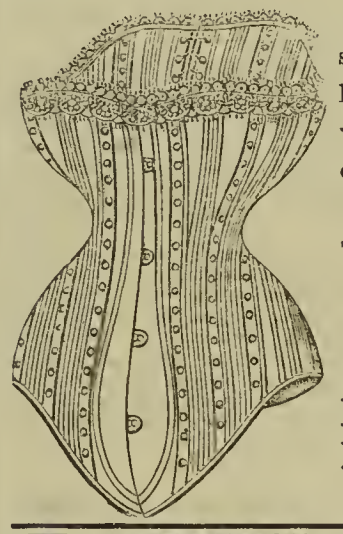

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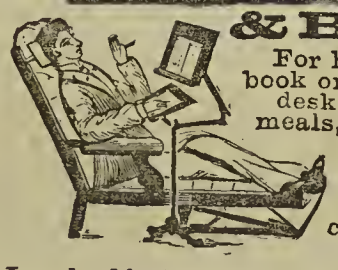

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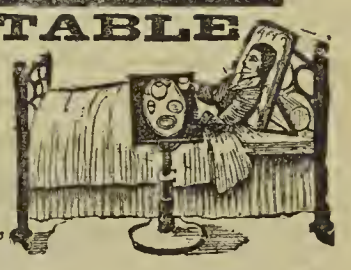

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PROSPECTUS.

This Company is incorporated to effect the following objects:—

1. To acquire the Shares and exercise the powers of the Seacombe, Hoylake, and Deeside Railway Company, which has paid for the last three years an average dividend of over 6 per cent. per annum on its issued capital of £90,000, which is nearly equivalent to 5 per cent. on the sum for which the Railway has been purchased.

2. To acquire and exercise the Parliamentary powers of the Wirral Railway Company, and of the Act just obtained for extending the Railway to Birkenhead Park, and to make the Railways.

3. To obtain Parliamentary powers for the making of a Railway from the Wirral Railway to join the proposed Railway and Bridge over the River Dee near Connah's Quay, for which powers have lately been granted.

4. To obtain an Act of Parliament to amalgamate these undertakings into one Parliamentary Company, by the name of "The Wirral Railway Company."

The existing Hoylake line is 6½ miles long, the other lines already authorised are 13 miles, the projected line to Connah's Quay 10¾ miles, and the loop towards Chester 1½ miles.

By means of the Mersey Railway, which will connect both sides of the Mersey by a tunnel carrying a double line of railway, and will join the proposed Railways, the Wirral Railways will in the most direct and convenient manner afford access from Liverpool and Birkenhead to the populous districts of Bidston, Wallasey, New Brighton, Hoylake, and West Kirby; and to the whole Cheshire coast of the Dee Estuary. The inhabitants of all these places will acquire the advantage of direct communication with London and all parts of England.

By means of the extension of the Railway from near Prenton, by Park Gate to Connah's Quay (to join the authorised Railway crossing the Dee to Chester from Denbighshire and Flintshire), Liverpool and Birkenhead will be placed in immediate connection with the most attractive districts of North Wales. Also by the construction of a short connecting-link from the Wirral Railway to the Railway before mentioned from the Dee to Chester, a new railway route will be established from the centre of Liverpool to the Central Station in Northgate-street, in the City of Chester, giving a most useful communication through the Hundred of Wirral.

By the proposed Railways the coalfields of Denbighshire and Flintshire, containing an inexhaustible supply of valuable steam coal will be placed in direct connection with the Liverpool and Birkenhead Docks, constituting their port of export on the Mersey, by a short and direct route. This route, by the Wirral Railways and Mersey Tunnel, will, as between Flintshire and Liverpool, save about 9½ miles on a distance of 23 miles, in comparison with the present circuit through Chester to Birkenhead it will save about 21½ miles on a distance of 36 miles in comparison with the present circuit by Chester and Runcorn to Liverpool, and will save about 30½ miles on a distance of 45 miles, in comparison with the present circuit by Chester and Warrington to Liverpool. From the coalfields of Denbighshire there will also be a most important saving of distance, and a new and important route will be established.

The Branches of the Wirral Railways northward by the lines from the Mersey Railway through Birkenhead to New Brighton and Hoylake above referred to, will open up a splendid residential coast, with unsurpassed bathing facilities between New Brighton and Wallasey and Leasowe, for the recreation of the inhabitants of Liverpool; while the coast from Leasowe to Parkgate, which is already a favourite district (containing a considerable population) and a most attractive and health-giving suburban neighbourhood, unrivalled in the Kingdom, will be within half an hour's journey of the centre of Liverpool.

So soon as the Mersey Railway is completed the above coast will be conveniently accessible to the City of Manchester and all the great towns of Lancashire and the manufacturing districts. In connection with the Mersey Railway, the lines will afford railway accommodation to a population of over 1,000,000 in Liverpool, Bootle, and Birkenhead alone. The present passenger traffic alone across the Mersey by the Ferry boats is estimated at not less than 26,000,000 persons annually.

On the Birkenhead side the Wirral Railways will connect in the most convenient manner with the Dock Railways on both sides of the Great Float. When connections are formed on the Liverpool side, between the Mersey Railway and the Dock Railways, the great system of Docks on both sides of the Mersey will be put in continuous communication by Railway, and great additional facilities will be afforded for the interchange of the traffic between the various Docks in Liverpool and Birkenhead.

Traffic arriving by Railway on either side of the Mersey will thus be conveniently dealt with, and the property of the Dock Estate at Birkenhead will be especially benefited by a new and short route from the Denbighshire and Flintshire coalfields.

Apart from their great value as Passenger Lines, the Wirral Railways and the Mersey Railway will together afford the greatest facilities in supplying the means of the rapid transit of goods between the different parts of Liverpool and Birkenhead for all commercial purposes.

An important feeder to the traffic to and from the Birkenhead Park Station exists in the Birkenhead Tramway. This can be easily connected with the Station itself, and thus the passengers who prefer crossing by steamer at Woodside Ferry, and the passengers from Oxton will have every facility for reaching the Wirral Company's system.

The Railway Tunnel of the Mersey Railway Company under the River will, it is expected, be finished before the end of the year, from Whitechapel, Liverpool, to the Market in Birkenhead, and the remainder of the land connections and stations are being pressed forward at the utmost speed in order to open the whole line as early next year as possible.

The purchasers of the Hoylake Railway, with its Parliamentary rights and obligations under the Seacombe, Hoylake, & Deeside Co.'s Acts, have entered into an agreement to transfer that undertaking to the Company at the cost price of £110,000, plus the actual expenses, but without any profit or advantage except interest at 5 per cent. per annum from date of payment. The net revenue of that Company for the last five years, as per the published accounts, has been as follows:—

1879	£2,250	13	5
1880	4,103	8	5
1881	3,978	19	11
1882	5,698	14	7
1883	6,141	5	5

The Traffic Receipts for 1884 show a large increase over those for 1883, and are capable of rapid development on the extension to Birkenhead and the junction with the Mersey Tunnel being completed.

The present issue is £300,000. This is intended to be applied—(1) In the purchase and improvement of the Hoylake Railway; (2) Its extension to the Park Station in Birkenhead to meet the Mersey Railway; (3) The extension to New Brighton; (4) The general purposes of the undertakings.

The only Contracts entered into are No. 1, dated 1st day of July, 1884, made between the Wirral Railway Company of the one part, and Francis Archer, on behalf of this Company, of the other part; No. 2, dated the same day, between the Proprietors of the Seacombe, Hoylake, and Deeside Railway Company of the first part, Asahel Pilkington Bell, on behalf of the Wirral Railway Company, of the second part, and Francis Archer, on behalf of this Company, of the third part; and No. 3, dated 2nd day of July, 1884, made between Robert Charles de Grey Vyner of the one part, and Francis Archer, on behalf of this Company, of the other part. Copies of these Contracts may be seen at the offices of the Company, or of the Solicitors.

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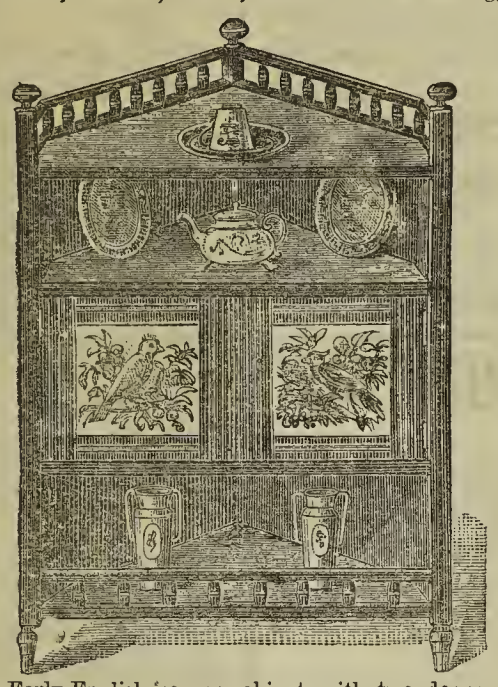

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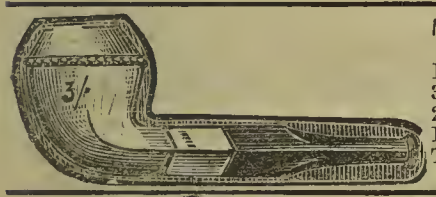

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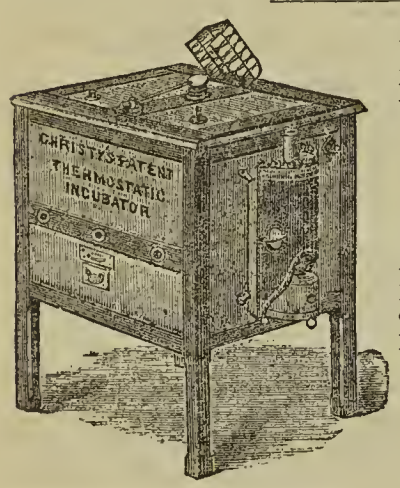

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Dear Sir,—Myself and wife (Madame Julia Gaylord) have used your Ammoniaphone for some months with great benefit, and can highly recommend it to all singers.—Yours truly, F. C. Packard (Royal English Opera Co.).

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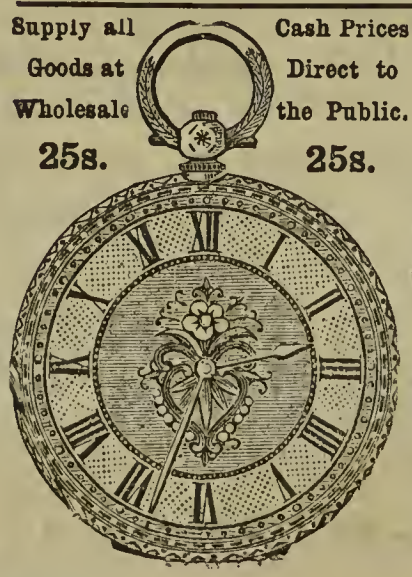

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OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 296.—ORIGINAL PROVERBS.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

As some of the ordinary readers of these pages may not have seen Truth for last week, I think it well to state that it contained full details of the Special Home-made Toy Competition, and of the Fifteen Guineas offered for Prizes for the best Model Toys, &c. Letters of inquiry relating to this Competition are already coming in, and I will, as in former years, answer them thus publicly for the information of all competitors engaged in the contest. Let it be fully understood, then, that there is absolutely no limit as to the forms the Models shall assume. The varieties mentioned last week were meant to suggest subjects for ingenuity, and not to limit them. Several correspondents ask, too, whether there is any limit as to the age of competitors? My answer is, "None whatever." A child also may be helped in his or her task by friends or relations without any infringement of regulations. One word more in conclusion as to the donations to the Toy Fund. Let friends remember that the early intimation of their kind inventions will be especially useful. The number of Toys required will be larger than ever. So much is already clear from the letters received from the Hospitals and Workhouses.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 297.

Meanness is defined by Dr. Johnson to be "want of excellence or dignity, lowness of mind, sordidness, niggardliness," and what the "Height of Meanness" is an unusually large number of competitors attempted last week to describe. The commonest fault was that many of the definitions given did not really define a "mean" act in the usually accepted sense of the word; but there were many amusing and ingenious answers for all that. The number of answers this week is again so large, however, that I am loth to devote space to mere criticism, which cannot, of course, affect the result. I will, therefore, merely add that the prize for the best definition of the "Height of Meanness" will be divided between Cæsar and St. M.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 300.

As Anagram-making has always proved a very interesting subject for competition, it has been decided to offer the usual prize of Two Guineas this week for

THE BEST ANAGRAM ON THE NAME OF ANY KING OR QUEEN OF ENGLAND SINCE THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

The names will be taken to include any title or nickname monarchs may have possessed. Thus, an anagram may be made on "William the Conqueror" instead of "William the First" if a competitor so pleases, or on "Good Queen Bess" instead of "Queen Elizabeth." There will be no objection either to a competitor adding the name of a King's line, such as "Henry IV. of Lancaster," if its addition make the resulting anagram much better. But it would be preferable for the anagram to be made without such an addition, if possible. Another thing to note is that competitors may, if they please, treat the Roman numerals in a Sovereign's name as letters. Thus, in "Edward IV.," the "IV" may be used as the letters "I" and "V." But this is quite optional. I need scarcely add that in forming an anagram all the letters of the original words must be brought in, and that a really good anagram should have a meaning which relates in some way to whatever it may have been formed from.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** As it is necessary to leave out the Rules this week, it may be stated here that all answers to the current puzzle must be sent on or before Friday, the 31st inst., to The Puzzle Editor, Truth Building, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.

Jober Khan.—No; there is no strict order of merit observed in printing the specimens, though it is usual to put some of the better ones first.

Scrivener.—Your verse may have some influence, so I publish it:—

Magna est veritas et prevalebit,
Now Peers be wise in this your generation;
Your yea or nay can matter but a wee bit,
"*Votes cannot stem the tide-wave of a nation.*"

Greek-street, Archie Lovell, Norwich.—Your definitions were too late, I regret to say.

Englishwoman (Constantinople).—Though necessarily too late for publication, I have received your alliterative lines with pleasure. Your original proverbs also are good. The one I think best is

We often pat our neighbour's donkey for what we kick our own horse for.

*** Several answers are unavoidably omitted.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 298. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

ECCENTRIC RHYMES.

Still do vile French pianos hammer on
The airs in "Rip" sung by Vi. Cameron.
No more dragoons their stalwart frames distort askew
In adoration of æsthetic Fortescue.
Hush; 'tis the dictatorial voice of Kendal;
The iron-mistress to her will would bend all.
The very timid dread to cross the least lake;
The Yankees hope that 's not the case with Eastlake.
Fair Galatea! Sweet Mary Anderson!
Is there a rhyme to this?—Ha!—hum!—well!—
Sanderson. Scrivener.

THE IMPRESSIONABLE MASHER.

"I love to hear him stammer on
At times," laughs Violet Cameron.
"Glances with love and port askew
He casts at me," says Fortescue;
"A wife to cherish and to tend 'll
Just do him good," says Mrs. Kendal.
"A ducking in the very least lake,
Were better far," cries charming Eastlake.
"Rather an Africander's son,
I'd wed," adds Mary Anderson. Ynys.

"I cannot play, my dear, to-day," he said, too tired to sport his cue,
"Let billiards be! Whom shall we see—Miss Bateman or Miss Fortescue?
There's Irving, too, than whom, 'tis true, the drama has no grander son;
But, I forget! he's not back yet! The charm now is Miss Anderson.
Or, if for choice you like a voice that sheds a spell and glamour on
All hearers, why! I think we'll try for stalls, to hear Miss Cameron."
His wife replied: "If I decide, I think we best can end all
This long debate ('tis getting late) by choosing Mrs. Kendal.
Or, should there be no seats left free, what say you to Miss Eastlake?
Her voice, I know, is sweet and low, so my head not the least 'll ache." Silly Sing-Song.

When the sculptor "*Three* Graces" plied chisel and hammer on,
He'd have added a *fourth* had he seen Miss V. Cameron.
May not "Trial by Jury" turn out at the "Court" askew,
Where it shortly comes off for the "ben." of Miss Fortescue?
"Sigh-and-tiff-" ic, indeed! "Social Science" must end all
Professional friendship when preached *à la* Kendal.
All our *North lakes* united—from greatest to least lake—
Though "striking," ne'er made such a "hit" as *one Eastlake.*
Sage-stuffing (not *sauce*, tho') would need such a gander's son
As should hiss the fair *his*trion, Miss Mary Anderson.
W. E. MacCarthy.

As C is the only one letter I stammer on,
I ca-cannot c-construct a ca-carol to Cameron.
Tho' Mashers throw glances of every sort askew
To arouse the attention of lovely Miss Fortescue.
If I had a large flock of geese, I would send all
To express what the world thinks of critical Kendal.
Just a touch of the tiniest carmine or, least lake,
Would add to the beauty of pallid Miss Eastlake,
But to find due expression my muse vainly wanders on,
To sing in a couplet thy praises, fair Anderson.
E. F.

Sam Quidnuno wrote a libel of a sort—S. Q.
Could scribble "by the hundred"—on Miss Fortescue;
And, not content with this, he needs must hammer on
That "pink" of leading ladies, Violet Cameron.
He knows the drama's "Western fount" and least lake,
So floods with stale abuse the witching Eastlake;
And, finding faults in each, proceeds to blend all
In one, proclaiming "Plainly these are Kendal."
No further need in proof that you 're a gander, son,
To lay un-Christian Han(d)s on classic Anderson.
Colin Clout.

With petticoats too short, askew,
Stands fair, forsaken Fortescue.
'Twixt occupants of stall prebendal,
From other stalls who worship Kendal;
And Jack, a grand sire's grander son,
Who'd fain wed Mary Anderson.
But loud the Ma-hers hammer on
The floor, for Violet Cameron;
While seeks the sad Almida Eastlake
The greatly-by-her-tears-increased lake.
Kittifonia.

Of favourite actresses, the least lao-
Onic is, perhaps, Miss Eastlake;
The one that's apt to make us spend all
Superfluous cash is Mrs. Kendal;
Yet who, to lure the wealthy ganders on,
Has greater power than Mary Anderson?
When lords forget their rank, and court askew,
They single out a name like Fortescue;
While poor Lefroy would blush and stammer on
The mention of the name of Cameron.
Bob Ridley.

"We're women true and tender while we lend all
Our gifts and grace to please you," says Madge Kendal.
Search the most favoured spot of earth by tram or on
Rail, where's a sweeter violet than Vi. Cameron?
Though with Pygmalion she philanders on,
Cold as Greek marble's Mary Anderson.
That peerlet's wits led him a thought askew
Who fled the blue-eyed fairy Fortescue.
E'en the dull Masher's hollow heart at least 'll ache,
At pathos pictured prettily by Eastlake. Skriker.

When writers of sense want a subject to hammer on,
Let them turn to the play and sing Violet Cameron.
In spite of my mother's severe reprimand, her son
Spends his evenings in worshipping sweet Mary Anderson.
I'm ennuyée, and long since to please me have ceased lake,
Mountain, and stream, but I still love Miss Eastlake.
If not sure of stage morals 'tis easy to end all
Your doubts by a visit to sage Mrs. Kendal.
If your friend prefers plays of a different sort, his cue
Is to see and admire—'tis the same thing—Miss Fortescue. Dhu.

Phryne-like, turning the minds of the Court askew,
See in the witness-box lovely Miss Fortescue.
Heir to the peerage, and naval commander's son,
Actor, judge, bishop, all worship Miss Anderson.
Best of all themes for the rhymster to hammer on,
Beauty and art of Miss Violet Cameron.
Comparison with biggest ponds were insult to the least lake.
Let no one mention "Where 's the Cat?" now "Hamlet" claims Miss Eastlake.
Upon the stage our hearts you win, but wherefore seek to mend all
Your neighbours' little faults? Forswear the *platform*, Mrs. Kendal. Australian.

Mad as a mandarin, when one cuts short his cue,
Was Cairns to learn that Garmoyle "popped" to Fortescue.
Blame not the judge who the Yankee philanders on—
No bad judge is he who admires Mary Anderson.
She's joined the tribe of Japhet, Shem, or Ham—hereon
Much joy I wish to fair Bensnade, *née* Cameron.
A charming actress, fated to offend all
By turning lecturer—misguided Kendal!
As on thy charms admiring Mashers feast—lake-
Like, thy fair face in dimples laughs, my Eastlake!
Prima Donna.

A merry theme for bells to clamour on,
"Joy to the bride!" the lively Cameron.
He won his suit, and if report is true,
You will win yours, my pretty Fortescue.
Before so pure a shrine we bend all,
A queen of grace art thou, fair Kendal.
All "seething sea" and not the least lake;
Give some smooth sailing, dear Miss Eastlake.
That was the girl that ought to land her son,
Said Countess C—— of Mary Anderson
Harold W.

The grave and sedate, who for serious plays clamour on,
Are charmed into laughter by mirth-moving Cameron;
While tears, in a stream that might flood Scotland's least lake,
Are wrung from the gay by pathetic Miss Eastlake.
Poor "Gumboil" has freely discharged, to cut short his cue
Of lover and fiancé to fair Finney-Forcescue.
Some critics proclaim a clear light, to amend all
Stage wrongs; others note but a rush-light in Kendal;
And beauty's admirers declare a much grander sun
Has risen on the drama in bright Mary Anderson.
Sir P. Felis.

I find the muse is halting, and inclined to limp and and stammer on,
When I attempt to find a word that glibly rhymes with Cameron.
I'm sure that recently we 've heard of nothing of the sort as cu-
Rious as the case of faithless G. and int'resting Miss Fortescue.
If you desire to give a treat, I think you ought to send all
Your country cousins up to see the piece that's played by Kendal.
Geographers will please to note a small—in fact, the least—lake
In London's been discovered, and the name thereof it Eastlake.
Of this fact I am as convinced as that my name 's not Anderson,
The Grand Old Man, emphatically, has not got a grander son. Ajax.
You've to pay for your lordly sport—eschew,
In future, the like of Miss Fortescue.
Ill fare the coward who heapeth slanders on
The fair name and fame of Mary Anderson.

Dramatic critics, they commend all,
Your able paper, Mrs. Kendal.
I langh, and dance, and sing, and clamour on,
The Masher's idol, Violet Cameron.
If not my heart, my eyes at least 'll ache,
Until I see again, Miss Eastlake. Rose Island.

If I were old Vulcan my anvil I'd hammer on,
To forge, as my Venus, love letters for Cameron.
Or would rank, wealth, and pleasures of every sert eschew,
To bask in the favour of delicate Fortescue.
But if I had powers of persuasion, I'd lend all
To check the speech-making of gushing Madge Kendal.
As the moonbeams illume greatest ocean or least lake,
High and low are refined by thy softness, fair Eastlake;
And, welcoming merit, rejoice that no slanders on
Her unsullied name can defame Mary Anderson.
L. L. L.

Thespis looks down on Irving and on Anderson,
And sees no lovelier daughter and no grander son.
A lordling thought to play with fair Miss Fortescue,
Bnt failed, because he never rightly caught his cue.
Scorn not to tinge thy pallid cheeks, Miss Eastlake,
With just a tonch of madder or the least lake.
Loud clap the "gods" to greet their favourite Cameron;
The floor with heels and sticks they freely hammer on.
Last, but not least, the be-all and the end-all,
Is England's Queen of Drama, peerless Kendal.
Ned Nettap.

Who the Dark Continent would cross must hammer on,
Despising every hindrance—as did Cameron.
F O R T I'd got, and I eagerly sought S Q,
Which I foolishly thought would complete the word Fortescue.
Which, of Windermere, Thirlmere, and Grassmere's the least lake?
The prize is a mere sketch, but then it's by Eastlake.
Ye who would elevate the stage—attend all!
Take for your guide and teacher Mrs. Kendal.
See yon bright servant maid, with geese and ganderson—
These act their part in life, so does Miss Anderson.
Cypress.

It mayn't be fun, throughout a run, at the same weary part still to hammer on,
Bnt you must know we find it slow when you merely walk through it, Miss Cameron.
"Engaged" was dropped. It's pity then leads you to see there's naught askew
In every fresh engagement for engaging Finney-Fortescue?
Pray you stick to the boards of St. James's! Elsewhere "on the stage," Mistress Kendal,
Though an autocrat equal to Holmes, you have not the good sense of sweet Wendel.
Big boys outgrow their knickerbocks, big fish need an increased lake;
Is there a stage that's large enough to hold you now, Miss Eastlake?
A pretty face, a studied grace, to applaud you may lead ganders on,
You've made a start to learn your art, but yon can't act much, Miss Anderson. Fiddler.

We're not to lose Miss Vi'let Cameron,
Burlesque opera she'll still hammer on.
Garmoyle's gold cheers Finney, or Fortescue;
Twenty-five "thou"—now, there is nought askew.
Let players do wrong, so says Mrs. Kendal,
To see them act, much money we spend all.
"Still waters run deep," so does Miss Eastlake,
'Mid smiling lakes she is not the least lake.
No "devil's house" where acts Miss Anderson;
She would have pleased good Bishop Sanderson.
J. McGrigor Allan.

To strike out fit phrases my brain I hammer on,
For singing thy praises, sweet Violet Cameron.
"Theatrical folk, I rede ye amend all
Your evil habits," qnoth Mistress Kendall.
The youthful stage lover, however well taught his cue,
Forgets it when dazed by thy beauty, oh, Fortescue!
Oblivion's waters can never the least slake
My thirst to behold thee again, my Eastlake.
"Form! what pedestal worthy to stand her's on?"
Pygmalion cries of Miss Mary Anderson.
Coeitanian.

A galaxy of beauty, like anctioneer with hammer on
His desk, I must dispose of now, commencing with Miss Cameron.
Garmoyle has disappeared, yet in a crowded public court, askew
Will his proceedings be looked on who trifled with Miss Fortescue.

To show the stage improving is, your arguments de tend all,
And for your sake as truth we'll take your sayings, Mrs. Kendal.
I 'll sit and think, nor eat nor drink, my hand and brain at least 'll ache,
Until I get by honest sweat words that will rhyme with Eastlake.
I must acknowledge that there are full many geese and ganders on
This earth of ours, but none dispnte the grace of Mary Anderson. Senor Nunez.

Many remarks make ganders on
The charms of Mary Anderson.
I cannot sing, so stammer on,
Praising Miss Violet Cameron.
I think Lord G——, in short 'tis true,
Should wed fair Finney-Fortescue.
Whenever wanting pleasure's feast, take
Your friends to see engaging Eastlake.
Of my small means I'd hardly spend all
In lecture fees to Mrs. Kendal. Daleth.

Answers have been received from T. M. Dion, R. S. W., Roggee Shurt, Scedle Jan, Juvenal, Observer, Cyprus, Ynys, Senor Nunez, Avenue, Cantab, W. Tyrrell, Scrivener, A Chipstow Chap, Ondice, Sphinx, Cabbage, South C., Bee, Bogey, Plumepierre, Redbarn, Scapin, Single Dahlia, Link Boy, C. F. Reid, J. McGrigor Allan, Orchis, Jaber Khan, J. E. S., Werder, Boy, Pagan, Silly-Sing-Song, W. E. MacCarthy, Summerdale, B. Hammon, E. F. Dolphin, Bob Ridley, Justice Shallow, Catanian, Malignant, Hookwood, W. W., Kittifonia, Little Margareth, Respice Finem, Newid, Young Gougr, Lonulbissed, Georgina, Dora, Frank Croson, Topsy, Skriker, Colin Clout, Beryl, Sol, Gibb, Bob-tail Nag, Daleth, Paste, Pybo and Puck, Pippin, Ercildoune, V. de Montgomery, Lydia Languish, Sumus Nonus, Harold W., J. Beauclerk, Prima Donna, Ned Nettap, Anstralian, Janet, Margory Daw, East Wind, Miss Madcap, M. Evans, Old Log, Encius, Crystal Palace, J. C. Mathews, Asthma, Repealer, Severus, Pirot, Ned, Wee Iron, Bede, Sir P. Felis, Legis, Dhu, Risk, A. Parker, Grub-street, Avon Marmaduke, Gnelder Rose, Daphnis, Nutshell, Beetroot, Ajax, W. Val English, The Ashcat, Guinea Pig, Trelvelig, J. B. Mathews, Robert Tail, Duncrau, Fiddler, L. L. L., Rose Island, Batch, Mash, Ersome, and Red Rag.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ENGLISH RESIDENT."

Boulogne-sur-Mer.

Sir,—I can quite appreciate the neutral position you have taken up about gambling. Probably if the English residents of this town were polled, there would be a large majority in favour of the amusement provided in the so-called gambling-room at the Casino. But there is another way of looking at the matter, which you justly said was beyond the scope of your article, viz., whether gambling at public tables is not, after all, preferable, as a sort of safety-valve to gambling in all other forms. A far abler pen than mine dealt with the question some time ago, and I think it may interest your readers if I reproduce some of the arguments of the writer:—

"I see our 'goodys' are again at their fussy work of volunteering to put their neighbour's house in order. They are always at some feeble nensense or other. One day it is opium-eating in China; another day it is bull-fighting in Spain; another day it is cruelty to horses in Italy; and now their sensitive natnres are exercised about gambling at Monaco. They say to the Prince of Monaco, 'Let ns pull the mote out of thine eye,' and they are scandalised when they receive the very natural rejoinder, 'First cast out the beam that is in thine own!' This presumptuous fussiness,—for it is nothing else,—for the morals of our neighbours is all sham,—cheap hypocrisy of the apparent kind! Why, every sensible man knows that for every stone we throw at their glass houses they can throw back a dozen at ours! Why can't we mind our own business? There is plenty of it. Certainly horses are cruelly treated in Italy; gamblers are ruined at Monaco; men poison themselves with opium in China; but that is their business. What is our business is, that horses are cruelly treated in England, gamblers are ruined on every race-course in the kingdom, and men poison themselves with spirits in England. Such being the case, I think it is more honest and decent for us to clean out our Augean stable before we begin to complain of that of our neighbours. We are told gambling is wrong,—very likely it is; I don't know, but this I do know, that it is one of the most ancient infirmities if mankind. It does not seem to me that there is more harm in tossing for a half-penny than there is in smoking a cigar or eating an ice, but the man is a fool who eats and smokes till he is sick or loses more halfpence than he has got; and he is a rogue if he tosses with a halfpenny that has got two heads or two tails; and this is the difference between gambling at Monaco and gambling at Ascot, Epsom, or Newmarket. At the former the halfpennies have a head and tail,—at the latter a great number have not. If gambling is wrong it is because it is injnrious to individuals and society,—it is entirely a question of degree. Well, I believe the degrees of gambling—that is to say, the gambling that does most harm to individuals and to society, and the gambling that does least harm is well illustrated at Monte-Carlo, and the gambling at, say, Ascot. At Monte-Carlo gambling is perfectly fair; cheating, in any shape or form, is absolutely impossible. Everything is conducted with a due regard for decorum and good manners; no quarrelling, no swearing, no drinking, no dishonesty, no cruelty, no ruffianism. The implements of gambling are inanimate objects; cards, dice, roulette balls, that cannot be pulled, or 'roped,' or poisoned. There is no playing on credit. An intending gambler must have the money in his pocket. If he has not got it, he must get it: he must mortgage his property or borrow it at 60 per cent., or rob the till, before he sits down to table. For one man who would gamble on these terms there are twenty men who would gamble on credit. How much money would have been staked last Doncaster meeting if the gentlemen sportsmen had been obliged to produce their 'monkeys' (£500) and their 'ponies' (£25) before each race? Certainly there is a reverse to the medal. Fools ruin themselves at Monaco, as they do at Ascot, at Epsom, on the Bourse, on the Stock Exchange, or in various other ways; and when they are ruined, destroy themselves. But this is not confined to Monaco. It is not only there that desperate men 'fly from the ills they have to others they know not of.' We read harrowing descriptions of ladies with wan and eager looks, watching the cards and the dice; but disagreeable as snch a sight is, I don't think it is nearly so disagreeable as that of a female 'masher,' flushed, excited, and unfeminine, exchanging bets with the howling demons of the Ring. The 'ring' may be composed of the gentlest and most benevolent of mankind. They are, no doubt, 'wise as serpents,' but still they may be 'harmless as doves.' Very likely they are. I have not the pleasure of their acquaintance; but certainly, when following their avocation, they do not, as a rule, display much of what artists call 'the beauty of expression.' . . . . . Oh, but I am told gambling on a racecourse is sport. I fail to see it. To me it appears to be simple gambling,—gambling as complete as that at Monaco, with this difference, that horses represent the cards and dice and roulette balls, and jockeys and trainers, and ring-men, and owners represent the croupiers. Gambling is not sport. Gambling kills sport. How many gentlemen in the whole of England race only for sport? Why, you can count them on yonr fingers. Talk of sport, why, out of a dozen races how many are there about which there is not some suspicion, some secret, some whispers of 'being meant,' being 'run fat,' being 'pulled?' Some question about owner, trainer, or jockey, or the ring? 'Are you going to win, Bill?' asked his friend of a jockey who was cantering down to the post, 'Not unless the reins break,' was the honest, but scarcely sportsmanlike reply. . . . . What, pray, is the plain English of such every-day sporting expressions as that 'the horse was ridden with determination,' 'Was ridden right out?' &c. . . . . What is called 'plunging on the Turf' means more or less ruin. If the 'plunger's' heart fail him he may escape with the loss of half his fortune; but if he is what is called a 'good plucked 'un' his absolute and complete ruin is a certainty. Racing always has been, and always will be, a noble and exciting sport, but racing conducted merely on gambling principles is not sport at all, but the most cruel, the most dishonest, the most demoralising gambling in the world. Because I believe that *public* is infinitely less injurious to individuals and society than *private* gambling; that gambling with cards, dice, roulette balls is infinitely less injurious than with horses; that gambling for *ready money* is infinitely less injurious than gambling *on credit*,—therefore I believe that gambling at Monaco is infinitely less injurious than gambling at Ascot, Epsom, or Newmarket, and therefore I think that before our 'Goodys' worry us about gambling at Monaco, they had better see what they can do about gambling at home."—E. S.

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· TRUTH ·

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No. 409. Vol. XVI. Thursday, October 30, 1884. Price Sixpence.

ENTRE NOUS.

I HAVE received the following letter from Mr. Joseph Guedalla, accompanied by a cheque for £100. There are about 2,000 children in the London hospitals and over 8,000 in the Workhouses and Workhouse-schools who now count upon those who enjoy comforts and luxuries, remembering at Christmas that others have little to make them happy from year's end to year's end. On recent Christmases they have all received a present—in the shape of a little toy—and each Workhouse or Hospital has received some large toys for general use—thanks to the generosity of the readers of Truth. Those who are not practically aware what has been the pleasure all these children derive from having something actually their own, can hardly realise how these gifts are looked forward to by the little inmates of the Hospitals and Workhouses. I therefore most sincerely hope that the children will not be disappointed this Christmas :—

22, Upper Berkeley-street, Hyde Park, W.,
Oct. 27, 1884.

My wife and myself have been most desirous to honour in some way the centenary of our kind and revered friend, Sir Moses Montefiore. It has occurred to us that we could do it in no more fitting manner than to contribute to your fund—to which on a former occasion we have been indeed pleased to send our mite—as we shall thereby aid in ensuring to some hundreds of poor children stricken down with illness, and with little to relieve their sad and suffering lives, a bright and merry Christmas. Some six years ago, our own three little ones—suddenly seized with scarlet fever—spent the Christmas-time in a private ward at the London Fever Hospital, and we were at that time enabled to judge by personal experience how a little attention gave pleasure to the juvenile inmates in the general ward. Perhaps others may also think well to honour great age and the purest and noblest of careers by practically remembering the young, and letting the hundredth birthday of the Jewish philanthropist afford an opportunity, which none more than himself would approve, of giving a happy Christmas-tide to the most helpless among the poor of other creeds. I beg you will use the enclosed cheque entirely as you may deem most advantageous to the general administration of your fund, to which I wish all success.

I have also received £1. 1s. from "Observer," and £1 from "M. C. and J."

The Prince and Princess of Wales go down to Wycombe Abbey on their visit to Lord and Lady Carrington next Tuesday evening, by special train from Paddington. Two days will be devoted to cover-shooting, and the party will break up on Friday. The Prince and Princess will go shortly to Eastwell Park for a few days, on a visit to the Duchess of Edinburgh.

No intimation has yet been made to the House of Commons of a contemplated demand for an allowance to the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, although it seems probable that when the demand is made the sum asked for will be £15,000 per annum. This is altogether excessive. There is no reason why he should have a separate allowance, and £2,000 per annum would be sufficient for pocket-money. In this particular case, however, the grant is likely to be opposed—no matter what the amount may be—on the ground that her Majesty does not spend all her income, and that consequently the head of the Royal Family has ample means to provide for her grandchildren out of the income granted to her by the country.

Prince George of Wales is to go to Heidelberg when he leaves Greenwich, and he will stay there for two or three months with Professor Ihne, under whose charge Prince Edward was placed last summer.

Sir Henry Ponsonby has left Balmoral for a short leave of absence, which he is passing between Windsor Castle and St. James's Palace. During Sir Henry's "holiday," his arduous and delicate duties as Private Secretary to the Queen are undertaken by Major Edwards.

I hear that in all probability the house in Kensington Palace recently occupied by the Duke and Duchess of Teck will again become their residence. The matter is now under the consideration of the Queen, who is particularly desirous that the Duchess of Albany should, for the present at least, make Claremont her home, and arrangements are to be made for keeping up the place at her Majesty's expense.

The Duchess was going to visit her relations in Germany and Holland, but her expedition was postponed by the wish of the Queen. It is easy to believe that the Duchess finds Balmoral exceedingly dreary and dispiriting. Court life on Deeside is dull beyond all dulness—*triste à mourir*, as a foreign visitor recently observed.

Edmund is quite mistaken in stating that the post of Constable of Windsor Castle, now held by Count Gleichen, is an office "of more dignity than profit," for it is worth over £1,100 a year, which, I should say, is exceedingly good pay for a sinecure. The Count was appointed to this post in succession to Prince Albert, who held it, and who took the salary, for nearly twenty years. His predecessor was the Duke of Sussex.

Vanity Fair says that "St. James's Palace must have great attractions as a residence," for "over a hundred gentlemen are urgent to obtain the apartments and the appointments lately occupied by Mr. Bontein," and adds that "the quarters must be the attraction," as the salaries amount to only £400 a year. This is all a mistake, for there are no apartments attached to Mr. Bontein's posts, either at St. James's Palace or anywhere else, nor did he occupy quarters there. He was only the

temporary tenant of a small suite of rooms belonging to one of the minor functionaries of the Palace. The number of applicants does not amount to anything like one hundred, but those who *have* bestirred themselves have wasted their trouble, for directly after Mr. Bontein's funeral his places were offered to an individual who is in receipt of a pension from the Queen, and in the event of his declining them (both offices—Gentleman Usher of the Privy Chamber and Groom of the Robes—are absolutely sinecures), they are to be offered to another gentleman named by the Queen. Court posts of this kind are usually filled before they are vacant, as was the coveted office of Black Rod, which was promised by the Queen to the Dowager-Duchess of Athole for Sir James Drummond several days before Sir William Knollys died.

There is a "queer story" going the rounds, of a row between a lady who occupies apartments in a Royal Palace and her maid. I hear that the mistress soundly thrashed her abigail, and subsequently turned her out of doors, it then being midnight. The matter has been "mentioned" to the Queen.

Apartments at Hampton Court are usually given to the widows of those who have done some service to the State. But I observe that a vacant suite is to be given to Mrs. Bagot, who is the widow of the Rev. Charles Bagot, "an uncle of Lady Kenmare." The Reverend Charles may have worthily fulfilled his avuncular duties towards her ladyship, but surely this can hardly entitle his widow to live henceforward rent-free in one of the People's Palaces.

There is no truth in the report that the Duke of Connaught, when he returns from India in the spring, is to be appointed to the command of the South-Eastern District. It is intended to give H.R.H. a high post at the Horse Guards, with the ultimate object of his succeeding the Duke of Cambridge in the command of the army.

The Duke and Duchess are expected to leave India at the end of March, and it is probable that they will return home through America, by way of San Francisco.

Early last week a private and unofficial intimation was made to the Duke of Cambridge that the German Government would acquiesce in his succession to the Throne of Brunswick. The Duke's answer was a most unequivocal refusal, and I hear that he exclaimed that nothing on earth would induce him to give up the Horse Guards while he continued fit for his work there.

Several of the papers state that the late Duke of Brunswick languished all his life under "a hopeless passion" for the Queen. This is rubbish. The Duke entertained a very strong opinion in 1838 that he was the proper person to marry the Queen, and he was very wroth at being passed over, as he considered himself to be superior in rank to Prince Albert, and, moreover, he enjoyed a large fortune, while the selected Prince possessed nothing whatever. The Duke manifested his resentment in various ways, and repelled the numerous and earnest attempts made by the English Royal family to conciliate him, as although the Queen would never have dreamt of marrying him, yet she naturally would have had no objection to find his fortune bequeathed to her family. The Duke was the senior "Royal" Knight of the Garter.

There does not seem to be any good reason for surprise that the Duke of Cumberland has not hastened to make his submission to Prussia, with a view to becoming Duke of Brunswick. His position as Duke of Brunswick would not be very pleasant, whereas now he is a perfectly free agent, and can live where he likes, and how he likes. The Duke possesses an ample fortune, so that he can please himself as to his relations with the ruling powers at Berlin. The German Emperor has quite recently assured both the Emperor of Russia and the King of Denmark that if the Duke agreed to his terms, he might go to Brunswick, and last week's official announcement that his succession is out of the question has only appeared, because it is well known at Berlin that he has no idea whatever of coming to an understanding.

Madame de Kalomine intends to fight her battle with the Grand Duke of Hesse (or rather with his relatives, for I hear that the luckless bridegroom would much prefer to abdicate, and then go and live in peace on his estates in Silesia with his spouse) to the bitter end. Her counsel, who is confident that he will be able to quash the divorce, intends to move for the appointment of another senate of judges to hear the case under the common law, and if this be refused, he will apply for a new trial, and in the event of this also failing, the case will be removed from the incapable and servile tribunals of Darmstadt to the Imperial Court at Leipsic.

Directly Lord Northbrook returns from Egypt he is to go to Balmoral, and I understand that the Queen will then confer upon him one of the vacant Garters. He will occupy the stall of the late Duke of Buccleuch.

Lord Dufferin expects to reach Calcutta on December 16, and directly after his arrival, Lord and Lady Ripon will leave for Bombay, where they are to embark for England. They will arrive at Studley Royal about the third week in January, and it is proposed to give them a public reception at Ripon. Lord Ripon will then resume his office of Lord Lieutenant of the North Riding, the duties of which have been performed during his absence by Lord Zetland.

There is no foundation whatever for the statement in *Vanity Fair* that Lord Rosebery will shortly succeed Lord Spencer as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Lord Spencer has no intention of resigning his office, and under no circumstances would Lord Rosebery accept the place.

Lord and Lady Spencer, accompanied by the new Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant, arrived in Dublin on Thursday morning, and proceeded at once to the Phœnix

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Park. During the afternoon Mr. Campbell-Bannerman was sworn in at Dublin Castle, the usual ceremonial taking place in the Throne-room. The scene was interesting, giving scope for much philosophical speculation. A belief in Scotch shrewdness seems a leading article of the present creed at Dublin Castle. It is to be feared that the Irish are unreasonable enough not to share in it. Their feelings are, doubtless, what those of their Scotch brethren would be were Mr. Parnell or Mr. Gibson made Minister for Scotland. But then in England we only want the Irish to think what it suits us they should think.

On Wednesday last the Duke of Abercorn, as Chancellor of the Irish University, presided at the conferring of degrees in the Examination Hall, Earlsfort-terrace, Dublin. Special interest attached to the occasion from the fact of its being the first on which Irishwomen took degrees in Ireland. The robed and hooded ladies were cheered to the echo on receiving their diplomas from the hands of the venerable Chancellor.

The death of Mr. Arthur Plunket, brother of the Bishop of Meath and of Mr. D. Plunket, was very sudden at Derry last week. Mr. Plunket was agent to the Irish Company in Ulster.

A Dublin correspondent writes:—

Your remarks on the articles in the English papers on Mr. A. M. Sullivan were much to the point, and extremely just. An Irish patriot only gains applause in England when dead; whilst alive he is truculent, ungrateful, irreconcilable, a paid and dishonest agitator, and so on. His paths of patriotism lead but to the gaol. "Death hath this," says Bacon, "it openeth the gate to good fame." Such is indeed the case with Irish patriots. After all, the English and Irish views of the Irish political leaders seem to be wonderfully in accord—only that the Irish express them in the lifetime of their leaders.

I am surprised that no mention has been made in the numerous notices on Sir Moses Montefiore of an act which did him the highest honour. Many years ago, owing to circumstances over which he had no control, he failed in business. Having subsequently made money, he called together all his creditors, and presented them with the amounts due to them, with interest at the rate of 5 per cent., calculated from the day on which the debt was incurred.

The marriage of Sir Edward Malet and Lady Ermyntrude Russell will take place in town in about a month.

A wedding has been arranged between Miss Naylor, second daughter of Mr. R. C. Naylor, of "Macaroni" fame, and Lord Burghersh, eldest son of the Earl of Westmorland. Lady Rossmore is Miss Naylor's sister.

Fifty-three years have elapsed since there has been in October a regular "society" party such as Lady Granville gave on Wednesday, and then, too, the country was in the throes of a Reform Bill crisis. There was a wonderfully large gathering, considering the time of year, but many people had come up just for the meeting of Parliament, and many others described themselves as "merely passing through town." Black was the prevailing colour, and was worn by most of the ladies present. Lady Dalhousie had a pretty dress of pink satin, covered with red roses; and Lady Randolph Churchill looked particularly well in white silk, covered with black lace. The Chinese *toilette* of the Marchioness Tseng attracted a great deal of attention, and was much admired. She wore some beautiful sprays of jewels in her hair.

Taking a parting look at the "Healtheries," I could not help thinking how little is requisite to enable thousands and thousands to amuse themselves. All that you have to do is to collect them together in some place which is large enough to allow them to stroll about, and where there are chairs, music, a number of varied objects more or less curious or useful, and booths where they can get cheap, wholesome refreshments. People complain of these annual exhibitions at South Kensington doing little to advance art and science, as though the world were to be instructed morning, noon, and night. They call them sham and humbug. All honour to those who inaugurated them. All honour to the man who has proved that crowds when collected together in a garden or in a great roofed building can conduct themselves decently and amuse themselves without a thought of mental improvement.

Of all the curious things in the "Healtheries," I thought the products of the Warnerising Company the most curious. What the Company is I do not know, but its representative in the "Healtheries" is a lady who pours water on veils, pieces of silk and of velvet, &c.; the water runs about like quicksilver, and does not penetrate even through the meshes of the veil. She told me that ink or a basin of soup might be poured on the articles subjected to the process without leaving a stain. She herself never goes about with an umbrella, and not even the feathers in her hat are affected by the heaviest downpour.

Amongst all the filters that are exhibited, I thought the most practical and the simplest that which is called the "Revolving Ball Filter," for it can be attached to any tap, it reduces the delivery of water by not more than 20 per cent., and can be cleansed in a minute by reversing. Of course, we ought not to be obliged to filter the water which we have to buy from our oppressors, the Water Companies; but so long as we are compelled to get it from these autocrats, one of these filters attached to a tap ought to be found in every house—indeed, on strict principles of justice, it ought to be supplied gratis to each house by the Water Company.

By the way, I am sorry to see that the Committee of the "Healtheries" have refused to "afford any facilities" in the matter of giving the children in the elder standards in the London elementary schools a visit—at a reduced fee, if not free altogether—to the Exhibition. The net profits this year should be at least £30,000; and if the private managers of theatres can afford to give the school-children a treat, it seems a pity that a semi-public body cannot show a like generosity.

I am informed that the member of the Cavendish family who has started a tea-shop in Eastbourne has done so in the interests of the Indian Tea Industry, having been connected with it for several years as a tea-planter. I would suggest to him to start a similar shop in London, for

Indian tea is excellent; and, although the import i enormous, it is seldom on sale at grocers. It is used, I believe, to mix with inferior China teas.

Viscount Mandeville has returned to England. His lordship has recently become possessed of a vast tract of land in the island of Cuba, where he intends to settle down and cultivate tobacco, sugar, and other produce.

By the death of Admiral Chaloner, his extensive estates in the North Riding of Yorkshire will ultimately pass to a distant connection, as he left no children. This property has been transmitted from father to son since the dissolution of Guisborough Priory in the reign of Henry VIII.

The Duke of Sutherland has returned to Dunrobin, till the middle of next month. The Duchess, with her daughter, has gone to pass the next five weeks at her villa at Torquay.

Lord and Lady Wilton have arrived at Heaton Hall, their place near Manchester, from Suffolk, and will reside there till the last week in November, when they remove to Melton for the hunting season.

The Duke of Rutland received a party last week at Cheveley Park, his place near Newmarket. He goes in a few days to Belvoir for the winter.

Lord and Lady Sefton will next week receive a large party at Croxteth Hall for the Liverpool races.

The Duchess of St. Albans, who was in town for a few days last week, went down to Bestwood on Friday, where the Duke joined her from Newmarket. They will entertain a succession of small parties during the next six weeks.

Lady Molesworth has left Pencarron for Bournemouth, where she intends to stay for several weeks.

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster intend to pass the winter at Eaton Hall.

Bishop Ullathorne, who has been dangerously ill, is now somewhat better, but his condition causes much anxiety.

A good example has been set to landowners in the western counties and elsewhere by the Prince of Wales and Sir John St. Aubyn. They have determined in future to give increased facilities on their Devon and Cornwall estates for the purchase of freehold building sites, instead of adhering to the pernicious leasehold system. The announcement has been received with great satisfaction at Padstow and Devonport, where the experiment will first be tried.

Many people well remember the tremendous row which took place some thirty years ago, when the late Duke of Athole turned back some tourists who were making their way through Glen Tilt; and he afterwards removed the bridge over the Tarff, in order to prevent any further "intrusions" on the privacy of his deer. People are more rational in these days, and I am glad to hear that the present Duke is readily co-operating with the newly-formed Right of Way Society, in order to afford facilities for the transit of the public through this romantic pass, which is the direct route from Blair Athole to Braemar. The Duke has authorised the building of a new stone bridge over the Tarff.

Wrong again, Edmund. Dingley Park was never purchased by Mr. Adam Hope. It was bought by Lord Doune, and let to Mr. Hope on account of Lord Doune going to India with the Duke of Connaught.

The Duchess of Montrose broke off her negotiation for letting Bedford Lodge to Mr. Bedford at the last moment, in consequence of her having received a better offer from the Mr. Baird who races as Mr. Abington, and who, I hear, takes the place off her hands for the remainder of the lease, at the full rent. "Mr. Abington" proposes to reside in the house, which is attached to the training establishment, and it is generally believed that the removal of his race-horses from Danebury to Newmarket is only a question of time. He appeared last week to be tied to the coat-tails of a certain "fashionable" jockey, who doubtless recognises him as likely to prove a brilliant addition to the aboriginal "society" of the place.

There was a tremendous "Society" muster at Newmarket last week—by far the largest of the year. The Duke of Westminster was there again, and Lord Hartington had a party at his pretty house in High-street. Lord Rosebery was down for a couple of days, and Mr. Christopher Sykes went over on two days from a neighbouring country house, where the party included Mrs. and Miss Chamberlain, "of America." The Prince of Wales went down from St. Pancras by the express on Monday evening, and was accompanied in his saloon by Lord March and Mr. Chaplin. H.R.H. stayed at his rooms in the Jockey Club-house; and, having lost his money on Tuesday over Sandiway, he got it back next day by the victory of the Casuistry colt. The Prince left after breakfast on Thursday, by a special train of three carriages, which at Cambridge were attached to the fast train from Ely and Lynn, and which conveyed him to Liverpool-street, where he was met by his private hansom. There was an immense crowd on or about the platform, who loudly cheered the Prince, who is not often seen in that part of London.

The Duke of Beaufort and Sir John Astley were both unable to get to Newmarket last week. The Duke has been confined to his bed at Badminton for several days by a serious attack of gout, and Sir John Astley was laid-up in town. Lord Falmouth had fully intended to return for the week, but, having been rather unwell, he decided to remain at Mereworth.

A sporting event came off at Newmarket at the recent meeting which the various turf organs have somehow or other omitted to record. At the Duke of Hamilton's sale, on Wednesday, his old steeplechaser, Munster, was knocked down for £65 to Mr. Sheriffe, the gentleman rider. Mr. Roberts, who is well known in racing circles, offered Mr. Sheriffe £10 for his bargain, but this being declined, it was ultimately arranged between Messrs. Sheriffe and Roberts that they should ride a match on their respective hacks in order to decide whether Mr. Roberts should pay £50 or

£100 for Munster. Mr. Roberts being, however, several stone heavier than Mr. Sheriffe, stipulated for fifty yards start out of six furlongs, and this being conceded, the antagonists met on the Heath early on Thursday morning. Two well-known sportsmen officiated as starter and judge, and several racing men came to witness the contest, which excited a good deal of interest. Two to one was freely laid on Mr. Sheriffe, who, however, was never in the hunt, Mr. Roberts ultimately winning easily by twenty lengths.

I hear that one of the most distinguished patrons of a well-known jockey sent for him at Newmarket on Friday, and having handed him a cheque for his right of first call for two seasons, intimated that he should no longer require to avail himself of his services.

Anent the question whether jockeys bet on races and arrange amongst each other which horse is to win, I would suggest that the principal jockeys should ask for a Committee of Inquiry, before which they would present themselves and their banking-books.

A sporting correspondent writes:—

The owner of horses to whom you alluded in your very seasonable remarks on speculative jockeys was singularly fortunate if the rider he employed gave him a hint not to back his horse, because he (the aforesaid rider) fancied another in the race. The *modus operandi* of most jockeys under such circumstances is simply to say nothing, and to quietly back their own special fancy, and, of course, their mount is nowhere. The owner is disheartened and lets his horse "run loose" next time, and then it wins, but you may be sure that if the owner has *not* backed it, the jockey *has*. According to my experience—which is considerable—the jockey does not care a "brass fathing" how his employer gets on so long as there are "such things" for himself and his friends. The English racing papers are afraid to speak out; but the *Spirit of the Times*, the leading sporting journal in New York, has published some astounding stories about English jockeys and their betting transactions during the last year. In the last number of that journal which has reached England, it is asserted (though I should be sorry to be responsible for the truth of the assertion) that "they say at Newmarket that Charles Wood is a richer man than Archer, and put down his fortune at something very close on six figures—which means £100,000! This is the gossip in racing circles, though it seems incredible. It is curious to reflect that the owners for whom Wood has principally ridden, Sir John Astley and Sir George Chetwynd, have most certainly not made £100,000 out of the turf. Both, on the contrary, have found racing a very bad game."

There has been a difficulty for some time past between the Jockey Club and the Duke of Rutland, who owns a considerable portion of Newmarket Heath, but it has been adjusted, and the lease is to be renewed to the Club; so the Cambridgeshire course will not be ploughed up, as had been threatened.

I hear that Lord Macclesfield will shortly resign the Mastership of the South Oxfordshire Hunt, and, in all probability, he will be succeeded by Mr. C. Morrell, the late Master of the Vale of Berks Harriers.

The stag-hunting on Exmoor has now finished for the season, and hind-hunting has commenced. Sport has not been very brilliant this autumn, and there have hardly been any really good runs. The Devon and Somerset Hunt is certainly not what it was in Mr. Bisset's time. Lord Ebrington is not a success as Master, and the huntsman is showing signs of age. When a change takes place there are several existing customs which might very well be abolished. The real manager of the Hunt is Mr. Turner, a London solicitor, who resides at Porlock for several months in the year, and who takes a very keen interest in the hounds, of which he is a far more ardent follower than the Master.

Fox-hunting is becoming popular in America. I read that the Essex County Hunt opened a new kennel a fortnight ago with a reception and afternoon tea, "followed by a hunt." We may therefore assume that a run commences in America at a somewhat later hour of the day than with us.

Yankee notions of fairness in sporting matters are sometimes very extraordinary; the following is a specimen: At the recent Newhaven (U.S.A.) cycling races, the event of the second day was the "conquering" tussle between Hendee, the fast American rider, and Sellars, a well-known English amateur, and this caused intense excitement among the crowd of spectators. Sellars passed the post first, but the beaten Yankee and his admirers forthwith claimed the race on a foul, which may or may not have taken place. Here comes the curious part, however; the judges decided that Sellars had been guilty of foul riding, and gave Hendee first prize, consoling Sellars with the second, for which, of course, if he had been in the wrong, he was quite as much disqualified as for the leading trophy. A man who rides unfairly should certainly be at once put out of he race, and debarred from any prize-taking whatever. Howell, the English professional champion, signified his opinion of the proceedings by declining to ride an exhibition mile against time, as had been advertised.

The course of action which I last week recommended to the Football Association has been practically carried out since by the Scottish ruling body, which has debarred the Hearts of Midlothian (a crack club) from competing in Cup ties, while allowing it to indulge in friendly games with other clubs. The "Hearts" were proved to have at least two professionals in their ranks. It is to be hoped this action will be swiftly followed up all round, in which case the crying and debasing evil of veiled professionalism will soon become a thing of the past. The threats of certain Lancashire clubs to form a rival association if their nefarious practices are interfered with may be laughed to scorn. If the association be firm, and true to itself and its own interests, it is far too powerful to be assailed successfully in such a manner. To outsiders it is not at all plain what satisfaction there can be to a club in winning a match by the aid of men who are not qualified to be its members.

This week the season in the Scotch deer-forests closes, and in most of them the "sport" has been quite up to the average. Mr. Winans has slaughtered 151 stags, Sir Edward Scott 137, Lord Wimborne 70, Mr. Bradley-Martin 75, Sir Henry Meux over 80, and Mr. Thistlethwayte about the same number. The Duke of Athole has killed between 60 and 70, Sir Robert Harvey has had 62, Mr. Loder 65, Sir Curtis Lampson over 50, and Sir Henry Allsopp over 100.

On Friday the famous Kinfauns net-fishings in the Tay, below Perth, were let "by public roup" for next season, and the eleven stations realised £2,935, against £2,792 last year, and £2,165 in 1882.

Colonel Ramsay has been having rare sport in the Northesk, on Lord Dalhousie's Morphie water. He captured between fifty and sixty salmon in six days' angling. The river has again become low, and fishing has practically ceased, as the season closes on Friday. On the last "fishable" day, Captain Kennedy had two salmon at Morphie, one of which weighed 24 lb.

Last Wednesday the Thames Angling Preservation Society removed some 7,000 small flounders or brood from the tidal waters of the River Thames to the Hampton Court district. It is found that the fish are much benefited by the change of water.

The *Anglers' Journal* contains the commencement of a new annotated and illustrated edition of Izaak Walton's "Complete Angler." It is dedicated, by permission, to H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, who is a well-known disciple of Izaak. From the voluminous notes contributed by well-known anglers and literary men, the work should be much valued by the fishing world.

I hear that the Queen has some exceptionally fine shorthorn and Hereford cattle at the Shaw Farm, near Windsor, which are being prepared for exhibition at the approaching shows. Her Majesty's herd of Herefords has been considerably increased during the last year, and she now possesses a splendid collection of this beautiful breed. The steer-bull, Congress III., was recently sold for £500 to go to Canada, and he has been replaced by a Lord Wilton bull, which was purchased for the Royal farm at the Carwardine sale.

The Duke of Beaufort has kindly offered to lease the grounds of Chepstow Castle to the authorities of the town at a peppercorn rent, in order that they may be available as a place of public recreation. The Duke has also let the market-place to the town on very liberal terms, and he has remitted a large number of tithes on his Welsh estates.

Again the officials of South Kensington Museum are on the rampage. Mr. Felix Joseph is the fortunate possessor of a remarkably fine collection of old Wedgwood, which he has been many years collecting. This collection is now on view at the Nottingham Castle Museum. Desiring to exhibit it on loan at South Kensington, he offered it, but the officials have declined to receive it. It would be interesting to know the reason why. It cannot be because they have a strong collection of their own, for it is well known that if one wants to see old Wedgwood, the Museum is the last place to go to. Mr. Gladstone, in reply to a letter from Mr. Joseph, says he "is not cognisant of the present state of South Kensington Museum, and is himself wholly without title to interfere." Who is entitled to inquire into affairs there?

The birthplace of Shakespeare seems to have been smitten with a sudden fit of morality. Last week a travelling show which was located at Stratford fair was wrecked by a virtuously-indignant mob, on the score that the entertainment given was calculated to raise a blush on the cheek of modesty. It is true that some of the wreckers walked off with the contents of the "treasury," but doubtless this was only in order that they might be devoted to the purchase of a testimonial to Mrs. Kendal.

I hear that Lieutenant Wyatt, late of the *Serapis*, who was dismissed his ship the other day for giving himself leave of absence when in temporary command, has obtained permission to retire from the service, and proposes to go on the stage. He will there be enabled to serve the public in "a position of greater freedom and less responsibility."

An announcement will very shortly be made which will cause considerable surprise in theatrical circles.

Probably the most curious experiment ever tried in connection with the theatre is the extraordinary "entertainment" now being provided by the management of the Olympic. One of the scantiest audiences it has ever been my fortune to see, assembled last Saturday night to witness the first representation of "The Glorious Temple and City of Jerusalem." All that they saw was a very fair set scene representing the locality in question, and all that they heard was a peculiarly dry and spasmodic lecture, and a tolerable orchestra which played alternately a few bars from "Jerusalem the Golden" and one of Straus's liveliest polkas. The whole performance, to the great relief of those present, was over at half-past nine.

The Waldteufel whose death has just been announced in the papers is not *the* Waldteufel, but his father. In this case, however, just as when a few months ago the great waltz writer's brother died, we have been treated to long obituary notices of the composer of the "Manolo." It does not often fall to the lot even of a musical celebrity to be killed off by the press twice in the space of six months.

I recommend the following passage in Carlyle's Life to those young pests, who, without a real notion of music, make the air around them hideous by their everlasting strumming on a piano :—

> The miserable young woman in the next house to me spends all her young bright days, not in learning to darn stockings, sew shirts, bake pastry, or any art, mystery, or business that will profit herself or others; not even in amusing herself or skipping on the grass-plots with laughter of her mates; but simply and solely in raging from dawn to dark, to night and midnight, on a hapless piano, which it is evident she will never in this world render more musical than a pair of barn-clappers! The miserable young female!

The article on Bernal Osborne in the *Fortnightly Review* was really written by Mr. Kinglake, one of his oldest and most intimate friends. It was merely touched up and put into shape by Mr. Escott.

Miss Braddon has just finished a new novel, entitled "Wyllird's Weird," which is to appear, in the first instance, from week to week, in a number of provincial newspapers.

Mr. Ruskin's eloquent lay sermon at Oxford on Saturday had the advantage of receiving direct episcopal sanction. The Bishop of Carlisle, who preached the University sermon next day, had a front place among the congregation, and seemed to be nodding his hearty assent to the

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Seer of Brantwood's impassioned exhortations. The Archdeacon of Oxford and many minor clergy were there too; and when the undergraduates cheered Mr. Ruskin's peroration to the echo, two clerical gentlemen were heard wondering one to the other how it could be that sermons were ever voted dull.

There was the unusual excitement of a dead-heat in "Congregation" at Oxford last week in the elections for the Hebdomadal Council, which is the governing body of the University. Dr. Harper (the Principal of Jesus) and the Provost of Worcester "tied" for the third place amongst the representatives of Heads of Houses, and another election will have to be held. Both these gentlemen are Conservatives, and, although no political element was specially introduced into the elections this year, it is significant that Liberals headed the poll both amongst the Heads of Houses and amongst the Professors. It is only one more illustration of what every one knows, that the prevailing opinion amongst the senior residents is Liberal; and the persistent misrepresentation of the real Universities by the absurd non-resident vote is worth recalling in connection with the impending redistribution of seats.

Archdeacon Farrar will be the canon-in-residence at Westminster Abbey during November, and he will preach on Sunday afternoons, except on Advent Sunday, when the pulpit will be occupied by the Dean, who returned to the Deanery last week after his annual autumn holiday. Canon Rowsell, who has been in residence during the last month, has preached an admirable sermon every Sunday afternoon, although he is very far from well just now.

As the Bishop of Chester insists on adopting the eastward position when he "celebrates" in the Cathedral, it is said that the Dean does not intend to allow him to again administer the Holy Communion there. When the Bishop preached in the cathedral the other day, he returned to his throne after the sermon, and left the church with the choristers. I suppose Dr. Stubbs submitted to his intolerant colleague for the sake of peace.

I am glad to learn that the Bishop of Salisbury has at last taken the preliminary steps towards the resignation of his see.

There was a very sensible letter in the *Times* on Saturday, suggesting that deans should be done away with, and that their emoluments should be devoted to better purposes than to maintaining these divines. A dean is a man who has absolutely nothing to do except to enjoy a huge salary, and occasionally to quarrel with his bishop about some twaddling point of ceremonial connected with a cathedral. A bishop is one of the most hard-working men in the United Kingdom. He has to pass the greater part of his existence running about his diocese to confirm. Instead of increasing the number of sees, which is an expensive operation, every dean should be made a deputy or coadjutor bishop, and should be entrusted with the confirming department. This would give some useful employment to the deans, and give the bishops time to attend to more important matters.

Poor Ignatius, who is really, as it turns out, a very harmless sort of person, is in trouble again, and the Bishop of St. Asaph seems as fatuous as ever in dealing with him. The "Father" appears to have been carrying on a very popular High Church mission of the usual type in the Church of Llangollen, with the full approval and consent of the Rector, when down comes the Bishop and inhibits him, apparently without a word of remonstrance or explanation. "You drove us," says the aggrieved missioner, "all out of the Church, and forbade me to bring the dear Shepherd's lost sheep to His feet within the Sanctuary." He goes on still more pertinently to ask, "Will you tell me for what cause you have passed the severest public punishment and insult within your power upon me in your diocese? Is it right to condemn *any one* untried and unheard, and without giving him an opportunity for defence or explanation?" The Bishops seem to me, with a few exceptions, penny wise and pound foolish. It may be regrettable that some excellent women can't do good unless they put on a poke bonnet, and that some worthy men believe that ecclesiastical millinery and the greasy smell of incense are indispensable to the functions of a clergyman; but if a congregation or a community, bent upon moral improvement, loves to have it so, it does seem odd that a Bishop, whose one *raison d'être* is the moral improvement of the people, should make bad blood by openly insulting a devoted and eloquent minister, and turning his people out of the House of God.

The Reverend R. H. Cantley is anxious to build a church in Ipswich, and has hit upon the following scheme. He offers £50 in prizes for guessing some puzzles, and has announced that, "on receipt of one shilling by postal order, or thirteen stamps and a directed and stamped envelope, a ticket, entitling the holder to compete for the prizes, will be sent." My reverend friend, your object is, I make no doubt, an excellent one, but do not the means by which you propose to attain it savour somewhat of gambling?

Preaching last week at Folkestone, the Rev. Canon Baynes observed:—

> Don't think I am going to talk politics, but I really do feel strongly that in the speeches we have read this last week from the various representatives of the two great parties in the House of Commons, there is too much by far to lead us to believe that the speakers have not only forgotten to be Christians, but have lost sight of the fact that they ought to be gentlemen.

During the last few weeks I have called attention to numerous instances of meanness on the part of narrow-minded clergymen. It seems, however, that Wesleyans can be every whit as bigoted as Churchmen. The Governors of the Leek Cottage Hospital accepted a donation of £10 from the Race Committee in that town. The Wesleyans of the place have been so shocked by the wicked deed that they have declined to make the usual collections for the charity. Now, why don't the pious followers of Wesley show themselves as scrupulous about every other matter? They have plenty of brewers among them who make huge fortunes out of the drink traffic. Is it a greater sin for hospital managers to receive money from a race committee than for a congregation to bow the knee to a rich liquor-dealer?

It seems that witch-doctors still flourish in Scotland, especially in Ross-shire. We are assured that "implicit belief in witchcraft is not infrequently associated with ostentatious professions of religion, self-righteousness, and ardent Sabbatarianism." It is common, it appears, for witch-doctors to *save* fishing smacks, or give them immunity from the perils of the deep, which is done by spitting on the boat under the cover of darkness, inscribing cabalistic characters on it with a wand, and muttering Gaelic incantations. The witch-doctor is in great demand, too, for diseases of the eye. To effect a cure it is necessary that the professor of demonology should receive his fees beforehand, and should not see the patient; he goes through a series of contortions and incantations at home. Probably a good many other people would like to get handsomely paid for the same sort of work. And all this witchcraft flourishes in religious and educated Scotland!

John Bright's letter on the delivery of letters on Sunday does him honour, though it will make the Sabbatarians furious. Mr. Bright is warmly in favour of the Sunday postal delivery, and he thinks it ought to be extended to London. He boldly says that there is not one word in the New Testament in favour of Sabbatarianism. If all Christians were like John Bright we should have a much brighter world.

As a curious instance of Sabbatarianism, I may mention that the Middle Temple chrysanthemum show has been hitherto closed to the public on Sundays. Is there anything demoralising, in the opinion of the benchers, in looking at chrysanthemums after church? I fail to see any other reason for this proceeding, as beyond opening the doors of the greenhouses in the morning and closing them at night, no labour could be incurred by the gardeners.

The authorities should really look more closely to the feeding of our soldiers. Last month I called attention to the complaints that had been made of the rations supplied to the Woolwich garrison. Here is, however, a worse case. In consequence of the constant complaints of the medical officers respecting the food issued to the men in the North Camp Hospital at Aldershot, the former were ordered to send in a report. This was submitted to the Commander-in-Chief. Although the views of these gentlemen were supported by all the commanding-officers of regiments whose men had been in this hospital, the medical officers were called obstructive and insubordinate, and were ordered at once to be removed to other stations. The contractor at Aldershot, of course, triumphs, and medical officers have learnt that, if they wish to consult their own interests, they will be wise henceforth never to protest against such potent personages.

I hear that the condition of the Militia is occupying the attention of certain high officials in the War Office. None too soon, for the number of men is gradually lessening, and it is calculated that in ten years, at the present rate of decrease, there will be no Militia at all. The supply of officers, too, is almost stopped.

It is now an open secret in official circles that the *Agamemnon*, double-screw armour-plated turret-ship, is to all intents and purposes utterly useless. The rudder has been ingeniously contrived so as to work only in dead water, and the pleasing result is that it is practically impossible to steer the costly monster, and when she starts it is a matter of profound uncertainty what direction she may take! In all probability it will be found necessary to convert the ship into a single screw, at a cost of £100,000, or thereabouts. The capacity of every one connected with the Admiralty for the perpetration of costly and scandalous blunders is certainly without limit.

I am informed, on good authority, that the following occurrence recently took place on board one of H.M. ships when off the Irish coast:—On picking up her moorings, a blue-jacket was stationed at the engine-room telegraph; the captain of the ship gave some order to him which the man either did not hear or did not execute with sufficient smartness, whereupon the captain rushed at him and kicked him. For a captain of a man-of-war to act in so brutal a manner is to disgrace the uniform which he wears, and to bring discredit on the service to which he belongs. There were, I am told, several witnesses of this episode, but so great is the fear of the consequences of reporting it to "their lordships," that the matter has been kept quiet.

The guns on board H.M.S. *Briton*, now in commission on the East Indian station, are mounted on the same class of carriages as were those on board the *Victory* at Trafalgar. The ship is visited by French and other foreign naval officers as a relic of a former age.

It is to be hoped that any defensive works which are to be undertaken at our foreign coaling-stations will be executed with a little more speed than has been shown over the turret on the Admiralty Pier at Dover. Speaking from memory, I should say this work has been under construction some three or four years. It has now got so far that the working of the turret and guns was tried the other day, and the result of the trial was tolerably satisfactory, as, under the circumstances, it ought to have been. But the machinery is not yet finally completed. Now, if it takes three years to mount two eighty ton guns at Dover, how long will it take to construct and arm fortifications at a dozen points in Asia, Africa, and America?

The enjoyment of the Lords of the Admiralty at the entertainment given them at Admiralty House during their stay at Plymouth, must have been slightly marred by the hordes of gallant officers who besieged them on all sides, and pursued them hither and thither, pressing their claims for ships, promotion, &c. To an outsider it was a laughable, albeit a melancholy, sight.

Next Monday the Channel Squadron will leave Gibraltar for Madeira, and will return there about the 20th. The vessels under the Duke of Edinburgh's command are to return to Plymouth on December 2, when the Duke will haul down his flag. It is not yet positively decided whether H.R.H. will next be appointed to the Mediterranean command, or whether he will go the West Indian or North American station.

The Royal yacht *Alberta* has been taken into the ship-basin at Portsmouth for an overhaul, in order that she may be ready for service during the Queen's winter residence at Osborne.

The Prime Meridian Conference brings its labours to a close this week. The acceptance of Greenwich as the initial meridian common to all nations was a very sensible conclusion for it to come to, seeing that 72 per cent. of the marine tonnage of the world (including all United States vessels sailing on the high seas) already use it as such. The prime meridians in actual use at present are Greenwich, Paris, Naples, Christiania, Stockholm, and Copenhagen; while Cadiz, Lisbon, Ferro, Rio de Janeiro, and Washington are also employed for some purposes. Should the discussion of the Washington Conference be generally accepted, longitude for the future will be reckoned only by Greenwich—and Paris.

So, too, the adoption of a "universal day" is an obvious outcome of the decision in regard to a common prime meridian. This universal day is to be the mean solar day beginning for all the world at the instant of mean midnight at the initial meridian, and that meridian is to be counted from zero up to twenty-four hours. This method of time-reckoning would enormously facilitate the working of railways on the European and American Continents. At present, between New York and San Francisco there are some half-dozen different "railway" times employed, and between Paris and the East of Europe there are nearly as many.

One of the upper ten thousand, who was visiting America, accepted the hospitality of a gentleman in New York. When taking farewell of his host, the latter asked him what he thought of the American people. "Well," answered the nobleman, "I like them immensely, but I miss something." "What is that?" asked the Yankee. "I miss the aristocracy," replied the Englishman. "What are they?" naïvely asked his host. "The aristocracy!" said the nobleman, in a somewhat surprised tone of voice, "why, they are people who do nothing, you know; whose fathers did nothing, you know; whose grandfathers did nothing, you know—in fact, the aristocracy." Here he was interrupted by the American, who chimed in with, "Oh, we've plenty of them over here; but we don't call them aristocracy—we call them tramps."

Why do you call the Canadians, Edmund, "Cantucks"? The word is unknown in Canada.

Sir Edmund Hornby, who, I presume, is in England, ought to make some reply to the statements of the *Overland China Mail* and other newspapers connected with China. Sir Edmund published a ghost story. He has been long a Judge, and his statement, if uncontradicted, would have become one of the accredited and proved ghost stories which pass current amongst silly people. According to him, he was in bed on the night of January 19, 1875, at Shanghai. His house was closed, and by his side slept Lady Hornby. Suddenly he heard a knock, then a Mr. Lang, the editor of an *evening* newspaper, walked in. He requested Sir Edmund to dictate to him his judgment in a divorce suit that he was about to deliver the next morning. This he did, and Mr. Lang disappeared. The next morning the judgment was delivered. But Mr. Lang was dead. At an inquest, it was shown that he was in his room at twelve, when his wife went to ask him whether he was soon coming to bed. He replied, "I have only the Judge's judgment to get ready." At a quarter to one, she came again, but did not disturb him. At half-past one, she discovered that he was dead. Before him was a note-book. It contained the following entry: "The Chief-Justice gave judgment this morning to the following effect"; and then followed a "few lines of indecipherable shorthand." Sir Edmund the next day told his wife of what had occurred, and also told a brother Judge.

Now here we have certain specific facts vouched for by a Judge. What, however, are the real facts? 1. Sir Edmund was married on April 25, 1878, and therefore his wife could not have been sleeping by his side; 2, the Judge to whom he told the story the next day was not in Shanghai, but in Japan; therefore, he could not have told it to him. 3. The judgment was delivered ten days later; therefore it was not delivered the next morning. 4. There was no inquest. 5. Mr. Lang was not dead when his ghost roamed into Sir Edmund's room for a report of the judgment. He rose on that morning at eight o'clock, visited his office, then returned to his room to dress, and a few minutes later was found dead on the floor. So much for a Judge's ghost story, and, by reflecting on its inaccuracies and absurdities, we may form a pretty fair estimate of the ghost stories of people who are not Judges.

The expenditure of the Metropolitan Asylums Board seems to require checking. In comparison with former years, there has been an increase of more than £130,000. A curious item appears in the accounts—a charge of nine guineas for "Analysis of Champagne"! Does the medical officer prescribe champagne for his pauper patients? I presume that such is the case, and that some doubts have prevailed as to the quality of the wine, or the Board would not have ordered an "analysis" of it, the result of which does not appear on the accounts. A few weeks ago a contract for port was entered into for the use of pauper patients in one of the unions at a trifle over a shilling per bottle. An "analysis" of this *might* be desirable.

Steinberger Cabinet figures in almost every "wine-list" in the country, but people are vastly mistaken if they suppose that they really drink the grand wine of the Rheingau. The produce of the Nassau vineyards (which rival those of Prince Metternich, at Johannisberg) is stored away in the cellars of the monastery of Erbach, and goes only to a very few Royal purchasers, at a price which is fixed by sworn appraisers. The largest supply is sold to the steward of the Emperor's household at Berlin. The Cabinet wine of the famous year 1868 now fetches thirty-five shillings per bottle. During a whole month forty women were employed in carefully selecting every single grape for this wine. None of the finest Nassau wines ever get into the hands of the trade. What is usually known as Steinberger Cabinet is the produce of an inferior, but still a very fine, vineyard, which is blended with cheaper wine.

Of course, my esteemed friend, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, will say, "All or nothing," but it has often struck me that a beginning of temperance legislation might be made

by prohibiting, as is the case in Sweden, the sale of ardent spirits at all railroad stations. Beer might be sold, but, as a condition, milk should always be on sale. On many of the lines going north, milk is carried along the trains in cans at certain of the stations, and is eagerly bought. Why this is not done on the southern lines I do not know.

Probably the Licensed Victuallers would be less antagonistic to temperance were they to be hindered only from selling ardent spirits. A man may, of course, get drunk on beer, but it requires a good deal of it to produce this effect. Moreover, I doubt whether beer-drinking, even in excess, does much harm to any one, whereas this cannot be said of spirits.

The public-house is the poor man's club. He goes there for company and sociability as much as anything else. I verily believe that if there were half as many coffee-houses in the country as there are public-houses, the drinking either of beer or of spirits would be reduced by 60 or 70 per cent. Take, for instance, a man trudging along the road with a cart. He passes a public-house every half mile, and often more frequently. He is dull. He is irresistibly impelled to go into one of these houses and have a "nip." The nip means warmth, rest, and a few words interchanged with others. If he could have equal opportunities to obtain these by buying a cup of cocoa or a cup of coffee, is it not very probable that he would prefer them?

I am always glad to protest against the waste of public money. The Commissioners whose business it is to look after the London parishes have done very well on the whole; and I do not suppose any one grudges the money laid out on turf, trees, and flowers, though some of us are old enough to mourn the disappearance of squirrels and deer from Kensington Gardens. Blunders in the parks, however, are doubtless made, both of commission and omission. Hereon a correspondent writes:—

> A great deal of money has just been spent in the most ingeniously wrong-headed way in Battersea Park. A hideous line of iron rails has just been stuck up between Cadogan and the Albert Bridge, on the side where the Park flanks the Thames. It is simply an eye-sore. It must have cost a lot of money, and it is absolutely of no use whatever. I am sure Mr. Lefevre cannot be responsible for it, and if he would take boat from Westminster to the steamboat wharf in the Park, and walk down by what was lately the fair river-side, with nothing but an inconspicuous rail and a low stone wall between the pedestrian and the Thames, giving quite the water-sido feeling, I am convinced that he would agree with me that the vulgar cage-railing which now fences off the people from the river, as if they were so many wild beasts, is a mistake.

The Office of Works has signally distinguished itself over the electric lighting arrangements at the Law Courts. At the beginning of the Long Vacation a new boiler was to be supplied for the engine, and for this purpose it was found necessary to cut through the pavement and remove the steps at the main entrance. Now, after two months' time, the new machinery is not ready, and is not likely to be just yet. The consequence is that the law will be administered for the present by the light of a few scattered wax-candles and paraffin lamps whenever daylight fails, which, in the dim, religious interior of Mr. Street's edifice means more often than not during the winter months. Last Friday it was announced that, in the event of a fog, the opening ceremony would be abandoned, for fear of accidents, and it seems more than likely that the Michaelmas sittings will have to be suspended on the first approach of November darkness.

The Inns of Court—or rather the self-elected clique of elders which rule them—are, as usual, imitating the gentleman in the Latin Grammar, and have been spending their vacation in pulling down and building up and exchanging square for round. Garden-court, in the Temple, has been reduced to a heap of ruins, only to be erected again. In Lincoln's Inn, the old chaplain's house, and the quaint clock-tower above it, and a large part of the cloister, have been pulled down, for the sake of bringing into prominence the hideous and expensive addition lately made to Inigo Jones's chapel, and throwing into an isolation for which it was never intended, the old hall, which was, till the opening of the new Law Courts, used as a Court of Appeal. The only real improvement is the clearing away of the hideous sheds which did duty as Vice-Chancellors' Courts, and which, being erected "temporarily," lasted for a whole generation.

An action brought by Miss Helen Vincent against Mr. Wilson Barrett promises to be a very curious one. The plaintiff holds no formal written agreement, but bases her claim on a series of alleged verbal promises. She relies on these and the corroboration of a mass of correspondence. The case will be tried at the next sittings, and holds out hopes of what the evening papers call "startling disclosures." Miss Vincent, whose first appearance as Juliet at a *matinée* at the Strand Theatre caused some amusement from the announcement that she emanated "from the principal American theatres," claims damages for breach of contract, and salary as an actress.

I must say that I strongly sympathise with a girl who applied for advice at the Thames Police-court last week. Her case was that a fortnight ago she had been married, and a few days afterwards her husband had been taken into custody, and was subsequently sentenced to ten years' penal servitude and seven years' police supervision. Naturally enough, she protested she would not have married him had she known his weaknesses, and appealed to the magistrate to free her from the matrimonial fetters. Mr. Biron could, of course, do nothing; and so she remains in a position which is neither that of spinster, wife, nor widow, though possessing many of the drawbacks of all three conditions. They manage these things better in France, for, by the new law, if either party to the matrimonial contract be convicted of an infamous crime, the other is empowered to proceed forthwith for a divorce.

People are continually telling us that it is an exploded notion that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor. Here is a strong case. A correspondent writes:—

> I have occasion to employ about a score of boys and men belonging to what is known as the "hawker" class. Some little time ago I heard that one of these fellows had been taken up on suspicion of stealing a watch. As the man in question had always impressed me as being an unusually honest member of a more or less dishonest community, I thought I would see exactly on what charge he had been arrested. The alleged offence had been committed on Saturday night, but news of it was not brought to me till Tuesday morning. I, therefore, jumped into a hansom and drove up to the Clerkenwell House of Detention, where prisoners who have been remanded are taken. On arriving there I was informed by the officials, who certainly rather took me by surprise by their great courtesy, that the man had just been taken down to the Southwark Police Court. Thither I followed with all possible speed. On arriving there and asking to see the prisoner, I was informed that this was not possible. I explained that he was probably without friends or legal advice, and that I was anxious to see if I could do anything for him; but by no means whatever could I obtain access. After some difficulty, however, I contrived to get hold of the detective who had arrested him. This officer at first showed no disposition to be

communicative, but, after a little parleying, informed me on what grounds he had been taken up.

It appeared that on Saturday night the prisoner had been seen in company with two other men, to whom he was showing a watch. The detective approached, and asked him whoro he had got it from, observing at the same time that he had another watch in his possession. Tho prisoner not unnaturally questioned the right of tho officer to interrogate him. He was then taken into custody, which he resisted. When before the magistrate he explained that both watches were his; but, although no contradictory evidence was brought forward, he was *remanded for a week!* He applied for bail, and asked to be allowed to commnnicate with his employers. At the station he was told that he could send a message for 2s. 6d., and a "gentleman in Court" (a solicitor) told him he would write a letter for him —for 6s. 8d. He hadn't a single penny in his pocket, so neither of these plans was feasible. On representing to the magistrate that by being remanded for a week he would lose his work, suggesting also that there was no case against him, the worthy administrator of the law reduced the term of the remand to three days. By the time he was brought up again the detective had made inquiries, had found no evidence of previous conviction against him, and had discovered, moreover, that he had bought and paid for tho second watch (intending probably to sell it again for a bargain). When taken a second time before the magistrate he was therefore at once discharged. Of course, no compensation was given him for his three days' incarceration, and the inspector, by way of adding insult to injury, told him "to consider himself a lucky fellow at getting off, and to mind he wasn't caught a second time." I should like to know whether a man of reasonable means, arrested on suspicion of any crime whatever, would have to go through the same experiences as my poor, but innocent *employé*. I imagine not.

The conduct of the Rev. Patrick Phelan, of St. James's Scottish Episcopal Church, Springburn, who was fined a guinea the other day for kicking Mary Moore in his church, would appear to be, after all, not quite so black as it was painted. Not satisfied with her success in the police-court, Miss Moore brought an action for damages, which was heard last Wednesday in the Glasgow Small Debt Court, and resulted in the entire discomfiture of the pursuer. Sheriff Moir remarked that he had no hesitation in deciding in favour of the defender. With reference to the pursuer, he said that her conduct in church was disgraceful, and that the defender ought to have handed her over to the police. She would have been all the better for a few days in Duke-street prison. One story is good until another story has been told.

In the Bermondsey explosion case, the jury were of opinion that the gasman who looked for the escape with a piece of lighted tar-rope was to blame for negligence. But what of the Gas Company, who send out incompetent and ignorant workmen on such occasions? Are they not to blame? The frightful explosion that took place some few years ago in Store-street, Tottenham Court-road, was caused in a precisely similar manner. Surely gas companies ought to employ trained workmen to deal with such a dangerous element as escaped gas. Would not a builder be convicted of negligence if it were proved that an accident had been caused by his employing a workman ignorant of the merest A B C of masonry or carpentry? And yet this is exactly what the Gas Company were guilty of, both in the recent case, in which life was lost, and in the former one, in which an immense amount of damage was done to property.

I do not quite understand on what principle George Evans has been fined 10s. by the St. Albans bench. The local Salvationists had announced "a holiness meeting for Christians only." Mr. Evans presented himself at the "Barracks," and was refused admission. Naturally indignant at the slight put upon his religious convictions, he proceeded to force his way in. Perhaps it was wrong of him, after this, to swear at the "Captain"; but unexceptionable Christians have done as much before now with less provocation, and it was a poor recognition of his zeal for "holiness" to haul him before the magistrates. The conduct of the Salvationists in issuing a general invitation to Christians and instructing the doorkeeper to stop the entrance of any Christians whose presence might not be acceptable, reminds me strongly of that of the Birmingham Conservatives at their Aston meeting.

It strikes me that it is most unfair to have brought in the name of the late Mr. Whalley in connection with the recent trial of his son, as has been done in certain directions. Whatever eccentricities Whalley, *père*, may have had, they were certainly far from being vicious, and a more amiable, honest, and conscientious man never lived. With reference to his son, who was last week convicted at the Central Criminal Court, had he thought well to adopt such a defence, I think that his counsel would have had no difficulty in proving that of late years his client has been hardly responsible for his actions. He met, I believe, with a serious accident in his youth, which affected his mental condition for several weeks. As one, therefore, who remembers with respect his father, I prefer to look upon the son's extraordinary conduct as due rather to the effect of this accident than even to the wildest exaggeration of his father's harmless fads.

Mr. Justice Day's turn on the *rota* for the October Sessions at the Central Criminal Court will be memorable in the annals of the Old Bailey. The sentences in the *chantage* case were especially severe, but they were thoroughly well deserved, as were also those in two different cases of assault on unprotected girls. The only pity is that the law is not more equal in its operation; in cases like these it would be a capital thing if all sentences could be "levelled up" to the standard of Mr. Justice Day.

There are few rogues who deserve such heavy punishment as those who obtain money from clerks, governesses, and the like, under pretence of finding them situations. I am heartily glad, therefore, to see that two of these swindlers were sentenced to five years' penal servitude and nine months' hard labour respectively, at the Central Criminal Court last week.

I am glad to see that the Lord Chancellor has removed Mr. Loose, whose looseness in certain bankruptcy proceedings I commented on lately, from the office of High Bailiff of the Macclesfield County-court. Last week a further application was made for an order requiring Mr. Loose to account for a sum of £40 received and retained by him in another bankruptcy matter. This makes over £300 which Mr. Loose has become possessed of in different bankruptcy proceedings, and as he has not yet complied with the previous orders made against him, there can be little doubt what his "failing to account" means.

At the Birmingham Borough Asylum last week an inquest was held on the body of Sarah Evans, who died shortly after her removal to the Asylum, and some curious evidence was given. The woman's relatives, it appeared, wished to incarcerate her, and called upon Mr. Stone, one of the borough magistrates. This gentleman, after asking a few questions, certified that she was insane, and also forwarded a certificate stating that a doctor had been called in to assist him. Witnesses, however, swore that no doctor was present at the interview, and the coroner, while agreeing that the woman was mad, commented strongly upon the gross irregularity of the proceedings. I think it

would be just as well if the attention of the Lord Chancellor were directed to the remarkable system of treating lunatics adopted by Mr. Stone, J.P.

It is a pity that the Recorder and the Common Serjeant differ so widely in their views of the heinous nature of robbery with violence. Last week, at the Central Criminal Court, James Nickless was charged with violently attacking Mr. Thomas Joyce, and stealing £8. The Common Serjeant sentenced him to five years' penal servitude and 25 lashes. Before the Recorder, James Claridge was convicted of robbing Frederick Turner, and of doing him grievous bodily harm, the prosecutor having been seriously and permanently injured. Claridge, however, got off with 18 months' hard labour and 25 lashes. Both prisoners were well known to the police, and both had been previously convicted. It is evident, therefore, that either the one sentence was too severe, or the other too lenient, and from a perusal of the evidence I should be strongly disposed to adopt the latter view.

Mr. Bartholomew Binns appeared in the Wakefield Police-court last week to charge his mother-in-law with stealing his watch. In the course of the evidence it was alleged that Mr. Binns's daughter had been frightened out of his house because of his hanging experiments carried out upon cats and dogs. I should recommend the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to inquire into these pastimes of Mr. Binns; for I fail to see why he should be permitted to torture dumb animals merely because he has been deprived of the satisfaction of operating upon human beings.

I am not of the political opinions of the *St. Stephen's Review*, but this is no reason why I should approve of the conduct of one Rogers, an American. Who Rogers is I do not know, but he appears to have disapproved of being "written down," by which I gather that his merits were not estimated by the *St. Stephen's Review* at the figure at which he himself appraised them. Rogers, therefore, burst into the office of the newspaper, and, having assaulted two members of the staff, expressed his intention of "clubbing" another. Naturally, he was handed over to the police. It is seldom that Americans misconduct themselves in this manner when in Europe, but there is no doubt a tendency on the part of those who come over professionally, to howl dismally and to regard themselves as martyrs if any one ventures to question their professional abilities—abilities which they themselves are by no means disposed to conceal under a bushel. They should bear in mind that when any one exhibits himself or herself for money, or invites the public to pay money for a display of his or her talents, the question whether the show is worth the price charged is likely to be discussed, and all the more so when the performer has recourse to puffing tricks.

The following letter was sent to a young lady, who replied to an advertisement which ran as follows:—"A young lady wanted as nursery governess for one little boy, aged 6":—

Madam,—In answer to your letter, I wish you to quite understand that my servant has nothing to do with the nursery. I want *nurse* and governess combined. You would have your bedroom and nursery, grates, &c., and all to do. Have you ever taught? I want method, as it is time my boy was making progress. He has had a governess for six months, but she left me to marry a Dissenting minister. I should wish you to attend *church*. You would have needlework to do, as he requires only three hours' instruction in the day, and I should wish you to be agreeable to help me in any way. I give £14 a-year salary. I have so many applications that I should like to hear by return, enclosing photo. and name of referee.—I am, yours truly, M. Baker.

117, Herbert-road, Woolwich, Oct 2.

Here is an opening for philanthropists. The island of Innistrahull, which the *Wasp*, when it sank, was going to depopulate, still continues inhabited, until the sea shall moderate. The entire rental of the island is £18; but a gentleman of pessimist views who has lately been there values it at £3. Let us take it to be worth about £10; in that case £200 would purchase it out and out, and it might be bestowed as a free gift upon the interesting inhabitants, who most years, it is said, live on fish and potatoes, but this year on fish only, as the potatoes have failed. It is a quiet-place retreat, very much like the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster.

"I have nothing to do but work and go to bed. I'd sooner be ass to a tinker than live the life I am leading." This is the language put into the mouth of a farmer's son in a letter which I came across the other day in one of the Irish papers complaining of the unspeakable dulness of life in rural districts. I am inclined to think it supplies one explanation of the vast growth of the town population in our days. Now that people are getting educated, they find they can't stand the country. They flock up to town, not so much to make money as to live the life of human beings. Whether they gain much by coming to town is a matter upon which there may be two opinions. Personally, I do not fancy that I should like very much living in such a place as Seven Dials, for example. But then neither should I care to be "ass to a tinker."

There is, of course, no reason in the eternal fitness of things why country life should be as dull as it is. Every village in the land might have its concert or ball-room, its library and its gymnasium at a very trifling cost. Perhaps one of these days, when the county ratepayers have the spending of their own money, there may be something else to do in the country besides "work and go to bed."

Yet another country has got the start of us in the matter of telephonic communication. A service of public telephones was opened last week between all the principal towns in Belgium. People in Brussels, for instance, can talk with others in Antwerp, after seven o'clock in the morning, at the rate of twopence for five minutes. From nine in the evening till seven in the morning the tariff is doubled—out of consideration, no doubt, to the greater importance of conversations carried on between those hours.

It may interest young men who leave their country for their country's good, and who hope to find lucrative employment in continental towns, to hear that for a vacant situation in one of the Parisian banks—a place worth £48 a year—there were no less than 6,000 applications.

Screens, with tea-cup shelf on each fold, from 21s. A large variety of screens in Japanese leather paper, needlework, stained glass, and hand-painted in all sizes and styles.—C. Hindley & Sons, 290 to 294, Oxford-street, London.

Mr. Harris, H.M. Consul at Nice, publishes a letter in the daily papers explaining that no one need keep away from Nice on account of any dread of the cholera. Probably there is little danger, but still it cannot be forgotten that cholera is still smouldering in the vicinity, and that if it were by any chance to be imported into Nice, it would be likely to become an epidemic there, on account of the defective drainage. The drainage along the Riviera is a difficult problem, because, as the Mediterranean is practically tideless, the sewage, when it falls into the sea, is not carried away. Very probably this was the reason why the cholera spread so terribly at Spezzia and at Naples.

Surely, the editor of the *Times* must have been asleep when he allowed the leading article on Mr. Chamberlain's "Dissenting" speech in Wales to pass uncorrected. Mr. Chamberlain said that he owed the Lords one as a Dissenter, "for he could claim descent from one of the two thousand ejected ministers who, in the time of the Stuarts, left home, work, and profit, rather than accept the State-made creed which it was sought to force upon them." The *Times* thereupon remarked that any unchristian feeling against the Peers on this account would be "entirely unworthy of the descendant of a Non-juror." Mr. Buckle took a "first" in history at Oxford. He surely ought to have known, therefore, that Mr. Chamberlain was speaking, not of the secession, in 1689, of a few of the higher clergy who were High Churchmen, and stuck to James II., and who, because they would not take the oath of allegiance to William of Orange were called Non-jurors; but to the wholesale and forcible expulsion of Nonconformists from their livings by the Cavalier Parliament of Charles II., twenty-seven years before. He might just as well have compared a Jacobin with a Jacobite.

The Tory magistrates of Cardiganshire are said to have been guilty of a very unpardonable electoral dodge. The other day the people of New Quay and the neighbourhood, which contains about 2,293 inhabitants, petitioned the magistrates for a polling-station, as some of the electors live five and six miles from the nearest existing station. The district, however, is a stronghold of Liberalism, so the petition was refused by fourteen magistrates to seven, the whole of the majority being Tories, and thus a large number of electors are practically disfranchised. This is another proof, if any were necessary, of the utter absurdity and injustice of appointing Tory magistrates to manage the affairs of Radical counties.

So, at Banbury, the Conservatives attempted, as at Birmingham, to palm off a packed meeting as an open one! Having advertised it for 7.30, the doors were only opened at eight o'clock, when those who entered through them found the "open meeting" full of Conservatives, who had been surreptitiously introduced by a back door. Upon a Liberal moving an amendment, he was at once denounced as an emissary from Birmingham by the chairman.

This "open meeting" business, whether the meeting be convened by Liberals or by Conservatives, seems to me to be not properly understood. A person going to a meeting ought to recognise that it practically is a meeting of its conveners, and that howling down speakers is a game that both sides can play at. The opponents to the conveners should regard themselves as guests, and protest against the opinions uttered rather by their silence than by noisy demonstrations. I would rather listen to a speech from the worst Conservative orator that exists than to the groaning of a hundred of the best Liberals.

It is, of course, much to be regretted that Lord Salisbury's carriage-window should have been smashed by the Dumfries mill-workers, and that his Lordship and his party should have but narrowly escaped having their heads broken. But it is perfectly evident that the real cause of the riot was the discreditable trickery resorted to by the local Conservative leaders, in order to prevent the presence of Liberals at the meeting. Here there is no question of breaking down walls or barriers, or even of forging tickets of admission. A number of well-known leading Radicals had obtained properly-signed tickets from the Conservative Committee. When, however, they presented these at the doors, the Tory stewards tore them up, refusing the bearers admission. Subsequently, the Superintendent of Police interfered, and a certain number of Radicals were allowed to enter. The action of the mob was, therefore, merely a rough protest against the insult which had been put upon their political leaders. If the Tories persist in resorting to violence, they cannot be surprised if they are occasionally hoist with their own petard.

The attendance of members in the House of Commons has been, up to now, somewhat sparse. It seems to be thought that the less discussion there is on the Franchise Bill the better it will be, for the subject was thoroughly threshed out last session, and the matter has now to be decided in the House of Lords, not in the House of Commons. Members are much more occupied in trying to pick up some inkling of what is to happen when the Lords throw out the Bill than in listening to each other's eloquence.

So far as I can gather, the Tories do not expect to have a majority in the event of a dissolution. Their only hope is that they will win so many seats that they may be able to balance themselves on the official tight-rope for a short time by means of an alliance with the Irish Party. They are, in fact, a gang who simply want an opportunity to make a raid upon the flesh-pots, and to get what they can out of them before they are driven off. The only policy of which I can perceive a trace is a locust policy. One wants to be a Peer, another a Right Honourable, and another to get a place for one of his cousins or friends.

For my part, I shall be by no means sorry if—as seems now certain—the Lords refuse to pass the Franchise Bill. As Mr. Gladstone has said, the issue must then necessarily be whether a hereditary Tory caucus is to have the power, whenever it pleases, to render legislation by the Ministers,

The Cold Season.—A good "inner lining." Warm and comforting. Grant's Tonic Liqueurs, made of the very finest old Cognac brandy, readily discernible by the palate, viz.: Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy; Grant's Orange Cognac, a splendid appetiser; Grant's Ginger Cognac, a grand stomachic. Obtainable of all wine merchants, at all hotels and restaurants. Beware of substitutes. Examine brand and report fraud to Thos. Grant & Sons, the Distillery, Maidstone.

who are the representatives of the majority of the House of Commons, impossible. In this struggle the House of Lords will go to the wall.

Not only do I thank Lord Salisbury for bringing this issue within the area of practical politics, but I admire him. I can conceive no more contemptible position for a man of his intelligence than to be the leader of a Legislative Assembly which is absolutely powerless. The province of an Upper Chamber, as I understand it, is to prevent what its members regard as hasty, impulsive legislation, by insisting upon an appeal to the country against the vote of some particular House of Commons. If this be admitted, it is clear that the Lords have a right to insist upon this appeal in the present instance. The weak point in the argument of those moderate Liberals who contest the action of Lord Salisbury is that they admit the right and yet demur to its application. The only two logical parties are the Conservatives, who consider that an hereditary Upper Chamber ought to have this right, and therefore would have that Chamber use it; and the Radicals, who object to the right, and therefore would put an end to this Hereditary Upper Chamber; and this, I think, the Liberals throughout the country perceive a good deal more clearly than their Parliamentary leaders.

Power, henceforward, must reside with the House of Commons. This being so, if I were a Conservative, I should vote for the abolition of the House of Lords, and thus give my party the advantage of the wealth and social influence of the Peers in an electoral struggle. As regards Redistribution, I should go for electoral districts, because no possible manipulation of the constituencies can dodge the Conservatives into a majority, and consequently they have absolutely nothing to gain by attempting it. The Conservative party on its present lines is dead. There is a good deal of Conservatism in the real and not in the party sense of the word in the country, and out of this Conservatism I should attempt to evolve a new Conservative party. You cannot put new wine into old bottles.

The Whigs are now intent upon endeavouring to persuade Mr. Gladstone to adjourn over Christmas, instead of proroguing Parliament. Were he to consent to this, the Lords would read the Franchise Bill a second time, and then hang it up until Mr. Gladstone brings in his Redistribution Bill next year. There is small fear of Mr. Gladstone assenting to this surrender.

Of course, it might be desirable to create Peers for the special object of passing the Franchise Bill, and reducing the Upper House to a mere ornamental appendage, but statistics show that, as a general rule, so soon as a rich man is made an hereditary legislator, and is no longer dependent for his position on the votes of a constituency, he becomes a Conservative. The latest proof of this is the traitor Brabourne, who, after whimpering for a recognition of his services to the Liberal party, until Mr. Gladstone took pity on him and contemptuously flung him a Peerage, has been the persistent opponent of his benefactor and former political chief. Since 1830, 249 new Peerages have been created. Of these, 181 were bestowed on Liberals, and yet the greater number of these Liberals or their heirs are now Lord Salisbury's henchmen.

Liberals—or perhaps I ought to say Whigs—are, it must be admitted, more eager to obtain honorary prefixes to their names than Conservatives. Since 1830 there have been 302 new Baronetcies, and of these 225 have been given to so-called Liberals.

The Fourth party are rather hardly treated by the two front benches. According to Sir Stafford Northcote, Lord Randolph Churchill is a "bonnet;" and according to Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Henry Wolff is a "jackal," whilst, according to Lord Randolph, Mr. Chamberlain is a badger. This figurative style of describing opponents by likening them to animals opens out a wide field. "The honourable viper," "the honourable baboon," "the honourable jackass," "the honourable worm," will, I suppose, soon become the usual mode of addressing a political opponent in debate.

If I had to drive a very skittish horse, with reins I could not trust, along a road I did not know, I do not think I should pay idlers to go on in front and put logs on the track. So if I were engaged in the task of governing a country constitutionally against its will, I doubt if I should employ understrappers to go about sticking pins in the people. Here, then, is a bright idea for Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, whose mind (at present immaculately virgin so far as Ireland is concerned) ought to be able to take in new notions. Let him set his face dead against jury packing; it is very tempting, no doubt, but it does not pay in the long run. Let him discourage the practice of purchasing (or terrorising) witnesses; they may serve his purpose for the moment, but they are sure to "round" on him. Let him, so far as possible, avoid proclaiming, as dangerous to life and property, a public meeting at which the Bishop of the Diocese has announced his intention of being present. Above all, let him try and induce Lord Spencer to ride more and work less. The cares of State are playing mischief with the Viceregal liver. We might have had a comparatively quiet autumn session if his lordship had taken a blue pill in time.

I think the wisest step that could be taken would be to announce that henceforward the Crimes Act will not be acted on. We should then have an opportunity to see whether it is really needed. If its suspension were to lead to disturbances, then it might again be enforced; but if not, there would be no need to renew it.

The Irish have somewhat spoilt a good case by exaggeration. No one seriously can believe that either Lord Spencer or Mr. Trevelyan murdered one peasant by accusing him of murdering another. The case—putting aside the evidence of informers and of murderers—is this: A family was murdered in their hovel; in the hovel, amongst others, were two boys—one seventeen, the other nine. The former, in a dying deposition, declared that the murderers had blackened faces, and were dressed in white flannel smocks. The latter, who recovered, corroborated this statement, and both said that they did not recognise their assailants. Three men, according to their own

account, had seen the murderers on their way to the hovel. They had not, they said, blackened faces; they wore black coats, and they were recognised. At the trial the depositions of these two boys, which were in the hands of the prosecuting counsel, were not put in. The men pleaded guilty, though it seems that their priest had been sent for, and that at an interview which he had with them, although they protested their innocence, he advised them to plead guilty as the only way of saving their lives. Whether the men were really innocent or guilty, it is difficult to say on mere *ex parte* statements; but the admitted facts show that the administration of justice in Ireland is, to say the least, somewhat peculiar. Had the trial taken place in England, I cannot help thinking that public opinion would have insisted on a thorough and open investigation.

It is a somewhat instructive comment upon our policy in Ireland that last year a force of nearly 25,000 officers and men was found necessary to garrison the country, while only 3,320 were stationed in Scotland. Unless, however, something is done to reform the Scotch land system, it is more than probable that we shall very shortly have another Ireland upon our hands nearer home. Already the Skye crofters are in a state bordering on rebellion, while those of Tiree have passed a resolution to seize a tract of land by force, if it is not given up to them within a stated period.

I do not understand on what grounds we are to pay for the Soudan expedition. The Egyptians, against our protests, sent an army to reconquer the Soudan. It was defeated, and, as it was evident that the Egyptians could not hold the Soudan, we gave them the sensible advice to give it up. Unfortunately, there were some Egyptian garrisons in that country. We lent them General Gordon to proceed to the Soudan, to endeavour to obtain the peaceful withdrawal of these garrisons. The General failed in this endeavour. There is no question that he might have, and that he still could, himself, withdraw, but he insists that he could not bring the garrisons with him. So we send another General with English troops to release these garrisons. This is exceedingly benevolent on our parts, for we risk the lives of Englishmen. But to say that we, and not the Egyptians, ought to pay for this, is not benevolence, it is Quixotism. We are not responsible for these garrisons being in the Soudan; we are not responsible for the detestable oppression that led to the revolt; and if the Egyptians themselves do not want our aid, we have no ground for meddling in the matter. But we are told Egypt has no money. Egypt has plenty of money. She pays it over to usurers, and it is in order to enable her to do this that the English taxpayer is to be called upon to add a penny in the pound to his income-tax. This is to be our contribution to the locusts who, having robbed Egypt until there is nothing more to rob, now have the effrontery to demand a subsidy from the British Exchequer. Whilst we are endeavouring to reduce the interest on our debt to 2½ per cent., we seem to be under the impression that it would be a crime were we not to contribute in order that Egyptian creditors should receive 7 or 8 per cent. on their holdings

SCRUTATOR.

TYNDALL ON TYNDALL.

I THINK it was Lord Beaconsfield who once said that a man was generally interesting when he talked about himself. That has not always been my experience. A Frenchman, wherever you meet him, usually begins talking about himself; but he is not always interesting. I got into the train the other day, at Boulogne, with a chatty Gaul, who commenced telling me what he did when he got up in the morning, how he washed, brushed his hair, made his chocolate, &c.; and when we arrived at Paris my egotistical friend had only got as far as a description of his third cigarette after a late *déjeuner à la fourchette*. I was heartily glad to get rid of him. As a rule, an Englishman is not so voluble, or so personal; but, after all, there is no rule in the matter. We can easily forgive the obtrusive impertinences of Rousseau and Montaigne, and we are not hard upon George Sands' "Ma Vie." When language is so often used to conceal thought, if here and there a writer or speaker makes a clean breast of it, no great harm is done.

When an individual proposes to talk of himself, the only questions really worth asking are, Who is he? and What has he got to say? No; there is yet one other, *How does he say it?* Professor Tyndall supplied an answer to these questions in the most satisfactory manner last week at the Birkbeck Institution. It seems he had asked the secretary whether he wanted a scientific or a more personal sort of lecture. That was very clever of you, my dear Professor. You probably knew that the latter would give you less trouble; and then you swim with the age. You appreciate the fact that, healthy or otherwise, the taste of the day is for all sorts of gossip about all sorts and conditions of men. We should even like to know what you take for supper, and who makes your boots; how often you buy a new hat, why you don't wear gloves, and whether you indulge in a glass of champagne before you lecture at the Royal Institution, as you sometimes (knowing how dull they are, I suppose) recommend other lecturers to do. How amusing you could be if you would only imitate that Boulogne Frenchman, and give us the detailed account of a single day—you could pick your day—instead of a sketchy and, I must add, rather scrappy *résumé*, extending over about forty years of your distinguished and, let me add without offence, fortunate career.

You open your address, charmingly descending, as it were, like an eagle from the nest you have built for yourself and wife in the Bel Alp. Well, so you swoop down upon the Birkbeck Institution, and your tribute to Mr. John Birkbeck is as kindly and graceful as most of your utterances about people who have deserved well of you or their country. I should have been glad to have heard a little more about the Weston Mechanics' Institution, where you first saw some experiments which kindled within you a love for experimental science—but I suppose there was nothing of very much interest to the world in your study of the A B C of science or in your subsequent engineering attempt in 1839 as a tiro.

You seem to have been always a plain liver, and your account of how you got along on 20s. a week rather

suggests the story of the man who, "by attention to details," contrived to live on a shilling a week, because your hard struggle in the railway panic between '40 and '50 was, no doubt, both creditable and instructive to you. No man, I suppose, who goes in for describing his own life and doings can avoid blowing a little innocent blast on his own trumpet now and then, and yours certainly nowhere o'ersteps the modesty of nature; but if you thought it worth while to point out that you didn't care for money, and that you kept faith with your friends to your own loss and detriment during the panic, you might, at any rate, have avoided that little fling at "the malady of self-righteousness" further on. You were, no doubt, a brave, energetic young man, and your description of a delicious sleep of five minutes on a deal table, with Babbage and Callet's "Logarithms" under your head, is in itself delicious. You tell us that you took to schoolmastering at Queenswood in 1847. You must have been a beau-idéal teacher, with just that snack of manly "self-righteousness" and conscious integrity to the fore which hides its blushes behind Colenso's Arithmetic, and which all schoolboys adore in their teachers.

You seem always to have had an instinct about what was good for yourself, which accounts for your being at this moment the right man in the right place at the Royal Institution, and no one can be surprised that when a young man, as soon as ever you could afford it, you were off to a German University. Like Hullah, who disliked talking about music, but loved to discourse on the Parthenon, you are careful to tell us how you lived on the inspirations of Emerson and Carlyle, whom you appeared to find preferable to the Hebrew prophets. (No, you don't say so—you are a great deal too clever for that.) Anyhow, your teachers did not suffer much from the malady of self-righteousness, especially Carlyle, but they were always talking about "duty," and that seemed to fortify you just as well. The *mens sana in corpore sano* has always been your ideal, and I think you have lived up to it pretty well. You are not exactly a Christian—you are a sort of Anything-arian; but, in general tone of mind and conduct, you are an example to a large class of Christians, who seem to be Nothing-arians in our days.

You don't shrink from being trivial either—which is a comfort. I remember seeing you blow soap-bubbles out of a clay pipe the better part of one evening, with all the gusto of a child, and here and there in your Birkbeck address, you remind me a little of my friend the Gaul at Boulogne, especially when you describe your life at Marburg. Your room abroad, you tell us, was warmed with a stove (like other people's); you took *milch brod* and a cup of tea in the morning (not unlike other people); you dined at an hotel every day (as other people do), and the dinner consisted of several courses (like other people's dinners), but you are careful to tell us that you confined yourself to one course (this is very unlike other people). In this way you contrived to work sixteen hours a day. This, I should think, is unlike most people.

Considering the number of eminent people you must have known, you give us disappointingly little about them. You knew both Emerson and Carlyle, and you assure us that they taught "duty" and were "great men;" well, we knew as much as that before. From Poggendorff, and other great professors, you received marks of kindness —"very like, very like!" Helmholtz gave you a message for Faraday. It was only to say that he agreed with him about the deflection of the magnetic needle, &c.; most of us who knew anything about Helmholtz or Faraday also knew that. Humboldt told you that he got a Frenchman to correct his proofs when he wrote in French; lesser men have done the same, I think. But why, for instance, my dear professor, do you not tell us a little more about Faraday? You knew him so well, you were on intimate terms with his family, and you never missed your periodical visits to his dear old mother up to the time of her death. Then, just as you began to get really interesting, your address was closed. You are an accomplished lecturer, and I suppose you thought you had done enough for one evening. I hope you will some day take up your parable again. By all means, let it be autobiographical, but let it also deal, by the way, with some "men whom I have known." Of course, it is interesting to learn that you smoke, and that your night-gown is lined with cat-skin; but fancy how grateful crowds would flock to hear you if, in your own inimitable and genial manner, you would consent to talk for an hour about your personal relations with Faraday, Humboldt, Helmholtz, or the late Sir William Siemens. I am not ungrateful, but when Moses strikes the rock, I don't like to be stinted.

A LORDS' ABOLITION BILL.

The following Bill has been prepared and brought in to the Lambeth Parliamentary Debating Society by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the Home Secretary, and the Solicitor-General. It is so well and clearly drawn out, that I reprint it. I would suggest that it be brought in to all "Local Parliaments"—and passed.

A Bill to Abolish the House of Lords.

Whereas it is desirable that the laws of the Land should be made by the People through their elected representatives in Parliament;

And whereas the existence of an hereditary Legislative Chamber not elected by or responsible to the People is at variance with the principle of Representative Government;

And whereas the House of Lords has at divers times altered or rejected Bills passed by the elected representatives of the People, and has thereby delayed or prevented legislation desired by them, and has proved an obstacle to National progress;

And whereas it is just and expedient that Peers of the Realm should in no cases be exempt from the criminal jurisdiction of Her Majesty's ordinary Courts of Justice, and unnecessary that the House of Lords should any longer act as a Court of Appeal:

Be it enacted by and with the advice and consent of this assembly as follows:

1. This Act may be cited as the "House of Lords (Abolition) Act, 1884."

2. This Act shall come into force and take effect, except so far as it is otherwise expressly provided, immediately upon the dissolution of the Parliament at present assembled.

3. From and after the commencement of this Act it shall not be necessary to the validity of proceedings in Parliament or otherwise, for Her Majesty or any of her successors, whether in pursuance of law or of constitutional or other usage, to summon the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, or any of them, to meet in Parliament, and no such summons shall thenceforth be issued, and no Lord Spiritual or Lord Temporal or Peer of the Realm shall thenceforth possess or be deemed to possess, any constitutional or other right to be so summoned.

4. From and after the commencement of this Act all Bills which shall have been duly passed by the House of Commons, and to which Her Majesty or any of her successors shall have signified the Royal Assent, shall be deemed to be, and shall in all respects be, of the same full and perfect force and validity as Acts duly passed by the Parliament at present assembled.

5. Any Resolution, Vote, or Address duly passed or presented by the House of Commons with reference to any proceeding or matter in which it has hitherto been necessary or customary, whether by law or by constitutional or other usages, for both Houses of Par-

liament to pass or present joint or similar Resolutions, Votes, or Addresses, shall from and after the commencement of this Act be of the same effect and validity as the same would have been if, but for this Act, it had been duly passed or presented by both such Houses, of Parliament.

6. Immediately upon the passing of this Act the Court of Appeal of the Supreme Court of Judicature in England and Ireland and the High Court of Justiciary and the Court of Session in Scotland, shall, save as herein provided, respectively be final Courts of Appeal, and no error or appeal shall thenceforth lie from them, or from any other Court, to the House of Lords: Provided that nothing in this section shall apply to or affect the right or jurisdiction of the House of Lords in regard to the cases which shall prior to the date of the passing of this Act be entered for hearing before it as a Court of Appeal.

7. The Lords of Appeal in Ordinary appointed in pursuance of the "Appellate Jurisdiction Act, 1876," shall from and after the commencement of this Act be appointed Lords Justices of the Court of Appeal of the Supreme Court of Judicature in England, and shall thenceforth be entitled and required to sit in that capacity, without prejudice to their present precedence, dignity, emoluments and prospective claims to superannuation.

8. All jurisdiction hitherto, whether by law or by custom, possessed or exercised by the House of Lords, or by the Court of the Lord High Steward, over Peers and Peeresses in case of Treason, Felony, or other crimes, or in Bankruptcy proceedings, shall absolutely cease and determine from the commencement of this Act, and no Peer or other person shall thenceforth be liable to Impeachment, and Peers and Peeresses shall thenceforth in all cases be liable to trial in Her Majesty's ordinary Courts of Justice in the same manner as Her Majesty's other Subjects, any personal right or privilege hitherto existing to the contrary notwithstanding.

9. All rights, privileges, and duties at the date of the commencement of this Act vested in or possessed by the House of Lords, and not otherwise in this Act referred to, shall from that date devolve upon and be performed by the House of Commons, and any proceedings taken or done by the House of Commons in pursuance hereof shall be of the same validity and effect as the same would have been if, but for this Act, the same had been taken or done by the House of Lords or both Houses of Parliament.

10. Any office or appointment in Her Majesty's or the public service, and any dignity or honour which it has hitherto by law or by constitutional or other usage been requisite or customary for a Peer to fill or hold, shall from and after the commencement of this Act, on a vacancy occurring, be open to any of Her Majesty's subjects without distinction, and subject only to the usual disabilities, if any.

11. The appointments held by the various officers and servants employed or engaged in the House of Lords or the business thereof shall be abolished as from the commencement of this Act, and the officers and servants then holding such appointments respectively shall thereupon be granted compensation by the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury in accordance with the provisions of the Superannuation Acts.

12. Peers of the Realm and Lords Spiritual shall, whether hitherto Lords of Parliament or not, from and after the commencement of this Act, be entitled to be registered as Voters and to vote at the election of members to serve in the House of Commons, subject to the same conditions and to the same disqualifications only as those, if any, to which they would be subject if they were not Peers or Lords Spiritual.

13. The Returning Officer for each County, Division of County, or Parliamentary Borough, shall, immediately upon the commencement of this Act, prepare a temporary Supplementary Register containing the names of all persons within the area for which he acts qualified by the provisions of Section 12 to be registered as voters and to vote at elections of members to serve in the House of Commons, and the Supplementary Registers so prepared shall be deemed to be, until the coming into force of the ordinary Registers of Electors as revised at the revision next following the commencement of this Act, of the same validity as the ordinary Registers of Electors for the time being in force.

14. Peers of the Realm and Lords Spiritual and persons holding holy orders in the Church of England or in the Church of Rome and Ministers of the Church of Scotland shall from and after the commencement of this Act be eligible to be elected and to serve as members of the House of Commons, in the same manner as other persons eligible for such election and service, and subject to no special disabilities.

15. From and after the commencement of this Act no person shall be excused or exempted from being registered as a person liable to serve as a juror or from serving as a juror, or from any other public obligation or duty, by reason only of his being or having been a Lord of Parliament or a Peer of the Realm.

16. Save as is otherwise by this Act provided, or as shall be inconsistent with the tenor thereof, nothing herein contained shall vary, increase, diminish or otherwise affect the dignity or precedence or any of the rights, titles, privileges, duties, or disabilities hitherto appertaining by law or by custom to Peers or Peeresses or to the Lords Spiritual.

17. The Enactments mentioned in the Schedule to this Act and any other Enactments inconsistent with the provisions of this Act, are hereby repealed as from the commencement of this Act, to the extent in such Schedule mentioned or so far as they may be inconsistent with this Act, as the case may be.

(*Here follows the Schedule.*)

Vanity Fair says:—"Mr. Benjamin is still the PRINCE OF ULSTER AND STALKING-COAT MAKERS." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—A TRUE HERO.

(DR. RABBETH, *obiit Oct.* 20, 1884, *aged* 28.)

A STORY comes from the Gray's-Inn-road, and they tell the tale with a bated breath,
How a doctor tried to save a child that was stricken, it seemed past doubt, for death.
'Twas only a child in the hospital there—a carpenter's daughter of four years old,
And Science had done its all for her, and had utterly failed —as the tale is told.

One chance remained; there was still one hope of beating Death in the mortal strife;
But that was a chance against desperate odds, for who dared hazard it risked his life;
And the brave young doctor knew the odds, he knew what danger must needs betide,
But he did his duty fearlessly; aye! more than his duty, and dared—and died!

The tale, as I said, is a simple one; 'tis set in no bright, no gaudy scene—
A hospital ward in a teeming street, in a district the cynic describes as mean;
A dying child, and a brave, strong man whom the chance of death could not appal;
A paragraph in the papers; p'rhaps, a few brief comments: and that is all.

Now change the scene! Let us take the case of another man, and a brave one, too,
Who also fearlessly risks his life in doing the duty he has to do;
But he is a soldier, and so it haps, that he cuts his foemen boldly down,
Or sacks a city, it well may be; or, odds despising, may take a town.

Yes, he is a soldier, and what he does, he does by command and is paid to do,
Be it burning homes, or shooting men, or running fanatical Arabs through;
But the doctor who falls as our hero fell is a volunteer for such noble tasks,
Who does far more than his pay demands, aye! more than his duty even asks.

And yet 'tis the soldier we recompense; for when the news of him comes o'er sea,
With a loud acclaim, we applaud his name, and extol his daring chivalry;
The papers vie in their praise of him, the bells peal out, and the cannon roar,
And honours fall on that hero's head, who scattered death on a distant shore.

But what of the doctor? Why, if he live, and the patient recovers, no word we hear
Of a braver act than was ever yet performed in the field by a fighting peer;
'Tis only when he forfeits the life he lays with such grand devotion down,
That his action inspires a paragraph that may slightly startle a jaded town.

What a contrast here! Yet who dare say that it is not drawn with a truthful pen?
Who dares to deny that we thus deal out unequal rewards to two brave men?
For the one that has widows and orphans made is left no honour that he can crave,
Whilst he who has died to save a child is silently borne to a hero's grave.

Now, we do not say we would change his lot, for 'twould not be well for our fatherland
Were garish honours and proud display to walk with duty hand in hand;

But we do say this, that it's sorry work to confine our honours, and wealth, and praise
To those whose acts are made known to us by the lurid light of war's red blaze.

We do say this, that we ought to think of those who work without fear or dread
In the silent shade of the toiling town, like the brave young doctor lately dead;
And we crave for them not the star nor cross by which the warrior's zeal is stirred,
But the generous aid of a kindly glance, and the grateful help of a cheering word.

There are many who work with no thought of fame; who shun publicity's glaring light;
There are gentle nurses who only ask to be left with fierce disease to fight;
There are heroes on many a constable's beat, and 'mongst the mists on our rock-bound coast;
There are staunch men waiting, with no one nigh, to risk their lives at their dangerous post.

There is scarce a coal-pit that cannot tell the tale of a truly gallant soul;
And the annals of London's Fire Brigade could alone fill up a glory roll;
And where fever is fiercest and want is worst, there ever are found a faithful few,
Who, nerved by their own good will alone, their arduous labour of love pursue.

They've no friend at Court to proclaim their worth, no "specials" to glorify every deed,
And they write us no despatches home to tell us of their own matchless meed;
And when the Monarch distributes gauds, in none of the favours shower'd they share,
For ribbons and medals are not for them; nor stars nor crosses their bosoms bear.

We do not say we would ask such things for those who thus labour, unseen, unknown;
But we do protest they should not be kept for the soldier's benefit alone.
And we ask at least that the land's esteem and its warmest love be henceforth bestowed
On those who are working as Rabbeth worked, when he met his death in the Gray's-Inn-road.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

PRECEDENTS IN MADAME KALOMINE'S FAVOUR.

WE have not far to look for them. The marriages of the Princess Louise and the Duchess of Teck, whose husband issues from a morganatic union, are too familiar to be now urged as striking examples. The Baroness von Pawel-Rammingen (Princess Frederica) is so much of a sweet and hidden violet, that, judged from the Hesse-Darmstadt point of view, her *mésalliance* does not occur to many of those who take her part. Our Queen receives her as a cousin, but the Duke of Cumberland will have nothing to do with her or her husband; yet the latter was the right hand of the blind King of Hanover in his exile, and the Princess-Baroness is perhaps the most touchingly beautiful character the House of Hanover ever produced. A sister-in law of the Princess Christian is a surgeon's wife. Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, nephew of Queen Adelaide, and first cousin of Empress Augusta, is held in Germany to be only morganatically married to the Duke of Richmond's sister. His wife would not, at any German Court, be given precedence, unless according to her rank of Countess, which the Grand Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar conferred on her. The Duke of Sussex's first marriage was never recognised by the Royal family, because Queen Charlotte was dogmatic in her observance of German rules of heraldry and etiquette. She made it an article of faith, that the smallest and meanest Pumpernickel was immeasurably above the senior houses of the English peerage. As our nobility put up with her ideas in this matter, she may have been right to estimate them as she did. Lady Augusta Murray was recognised by the Pope and the Estes of Modena (of whom the Guelphs are an offshoot) as an honest woman. She was twice married to the Duke of Sussex—first in Rome, and then at St. George's, Hanover-square. As the Royal Marriage Act required that George III. should have formally consented to the union, her status, however honourable, was not legal. The circumstance that she had a tail of cent.-per-cent. relatives militated socially against her. Lord Dunmore, her father, when a widower and embarrassed in his affairs, had often recourse to a money-lender named Abraham, whose daughter, to facilitate business transactions, he married. Lady Augusta was a grand-daughter of old Abraham, and reckoned only by the Dunmore side of the house as a "second chop." Murray, her city relative, being rich, pushing, and extravagantly proud of their Royal connection, and having a vocabulary poor in *h*'s, helped to keep her down. It was one of the Abrahams' set who on the Western Circuit proposed the health of "Sir Thomas Wilde and the rest of the Royal Family." Sir Thomas had, in trying to establish the Royalty of the Chevalier d'Este and his sister, Mdlle. d'Este, before the House of Lords, fallen in love with the latter, and married her. As I write, it occurs to me to ask why was she called "Mademoiselle" before she became Lady Wilde? As English, she was "Miss"; as Italian, she would have been "Signorina." She was not French any way you can fix it. Her ladyship, as Baroness Truro, gave herself many airs. She thought it beneath her dignity to go into a banking-office, and used to require the clerks to come down to cash her cheques at her carriage-door. For the trouble they took she never so much as thanked them. When abroad, she got snubbed for acting in this way at bankers on whom she had letters of credit. Ferrers Lafitte gave positive orders that no clerk in his employment was to go a hair's-breadth out of his way to oblige her ladyship.

The Duchess of Inverness was more fortunate than Lady Augusta, Queen Charlotte being dead when Lady Buggin (Letitia Underwood) made her conquest of the Duke of Sussex. Lady Buggin graduated in the school of genteel poverty—the hardest school of any. In it she acquired marvellous tact. Persons of her own sex whom she outstripped called her "artful"—just as if artfulness is not, to a woman unsheltered by fortune, a weapon of legitimate attack and defence. I was in my youth much

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among fogies and dowagers who used to compare notes about the Duchess of Inverness when they read accounts in the *Court Circular* of her dresses at the Queen's Drawing-rooms, and of visits paid to her by her Majesty. They had known her as Miss Underwood. She went a good deal into military society, and was perpetually going on visits to rich and elderly friends. She was lively enough to brighten up their dinner-tables; whilst her spirits were sufficiently under control for her not to flout any of the proprieties. It was remarked that whenever Miss Underwood was on a visit, the gentlemen did not sit long over their wine after dinner. She was supposed to have some fortune, but was in reality very badly off, and made both ends meet by her cleverness as a whist-player. The fogies I heard exchanging recollections of her agreed in thinking her "deuced clever." The impression their talk left upon my youthful mind was that she was cool-headed, pleasantly chatty, caressing in her manners, obliging, without the least generosity of character; that she had a charming kind of pseudo-frankness, and, without believing in a single dogma of Mrs. Grundy, submitted with a good grace to the external social discipline which that lady imposes. It used to be said of her that "there was not much in her shop, but that what there was she knew how to display in the most advantageous light." As a card-player she was quick and sure. She glanced rapidly at her hand, saw at once the game of her opponents, formed her plan in a moment, and then had her mind free to devote her gifts and graces to charming those pitted against her. Gentlemen who played whist at shilling points thought it a pleasure to lose when they had such an opponent. Sir George Buggin adored his wife, whom he used to call "my good lady" in speaking of her. Those of her sex who knew her when she was no longer obliged to go on visits, and who were not jealous of her, called her "a dear creature." She wheedled Baron Stockmar, and got on very pleasantly with the Duchess of Kent. All her influence with the Duke of Sussex did not suffice to prevent him treating Prince Albert as his inferior. But she managed to keep him out of the way on occasions when it would have been very mortifying to the Queen to see her husband walk behind her uncle. I should imagine that a close parallel might be instituted between Miss Underwood or Lady Buggin and Madame de Kalomine. However, there is this difference in favour of the latter, that in Germany there is no Royal Marriage Act. I need not explain that a morganatic marriage is a fast binding tie, and as good as any other, unless for the transmission of the rank of the father to any children that may be born. Even, however, in Germany there are many Sovereign families descended from marriages between Electors, Margraves, Dukes, Grand Dukes, and so on, with ladies who were "not born." A recent case is that of the grandfather of the actual Grand Duke, who married a Fräulein Geyser, daughter of a Hessian officer, in whose pedigree there was not so much as a Von. This *mésalliance* renovated worn-out blood. The Prince Consort was of opinion that Fräulein Geyser's son, who was on a visit for a week at Osborne, was the ablest, most highly educated, and most interesting man he knew. When the eldest branch of the House of Baden became extinct, all the Pumpernickels were aghast at the idea of this exceptionally-endowed Prince claiming Sovereign rights. He got in because the Grand Duchess Stéphanie, niece of the Empress Josephine, had been accepted by all the German Courts. The door by which she entered was wide enough to let in Fräulein Geyser, who had been recognised as Margravine after the elder branch became Grand Ducal.

In our own Royal house, on the German side, there was a decided *mésalliance*, which, if the *mésallié*, a Duke of Brunswick, had not been a man of character, and stood by his wife, would have nipped the house of Hanover in the bud. That Prince married the daughter of a French Protestant refugee in his dominions, Eléonore d'Olbreuse, by whom he had an only child and heiress, Sophia Dorothea, who became the wife of George I. when he was Elector of Hanover. According to German ideas, she was "not born;" but as the Elector became King of England, the Pumpernickels did not perceive the flaw in the pedigree of his children, one of whom married the King of Prussia. Sophia Dorothea was locked up in a fortress on the charge of lightness of conduct, and her spouse enjoyed her heritage along with the Duchess of Kendal. Vicomte de Létorière, famous for his gallant adventures, was, through Eléonore d'Olbreuse, related to the Hanoverian and the English Guelphs, the Hohenzollerns, and Saxe-Coburgs.

Before Queen Charlotte honoured us by allying herself with our Royal Family, the idea was that a woman, no matter what her birth might be, was the equal of Peer or King. Louis Quatorze held this theory, and was prevented only by Madame de Maintenon from publicly acknowledging his marriage with her. He never met a housemaid on the back-stairs of the palace without taking off his hat to her. To show his courtiers that it was not alone to youthful bloom or beauty he paid homage, he one day gave his hand to a hunchbacked wench to help her over a muddy place in the Park. It is for the interest of a caste that its male members should only have wives who are "born;" it is for the interest of the race that men should marry out of the caste to which they belong. Anne Boleyn corrected the bestiality and insanity which Katherine, the daughter of Isabeau of Bavaria and Charles the Mad of France, brought into the Plantagenet and Tudor families. Catherine of Arragon accentuated the mental vice of the latter, as Bloody Mary proved. Anne Hyde (the daughter of a washerwoman and a Chancellor) very much improved the Stuarts. The most amiable, enlightened, harmoniously-developed, sensible, and idealistic Queen that ever sat on the English Throne was Mary II. I believe in people making fools of themselves in matrimonial affairs. But they should stick to their folly, as sailors do to the mast to which they nail their colours. All the divorce-courts of Germany will not be able to bring down Madame de Kalomine in public esteem, or to whitewash the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt. It may be said, "She had stormy antecedents;" but has she not a right to try and enter a port where she may lie at rest? Did not a teacher greater than any other admit

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the claim of tempest-tossed women to a quiet haven? If the Queen does not wish her Hessian grandchildren to remain under Madame Kalomine (and I can understand such a feeling), why not bargain with the Grand Duke for them to stay with her? She has plenty of house-room to lodge them in at Windsor, Buckingham Palace, Osborne, and Balmoral, and heaps of money for them. As they are also the grandchildren of the Prince Consort, she would better honour his memory by bringing them up than by meditating in the Frogmore mausoleum and among the cairns and other mortuary monuments at Balmoral.

SPORTING NOTES.

THE Cambridgeshire has for many years enjoyed the distinction of being the heaviest betting handicap of the season, but I apprehend that on last week's race, speculation was hardly so extensive as usual. It is rather odd that the Cambridgeshire should be so popular in this respect, for, when there is a large field, it is really almost as much of a scramble as the Spencer Plate or Stewards' Cup; and the horse which does not get off well and in a good position is an animal whose chance is at once extinguished. It is a fact that one hears more constantly in respect of this race than of any other, that the winner was "lucky," and that the second or third "ought to have won." It is generally considered that Bendigo was most unfortunate in being beaten last week, and it is certain that Foxhall had no business to win in 1881, nor had Lucetta in 1880. Sabinus was singularly favoured by fortune in 1871, and so was Montargis two years later.

The winning of the Cambridgeshire seemed to be the pole-star of the late Mr. F. Gretton's ambition, and it was to this end that all his racing politics were directed season after season. In ten years he won twice and ran second twice, and when Sterling ran third to Montargis and Walnut, his owner stood to win twice as much money as he had netted a year before by the victory of Playfair. Mr. Gretton's Cambridgeshire craze lost him several "classic" stakes. Isonomy was kept all the year for the race, though no rational being can doubt but that he would have walked in for Sefton's Derby and for Jannette's Leger if Porter had been allowed to train him for these events. Westbourne, who was reserved in a similar way a year later, was a really good horse at one time, and would certainly have won the Derby, which that season was run for by as bad a field as ever started for it. And after losing the Cesarewitch to Chippendale, he would very likely have made amends by winning the short race, but he was scratched—a tragic transaction for Mr. Gretton—as the horse lost his temper, and never afterwards won a race.

Mr. Hammond's great and continued good luck reminds me of Horace Walpole's remark, that Lord Hardwicke had not only got hold of the wheel of fortune, but that he had tied himself to it, and was rolling along with it. If the owner of Florence be a wise man, he will resolutely abandon plunging after the season, for if the flood tide of his good fortune has been prodigious, it is perfectly certain that the ebb, when it comes, will be in proportion. There is a long and dismal list of auriferous mushrooms who, by insanely supposing that the good times were to last for ever, have lost back their gains almost as quickly as they were won, and their last state was incomparably worse than their first. Men who win vast sums of money in this way have, however, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, not a single gleam of an idea beyond racing topics and analogous subjects, and therefore they are bound to go on betting. In some cases they have thought to pasture themselves on the Stock Exchange, but the excursions have usually proved real Moscow expeditions. If Mr. Hammond's sagacity bears any adequate proportion to his good luck, he will make haste to curtail the scale of his operations very considerably.

It is utter rubbish to talk of all the money having gone "into one hand" last week. The true fountain of inspiration in these queer times is the weighing-room; and there the victory of Florence was considered to be as near a certainty as anything could be, so that naturally she was backed by all the gang of "sharps." It was the decided opinion of every jockey who had ridden in the Cesarewitch that Florence would win the Cambridgeshire. I thought after the long race that with St. Gatien out of the way we should have seen Archiduc and Florence first and second. But it has transpired since Florence's victory, that she was seriously interfered with by Archiduc, and that if she had been ridden out, she, with a clear course, would have been a good second to her stable companion. Lord Rosebery is exercised in spirit about Polemic, who, on a superficial view of the Newmarket form, certainly ought not to have been beaten at Musselburgh; but this disquietude is entirely superfluous, for, although Polemic finished second (such a second!) in the Cesarewitch, yet it is absolutely certain that he was not even third best, and very likely if the winner had been out of the way, and everything had been ridden out, he would not have been in the first half-dozen. The romance about a *coup* having been intended with Polemic is merely the offspring of vigorous and mendacious imagination, being just the sort of gibberish which is always circulated under such circumstances. Lord Rosebery was laid up at Dalmeny when the Cesarewitch was being run; so, of course, when he heard that his horse had finished second, he, being ignorant of the secret history of the race, naturally felt exasperated at his defeat at Musselburgh; but if he asks what Polemic was doing, then surely we may inquire with far greater curiosity, how Mr. Hammond accounts for the ignominious exhibition of Florence in the City and Suburban, when she carried 9 st. 12 lb. She was then lost by Quicklime, who was giving her 11 lb. At Newmarket she gave Quicklime 17 lb., and he never saw the way she went. Public form is a delusion and a snare, and people who waste their time in twaddling over handicap-books ought to be consigned to Earlswood. But, just looking back at the general form of the year, it would appear that Mr. Manton blundered in not keeping Thebais for the Cambridgeshire. If Mr. Hammond had lived some centuries back he would probably have ex-

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piated his "luck" by being burnt at the stake, for nobody would have believed but that he had invoked more than mere earthly assistance to produce such wondrous results.

Prism ran well for some distance; but Macheath was never in front, and, if he had been tried with Thebais, he would never have come to a short price. Nor did Archiduc flatter his friends; I expect that this horse is fearfully stale. The Newmarket touts had reported unfavourably of his "going"; but their accounts are usually so strongly tinctured by their prejudices and wishes, that very little reliance can be placed upon them. Archiduc would very likely have beaten Pizarro for third place if he had been ridden out; but he did not look like winning at any part of the race, and I should think that he will be much the better for a long rest. Sandiway got off well, and was "bang in front" and making strong running during the first part of the race, and, at the Red Post, she looked as if she would win easily; but, literally, in the twinkling of an eye, she was beaten, being apparently either at the end of her tether, or else unable to go the pace. How this running is to be reconciled with her Doncaster form I do not understand, and it is not surprising that the Duke of Westminster and Lord Alington were intensely annoyed at her unexpected collapse. Prince is said to have got seriously upset at the post, and he may yet win a mile race before the season is over. Quicklime cut up an utter wretch, and so also did Chislehurst, who must be a bad horse; but the fact is that all the Northern horses are exceedingly moderate. Buchanan reappeared after a lengthened retirement, but he was not backed, and was only started, I presume, with a view to his assisting Macheath. Highland Chief ran no better than in the Cesarewitch, nor did Sir Reuben, who appears to be an arrant impostor, and Stockholm was never in the van. Bendigo was certainly unlucky to be beaten, for he looked "all over" a winner until he changed his legs, apparently through distress, and this gave Florence an advantage which he never recovered. It is probable that the overweight just prevented the race from ending in a dead-heat. Mr. Hammond is a perfect Macaulay so far as confidence goes, for he was quite as "cock-sure" as before the Cesarewitch, but this was all nonsense, for his "certainty" was by no means the good thing that he protested it to be, and after the race he must have thought that he was wonderfully lucky to win.

Melton had no difficulty in winning the Criterion, in spite of his having incurred the extreme penalty, for Langwell and Risingham were never in it with him. Lord Hastings was well advised in abandoning the idea of running him for the Dewhurst Plate, though the decision, of course, deprived that event of much of its interest. In all probability we shall not again see Melton out before the Derby, as he is not engaged in the Two Thousand, and as he will be a difficult horse to train, it is scarcely likely that his Epsom prospect will be prejudiced by his being started for the Payne Stakes in the Second Spring Meeting. Xaintrailles was favourite for the Dewhurst Plate, but at no part of the race did he look like a winner, and I expect he had by no means recovered from the cough with which he was afflicted when he ran second for the Middle Park Plate. He certainly did not seem very bright, and I heard that he was a lamentable object when the flag fell, for, either from nervousness or because he was amiss, he broke out into a profuse sweat. He is, however, a remarkably fine colt, and he ought to train into a really good three-year-old, unless his cough leaves him a roarer. That very smart filly Cora was also coughing, and she was easily beaten by the Casuistry colt, to whom she was giving 7 lb., and whose victory was a cause of unbounded delight to Porter, who has been much worried about him during the last fortnight. This animal was bought out of the Yardley team of yearlings last season for 700 gs. Having been well tried with Whipper-In and Rebecca colt, he was sold to the Duke of Westminster for £6,000, and an additional £2,000 if he won the Middle Park Plate. He grievously disappointed his new owner in that race, and in the end he was passed on to Mr. Cloete for £6,000, and by his victory last week he compensated for the collapse of the 4,000 gs. Louisbourg. The son of Sterling ran very "queerly" in the Middle Park Plate, and Porter has since sharpened him up. With this colt and Luminary, Kingsclere will play a strong hand in the Two Thousand and Derby. It will not do, however, to attach too much importance to last week's race, for it must be remembered that the winner was in receipt of 7 lb. from Cora and 4 lb. from Xaintrailles, and weight tells over this course. Moreover, both these animals were more or less amiss, while the winner was in the best possible condition. White Nun played the deuce with "the gentlemen" both in the Troy Stakes, when she was beaten by Glamour, and in the Home Bred Foal Stakes, when Zigzag defeated her. But a still more disastrous "surprise" was the victory of Mearns in the Cheveley Stakes over Kingswood and St. Helena. I fear that Lord Zetland's filly is by no means so smart as she was thought to be a few weeks ago.

In the Free Handicap, St. Gatien gave 3 lb. and an easy beating to Duke of Richmond, and in the Jockey Club Cup he "lost" Archiduc. The "over-night" races, both handicaps and selling-plates, were very poorly patronised. Polaris, who has been running badly of late, was made a tremendous favourite for the Flying Stakes, and won in a canter; but two days later, she had again lost her form, for she finished last in the Stand Handicap in a field of five. In this same race the liberal odds of 100 to 1 were offered against Lovely. The victory of Polaris on Monday led to some very bitter recriminations between Messrs. Hammond and F. Archer, who had quite a little scene in the Birdcage. The *Sporting Times* gives the edifying details, and I should like to know how the Editor reconciles such an episode (to say nothing of a score of others of a somewhat similar character) with his astounding assertion that there is "a distinct advance in our turf morality." I suppose he means morality with an additional syllable. There is another statement in the *Sporting Times* which seems incredible, viz., that Mr. Hammond, who gave £1,000 to his trainer and jockey, also presented that

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amount to Wood. If this be correct, it is the imperative duty of the Stewards of the Jockey Club to inquire into the matter, for it is impossible to imagine anything more entirely objectionable than for the owner of the winner of a great race to present £1,000 (or any "gratification" whatever) to the jockey of a beaten favourite. Such a transaction seems so equivocal, that I hope to see a public and peremptory denial of the scandalous story; for, even allowing that there was nothing wrong, it is difficult to say which would be the more grossly indiscreet, the owner who offered the gift or the jockey who accepted it. This is a case which manifestly demands a rigorous investigation.

MAMMON.

THE MANCHESTER CORPORATION SCANDALS.

I AM somewhat surprised that the Press has taken so little notice of the grave scandals which have lately come to light in the Manchester Corporation through the instrumentality of Messrs. Scott and Hollins, who were elected citizens' auditors about a year ago. The old auditors, who had been regularly reappointed for many years, were evidently quite willing to make things pleasant for Aldermen and Councillors, and their grave responsibility seems to have weighed lightly on them. The new auditors are to be highly commended for so courageously exposing the reckless squandering of the ratepayers' hardly-earned money, and our municipal reformers will find the "Leaves from the Diary of a Citizen's Auditor," by Mr. Joseph Scott, now being published in the *Manchester City News*, very instructive reading. Space will not allow me to-day to thoroughly criticise the disgraceful manner in which Aldermen, Councillors, and officials have put their hands in the pockets of their fellow-townsmen, but I will mention a few items of expenditure as illustrating the system practised by the elect of the City of Manchester, and return to the subject later on. Mr. Scott found that the accounts of the Consolidated Stock, a sub-department of the Finance Committee, for 1882–3, contained an item of £677. 1s. 7d. for miscellaneous expenses. When the mutilated invoice book was, after Mr. Scott's repeated request, produced in December, 1883, this Committee had already spent £389. 0s. 7d. in *very* miscellaneous payments indeed, for the preceding six months; but from that day to this, presumably from a wholesome fear of the obnoxious auditor's curiosity, they have not spent a single penny. The fact is that all these payments were of a personal and private nature, and that not one of them could fairly be termed office expenses. They included hair-brushes, looking-glasses, combs, sponges, thermometers at 12s. 6d. each, *Graphics*, *Temple Bars*, and various other magazines, picture-frames, sixteen volumes of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," at 30s. per volume, &c. The latter, be it said, are at present in a second-hand bookseller's shop. Mr. Scott does not state how they got there after being paid for out of the public purse, but the case of the bill for the *Nineteenth Century* and *Temple Bar* magazines for the wife of one of the leading officials, which was also paid out of this same miscellaneous fund, after being initialled by Alderman Thompson, enables any one to form a shrewd guess at the history of the Encyclopædia. I may mention, however, that in the case of Mrs. X.'s magazines, Mr. Scott obtained the refunding of the money by declining to fix his signature to the accounts unless this was done. It is, perhaps, not surprising that these revelations of the City auditor have already caused the abolition of the Consolidated Fund Department, the members of which, by the way, had nothing to do but to keep the register of the stock, and to attend to the transfers and dividend warrants, for which simple work a registrar and three clerks had been employed. I shall have something to say at a future date respecting the money drawn for deputations, or, as Mr. Scott calls them, picnics, by Aldermen (£340), Councillors (£196), and officials (£348). Have these wealthy representatives and highly-paid officials of the City of Manchester the right to charge for their time at the rate of a guinea and a half per day, besides railway and cab fares? And ought this guinea and a half to be an inducement for men of position to attend such deputations to London, Thirlmere, &c., in excessive numbers? It is monstrous that such extravagant payments should be made, and that money belonging to the ratepayers should be spent in smoking and boozing, for one committee alone smoked during the year 350 cigars at sixpence each, and the wine bill was no less than £895. I wonder whether a similar state of things obtains in any of our other great corporations, and, if so, how long their unsophisticated ratepayers will stand it?

ANGLO-AMERICAN LAND AND MORTGAGE COMPANIES.

I am not surprised that my remarks concerning these Companies should have proved unpalatable to certain parties who are either mixed up with such Companies or anxious that British capital should continue to flow into American pockets. Thus Mr. F. C. Beckwith, editor of the *Longmont* (Col.) *Press*, recently attempted to prove, in a statement made in the *Financial News*, that all the farmers of the West are solvent, and do not borrow on "second-rate" securities; but Mr. Beckwith will find that in the article which gave rise to his remarks I commented on Sir Stuart Hogg's statement that his Company had advanced on chattel mortgage, which cannot be called first-class security. I am glad to hear that the Western farmer is so prosperous, although I fancy that he is very much like other people who borrow, and does not object to raising money on terms favourable to himself, if he can get it. But I am inclined to agree to some extent with Mr. Beckwith when he says that "all Americans are not so clever at getting money out of the investor as some of the Londoners have been under pretence of doing some legitimate business in America, when, perhaps, not one half of the money invested ever sees America." This brings me to a letter addressed to me by a correspondent interested in American Mortgage Companies:—

It is with some trepidation that I venture to write to you respecting your recent articles on American Mortgage and Anglo-American Land Companies. But, as a matter of fair play, and in accordance with the maxim, "*Audi alteram partem*," I hope you will grant me

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the privilege of making a few brief remarks. Your text is taken, in the first instance, from the position of the British Land and Mortgage Company of America, and, in the second instance, from a letter by a Washington official, respecting what in America, I think, are called "Land Grabbing Companies." It is not my province nor my intention to remark in any way on the position of Sir Stuart Hogg's Company, but I must dissent from the *ab uno disce omnes* theory put forward, that none of the recently established Companies of this kind can pay. On the contrary, I say that not only can they pay, but that they do pay, and pay well, when properly managed. And I may tell you a fact which is, perhaps, new to you, and this is, that in one of these Mortgage Companies in which I am interested, more than half the stock is held by American savings banks and American bankers who have had great experience in lending money on mortgages of farms in the West, and who, knowing the safety of this class of business, have invested their money in an English Company, feeling assured that the shares of a Company which can get debenture money in England at 5 per cent. to 5½ per cent., and lend it in the States at 7 to 8 per cent., on undoubted security, must eventually yield them a handsome return. As to Anglo-American Land Companies, I know of no such Companies, except the British American Land Company, and one or two small affairs in Edinburgh, all of which are seemingly doing well. But, however that may be, the idea which I understand is propounded that an English Company cannot safely buy or hold land in the States, is an erroneous one. That the Homestead and Settlement Laws are as put forth by the Washington official, is no doubt correct, but there are many millions of acres of land in America, owned by the railway companies and others, which the owners are as free to sell as any owner of land in any part of the world. Apologising for troubling you, and with all respect, BETA.

I do not see why my correspondent should approach me with trepidation, unless he be a promoter or director of such Companies, for with the body of shareholders I have every sympathy. Had the American railroad swindles been exposed somewhat sooner, it is probable that the latter would not have rushed so headlong into American investments. "Beta" appears to be of opinion that the British Land and Mortgage Company of America is the only one of these concerns following a policy of risky investments; but I need only to point to the Land Mortgage Investment and Agency Company of America, on which I remarked on June 5, to furnish another instance of perilous dealing. It transpired at the meeting last week that liquidation would result in the entire loss of the paid-up capital, besides entailing calls of at least £2 per share, in order to pay the debenture debt; while some of the shareholders stated that the properties bought were probably not worth more than half the purchase-money. It is generally only when the directors of these enterprises fall out amongst themselves that the share- and bondholders and the outside public discover the abyss on the brink of which they are standing; and it is my opinion that disclosures with respect to other Companies are only a question of time. It is pleasant to learn that American savings-banks and bankers have enough faith in the stability of one of these English Companies to invest in it; but if it is really a fact that American savings-banks take *shares* in these Companies, entailing a heavy liability beyond the paid-up amount, this is another instance of the laxity of the American financial system, which has brought so many of their banks to the ground. They might with every safety invest in the debentures of one of the older English Companies; but then their faith would be based on the security offered by a number of substantial British shareholders who are liable for large amounts beyond the paid-up capital, rather than on the class of business done by these Companies. I am chiefly concerned with the Land Mortgage Companies, and the letter of the Secretary of the Interior applies to them equally with the Land and Investment Companies. I do not by any means imply that all American title-deeds are invalid, but I maintain that the letter is sufficiently alarming as showing the risky nature of a business which, while the seat of the Company is in Great Britain, must necessarily be left to the care of strangers.

MINING IN THE STATES.

A correspondent, signing himself a "Mine Shareholder," has needlessly taken alarm at my remarks on the letter of the American Secretary of the Interior, foreshadowing active measures on the part of the American Executive with respect to the invalidation of illegal titles of agricultural land acquired by foreign capitalists and corporations. The writer, who has invested in American mines, is afraid that the same sauce might be meted out to the mining companies in the United States. There is no need for this extreme nervousness on the part of my correspondent. These laws of settlements do not apply to mining rights, but, even if they did, our shrewd American cousins would not, I fancy, adopt so suicidal a policy as to prevent foreign investments in American mines, for more money is, as a rule, put into these mining enterprises than the shareholders will ever get out of them in the shape of precious metals, and a fisherman does not destroy his own net. Apart from the investments of companies in agricultural land, it is, on the other hand, perhaps, not unnatural that Americans should view with alarm the acquisition of large tracts of land by English noblemen. I am told that the Duke of Sutherland owns an immense area in the States, and that the Duke of Portland has large possessions in Nebraska and Colorado, which he offers to Americans at a rental of 20 per cent. on the purchase-money. The same is reported of Sir Edward Reid in Montana and Dakotah. I do not wonder that this kind of land-grabbing should be resented in the States, nor that Americans should, as a San Francisco contemporary puts it, object to "slowly having to absorb the poison that the mother country is now trying so desperately to eject from her own system."

LIFE ASSURANCE.

Numerous letters reach me with reference to this question. A physician, amongst others, is good enough to say that he was much interested in my article on "Life Assurance," and "thinks the subject is of great importance to so many—perhaps more especially to professional men—that he is sure I should earn the gratitude of thousands if I could help them to obtain, for their representatives, something like an adequate return of the moneys paid to Assurance offices during a course of years." My correspondent states the case of his father, who in 1835, being then in his forty-third year, took out a policy in the Norwich Union Life Insurance Society for £1,000 at an annual premium of £33. 10s. He lived to a green old age, and paid forty-nine yearly premiums, amounting to £1,641. 10s. After his death his executors received from the office only £1,588. 13s. 6d., or £52. 16s. 6d. less than

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the premiums he had paid. The writer often heard his father regret having insured his life in that office, as in some of the best London offices, through bonuses added, the payment at death would have reached £2,500, instead of £1,588. It may be of interest to place side by side with this case the result of a policy taken out at about the same age in the American office, the figures of which I have lately compared with those of our British offices. Policy No. 44,193 on the life of J. S. was taken out in the Equitable Society of the United States for £2,000, at the age of 41, and at an annual premium of £64. 18s. 4d., the total premium paid in fifteen years being £973. 15s. The cash value of this policy after fifteen years was £1,106. 3s., so that after having had £2,000 of assurance for fifteen years for nothing, the policy-holder can retire with £132. 8s. cash over and above the whole amount paid. As an alternative, the policy-holder can have a policy of £2,052, upon which nothing more will ever have to be paid. This splendid result speaks for itself. The example quoted by my correspondent shows that it is not uncommon, at the present time, for a man who has insured his life, to find himself committed to an office, which at his death will make nothing like a fair return on the amount paid in yearly premiums. I need not point out that it is most important to select for life assurance an office offering, besides the primary conditions of safety and equitable settlement of claims, advantageous terms. A great deal of haziness prevails on this subject, and assurance societies are often selected on the recommendation of friends, indifferently informed, or of interested parties acting as agents. With a view to assisting my readers in this selection, I shall, on a future occasion, place before them the position and relative advantages of our chief British offices.

THE UNION ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANY (LIMITED).

I have received the following letter:—

2, Copthall-buildings, Angel-court, E.C.,
London, Oct. 27, 1884.

Dear Sir,—Referring to the remarks in your impression of the 16th inst., I shall be obliged by your stating in your next issue that the summons taken out by Mr. Hutton against the Directors was, on being heard by the magistrate for a second time, dismissed.

With regard to the rest of your remarks, I shall be glad also if you will allow me space to observe that Mr. Hutton appointed as a nominee for the inspection of the books a firm of accountants who had been in litigation and agitation against another Company, in which our Company had a considerable holding.

The Directors naturally refused to show the books to these people, but always kept a balance-sheet (which had been duly audited and passed at a shareholders' meeting) subject to the inspection of the *bonâ-fide* members of the Company, it having been the sense of the meeting when the accounts were passed that, considering the smallness of the Company, and the then state of electric-lighting matters, it was neither necessary nor desirable to publish the report and accounts more than was done by reading and showing them to the members present.

Mr. Hutton and a friend protested at this course, and it was very bad policy not to let the minority in this instance rule, for there was nothing in the world to conceal. So far, in fact, from the Directors having anything to hide, they recently called together again the members of the Company, and at a meeting lasting over two hours, and at which Mr. Hutton was present, explained thoroughly the whole situation of the Company, and the reasons for the Directors acting in the matters which Mr. Hutton most complains of. The result was a resolution proposed by Mr. F. H. Norman, banker, and seconded by Mr. George Richardson, chairman of the North Metropolitan Tramways Company, and carried by a large majority, as follows:—"That this meeting, having heard the full statement of the affairs of the Union Company from three of the liquidators, desire to record their approval of the steps taken by the directors and the liquidators, and their entire confidence in them."

In conclusion, I beg to state that my firm invested £7,000 in cash in this Company, and have made great personal efforts to make it succeed; and that the object of the liquidation of the Company was merely to return 35 per cent. of cash to the shareholders, and then to reconstruct, Mr. Hutton benefiting on his holding of £1,000, in the same proportion as everybody else.—I am, Sir, yours respectfully, A. Parrish.

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Goode's Depôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

ANECDOTAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

PAPA PASDELOUP.

Papa Pasdeloup is to the front again. He is actually, after a very brief "final" retirement, engaged to conduct concerts at Monte Carlo! Parting, we all know, is such sweet sorrow, that to kiss and meet again to-morrow is no unusual occurrence; and so it appears to be with M. Pasdeloup, the popular concert conductor of Paris. Only a few months ago he took a touching farewell of the public, together with a substantial benefit. It was an affecting sight. I am told that all musical Paris was there. Talent long retired came out once more to salute the public and do honour to "Papa" Pasdeloup at his complimentary concert in the summer. Indeed, Pasdeloup's popular concerts have given his name a world-wide renown. Like Benedict and Costa, at the decline of a long and vigorous life Pasdeloup has lost money, chiefly through his wife's extravagance — these people have a habit of losing their money; but all France, and, indeed, all the world, owes Pasdeloup a sort of debt. He raised the popular taste whilst catering for it, he invented the orchestral concert model, which has since been adopted at Covent Garden, New York, St. Petersburg, and, in short, everywhere. His aims were higher and his taste far purer than that of the once far-famed Jullien. He was a man of education and high culture. The Revolution of '48, which drove Hallé to England, installed Pasdeloup as Governor of the Château de St. Cloud. This at once threw him across the élite of Paris, and also gave him time for composition. Later he found his vocation, not as a composer, but as a musical director. It is the fashion now to say that Pasdeloup was never a good conductor. Possibly there may have been better. But I can recollect when Pasdeloup's name in Paris was a passport for excellence, and his opinion final on all questions of musical taste. He certainly raised the "Concerts Populaires" in the Cirque Napoléon into a Parisian institution, and the Minister of instruction consulted him on all affairs connected with the recreations of the people. Pasdeloup lost money and popularity and friends by his advocacy of Wagner, at a time when Paris thought it *chic* to hiss the overture to "Tannhäuser." Pasdeloup introduced Schumann, and devoted himself to the production of symphonies by Gounod, Weber, and Saint-Saëns—in a word, Pasdeloup, through evil report and good report, has been the patient friend of genius, home and foreign, for nearly forty years; and there is not a young musician of talent during all that time who has passed through Paris and failed to find recognition, counsel, and the kindliest assistance from "Papa" Pasdeloup. And at last Pasdeloup's work seemed done.

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He had sown, others reaped, and what is more, others got the seed and grew the flower. The Concerts du Châtelet and the numerous Matinées Dramatiques warned the veteran that he could no longer expect success on the old lines; and it was thought unlikely that he would seek new ones at the age of seventy.

So last spring he "retired" with dignity. All that was good and kindly, all that was illustrious and gifted came to his "farewell" concert, and it was a veritable "scene" of the most imposing and pathetic sort. The "glorious exiles" from the Grand Opera, as they are called in Paris, Madame Adler Devries and the incomparable M. Faure, turned out again to sing in the "Rigoletto" quartet with Mdlle. Richard and Dereims.

Delibes himself conducted his Pizzicati; Faure sang the "Printemps" as only he can sing it; and Capoul breathed out "Medjé" with more than the passion of Santley, and with those *larmes dans la voix* which make people cry in spite of themselves. Alard, born 1815, whom most people speak of as if he were dead—exquisite violinist of the pure French school—"Nestor and Apollo of the bow," as the French critics call him—Alard took up his violin once more in public to show people how men could play who were formed in the school of Baillot. Saint-Saëns was at the organ, and Pasdeloup himself wielded the bâton. It was a moment not to be forgotten, when the composer of "Faust," at a given signal, stepped upon the platform, laden with wreaths and flower crowns, which he presented, in full sight of the immense assembly, to Pasdeloup. "Gounod and Pasdeloup, with their diluvial and dripping beards," said a French paper, "looked like two marine deities." The whole assembly of people rose with acclamations, and when they sat down many were in tears. But the *net* result was better than tears, it being, in fact, *cash*. I am assured that so successful was this testimonial enterprise that "Papa" Pasdeloup will enjoy a comfortable annuity in his old age—*finis coronat opus*.

I last saw Pasdeloup at Ella's Musical Union. That English veteran was presiding for the last time in person over his incomparable quartet society. Pasdeloup, the French veteran, bore kindly witness to Ella's work in England. He said to me, "Ella m'est bien sympathique; il a beaucoup travaillé pour la musique en Angleterre." I remember, too, that Jullien was also frequently to be seen there. "C'est là," he remarked, "que je respire l'atmosphère de l'Art toujours pur!" I like this friendly Freemasonry between the old chiefs; it is better than the frightful discord too often to be found amongst their disciples.

But the old war horse, it seems, cannot rest. Like Sims Reeves, he cannot say "good bye" for the last time. Until fortune forsakes him, why should he forsake fortune? I am profoundly sceptical, I own, as to the *bonâ-fide* nature of farewell performances in general, and I no more believe that Mrs. Kendal intends to retire at 40, than that Pasdeloup, or any other popular favourite, as long as there is any "go" left in them, intend really to "go" off the stage upon which they have won name, fame, and fortune. I think it very likely that Mrs. Kendal will never be more than 39, just as I think it possible that for many years to come Pasdeloup will not be over, say 71; and as for Sims Reeves, I hope he will go on saying "good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye!" to the end of the century. Still, there is a shade of consistency to be observed even in the midst of our good wishes. When a man "hath had losses," he may well be pardoned if he emerges, like Tagliafico, as Sims would say, "once again!" broken in health and impaired in powers, with the cry of "rescue and retire!" He has a right to snatch from the withering tree of his popularity the last shrivelling fruits, or even to pick up the windfalls, but he has not exactly a moral right to make capital by deceiving the public with farewell performances. People often pay exorbitantly, and are put to great inconvenience to hear, let us say, Reeves, for "the last time," and they muster in force, with full hearts, empty purses, and brimming eyes, to look, say, upon Papa Pasdeloup ere he passes for ever out of sight. And lo!—it seems Sims never meant to retire at all—and before the end of the year, the French Papa is off to Monte Carlo, and "at it again!"

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QUEER STORIES.

AN M.P.'S ADVENTURE.

THERE was one topic on which the Right Hon. Sir Robert Bland, M.P., was never tired of talking—it was Ireland. Whether he was addressing the House of Commons or his constituents, and whether the subject of his address was the Government's Egyptian policy or the Franchise Bill, he always contrived to make some reference to that country. The very last speech he had delivered before the prorogation, though it was ostensibly on the failure of the Conference, had contained a scathing denunciation of the Government's Irish policy. The return for Ballymucknomore of Mr. Twohy, an ex-suspect who had just come out of prison, where he had spent three months for a libel on a magistrate, afforded him a convenient text for his censure. "The failure," he said, "of their boasted Conference is but on a par with the result of their policy elsewhere. Since I came into the House to-night I have learned that a person named Twohy has been returned for Ballymucknomore. Who is Twohy? An ex-suspect, a convicted libeller, a man who has seen the inside of many prisons, a person with whom respectable men would not associate. And so the Government's Irish policy has resulted in this: that what would exclude a person from respectable society qualifies him in the eyes of Irish electors for a seat in this House." In spite of the cries of "Order!" from both sides of the House, Sir Robert contrived to deliver himself of these words, and he felt he had done his duty to his country when he found that they had created much exasperation in Ireland.

His mind being still fixed upon Ireland, he conceived the idea of paying that country a secret visit during the recess, and, when Parliament met again, startling it by an account of his personal investigations. He determined to put

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the project into execution at once, so, assuming the name of Jones, and slightly disguising himself, he set out for Ireland. To conduce to rapid travelling, he took no luggage, save one portmanteau, and in it the most important articles were a huge notebook, in which to record his experiences, and a revolver, with twenty cartridges, to defend himself with, if, in the more remote and disorderly parts of the country, any necessity to do so should arise.

Arriving safely in Dublin, he started immediately for the West. There he spent seven or eight days driving about the country on "mail cars," and talking with the people he met on them, and with the farmers and labourers. He was disappointed to find the inhabitants all extremely orderly in their behaviour, and not at all bloodthirsty in their opinions. He attended several political meetings. They were, he had to confess to himself, much less boisterous and rowdy than similar assemblies in England usually are; and though the language of the speakers was sometimes strong, he could discover in it nothing seditious or provocative to outrage.

One morning, about a week after his arrival in Ireland, Sir Robert was sitting, the sole occupant of one side of the mail-car running to Ballymulwhacking, and was reflecting with bitterness on the peaceful state of the country, and acknowledging to himself that his expedition had proved a failure, when he heard a voice hailing the car. Turning round to see who the new comer was, he noticed an intelligent-looking, well-dressed young man hurrying forward. When the stranger came up to the car he took a place by Sir Robert's side.

As they drove along, Sir Robert entered into conversation with the young man. He found him extremely pleasant and intelligent. At first they talked only about indifferent matters, but gradually their conversation turned upon political affairs. Sir Robert soon saw that his companion was a vehement Parnellite. He denounced the Government bitterly and all its works, and declared, over and over again, that there could be no content in Ireland until the English connection was practically severed. To draw him out, Sir Robert pretended to sympathise with his views, and finding that, like himself, he intended to spend the night at Ballymulwhacking inn, the Baronet, hoping to obtain some information from him, invited him to have dinner with him there, introducing himself as Mr. Jones. The young man, after some hesitation, introduced himself as Mr. O'Donnell, and accepted the invitation.

When they reached Ballymulwhacking, O'Donnell left Sir Robert for a time to transact some business he had in the neighbourhood, and, just a few minutes before the hour appointed for dinner, returned, accompanied by another gentleman, whom he presented to Sir Robert as Mr. Despard, a sympathiser with the cause, and something more than a Parnellite. Sir Robert asked him to join Mr. O'Donnell and himself at dinner, and he, after a little persuasion, consented.

During the earlier part of the dinner Mr. Despard was rather silent and reserved. He seemed to regard Sir Robert with suspicion, in spite of Mr. O'Donnell's praises of him for his high and patriotic spirit. But as the wine went round he became more communicative, and expressed contempt for the methods pursued by Mr. Parnell's party, and his own preference for what he called "more manly measures." In doing so he let fall two or three hints which, Sir Robert was quick enough to see, pointed to the imminence of a general rising.

Up to this Sir Robert had been but half-hearted in his assumption of the character of an Irish sympathiser; but now, seeing that by a little dissimulation he might acquire all the knowledge he had come to Ireland to seek, and had so far failed to obtain, he resolved to assume out-and-out the garb of a Nationalist. He began by expressing a high opinion of Mr. Parnell and his chief followers' Parliamentary abilities, but suggested a doubt as to whether Irish freedom could be won on the floor of the House of Commons. Then he proceeded to praise those Irish patriots who had sacrificed their lives for their country, and expressed his opinion that they, even though unsuccessful, were entitled to more honour than were the men who fought successfully in Parliament.

Mr. Despard listened to Sir Robert's speech with the closest attention, and when it was ended insisted on shaking hands with the speaker. Then, rising to his feet, he proposed the toast of success to the coming rebellion, which Sir Robert, with some qualms of conscience, drank. Upon resuming his seat, Mr. Despard proceeded to explain to Sir Robert the preparations made so far for the rising, the number of members enrolled, the amount of stores laid in, the chance of help from foreign countries, and the money which had been subscribed to the cause. He spoke enthusiastically of the earnestness and efficiency of the rebels, and stated how they were only waiting for England to be involved in foreign complications to give the signal for revolt, and he expressed his entire confidence in its success. To show how forward the preparations were, he produced several draft copies of the manifesto which was to be issued when the rising took place, one of which, on Sir Robert's pressing request, he gave him, with a caution to avoid the attention of the police. He talked on in this way until a late hour, when, after drinking again to the success of the coming rebellion, they separated.

When Sir Robert went to his bedroom it was not to sleep. Just when he had begun to believe his enterprise was going to end in failure, this extraordinary chance had crowned it with the greatest success. He saw now how the outward calm of the country had deceived him, and he recognised in it the lull which precedes the storm. He resolved to start the next day for England; and lest any of the particulars he had heard might escape his memory, before going to bed he spent several hours recalling as many of them as possible and entering them in his notebook. As he read them over he could not help anticipating the sensation his revelation of them would create, and the damning blow it would give the Ministry.

It was nearly dawn when he went to bed, and before he fell asleep it was quite day. He slept soundly, and did not awake until twelve o'clock. He rose without delay, and at once inquired when the mail-car left. He was informed that the morning car had gone some hours before,

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and that Mr. O'Donnell and Mr. Despard had departed by it. Another, however, would leave at two o'clock. Sir Robert engaged a seat by it, and, having had breakfast, he set about writing out the speech which was to startle and alarm the country.

He seated himself to do so at a table before a window, and, as he commenced, he glanced up from his manuscript, and noticed two policemen outside watching him, he thought, somewhat closely. At first he considered this nothing; but when, on looking up half-an-hour afterwards, he saw them still watching, it occurred to him that, knowing something of Mr. Despard's character, and that he had spent the previous night in that gentleman's company, they might, perhaps, suspect him. This, however, gave him no annoyance. If they interfered with him, he had merely to state his name, and he smiled as he thought of their chagrin and confusion when they discovered whom they had arrested.

Paying, therefore, no attention to them, he worked rapidly on, and when, at two o'clock, the mail-car drew up at the inn-door, he had finished his speech. Putting it into his pocket, he followed the porter who was carrying his portmanteau to the car. The two had just got outside the inn-door, when one of the policemen, stepping up to the porter, took hold of the bag, saying: "I want this."

"Do you?" said Sir Robert, pleasantly. "I'm sorry you can't have it, as I need it myself."

"And I want you," added the other policeman to Sir Robert.

"Do you know who I am?" said Sir Robert, in a haughty tone, and regarding the policeman through his spectacles.

"Of course, I do!" answered the policeman. "That's the reason I want you."

"I am Sir Robert Bland," continued Sir Robert, proudly.

"Are you?" observed the policeman. "Well, Sir Robert, just come with me to the police-office."

Sir Robert would have gone willingly enough had he had time to spare, but he was afraid of missing the mail-car, and of being late for the opening of Parliament, which was to take place in two days. So he began to remonstrate with the policeman. Before, however, he had said ten words the latter seized him by the back of the neck with a grasp of iron, and pushed him fuming and struggling up the main street of the village to the police-office.

When the station was reached, Sub-inspector Hurry was there, evidently awaiting the two policemen and their prisoner. By his directions one of the constables who effected the arrest—Sergeant Grimshaw—searched the prisoner. In his bag were the revolver and cartridges, the notes of Mr. Despard's conversation, and the draft copy of the rebel manifesto; and on Sir Robert himself the manuscript of his intended speech was found. Sir Robert explained what these were, but his explanation was received by the policemen with smiles of incredulity. Once the search was completed, the unlucky baronet was brought before the resident magistrate, who happened to be then sitting.

When Mr. Gully, R.M., saw Sir Robert placed in the dock, he asked the sub-inspector, in a tone of surprise, "What's this, Mr. Hurry?"

"A very serious case, I'm afraid," answered the sub-inspector. "From the documents found upon the prisoner, I believe we shall be able to ultimately bring a charge of treason felony against him. We intend at present to merely give sufficient evidence to justify a remand."

"I would like to explain——" began Sir Robert.

"Don't interrupt the proceedings of the Court, sir," cried out Mr. Gully, in his usual off-hand way. "Let the policeman who effected the arrest be sworn."

"I want to say——" Sir Robert began again.

"Hold your tongue, sir," cried the magistrate. "If you don't, I shall have to take strong measures."

Sir Robert stood silently in the dock, his face swollen with passion, and his eyes burning behind his glasses until the sergeant was sworn.

The sergeant's evidence was strong against him. He proved the finding of the revolver and cartridges in the portmanteau, and the discovery of certain documents which went to show that arrangements for an early rising were being made by the prisoner. He also gave particulars of the draft of Sir Robert's intended speech. This the witness took to be another manifesto to the rebels, but he would not swear positively about it, as its contents were, he said somewhat incoherent and not quite intelligible. Added to all this, the prisoner was, on his own confession, travelling about the country under a false name, and when arrested, he gave one which, from information they had received, the police expected that he would give; he, in fact, was endeavouring to escape detention by personating a well-known M.P., to whom he bore a slight personal resemblance. In conclusion, the sergeant asked for a week's remand to allow time for the arrest of the prisoner's fellow-conspirators.

"You have given quite enough evidence to justify a week's remand," said the magistrate. "It appears to me that you have made a very important capture."

"I would request," said the sub-inspector, "that the prisoner should not be allowed to have any communication with the outside world. By warning his confederates, he might baffle the efforts of the police to arrest them."

"Certainly, Mr. Hurry," replied the magistrate. "A very wise and necessary precaution."

"Do you mean to say," screamed Sir Robert, "that you're going to lock me up without giving me an opportunity of showing who I am? I tell you I am Sir Robert Bland."

"Are you sure the prisoner is quite sane?" asked the magistrate.

"He appeared to be so until we arrested him," answered Sergeant Grimshaw.

"Send for Lord Grabmore," cried Sir Robert. "He knows me and can prove who I am."

"Policeman, remove the prisoner," said Mr. Gully.

While Sir Robert passed his days pining for freedom, the police were not idle. They were using every exertion

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to identify the men and places mentioned in the notes and documents found upon Sir Robert; but though their efforts were great, they were not very successful. When they communicated this to the higher authorities, it was resolved to seek information from the prisoner, and the Crown Solicitor was despatched to him to find the terms on which he would turn informer.

Sir Robert had been six days in gaol when that functionary called upon him. The Crown Solicitor, at the time the Conservatives were in power, had had some intercourse with Sir Robert, and knew him pretty well. So when he was ushered into his presence he immediately recognised him, and before many minutes the Baronet was, with many apologies and explanations, set at liberty.

He started immediately for London, and, when he reached it, after merely calling at home to reassure his family, who might (he felt) be alarmed at his absence, he went to the House, where the debate on the Speech from the Throne was then going on.

In the inner lobby he met Mr. Chatty, M.P.

"Hullo, Sir Robert," this gentleman called out; "you're rather late turning up."

"Yes," replied Sir Robert. "I was unexpectedly detained. What's going on inside?"

"Another Irish row," answered Mr. Chatty, with a sigh. "Denouncing the Castle again. New member—Twohy's his name, I think—making his maiden speech; been called to order three times already. They're getting worse and worse."

Sir Robert was delighted. All the way from Ireland he had been engaged thinking over his intended speech, and had got it into its most effective form. Now, the moment he reached the House, before the Government had the slightest intimation of his arrival, he had an opportunity of making a startling statement against them. He almost laughed for joy when he thought of the sensation he would create.

He slipped quietly into the House and took his seat just behind the front Opposition bench. The Irish member was speaking in a vehement, passionate manner. His voice seemed familiar to Sir Robert. He put on his spectacles, and the moment his eyes fell on him, he started; Mr. Twohy was no other than the conspirator Despard. He was denouncing the administration of justice in Ireland, and describing how the authorities and landlords leagued together to get up bogus crimes and conspiracies in order to imprison obnoxious but innocent men. Then he described the state of the country to be peaceful and orderly beyond example, and the Crimes Act as useful only for exasperating law-abiding people and preventing legal agitation. He warned the House that, if the present policy was persisted in, the people would be driven from open agitation to secret conspiracy. Sir Robert felt dumbfounded when he heard this arch-conspirator denying so boldly the existence of conspiracy.

Mr. Twohy was so much excited that he had not noticed Sir Robert's entrance, and it was not until he was coming to the end of his vehement oration that his eyes happened to fall upon his former host. Sir Robert was looking at him when their eyes met. The Tory gazed triumphantly into the orator's face, expecting him to lose his presence of mind and sink back in confusion when he recognised to whom he had confessed his secret. But, to his surprise, Mr. Twohy seemed less astounded than amused; and, instead of finishing his speech, as he had just said he was about to do, he begged the House to bear with him while he gave an instance of what wrong could be done under the present system in Ireland.

"A certain distinguished member of this House," he said, "lately paid my country a visit. Desirous of discovering something to its detriment, he travelled under a false name and under false colours. By accident, he met a friend of mine, who introduced me to him. Eager to emulate the performances of informers, he tried to inveigle us into expressions of disloyalty by pretending himself to be disloyal. We saw through his attempts and gratified him. Others than landlords can manufacture bogus conspiracies. We manufactured one for his benefit, gave him what appeared to be proof of its existence, and then informed the police. He was arrested and thrown into prison. He is now liberated, and at this moment is sitting in this House. From the place he now occupies he once described me as a person who, having seen the inside of a prison, was not fit to associate with respectable men. With equal justice, I now apply these words to him, and call upon the House to recognise a notorious gaol-bird in the right hon. gentleman the member for Mudford."

Sir Robert did not deliver his great speech, and now, when he denounces Irish members — which he does less frequently than formerly—he never refers to their prison experiences.

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GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—I told you in my last letter that I had just seen some pretty new collars and fichus; so, of course, you must be longing to know about them. They are really delightfully *chic*, and may be relied on as good style, for I saw them at Hayward's. The shape is called the "Manon" and is square, some of them being very large, and others smaller and more modified. One great advantage connected with them is that they can be worn either over the ordinary dress collar and its pretty, soft frilling, or with a half-low bodice, showing the throat. This latter is the way Parisiennes like to wear them, but then they have no reticence about their throats—though they are not nearly so pretty, so round, or so white, as a rule, as those of *les filles de John Bull*, as M. Max O'Rell calls us.

One of the handsomest collars was made of cardinal velvet, the corners being beautifully embroidered in gold in an open-work design of butterflies. Fastened under the fronts of the "Manon" was some very fine Irish tatting in a shade of pale lemon-colour. This formed a fichu, which was gathered in at the waist, falling a little below it. The tint of the tatting harmonised with the gold embroidery, and the whole was sufficiently decorative to brighten the plainest black silk or velvet walking-dress into a festive simulation of a dinner-gown. The collar was also made of black velvet embroidered with jet.

Another fichu, intended to be worn with the open zouave bodices, had a collar of white ribbon, over which lace was turned up. The front was long, and graduated towards the waist, the lace being turned back upon it from either side in pleats over ribbon, which could be coloured instead of white.

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There were cravats for all sorts of figures—those that are short-waisted and those that are long; necks suggestive of imminent apoplexy or the graceful swan; terrace-like formation of bust, or that needing an ampler fulness in the kindly fichu. One, eminently fitted for this last variety, was made with a narrow collar of coloured silk, over which some lovely Mechlin lace was fully gathered. A perfect shower of lace fell from the junction of the collar at the throat, spreading over the chest; and another equally liberal shower issued from the waist end of the fichu. This one reminded me of Sarah Bernhardt, who literally looked *all* lace. She often made one think of the sticks on which this delightful trimming is sometimes rolled for washing. One knows that something must be behind the soft meshes to give them support, but does not gather the knowledge from anything one sees. So it was with "la gr-r-rande Sarah."

My choice amongst all these "Manons" is a little gem. Listen attentively, and you will agree with me. The shape is modified to about half the size in front of the ordinary square collar. Mauresque lace, with a running tracery of gold, shows a lining of scarlet ribbon, and from either front falls a series of pleats, the longest reaching to the waist, and the others growing gradually shorter towards the shoulders. It is as though you were to take half-a-yard of figured net, and cut it diagonally in two pieces; then trim the slope with lace, and pleat it up. It is the most delightfully becoming little fichu-collar in the whole of London.

Your mother would have liked a black lace fichu, with a a bot of white lace down the front; and you yourself, with your hospitable propensity to give everybody tea, would delight in the "combination" apron, consisting of Manon collar and small fichu, to which is attached the daintiest little arrangement, with tiny pockets, the whole being in the very popular cornflower blue and cardinal, the Guards' colours.

The new woollen lace that is so much used is called "guipure de laine," and looks well on children's dresses or on tea-gowns, but is too heavy and unsympathetic to be adapted to lingerie. A tea-gown, to which Hayward has given the name of "Dolce far niente," has the whole front made of this lace, with runnings at intervals of dark red ribbon. The dress itself is of a very warm white material called woollen velvet, with collar and cuffs of dark red. The worst of such cozy tea-gowns is, that they are so beguiling. One hates to get out of them into a dinner or an evening dress.

Before I quit the subject of dress, I must tell you about my new one. It is intended especially for theatre wear, and is therefore carefully chosen for its lighting-up qualities. I have taken *such* trouble over it, Amy, dear, for I want to look as nice as ever I can. The fact is—don't tell any one!—I found a grey hair among my black ones the other day. Oh, Amy, I could have cried. But I didn't. I tugged it out very viciously, wrapped it carefully in a pretty bit of pink tissue paper, and, having written the date upon it, put it away in the little box in which I keep my limited stock of jewellery. Whenever I see it I shall say to myself: "Now, Madge, be careful. Cultivate the Graces, my dear, for they seem disposed to drop your acquaintance. *Never* wear an unbecoming bonnet or an acid smile. Visit the dentist regularly, lest your teeth should begin to go, and never read any novels that make you cry. Study your appearance, for no one else will," &c. You see it will suggest a very useful and practical train of thought.

I sent for samples the other day of the Nonpareil velveteen, and held them up to my face, as I had read of one of Mrs. Oliphant's heroines doing; and at last I chose a pale shade of fawn, which looks absolutely lovely at night. This velveteen is as soft and as light as the finest serge, and falls in the most adorable folds. Well, dear, this is to be made up with the skirt all in careless-looking folds, and to be edged with a very thickly-pleated flounce, the top of which is to be turned back to show the lining of tea-rose silk. A tight bodice is to be made entirely of tea-rose silk, with zouave over-bodice of the velveteen lined with the pink silk. This over-bodice is to be sleeveless, so that the pink sleeves show, and these are to be slashed at the top of the arm with the velveteen. A short dolman-cape of the velveteen is to be warmly lined with the tea-rose silk quilted, and is to be edged with a peculiarly soft fawn-grey fur, the name of which I have at this moment forgotten. It is *not* opossum. I never like the shrivelled, scorched look of that kind of fur, which always has the appearance of having had a lighted match run lightly over its surface.

Do you think that that will be a pretty frock? and shall I look nice in it? Mind you say Yes, whether you think it or not.

The postponed marriage of Lieut.-Colonel Crosbie and Mrs. Paynter is to take place at St. George's, at three o'clock, on Thursday, the 30th. I shall go, to see if there are any nice frocks at the wedding.

Papa has been reading to us an article out of the *Lancet*, showing how to distinguish good mushrooms from the poisonous kinds, of which, it seems, there are many. The edible ones are brittle, dry, grow singly, and in colour are white or brown, with pinkish "gills." The Greys sent us a great basket of them the other day, and I was very careful to exclude all that seemed at all moist. We hardly knew how to cook them all, there were such a number; and, as you are of course aware, all mushrooms should be dressed the day they are gathered. However, we remembered our invaluable *terrine*, the earthenware dish so popular in France, but, until lately, so difficult to obtain here. In this we baked quite a quantity, stopping up the small mouthpiece with a wedge of rolled-up tissue paper, in order to retain all the juices and aroma within the *terrine*. The result was excellent, and we found that what was left over that evening amalgamated satisfactorily with one or two breakfast and luncheon dishes on the succeeding day.

Papa says that the people of South Kensington are beginning to agitate for the removal of the Exhibitions from their neighbourhood. There is something almost ludicrous in their slow, lethargic awakening to the perception that for two years they have been seriously inconvenienced. Charlie went to the Healtheries one day lately, and he says it is a kind of Pandemonium of excursionists, and that the number of children of various early ages quite exceeded belief. When these were not crying they were eating, with objectionable defiance of all laws of etiquette, and whenever they left off eating they began to cry. The elders carried bags, and within the bags, for the most part, bottles or flasks. "Medicine," said Charlie, "of a stimulating kind, with no label." Still, I cannot help thinking that there is no reason why the "lower ten" should not have their amusement as well as the "upper ten."

He said the South Kensington station might have been an interesting sight for any little cherub that sits up aloft, but that for an unlucky individual who formed an item in the surging masses, it was a particularly unpleasant experience. Three porters formed the staff, while the public gathered in its thousands, pouring into the carriages, "constructed to hold ten persons," in scores. There were nine—fancy, nine!—seated on each side of his compartment, and a row of the same number standing down the middle, looking like a set of ninepins, swaying hither and thither with the oscillation of the train, and threatening every instant to fall upon the seated victims, who gasped for air.

Maud and I were so frightened one day at this station, that we have never since gone by Underground Railway. Papa says there will be an awful accident some day, and that then the door will be shut after the steed is stolen. I hope his prophecy may never come true; but it appears that there is no law to prevent the overcrowding of railway

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carriages. The next member of Parliament I meet, I shall ask him to frame a little Bill on the subject; and, oh! how anxiously I shall watch the progress of that little Bill through Parliament, for there are people I like very much indeed who travel constantly by the Underground.

It seems that we are threatened with an invasion of very ugly little ornaments. Pigs, mice, and lizards were bad enough, and kittens' heads were not pretty, but now we are to have half-fledged chickens and equally *décolleté* ducklings of tender age. Miniature squirrels, too, are in preparation for bonnet and muff adornment, and even little rabbits, nibbling at green satin cabbages. These are simply grotesque, considered as "fixings" for lovely women, but I do hope that a companion rumour is untrue, which threatens to immolate poor little canaries on the same shrine. They are, says the Many-Tongued, to be stuffed and mounted on twisted wires, and then perched on the shoulder or on the open bodice of a dinner-dress. One, lately seen, carried in its poor, dear little dead beak a branch of leaves rendered in diamonds. A bunch of canaries was fastened on the skirt of the dress with which this was worn, so as to appear to be holding the folds of black lace together.

Thanks for the recipe for tipsy-cake, but I do not approve of the custard being omitted. I will give you *my* formula next week, and I am sure you will prefer it to our friend's.—Your loving cousin,

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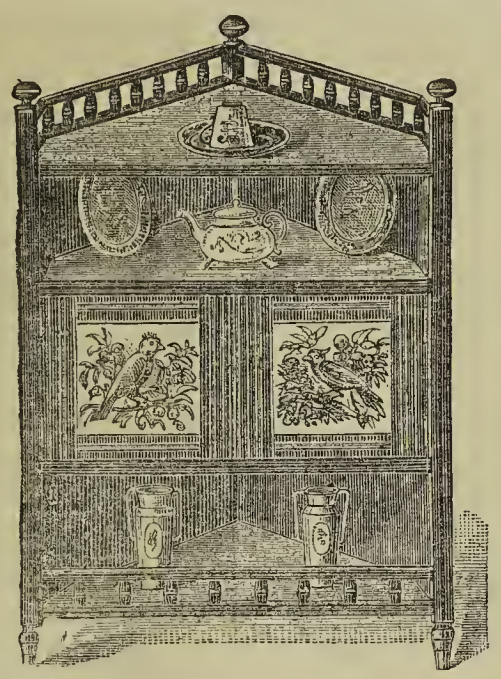

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COLONEL SIR JOHN STOKES, R.E., K.C.B., 11, Gledhow-gardens, South Kensington.

LOCAL DIRECTOR—FRANCIS WILLIAM STOKES, Esq., Adelaide.

BANKERS—Messrs. PRESCOTT, CAVE, BUXTON, LODER, & CO., 62, Threadneedle-street, London.

BROKERS—Messrs. ELLIS & CO., 2 Royal Exchange-buildings, London.

SOLICITORS—Messrs. BIRCHAM, DRAKE, BURT, & CO., 26, Austin Friars, London.

SECRETARY—Mr. CHARLES A. HOWELL.

OFFICES—5 & 6, LEADENHALL, BUILDINGS, LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON.

THE LAND AND PASTORAL COMPANY OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA, LIMITED, has been formed for the purpose of engaging in the highly remunerative business of Sheep and Cattle Farming in Australia, and arrangements have already been made for acquiring and developing extensive and valuable freehold and leasehold properties in South Australia, lately purchased from Mr. John H. Angas. These properties consist of :—

(1) About 44,500 acres of freehold land, well known as the "Mount Remarkable" estate, situated on the eastern slopes of the Flinders Range, in the settled districts of South Australia, within a day's journey of the City of Adelaide, and within 15 miles of Port Germain. On this estate there is an abundant supply of water, and a large part of the land consists of rich alluvial soil readily producing wheat and other cereals, and the whole is eminently adapted for cattle and sheep breeding. Adjoining land of a similar character has recently been sold as high as £7 per acre, and there can be no doubt but that this land must steadily improve in value. The land is well fenced and provided with large wool-shed, dwelling-houses, and farm buildings of the highest character, and other improvements necessary for carrying on the business. The natural advantages of this property in regard to climate and situation are not surpassed in the colony.

(2.) About 8,700 square miles of land (over 5½ millions of acres) held under leases from the Government, mostly within two day's journey of the City of Adelaide, and within 24 hours of Port Augusta, one of the largest ports in South Australia.

The leases of 7,200 square miles have from about 10 to 18 years to run, and of the remaining 1,500 miles about 4 years. There is a right of renewal for a further term of 14 years in respect of 875 square miles, and, under a Government Bill now before the South Australian Legislature, there is every reason to believe that renewals of the Leases of the remainder for a like further term will be obtained.

The rents now payable are twopence per head per annum for sheep, and 1s. per head for cattle depastured, with a condition that such rents shall not be less than 2s. 6d. per square mile of land leased.

These properties are known as Wirrialpa, Frome Downs, Whittata, Maccomba, Stuart's Range, and Stuart's Creek. The overland telegraph line passes through the last-mentioned run, and the Trans-Continental Railway is already constructed to within 20 miles of its borders.

A large amount of money has been spent on these lands by Mr. Angas in sinking wells, excavating tanks, erecting buildings, and other improvements; and the greater portion has for many years been successfully occupied for cattle and sheep farming, and with a further expenditure the carrying capabilities can be much improved and the profits greatly increased. During the recent disastrous droughts, from which cattle and sheep in many parts of Australia have suffered severely, the stock on these lands has not experienced any loss. The cattle raised there have realised the highest market prices in the Colony, and the wool produced is of first-class quality.

(3.) Live stock depastnring on the above properties not less than
100,000 sheep
10,000 cattle
1,000 horses.

Besides working stock, plant, &c., valued to the present owners last year at £13,000.

The Land with the stock, plant, &c., thereon, was purchased in January, 1883, from Mr. Angas for £326,000.

Since that time the purchasers have increased the stock by 30,000 sheep, and spent a large sum in improvements and acquiring some adjoining properties. These items, with the present season's wool may be taken as adding £40,000 to the value of the property.

The price which the Company is to pay for the whole as a going concern, from 1st July, 1884, is £360,000.

The purchase money is payable, as follows : In cash	£65,000
In 16,000 Shares, with £3 per share paid	48,000
And the Balance to remain on mortgage at 6 per cent. interest until 1st January, 1888	247,000
	£360,000

The Company will have the option of paying off the balance of purchase money (£247,000) at earlier dates in sums of not less than £10,000 and not more than £40,000, on giving six months' previous notice. It is not expected that it will be necessary at present to call up more than £3 per share, the proposal of the Directors being to raise by debentures or debenture stock the further money from time to time required.

The management of the property will be under the personal supervision of Mr. Stokes as Local Director. That gentleman, during his long residence in the colony, has had large experience in the business, and is thoroughly acquainted with the locality.

The Directors have every reason to expect that the Company will from the commencement earn dividends of 8 to 10 per cent., and that increased profits will be obtained as the properties are developed.

The Vendors will pay all preliminary expenses of the Company up to the date of Allotment.

The contract under which the Company is to purchase the above property is dated 24th October, 1884, and is made between Francis William Stokes of the one part, and the Company of the other part. This Contract with the Agreement under which the property was purchased from Mr. Angas, and copies of the Transfers and other documents relating thereto, as also the Memorandum and Articles of Association, can be inspected at the Offices of the Company's Solicitors. Subscribers will waive the specification in the Prospectus of the dates and names of parties to any Contracts, of which the particulars are not given above.

Applications for Shares should be made in the form accompanying the Prospectus. In case where no Allotment is made the Deposits will be returned. Failure to pay the Amount due on Allotment will render the Allotment liable to cancellation, and the deposit previously paid to forfeiture.

Prospectuses, and Forms of Application, can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, and of their Bankers and Brokers.

It is proposed to apply to the Stock Exchange for a quotation of the Company's Shares on their official list.

25th October, 1884.

THE LAND AND PASTORAL COMPANY OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA, LIMITED.

Capital £500,000, in 50,000 Shares of £10 each.

APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

No.....

TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE COMPANY,

GENTLEMEN,—Having paid to the Company's Bankers the sum of £....., being a deposit of £1 per Share, I request you to allot to me..... of the above Shares, and I agree to accept the same or any smaller number which you may allot to me upon the terms of the Prospectus dated 25th October, 1884, and subject to the regulations of the Company, and I authorise you to register me as the holder of the Shares so allotted.

Your obedient Servant

Name in full.....
Address.....
Description .....
Date.....1884.

THE LAND AND PASTORAL COMPANY OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA, LIMITED.

Capital £500,000, in 50,000 Shares of £10 each.

BANKERS' RECEIPT.

No.....

Received the....., 1884, on acconnt of the above Company, from .....
the sum of.....being a deposit of £1 per Share on application for.....Shares.
£.....
For PRESCOTT, CAVE, BUXTON, LODER, & CO.

This Receipt must be carefully preserved and given up in exchange for the Share Certificate.

THE

GRESHAM

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

ST. MILDRED'S HOUSE, POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.

FUNDS.

Realised Assets (1883)	**£3,351,200**
Life Assurance and Annuity Funds	**3,265,000**
Annual Income	**664,094**

The Directors are prepared to receive from Local Boards and Corporations applications for Loans upon Rates. The Society also grant Loans upon Security of Freehold, Copyhold, and Leasehold Property, Life Interests, and Reversions.

Prospectus, Reports, and Proposal Forms, on application to the Society's Agents and Branch Offices; or to

JOSEPH ALLEN, *Secretary.*

Furnish your Houses or Apartments

THROUGHOUT ON

Moeder's Hire System.

The original, best, and most liberal.
Cash Prices. No extra charge for time given.
Illustrated priced Catalogue, full particulars of terms, post-free.

F. MOEDER,

248, 249, 250, Tottenham-court-road,
AND
19, 20, 21, Morwell-street, W.

ESTABLISHED 1862.

THE PARASCHO CIGARETTES

Possess a delicious natural aroma.
Have a round, full, yet mild flavour.
When smoked or inhaled do not irritate the throat or nostrils.
Are made ONLY from the finest Yenijeh (Turkey) Tobacco.
Are rolled in specially prepared paper, tasteless, and free from nitre; and
Are different from and superior to all others.

A Sample Box, containing 24, will be forwarded, free, to any address on receipt of 2s. 6d. in stamps or Postal Order, payable to FENWICK W. STYAN, *Manager.*

Can be had in air-tight tin boxes for sea and abroad.

NOTE.—Each Cigarette is marked PARASCHO in blue, and each box bears the Trade Mark PARASCHO Without these Marks none are Genuine.

The Parascho Cigarette Depot.

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65, Park Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.

ESTABLISHED 1879.

C. BRANDAUER & Co's CIRCULAR POINTED PENS

Write as smoothly as a lead pencil, and neither scratch nor spurt, the points being rounded by a new process. Six Prize Medals awarded. Assorted Sample Box, 6d., post-free 7 stamps. *Works, Birmingham.*

THE SIMPLEX FOUNTAIN PEN

Invaluable to every writer. Pages may be written with one supply of ink, an ordinary nib is used, any ink may be used, most simple in construction, carefully made entirely of fine vulcanite. Plain, 1s.6d.; Ornamented, 2s. 6d.; post free, 2d. extra. Of all Stationers, or in case of difficulty from the Sole Wholesale Agent, 47, Eastcheap, London, E.C.

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Stocks or Shares Bought or Sold at Market Prices.
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Prospectus and Investment Circular, containing safe and reliable information to Investors or Speculators, forwarded post free.

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IS WATERPROOF. NO BRUSHING REQUIRED. Applied with a sponge attached to the cork. Gives a brilliant polish which lasts a week through wet or dry weather. Does not injure the leather nor soil the clothing.

NUBIAN METAL POLISH

Produces an instantaneous polish without labour on Brass, Copper, and all other metals, Harness Accoutrements, Bicycles, &c. Free from injurious ingredients. Application simple, effect lasting.

Of Ironmongers, Grocers, Chemists, &c., at 2d., 4d., 6d., and 1s. per box.

NUBIAN PLATE POWDER

For cleaning Silver and Plated ware. Prepared on a new principle, from recently discovered ingredients, by patented machinery. Guaranteed free from mercury, chalk, whiting, grit, or acid. Try it, and judge for yourselves.

Price 1s. Of all Chemists, Grocers, &c., or post free, on receipt of 1s. The largest box ever sold for the money.

NUBIAN 'PET' POLISH

Expressly for Ladies' and Children's boots and shoes. A light dressing with a natural polish. Does not flake, crack, or soil the clothing when wet, and works over all kinds of leather. Applied with a sponge attached to cork.

Of all bootmakers and dealers at 6d.

Sold everywhere at 1s. and 2s. per bottle.

NUBIAN MANUFACTURING CO., 8 and 9, Hosier Lane, London, E.C

Discount 3d. in the 1s.

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W. HILL & SON,

BISCUIT BAKERS TO THE QUEEN,

OF

60, BISHOPSGATE ST., and 3, ALBERT MANSIONS, VICTORIA ST.

HAVE OPENED A BRANCH ESTABLISHMENT AT

34 & 35, ALEXANDER ST., WESTBOURNE PARK,

AS A

HYGIENIC MODEL BAKERY.

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT.

Particular attention has been paid in the Bakery to all Sanitary matters. The Ventilation is perfect. The Water is filtered by Johnson's Filter Press. The Bread is made by Pfleiderer's Dough Maker, and therefore untouched by hand. They have endeavoured to reproduce the old-fashioned Devonshire Bread, to which end the ovens are heated with wood only, thus a sweet nutty flavour is obtained, which is impossible in the ordinary bakers' coal oven.

MR. LAKEMAN, the well-known Government Inspector of Bakehouses, speaking of this bakery said:—"We found purity, cleanliness, excellence of manufacture, and all I say, as one interested in the welfare of his fellow-beings, is 'God speed to such producers!'"

PRESENT PRICES.

DEVONSHIRE Bread 6½d. per 4lb. Loaf, Delivered 7d. | COUNTRY BREAD ... 5½d. per 4lb. Loaf, Delivered 6d.

W. HILL & SON'S CELEBRATED WHOLE MEAL BREAD, 4d and 2d. per Loaf.

FAMILIES WAITED ON DAILY.

OUR PUZZLES.

RULES.

1. The sum of £2. 2s. will be given every week for the best Epigram, Conundrum, Lipogram, Bouts-Rimés, or whatever the announced subject of the competition for the week may be.

2. The Puzzle Editor reserves the right, however, of dividing the above sum between two or more competitors, or of withholding the prize, should exceptional circumstances render such a course desirable.

3. The decision and award of the Puzzle Editor must be considered final and irrevocable, and, for obvious reasons, no appeal from his critical judgments can be entertained.

4. In every instance the Prize wil be given in money, subject to no condition whatever, except the publication of the winner's real name and address in this journal.

5. Competitors will be allowed eight days for the composition and despatch of their efforts; but all such communications must, at the latest, be received at the Truth Office by the first post on Friday morning in the week succeeding the publication of the subject for competition.

6. Not more than one Prize will be given in a Quarter to the same competitor.

7. All New Contributors are Required to Forward with their First Answers their Real Names and Addresses for Registration; such names and addresses will not be published except in the case of Prize-winners.

8. The *nom-de-plume* chosen by competitors should not exceed 12, and must under no circumstances consist of more than 14 letters.

9. Competitors must on no account change the noms-de-plume they have once assumed.

10. On the announcement of the Prize-winner's *nom-de-plume*, the successful competitor must write and make formal application for the Prize, stating the address to which the cheque must be sent. Any competitor failing to do so within three months of winning the Prize will forfeit all claim to the same.

11. No communications can be received on post-cards, by telegraph, or by hand. They must all be sent by the time named above, in post letters addressed—

PUZZLE EDITOR OF "TRUTH," Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, S.W.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 297.—DEFINITION OF THE HEIGHT OF MEANNESS.

St. M. (See Rule 10) £1 1 0
Cæsar (T. Oatley, Esq., S.E.R. School, Ashford, Kent) 1 1

SPECIAL NOTICE.

In answer to A Kilkenny Cat, Muriel, and Four by Six, it may be repeated that a Public Exhibition of the Home-made Toys, &c., will be held, as in former years, before the gifts are distributed to the various Hospitals and Workhouses. I have been asked, too, if models constructed from the painted sheets which are to bought will be eligible? and my reply is, "Certainly!" It is possible, by the exercise of ingenuity and patience, to invest such models with much "artistic merit." The chief desideratum is that they, and in fact all models, should be made as strong as possible, for the sake of their future owners.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 298.

I think the ingenuity shown in the Eccentric Rhyming Competition very marked. Many of the rhymes were perfect ones, and some competitors succeeded in disposing of each name satisfactorily. A common fault was to omit to provide in the rhymes given for "Fortescue" for the sound of the "r" in "Fort." Many gave such rhymes as "thought askew," "bought his cue," "sought his cue," forgetful, seemingly, of the fact that neither "thought," nor "bought," nor "sought," is a rhyme for "Fort." Another common fault was the rhyming of "Eastlake" with a double-syllabled rhyme, of which the last syllable began with some other letter than "l." A perfect rhyme for "Eastlake" is "least lake"; but "least take," or "least cake" is not. There were some competitors, too, who so far mistook the whole character of the competition as to be content to rhyme with the last syllable only of most of the given names. In certain metres such a treatment of the words would be allowable; but in the present competition it was, in the fullest and most difficult sense, that they were to be rhymed. I must commend as having furnished most ingenious rhymes Scrivener, Ynys, W. E. MacCarthy, Colin Clout, Kittifonia, Bob Ridley, Dhu, Australian, Sir P. Felis, Ajax, and Senor Nunez, and award the prize to Dhu, whose rhymes are, I think, on the whole, the closest and best.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 301.

Shakespeare being now very much in vogue, and "Hamlet" being especially before the public, the competition this week will have relation to this famous tragedy. The prize will be given to the competitor who selects from "Hamlet"

The Quotation which shall be Considered Most Appropriate to the Present Situation in the House of Lords.

The Quotation must not exceed five lines in length, or, if it is in prose, fifty words, and may refer to any phase of the question now before the country, and take any view of those phases. On this occasion, competitors must only send in one quotation; and if they send more, the first only will be considered.

Answers to Correspondents.

Sphinx.—Many thanks for your kind suggestion. Your definition was too late, though, I regret to say.

Per Mare per Terram.—Yes; your answer complied with the Rules.

R. L. B.—Many thanks for your kind suggestions.

Tom Nissed.—Your lines were actually in print, and were only left out owing to a sudden demand on the space at my disposal.

Orchis.—Your lines were also "set up," and were omitted for a similar reason. I cannot, though, consider "least take" a good rhyme for Eastlake.

Unwin.—Your rhymes were too late for publication last week.

E. A. V.—Your definition, though too late, is amusing enough to be published: "An English officer nursed his native Indian servant through a bad illness. When convalescent, the grateful thus expressed himself:—'Sahib plenty much value this boy; Sahib must raise his wages!'"—E. A. V.

Gosling.—Your answers were too late, but I print them this week.

S. M.—Most decidedly he will.

Sefton.—It is a well-known fact that you can find a proverb contradicting well-nigh every accepted adage.

South C.—Your suggestion of "Cleveries" or "Discoveries" as a title for the next Exhibition was anticipated, if I mistake not.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 299. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

PREDICTION OF THE FATE OF THE FRANCHISE BILL.

Debate on the Franchise Bill in Commons will last three days. The Bill will be passed on division by majority of 89. The debate on the Bill in the Lords will last two days. Bill will be thrown out by a majority of 52, owing to the Redistribution scheme not being approved of. Government will then appeal to country on this Bill, and their general home and foreign policy. Parliament being dissolved between November 20 and 30, the result of General Election will be made known about December 10 or 15, being a return of a Conservative Government with a majority of 43, exclusive of Home Rulers.—Per Mare Per Terram.

On the reassembling of Parliament, the Prime Minister will again bring forward his Franchise Bill, but this time with a Redistribution Bill, prepared during the autumn recess, and for the most part drawn up on the lines of the draft which has appeared in the *Standard*, appended. The Commons will pass it, subject to a few amendments. The Lords will then consider it, and add further amendments—amendments favourable to the proportional rights of counties. The Bill will be returned to the Commons, when it will be rejected by a small majority. The Prime Minister, unable to move the Lords, will then appeal to the country, and seek a General Election.—The Ghost of Junius.

On the motion for second reading of the Franchise Bill in the Lords, the Marquis of Salisbury will move an amendment to the effect that the Bill should not be allowed to become law before a scheme for Redistribution has been settled. The amendment will be carried by a majority of about 50, and Mr. Gladstone having therefore resigned, Sir Stafford Northcote will be called upon to form a Government, and will at once dissolve Parliament.—Jayessis.

The Franchise Bill, after three nights' debate, was read a second time in the House of Commons, and passed by a majority of 35—300 to 265. In the House of Lords, on the second reading, the Bill was passed subject to a clause (inserted on the motion of Lord Salisbury, and after two nights' debate) postponing action on the Franchise Bill until the Redistribution Bill was passed. Whereupon Parliament was dissolved, and the Government appealed to the country.—Nutshell.

House of Commons having passed Franchise Bill (a clause postponing its action until a Redistribution Bill had been passed was rejected by 336 to 284), it was sent up to House of Lords, and read a first and second time without a division. A similar clause to that rejected in House of Commons was, on the motion of Lord Salisbury, carried by 231 to 170. House of Commons, on Bill being returned to them, again rejected this amendment, but by a decreased majority, viz., 323 to 288, whereon the Government decided on appealing to the country, and dissolved Parliament.—W. T. Dooner.

Animated debate. No compromise. Ministers refused to delay operation of Franchise Bill till supplemented by impartial Redistribution scheme. Independent members—following Bright's advice not to separate Franchise from Redistribution—voted against Franchise Bill. Bulk of Liberals voted as ordered by Caucus, Chamberlain, Schnadhorst, Gladstone, and Company. Bill passed by servile majority of 70. The Lords, justly indignant at attempts to bully and overawe them by Ministerially-favoured unconstitutional demonstration, sunk party, stood by their order and the Constitution. Two nights' debate. Bill rejected by 300 against 100. Ministers compelled to bow to real People's Will, reluctantly accepted inevitable. General Election. One hundred thousand votes lost to Liberals by those who hired Aston ruffians.—J. M'Grigor Allan.

The Franchise Bill reached the House of Lords on Nov. 3, and was, on the motion of Lord Granville, read a first time. After a debate lasting three nights, the second reading was rejected, on the motion of Lord Salisbury, by 230 votes to 220. Gladstone will then dissolve Parliament and go to the country with cry against the House of Lords.—Joe Botting.

The Commons will pass the Bill by about 90 majority. The Parnellites will speak against the Government, but one-half of them will vote for the Bill rather than offend the English and Scotch Radicals. In the Lords, those who speak against the second reading will vote against it, but if they go to a division the Government will have a majority of 10. In Committee a clause will be inserted postponing operation of the Act until the Redistribution Bill is passed. The Government will then introduce their Redistribution Bill, and afterwards accept the Lords' amendments.—R. Gill.

House of Commons having passed Franchise Bill after 21 days' debate, it was sent to House of Lords and read first time on Nov. 24. After debate of three nights Bill was referred back to House of Commons for accompaniment of Redistribution Bill. Majority, 65. Parliament dissolved on Dec. 4, an appeal being made to the country whether the House of Lords are to be permitted to "obstruct" the House of Commons.—Terar.

The Bill will be sent up to the Lords, after a decisive vote in the Commons, on an amendment to postpone operation till Redistribution Bill is passed. The Commons majority will be less than 50. Lords will read Bill second time, and, on going into Committee, clause postponing registration of new voters until after Redistribution Bill is passed will be carried by a larger majority than in July. Bill sent down to Commons. Conferences between the two Houses. Lord Granville will not give way. Bill sacrificed. Mr. Gladstone resigns. Ministerial crisis. A Salisbury-Churchill Government formed. Dissolution follows.—Garter-Tower.

Nov. 20. Franchise Bill read first time by Lords without division. Nov. 27. Read second time without division. Dec. 4. In Committee clause proposing to make Bill inoperative without Redistribution (defeated in Commons by a majority of 69) carried by a majority of 65. Dec. 6. Meeting of Liberal Party; much disunion. Cabinet Council same day, followed by resig-

nation of Mr. Chamberlain. Dec. 8. Dissolution announced. Dec. 10. Meeting of Claimant's supporters at Mile End.—Merry Xmas.

Franchise Bill introduced in House of Commons Oct. 27, and sent up Nov. 7 by a majority of 82 to House of Lords. Rejected by the Lords Nov. 11 by a majority of 69. Upon a clause being added by Gladstone that the Franchise wil not become law until the Redistribntion Bill (which is to be introduced this session) has passed both Houses, it will be returned to Upper House Nov. 11, by a majority of 180, and passed Nov. 21 by a majority of 35.—Summerdale.

House of Commons having passed Franchise Bill by a majority of 133, it went up to House of Lords, and was read first time, on motion of Earl Granville, Nov. 20. Second reading was moved following night, and, after short debate, was carried same night, without division. Committee being fixed for Nov. 24, Lord Salisbury moved to insert clause postponing operation of Bill until Redistribution Bill had been passed, which was carried by 238 to 196. To this the House of Commons refused to agree by a majority of 120. Conference of both Houses met Dec 1, when amendment was withdrawn, on promise of Government to introduce Redistribution Scheme in spriug. Franchise Bill finally passed Lords Dec. 11, without division.—Cherry.

House of Commons having passed Franchise Bill, after debate of twelve days, by majority of seventy votes only (in consequence of the secession of the entire Irish party), it reached Upper House on Nov. 8. Was read a first time on motion of Lord Granville. On motion of Lord Granville that Bill be read a second time, following amendment, moved by Lord Salisbury, seconded by Lord Cairns: "That it is inexpedieut that this Bill be read a second time till a full scheme of Redistribution is also before the House." Debate on ameudment lasted four days; then amendment carried by majority of fifty-one votes. On this Gladstone resigned. Salisbury, summoned by Queen to form a Ministry, immediately dissolved Parliament.—Beedos.

After a division and majority for the Government of 130, the Franchise Bill was sent to the Lords, who rejected the measure with a majority of 79.—Evermore.

House of Commons passed Franchise Bill after four nights' debate and division, majority 127. Went to House of Lords, and on motiou of Lord Dalhousie, on November 12, second reading moved; was rejected, after four nights' debate, by majority of 21. Conference of leaders of both parties on November 26. Arrangement made whereby House of Commons passes Redistribution Bill, after two divisions, majorities 187 and 75, whereupon House of Lords passes both Bills finally on Jan. 16, 1885, without divisions.—Frank Croson.

The House of Commons having passed the Franchise Bill by a majority of 127, it was sent up to the House of Lords, and on Nov. 13, on the motion of Lord Granville that the Bill be read a first time being put, it was defeated by 238 to 196. The Bill was consequently rejected.—Browser.

The Bill was brought up from the Commons and read a first time in the Lords on Nov. 13. The motion for the second reading on the 16th was met by Lord Salisbury with a resolution to the effect that, while the House is willing to accept the principle of the Bill, it considered such an extensive scheme should be accompanied by a measure for Redistribution of Seats. Next day, on a division, Lord Salisbury's motion was carried by 199 to 143. In the Commons on 18th, Mr. Gladstone stated that the Government could not accept the resolution, and, in the Lords, the Bill was withdrawn.—Harold.

The Lords will read the Franchise Bill a second time, but will insert a clause in Committee postponing its operation until the Redistribution Bill be also passed. The Governmeut will not accept tbis, but will put in a clause instead, fixing the date for the Franchise Bill to come into work, whether the Redistribution Bill be passed or not. If the Lords should then reject this new clause, the Government would create a sufficient nnmber of new Peers to pass it; but, unless their majority on this question iu the House of Commons should be reduced below thirty, the Government would not dissolve Parliament.—Duncru.

The Franchise Bill having passed through House of Commous with majority of 125, was sent up to House of Lords, and read a first time on November 20, on motion of Lord Granville. After the motion for second reading, which was moved next evening by Lord Granville, Lord Salisbury moved an amendment that the Bill be read a second time that day six months, thereby giving the Government an opportunity of adjourning instead of proroguing Parliament, and bringing in Redistribution Bill in the spring. After a debate of two nights a division was taken, and the amendment carried by 208 to 183. The Government, however, would not adopt this course of proceedings, and Parliament was prorogued on December 2.—Spider.

The House of Commons having passed the Franchise Bill by a majority of 60, it was sent to the House of Lords and read a first time on December 2. After two nights' debate, it passed the second reading on December 9 by a majority of three, uuder the covert threats of the creation of fresh Peers.—Risk.

The Bill was read a first time iu the Lords, on November 17th; second reading moved on the 21st, and the next day agreed to without a division. In Committee, on the 24th, a clause deferring its operation till a Redistribution Bill be passed, was, on the motion of the Marquis of Salisbury, carried by 210 to 155. In the Commons, on the 26th, Mr. Gladstone moved to disagree with the Lords' Amendment, which was carried on the 28th by 295 to 205. On December 1st, the Lords resolved to adhere to the ameudment by 190 to 147. On the 4th, at a conference, neither House would give way. Parliameut was prorogued next day.—Partridge.

I look in my Crystal, and what do I see?
That the Peers of the Realm one and all disagree.
Scene changes—the spells that the Premier cau weave
Are beginning to work—all unite to deceive.
Oh, Willie! false Willie! take care what you're doing,
A storm is arising—'tis all of your brewing.

Glowworm.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 298. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

ECCENTRIC RHYMES.

Spirit of Nonsense, wake and up! Let's
Give to th' astonished Truth our couplets.

The rhyme that corresponds with Cameron
Need hardly claim a whole Hexameron;
But he that seeks to mate with Fortescue,
From Ingoldsby had need import his cue.
The Graces have reserved for Kendal
The art to please, and not offend, all;
The streams of Castaly, for Eastlake,
Expand themselves to an increased lake;
Forgive thy poet, Gentle Anderson!
No Cygnet he, but just a Gander's son.

Gosling.

In writing a couplet, be patient, and hammer on,
And you'll manage to get in the name of Miss Cameron;
But if in your versification there's ought askew,
You'll be certain to fail in describing Miss Fortescue.
Continue your task, and you'll find you must spend all
Your wit, if you mean to portray Mrs. Kendal.
The "House in the Marsh," by the deary and triste lake,
Would be paradise were it the home of Miss Eastlake;
Aud the grandest old Duke might be proud if his grander son
Were to form an alliance with lovely Miss Anderson.

Unwin.

Thy matrimonial prospects were cruelly, basely, wrought askew;
But if I'm on the jury, you shall have a "dot" Miss Fortescue!
Of th' histrionic ladder, how soon thou didst ascend all
The rungs, and now thou 'rt on the top—be happy, Mrs. Kendal!
See Windermere, see Grasmere, see biggest or see least lake,
Yet you'll behold a fairer view when looking on Miss Eastlake!
No caitiff vile, while I have life, shall ever breathe base slanders on
Thy name, if thou wilt be my wife, oh! sweetest Mary Anderson!

I cannot make a rhyme at all (cousistent with good grammar) on
The ouly lady's name that's left—that of Miss Violet Cameron!

Robert Tail.

Report is rife that she's a wife, her life this casts a glamour on,
But at your age to leave the stage would be a sin, Miss Cameron.
A flippant lord adored, got bored, to rush abroad he thought his cue,
Yet lawyers say he'll have to pay some thousands to Miss Fortescue.
By statue's charms from duty drawn Pygmalion philanders on
With Galatea, goddess born, when rendered by Miss Anderson.
If Hamlet you should see perchance, you'll own the very least lake
Would much enrich and so enhance the beauty of Miss Eastlake.
Like stately yacht with swelling "sails of silk and ropes of sandal,"
We know you need not advertise yourself, dear Mrs. Kendal.

J. C. Mathews.

All holders of St. James's stalls, lay stalls, and stalls prebendal,
Will freely own the talent rare of charming Mrs. Kendal.
At first his rank was but as naught, his cue—
Alone, to wed the fair Miss Fortescue.
Altho' her figure's tall, and grand her son-
Sie face proclaims her just an Anderson.
Thy graceful beauty casts a glamour on
The eyes that view thee, sweet Miss Cameron!
My nature richly gifted, yet the least lake
Would but enhance thy charms, O bright Miss Eastlake!

Guelder Rose.

How many folk will stew and stammer on
This puzzling name of Miss Vi Cameron?
It cannot be averred there 's aught askew
In the bright eyes of sweet Miss Fortescue.
Oh, why in your address did you offend all
The best of your profession, Mistress Kendal?
Those who would an intellectual feast take
Should see the acting of the charming Eastlake.
As through the mead a stream meanders on,
So swan-like glides fair Mary Anderson.

Hookwodo

Rhymy I will hammer on
Names, such as Cameron.
Glancing a thought askew
At courtship of Fortescue.
When finished I'll send all
To lecturer Kendal;
And then I'll a feast take
At the play to see Eastlake.
She never panders on
Vice—nor does Anderson.

Link-Boy.

If you off Thespian dishes would a feast make,
Enjoy the entrées made by Madame Eastlake.
Whole crowds that St. James's attend 'll
Applaud, every night, Mrs. Kendal.
Naming pet flowers, my tongue would stammer on
The very thought of Violet Cameron.
No greater "star," perhaps no grander sun
E'er lit the stage than Mary Anderson.
I think the action of Miss Fortescue
Set her gay "lordling" and his sort askew.

Crystal Palace.

Oh! a truce, a truce to argument; the ferment, like a yeast lake,
Of tongues that wag unceasingly and boggle, glide, or stammer on!
If we could but learn our ethics at the feet of fair Miss Eastlake,
And study our philosophy at those of sweet Miss Cameron!
If we could but silence Glib, who thinks from Gladstone he has caught his cue,
And Snob, who "fears the caucus will be putting 'gerrymanders' on;"
And could have our "demonstrations" all provided by Miss Fortescue,
Our only "agitations" those provided by Mary Anderson!
Nay, place an actress here and there in Canonry Prebendal,
And hear delicious sermons from the lips of Mrs. Kendal!

Tom Nissed.

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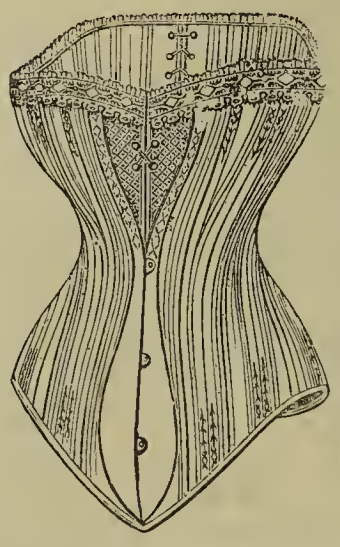

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• TRUTH •

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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ENTRE NOUS.

THE Queen and Princess Beatrice will arrive at Windsor Castle from Balmoral on Saturday, the 29th, and are to stay there till about December 19, when the Court will remove to Osborne for two months.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, who are staying this week at Wycombe Abbey on a visit to Lord and Lady Carrington, are going on Saturday to Sandringham, where they will spend the Prince's birthday with all their children. Next week H.R.H. is to be the guest of Lord and Lady Abergavenny at Eridge Castle for a couple of days.

Their Royal Highnesses are shortly expected to pay a two-days' visit to Luton Hoo, where the Prince was a guest for nearly a week about three years ago.

The Duchess of Albany and her children have returned to Claremont from Balmoral. The Duchess will probably pay a short visit to Cannes in the course of the winter, where she will be the guest of her recently-appointed lady-in-waiting, Miss Perceval, at the Villa Nevada, the house in which the Duke died.

Princess Louise has been residing at Kensington Palace since she returned from Germany. Lord Lorne, who has been staying for some time at Inverary with the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, was at Balmoral for two days last week, on a visit to the Queen, who suddenly summoned him by telegraph.

Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg are staying in the beautiful Odenwald, at the Castle of Heiligenberg, on a visit to Prince and Princess Alexander of Hesse.

The Crown Princess of Germany and her three daughters, who are still in the Tyrol, have been staying for several days at Riva, the picturesque little town at the head of Lago di Garda.

With regard to the statement respecting a lady in one of her Majesty's palaces having ill-used a maid, "One who Knows" asks me to state the following facts. The maid had been in the lady's service, off and on, for six years, and had been treated with kindness and consideration; this she repaid by asking another servant to open and read the lady's letters. She was dismissed for this, but allowed to remain until she found another place.

Lord Northbrook, as I have already stated, is to get one of the vacant Garters; and I hear that another will probably be given to Lord Carlingford. This will dispose of the stalls vacated by the Duke of Buccleuch and Lord Cowley; while that of the late Duke of Wellington will not be filled up until there is another vacancy.

M. de Kalomine, the former husband of the Countess von Romrod, the morganatic wife of the Grand Duke of Hesse, who has been for some years at the head of the Russian Legation at Carlsruhe, has just been appointed Consul-General at Japan. He would doubtless receive substantial proofs of gratitude if only he could induce his late spouse to accompany him to the far East.

Anent the "Precedents for Madame de Kalomine," a correspondent writes to me as follows:—

I have just been reading your very interesting article entitled, "Precedents for. Madame de Kalomine." With regard to the Duchess of Inverness, she was a daughter of Lord Arran, and married Sir George Buggin, who was an attorney by profession, after whose death she became the morganatic wife of the Duke of Sussex. She was known, previous to 1840, as Lady Cecilia Underwood, that being her mother's maiden name. When the Queen was married to Prince Albert, there were all kinds of squabbles about his precedence, and the Duke of Cambridge consented to give him the *pas* if the Duke of Sussex did not refuse, remarking that "they could not prevent him from being the son of his father, and he desired to promote harmony in the family." The Duke of Sussex, however, refused unless "a great favour" was granted to him in return, which turned out to be (1) the title of Duchess of Inverness for his wife; (2) an annuity of £6,000 a year for her life, in addition to the £21,000 he already received; (3) the promise that she should enjoy the use of his rooms in Kensington Palace, in case she survived him. Lord Melbourne acquiesced in these exorbitant conditions, and the promotion of Lady Cecilia Underwood to the rank of Duchess of Inverness was announced in the *Gazette* the week after the Queen's marriage. The rooms at Kensington in which she resided till her death about fifteen years ago, are those lately occupied by the Duke and Duchess of Teck.

Lord Cadogan had only a very small party to meet the Prince of Wales last week at Babraham. H.R.H. arrived in time for dinner on Tuesday, the Norwich express stopping at Whittlesford on purpose to set him down; and he left after dinner on Thursday by a special train, which reached St. Pancras at midnight. The two days were occupied by a series of partridge-drives, and the slaughter was very great, although not on quite such an extensive scale as when the Prince stayed at Rendelsham two years ago.

The Danish Minister and Madame de Falbe are entertaining a succession of visitors at Luton Hoo Park. Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury, Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Lord Alcester, and Mr. Augustus Savile, have been among their most recent guests.

The first of the Cambrian Winter Dances, which have now reached their fourth season, will take place at the Town Hall, Kensington, on the 25th inst. The success of this series of dances is sufficiently attested by the fact that upwards of two hundred applications for tickets were refused last year, the number issued being strictly limited to three hundred. The remaining three dances of the series will be given on Dec. 16, Jan. 20, and Feb. 17. The proceeds are devoted to the funds of the Throat Hospital, Golden-square.

A very smart ball was given at Sandhurst on Friday by the governor and officers of the Royal Military College. Dancing took place in the gymnasium, which was very tastefully decorated.

From Eastbourne a correspondent writes :—

We are pursued by clouds of dust; the belauded Esplanade is a simoom from morning to night; only one water-cart has come along this fine road in three weeks. Except the lower brick Esplanade, made last year, the walks on the Esplanade are of sharp grit, miserably irritating. Yet the Duke of Devonshire paid large sums for their formation, and no doubt for their proper gravelling. Brighton has been cured of all this entirely by the papers' remonstrances. This is my excuse for writing to you. When so much has been done for a town as has been done for Eastbourne, it is a pity that all should be spoilt by the economy of the proverbial "ha'porth of tar."

I am sorry to see the fashion revived of ladies adorning their hats and bonnets with dead birds, in spite of all that was said on the subject a couple of years or so ago. This season clusters made up of pinions and breasts seem more fashionable than whole birds; but, once admitted that the wholesale butchery of small birds for this purpose is wanton cruelty, I imagine my lady-readers will hardly deny that it makes very little difference whether each of them wears a whole bird or a set of fragments taken from two or three.

I was reading the other day a description of female beauty in a book published in the seventeenth century. Here it is :—

To the absolute forme of a woman's Face, there goes a faire white forehead, marked with no wrinkles or lines, longer than that of man's is, and drawing to a roundnesse about the temples, that it seems to represent a Turkish bowe inverted, wherein there appears not any tumour or gibbosity, or any cloud, no severity or sadnesse, but a pleasant and modest cheerfulnesse, a face round, pleasant, and elegant to behold. A little mouth, somewhat or scarce opening, small white teeth, somewhat short, even, and in number just 28, not thin, nor too hard closed together; somewhat full lips, Corall, imitating Vermilion, a little disjoyned, yet so as the teeth are just discovered, whilst shee holds her peace or laugheth not, unmoved; that is such a woman that doth not rest, nor bite, nor suck her lips; these lips thus described add a wonderfull grace and dignity to a woman's visage. Neither is the nose to be omitted, the honor and ornament of the visage, which represents the outward part of a Rose, of a meane size, strait, cleane, with certaine obtusenesse acute, but the holes of the nostrils small. A round, smooth pill'd or smooth chin, the candor whereof seems to introduce into the beholder's mind a certaine suspition of a Rose colour, but no traiet at all, nor any perception of haire is to be seen neither on the lips or chin. A small, short, purple tongue most certainly doth become a woman, which is yet scarce or never seen, the tip scarce appearing while shee speaks; the Eyebrows ought to be black, subtile, disjoyned, soft, and sweetly arched. Somewhat black eyes, declining to smallnesse, concave, rolling, laughing, pleasant, and shining. The Bals of the Cheeks round, altogether void of haires, fleshie, rosie, and resembling the red Sunshine Apples of Autumne. Above these remains the Temples, which ought to be no lesse white than the Forehead, and without suspicion of any bones, yet not swoln or depressed, but in a manner a little scarce; Ears graven, somewhat short, soft, and delicate, aspersed with the delucid colour of Roses. The whole head rather little than great, more round than a man's, comely, erect, and elevated.

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The Duke of Richmond gave a luncheon at Gordon Castle last Wednesday to over six hundred of his tenants, who had attended in order to present him with his portrait, which had been subscribed for by the tenantry on his Scottish estates in recognition of the generosity with which they have always been treated, and especially of the Duke's liberality during the recent period of depression. The Duke made an excellent practical speech, and intimated his opinion that, "however good and excellent the estate rules might have been when they were framed, he thought they now required modification to meet the new requirements of farming." It is undoubtedly an enormous advantage for a great landlord to be himself a farmer on a large scale, for if he farms on business principles (as at Goodwood and Gordon Castle) he quickly comes to appreciate the difficulties, and trials, and wants of his tenants.

Lady Diana Huddleston has accompanied her husband, the Baron, on his round of the Western Circuit.

The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk have returned to Arundel Castle for the winter, after an absence of several months, and they are about to receive company there.

Lord and Lady Bradford will receive a small party at Weston Park next week for Shrewsbury races; and Lord and Lady Forester will also entertain a few friends at Willey.

The Duke of Hamilton, who has returned to England from Hungary, where he has been visiting his brother-in-law, Count Festetics, is about to receive a large shooting party at Easton Park, his place in Suffolk.

Mr. Christopher Denison, whose death took place last week, died owing to a congested liver pressing upon an artery until it burst. He was staying, when this melancholy event took place, with a friend in Ireland. On a servant going into his room before dinner, he was found insensible and covered with blood. A doctor was sent for, and when the patient was left for the night he had recovered his senses and was sleeping. A fatal termination was not, therefore, anticipated; but when he was again visited he was dead. Of late years his health was not good. His house in Upper Grosvenor-street is a perfect museum of pictures, china, and bric-à-brac, for he had been one of the largest purchasers at all the recent art sales. Indeed, so crowded is it, that when he showed me his treasures a few months ago, I observed that even the walls of the back staircase leading up to the attics were covered with pictures of Sir Peter Lely and of Sir Joshua. In the rear of the house is a picture-gallery, which was built by the late Mr. Tom Baring, and at the end of it hangs the "Daniel in the Lions' Den," of Rubens, which Mr. Denison had purchased at the Hamilton Sale.

The Cold Season.—A good "inner lining." Warm and comforting. Grant's Tonic Liqueurs, made of the very finest old Cognac brandy, readily discernible by the palate, viz.: Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy; Grant's Orange Cognac, a splendid appetiser; Grant's Ginger Cognac, a grand stomachic. Obtainable of all wine merchants, at all hotels and restaurants. Beware of substitutes. Examine brand and report fraud to Thos. Grant & Sons, the Distillery, Maidstone.

Lord and Lady Stafford will pass the winter at Trentham, which is to be their principal residence. Lady Stafford's wedding presents were last week conveyed to Trentham in four large vans.

This week Lord and Lady Conyngham are entertaining a party for cover-shooting at Bifrons, their place near Canterbury.

Lord Lonsdale has been staying for a week at Badminton on a visit to Lord Worcester, and has been out several times with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds. He brought his own pack from Northamptonshire, in order to have them tried with the Duke's hounds.

Wallyford House, an old mansion in Midlothian belonging to Lord Wemyss, was burnt down last week. It was built in 1672, and was used for many years as a whisky store by the Aitchison family, who owned the St. Leonard's Well Distillery. The Wallyford estate was sold to the late Lord Wemyss in 1876 by Colonel Aitchison, of Drumore.

Lord Dalhousie has decided to let Brechin Castle, the family place in Forfarshire, for at least two years, and he will occupy the shooting lodge at Gannochy as a country residence during this period.

Edmund tells us that salmon-fishing is fast drawing to a close "in the north of Scotland, with the exception of the Tweed." It will be news to residents on Tweeddale to hear that they are supposed to dwell in the north of Scotland.

The annual Show of the Bath and West of England Society will be held next year at Brighton, from Monday, June 8, till the following Friday. It is difficult to understand why a society, the *raison d'être* of which is the promotion of agricultural enterprise in the western counties, should not remain in its own special district, instead of gadding about to the other end of the country.

One begins at this season to notice the usual elaborate dissertations on the enormous advantages which farmers are supposed to derive from having a hunt in their neighbourhood, owing to the money which is consequently spent, and much of which, it is usually asserted, finds its way into their pockets. No doubt the farmer would really benefit if it were the regular custom (as most certainly it ought to be) for owners of studs to purchase their hay and corn at the market town; but in these degenerate days most hunting men, like other so-called sportsmen, do their business on strictly commercial principles, and their hay and corn are too often sent down from London by regular contractors, so that the local farmers derive absolutely no benefit whatever. There were great complaints on this score last year in Leicestershire and Rutlandshire. If hunting men do not make themselves acceptable to farmers, their hunting will quickly come to an end.

The opening of the season with Mr. Coryton's hounds was stopped by a most melancholy occurrence. The meet on Friday was at Pentillie Castle, the beautiful seat of the Master, and there was a very large field. The company had just assembled when a telegram was handed to Mr. Coryton, which contained the sad news of his mother's sudden death. The field at once dispersed, and the hounds will not meet again till further notice.

The Aspull Harriers, which were hunted for nearly half a century by the late Mr. F. Gerard, will in future be known as the Garswood Harriers, and are now under the Mastership of the Hon. William Gerard, to whom they were bequeathed by his uncle.

A correspondent writes :—

With reference to the paragraph in TRUTH about the split between a prominent owner of race-horses and a leading jockey, it is true that the Duke of Portland and Lord Hastings have severed their connection with Archer, on whom they had "second call," and they sent him a cheque for £800 with the letter of dismissal—£400 for this year's salary, and £400 for next year's; but Archer at once returned half the amount, with a note stating that he would not take money which he had not earned. Some people say that the "split" arose out of circumstances connected with the letting of Bedford Lodge to Mr. "Abington," while others assert that it was caused by the Polaris row at Newmarket.

The colonists are more logical than we are. The *Sydney Bulletin*, referring to a statement that the Queen had expressed herself strongly against the gambling-tables at Monaco, observes :—

This is very creditable to her Majesty; but why does she not begin her reforms at home, by using her influence to abolish gambling at horseraces? The officers of her own Horse Guards, quartered in Windsor, lost something like £60,000 during the Ascot week, while the bookmakers won over £250,000 from the public, and in the London clubs hundreds of thousands sterling are staked on every great event. It reads oddly anyhow to find in a single issue of a London paper three detached items thus :—"The Queen has protested against the gambling-tables at Monaco being continued." "The Prince of Wales will visit Newmarket during the July Meeting; a select party will be invited to meet his Royal Highness." "It is understood that there will be a Royal party at Goodwood this year."

Complaints are being made from several quarters of the roughness of Association football as at present played. Certainly the number of accidents in this particular branch of football would astonish those who are accustomed to regard the dribbling game as mild compared with its Rugbeian rival; and, as a matter of fact, not only are accidents more numerous, but they are generally more serious in the former than in the latter. A great many of these so-called accidents are nowadays the result of mere wanton and reckless kicking; and the policy of weakening a hostile team by incapacitating as many as possible of its members, is decidedly becoming fashionable. There is no denying that a combination of regrettable circumstances has recently brought Association football into very bad odour, which is a vast pity, considering what a magnificent game—so long as it remains a *game*—it really is.

Mr. Felix Joseph writes with reference to his collection of Wedgwood :—

Sir,—On reading the paragraph in your last issue, commenting upon the South Kensington Museum's ignorant refusal to exhibit my collection, the inference might be drawn that I had asked Mr. Gladstone to interfere, with the view to the authorities accepting same on loan. Such was, however, not the case. I merely drew his attention to the circumstance, which provoked the reply published in the daily papers. I should much wish it explained that, under no conditions whatever, could my collection, either now, or at any future time, be available as a loan for the South Kensington

Museum. It may here be interesting to state that the late Mr. Felix Slade, in bequeathing his art treasures to the British Museum some years ago, provided a similar restriction in the codicil of his will.

Folkestone, Nov. 1, 1884.

I took a stroll last week through the Hanover Gallery in Bond-street (which has just been reopened), and was well repaid for my trouble. I thought of poor Makart, whose gigantic picture, "The Entry of the Emperor Charles V. into Antwerp," was on view when I last visited this pretty gallery. Makart has now been succeeded by "metal more attractive." I never saw a collection of pictures better calculated to encourage young and struggling artists of merit, who find it difficult in these hard times to get a living. Here they may see the works of men now regarded as giants of French art, but who, without exception, went through such sufferings, and endured such hardships in their youth as might have daunted the stoutest heart. I gazed, for instance, at Meissonier's wonderful little picture "The Vedette," and was not surprised to hear that its price is 4,500 gs.—about 100 gs. a square inch, I should think.

Fifty years ago Meissonier's inimitable drawings fetched from sixteen to thirty-two shillings apiece. What are they worth to-day? In order to finish them he had to spend half the day in the "Bibliothèque Nationale," at Paris, studying Indian engravings, which afforded subjects suited to the taste of the dealer whose orders the great French artist—then unknown to fame—was executing. Meissonier has himself left it on record that his lunch then consisted of a raw apple, and his dinner (when he could afford one) of soup, fried potatoes, and a bit of bread. He could only afford to sleep one night in two, and for six months he claims to having lived on a sum of 50 francs, or two pounds.

There, are, however, in the same gallery the works of other French artists, such as Dupré, J. F. Millet, Corot, Diaz, Troyon, and Rousseau, whose smallest pictures now fetch fabulous prices. All have passed away, except Meissonier, who is sixty-nine, and Dupré, who is seventy-two years old. Some of them did not live long enough to see fashion set in their direction, and to reap the golden harvest which their works so richly merited. For many years they were ridiculed, and languished under the cold shadow of neglect, but they never lost faith in themselves. With what feelings would they now see pictures, some of which they sold, perhaps, as "pot-boilers," in demand at prices which in a few years would have made them almost as rich as Mr. Millais! The Gallery is hung with exquisite taste, and its decorations contrast favourably with those of older institutions, the walls of which are more fit for cafés than for art exhibitions.

The selection from the letters and despatches of the First Napoleon which has just been published, with explanatory notes by Mr. Denis Bingham, is very interesting reading, for they form an excellent and authentic record of an extraordinary man, who was a singular mixture of the greatest talents and of the meanest qualities. Napoleon is often reproached for his lies, and the phrase "menteur comme un bulletin" was invented to characterise his official mode of announcing his military successes. This I have always thought somewhat unfair, for the object of a general is to deceive his opponent in many matters, and if this can be done by means of a bulletin, why should he not adopt this method? The worst trait in Napoleon was his jealousy of his own generals, and his persistent endeavours to lessen their services in order to aggrandise his own.

Mr. Hugh Conway has published a second story, called "Dark Days." Of course, it will be said that it is not as good as "Called Back"; but if he had not written the first, I think that this second would have attracted very considerable attention on account of its undoubted cleverness.

There is some strange nonsense in the *World* about the relations between Croker and Disraeli. It is asserted that at the time Croker first knew of Disraeli he was himself "without wealth, rank, or position," so "he was not the sort of person whom it suited Disraeli to cultivate." I never read more egregious rubbish. When Mr. Disraeli "came out" in London after his Eastern travels, Mr. Croker was at the top of the tree. He had for many years been steering the *Quarterly Review*, and in Parliament he was one of the most prominent members of the Tory party, so that he was exactly the sort of man whom Mr. Disraeli *would* have cultivated if it had been his habit to "cultivate" anybody.

The eagerly-expected "Life of George Eliot," by her husband, Mr. John Cross, will be published by Messrs. Blackwood shortly after Christmas, in three small volumes. The work was finished early in the autumn, and Mr. Cross has just completed the final revision of the proof-sheets. The book will contain a great number of most interesting letters, written by George Eliot to Mrs. Bray and other intimate friends, and numerous extracts from her journals and note-books.

Serjeant Ballantine tells us, in the gossiping recollections which he has published under the title of "The Old World and the New," that he met and cross-examined a farmer in Utah, who insisted that he was the steward of the vessel who picked up the wrecked crew of the *Bella*, and that two men who were working in a mine close by had been sailors on this vessel. He does not, however, say whether these mariners informed him either of the name of the vessel, or whether Sir Roger Tichborne was on board the boat. Another Utah farmer told the Serjeant that there is a valley in Utah full of canaries.

I understand that the real story of Mr. Sims Reeves' "farewell" concerts is this. The intention was abandoned owing to Mr. Reeves having a tumour in the jaw from the fang of a tooth growing into his cheek, which rendered it impossible for him to eat, drink, speak, or sing. His

plans were, therefore, entirely upset, after he had engaged artistes, rooms, &c., at a cost of nearly £5,000. As Mr. Reeves' voice is now entirely restored, he naturally is anxious to recoup himself by continuing to sing. I can only say that if he is the loser by the tumour and its consequences, we are the gainers. For years he has been the "great English tenor," and for years I trust that he will remain so. I do not pretend to understand much about music in its scientific aspects; but I know of no tenor whom I like hearing better, not only because of the singular beauty of his voice, but because he, unlike almost all other tenors, pronounces the words of a ballad so clearly that they can be understood. Mr. Reeves is only sixty-two, and, in these patriarchal days, this is comparative youth.

I find some characteristic passages in the last letter written by A. M. Sullivan. After expressing pleasure to hear that the "Life of Father Tom Burke" was in the hands of Mr. Fitzpatrick, he adds :—

I think he will stand to all time as the great pulpit orator of the Irish race. The author will, no doubt, receive from numerous authentic sources the thousand-and-one stories that abound of his marvellous humour and matchless genius. When Burke undertook to answer Froude, I was in a great fright; and I know that John P. Prendergast, Father Meehan, and other of our historical writers shared my uneasiness, for I *knew* Father Tom to be unaware of the new light thrown on our history of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries since the State papers became available; and I apprehended that Froude, who had been all through these records, would be able to destroy him. Nothing showed the marvellous genius of the man more than the splendid way he pulled through the ordeal, and *won*—fairly, openly, and decisively *won*. He made some few mistakes. There was a good deal he did not know; but, with the comparatively little he did know (as to recent historical explorations) he knocked Froude into a cocked-hat, and notoriously defeated his scheme of capturing American public opinion for England as against the Irish race.

Edmund, where do you "gather samite"? We shall have you saying next that Tennyson wrote :

An arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake
Clothed in white "*samphire.*"

The determination of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft to withdraw from management at the end of the present season is not surprising, for they have been at it for nearly twenty years, and few persons unacquainted with theatrical details have an idea what a strain this is. When they commenced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, stage management was at its lowest. Plays—and especially comedies—were pitchforked on to the stage without care or elaboration. They have been the creators of modern comedy as we see it now. Their plays have always been well cast and well rehearsed, whilst the scenery, the dresses, and the accessories have been perfect in the minutest details. Many managers have emulated them, but none has surpassed them.

I have received the following letter :—

Dear Sir,—The title of your weekly journal is my guarantee that it is not your mind to misrepresent any one, or willingly impute to them what is not correct. In my paper on "Social Purity," read at the Diocesan Conference, I said that "public opinion had to be created on this great question as it is being created on the subject of temperance."

I very naturally was led to think over anything that is to the prejudice of a pure, healthy tone, and I spoke of *immoral* plays, and immoral plays only, and of parents (as I know from having had charge of a West-end congregation), in many cases communicants, taking their daughters to plays the plot of which they *knew* to be immoral. That there are such plays, you will allow, and I should also think you will agree with me, that you cannot create a pure, healthy tone where these things are done in the higher grades of life. This is not a puritanical attack on theatres. I can conceive that a pure stage may be a grand power for good, but I must, in justice to myself, ask you to clear me of the charge of "bigotry and intolerance." After all, I said no more than Mrs. Kendal, whose sentiments you fully endorse.—Yours faithfully,

The Vicarage, Halifax, Oct. 29, 1884. FRANCIS PIGOU.

Indeed, I never did endorse the sentiments of Mrs. Kendal, which are not that the plot should be moral, but that those who play in it should not only be moral, but received in "society." Several of the plays brought out at the St. James's Theatre have been what I apprehend Mr. Pigou would warn his communicants against witnessing, as entirely devoid of a pure, healthy tone.

A very satisfactory report of the results of the recent Three Choirs Festival at Worcester was presented at the final meeting of the Stewards last week. The collections, which are devoted exclusively to the Clergy Widows and Orphans' Charity, amounted to £1,112. 3s. 9d. This sum is kept quite distinct from the receipts and expenditure account, upon which there has before now been left a deficiency to be made up by the Stewards. On this occasion, however, there was a balance on the right side of £439, so that, from a pecuniary point of view, the Festival may be considered an unqualified success. The Dean of Worcester made one statement, however, to the meeting which caused considerable disquietude, and which it was thought advisable to suppress in the reports appearing in the local papers. This was to the effect that, owing to the great difficulty in obtaining a sufficient number of guarantors at one of the three sister cities, it is more than probable that, so far as that particular place is concerned, the Festival will collapse. No town was named, but it was quite understood that his lordship alluded to Hereford. One of the Stewards suggested that the city should be subsidised, as it were, from the surplus in the hands of the Worcester Committee, but it was stated that there was no legal power to divert the funds to any such purpose. No action was taken, but it seems probable that unless Worcester and Gloucester go to the help of their sister city, no meeting will be held there in 1885.

Dr. Bridge, of Westminster Abbey, whose setting of the grand old song of St. Francis of Assisi was so well received at the Worcester Festival, has just finished the composition of a work of similar character, a setting of Mr. Gladstone's admirable Latin translation of Toplady's famous hymn, "Rock of Ages." The work, which was undertaken with the permission of the distinguished author, is arranged for a baritone solo, with chorus and orchestra.

Mr. Gladstone made this translation, "Jesus, pro me perforatus," in 1848, and it was published in 1861 in a small volume of translations which had been accomplished at various periods by him and by his brother-in-law, the late Lord Lyttelton. This little book is one of the most striking proofs of the Prime Minister's versatility, and of the extraordinary extent of his knowledge, for it contains his translations, 1, from Greek, of Homer and Æschylus; 2, from Latin, of Catullus and Horace; 3, from Italian, of Dante and Manzoni; and, 4, from German, of Schiller; as well as from English to Latin, of Milton, Heber, and Toplady.

A general statement of the Carlisle Congress finances has been issued by the Treasurer. The total expenses amounted to £2,165, the principal items being £1,549 for building and hire of halls, &c., and £330 for printing and advertising. The receipts amounted to £935, of which £737 was from members' tickets at 7s. 6d., and £99 from day tickets at 2s. 6d. £1,230 is, therefore, left to be provided for by the guarantors.

There was a large gathering of Yorkshire notables at Bishopsthorpe last Tuesday, when Lord Fitzwilliam presented Mrs. Thomson with a bust of her husband, the Archbishop. A portrait of the Archbishop is to be painted by Mr. Ouless, and will be placed in the gallery at Bishopsthorpe, in which are portraits of most of Dr. Thomson's predecessors.

A collection, made on the occasion of the recent opening of the Wellington-street United Presbyterian Church, Glasgow, amounted to the munificent sum of £11,375. 12s. 8¾d. This was exclusive of a further sum of £1,160, subscribed for the organ, and will entirely liquidate the debt on the new edifice. The fractions of a penny collected, suggest "the uttermost farthing" and the widow's mite, but the five first figures furnish a signal proof of Nonconformist vitality both as regards substance and cheerful giving.

Dean Vaughan has returned to town from Llandaff, where he has been in residence for several months. He will preach at the morning service in the Temple Church on the next eight Sundays.

At the Llandaff Diocesan Conference, Dean Vaughan made a most admirable speech in favour of legislation on the lines of the report of the Ecclesiastical Court Commission. The Dean's motion on the subject was carried by a very large majority.

The Bishop of St. Albans has just done a graceful act; he has dedicated a cemetery, instead of consecrating it. Had he consecrated the ground, the clergy would have had the right to levy a tax on every person buried, whether they assisted in any service at the grave or not. This injustice is keenly resented by Dissenters; and very properly so. The law is in a very unsatisfactory state, but if all the Bishops would show the same spirit as Dr. Claughton, very little friction would be felt.

At the York Diocesan Conference, the Archbishop enunciated some very sound and advanced views on social questions. He said that the working classes were "making themselves felt as a great and growing power," and he eulogised their modest and rational action. The clergy were to "tell the rich that they held their better position in trust for the help of the weaker." I am glad to see that the clergy are at last beginning to open their eyes.

The Bishop of Lincoln will receive general and sincere sympathy in the bereavement which has fallen upon him by the death of his wife, to whom he had been married for nearly forty-seven years. Mrs. Wordsworth had been in failing health for the last two years, and she was unable to rally after the strain caused by the Bishop's long and dangerous illness last summer. She has been gradually sinking since they went to Harrogate about a month ago. Mrs. Wordsworth was universally beloved in the neighbourhood of Lincoln, and her death is greatly lamented.

It is anticipated in the diocese that the shock of this affliction will lead to the almost immediate resignation of the see by the excellent and learned Bishop, who has for some time contemplated this step.

The cause of the deans is not likely to be much benefited by the article in last Sunday's *Observer*. These superfluous dignitaries are compared to stained-glass windows and carved altar-screens; and are encouraged by the reflection that, though less beautiful, they are not less useful than these objects. But when the writer goes on to liken a dean to a gargoyle, one cannot help feeling that he must indeed be hard pressed for arguments. It would be just as reasonable to say that we ought to preserve the Corporation because we have not yet risen in our wrath and overthrown the Griffin. Moreover, if a glass window or an altar-screen cost £1,200 per annum to keep up, it would soon be allowed to disappear.

There is not, I should think, a more business-like set of men in the country than the Wesleyans. Their prevailing characteristic has just been exhibited at Brighton in a somewhat amusing manner. Having acquired a new site for certain buildings, the local Wesleyans not only induced Alderman Sir W. McArthur to lay the foundation-stone and to make a handsome contribution, but they managed to get more than one hundred different people to lay "memorial bricks," for which curious privilege they were charged a guinea a head.

A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has called attention to the alarming mortality among bishops' wives. It appears that at present there are six bishops who are widowers, five who have been married twice, and one, the Bishop of Liverpool, who has been married three times. It is not likely that even these alarming statistics will permanently detract from the value of a bishop in the matrimonial market; but a few plausible theories on the subject might be interesting.

The Irish antiquarians are much exercised at the ruins of the Knock Church having been demolished. As I understand the facts, the ruins stood in or near a cemetery, and belonged to Sir Thomas McClure. The cemetery needed enlarging, and Sir Thomas would not sell land, but agreed to allow the ruins, which were on land belonging to him, to be carted away. The ruins are described by Mrs. C. Hall in her "Sketches in Ireland," and to judge from a woodcut which accompanies her letterpress, there was an arch with a sculptured head of St. Columb which really ought not to have been sold as rubbish by the Belfast guardians. It would seem, too, that a mural tablet of great beauty, which bears an inscription to some of the Hamiltons who were buried in the church, has been laid hold of by one, Samuel Pink. Above the Latin epitaph the words, Samuel Pink, of Strandtown, are engraved, and the said Samuel purposes to have the tablet placed over his own body, whenever the time comes for placing that body under the sod.

Colonel Milne-Home, M.P., is the chief proprietor of the village of Paxton. Some time back he sent round to the villagers for signature a petition objecting to a licence being granted to an inn in the place, called the Cross Hotel. The inhabitants, however, with very few exceptions, refused to sign it, and signed a counter petition in favour of a licence. Subsequently the licence was applied for at Ayton District Licensing Court, at which Colonel Milne-Home was the presiding justice, and refused, although the applicant confronted the Colonel with a flattering testimonial written by himself. The Cross Hotel is one of the very few houses in the village which do not belong to Colonel Milne-Home. If, as I have no reason to doubt, this story be true, it affords a delightfully edifying instance of the benevolent despotism of Tory landowners.

In Great Britain 990,000,000 gallons of beer are annually brewed, in Germany 900,000,000, in the United States, 600,000,000; in France, 157,500,000; in Austria and Hungary, 280,000,000; in Belgium, 210,250,000; in Holland, 34,000,000; in Russia, 8,000,000; in Switzerland, 13,500,000; in Denmark, 28,000,000; in Sweden, 21,000,000; in Italy, 4,000,000. Total, 3,246,250,000 gallons.

There was a case in the Bankruptcy Court a few days ago in which a banker's clerk, with a salary of £100 a year, had run up a bill of £51 for flowers for his buttonhole!

It is sometimes difficult to make up a party at a country house; I therefore call attention to the following advertisement from the *Field*:—

A married couple of position, wishing for an occasional change to a country house, would be happy to visit people of status for a few weeks, who would accept remuneration for the same.—Address, "Box Z.," 52, Address and Inquiry Office, Times Office, E.C.

The allegation of Colonel Sandys that Windermere was becoming a gigantic cesspool, although warmly and even fiercely assailed at the time, appears to be only too well founded. Samples of the water have been submitted for analysis to Dr. Campbell Brown, and the doctor says that it is unfit, by reason of sewage pollution, for either cooking or drinking purposes, but that it is "not unsuitable for other purposes." What the other purposes may be, Dr. Brown leaves to our imagination.

At the last meeting of the Common Council, Mr. Phillips moved that the question of the allowances made to the Commissioners of Sewers be referred to the General Purposes Committee, with a view to rectification. The amount allowed to the Commissioners for refreshments is no less than £600 a year, but Mr. Phillips nevertheless complained bitterly that their work was very hard, and that the allowance was scarcely enough to give them dry biscuits. If this be the case, it is evident that the appetite of the Commissioners for dry biscuits must be something quite phenomenal. I am glad to see, however, that several Common Councilmen voted for the motion with a view of subsequently getting the allowance reduced. So, after all, Mr. Phillips may be the means of effecting a reform which he himself scarcely contemplated when he proposed his resolution.

Buckland's Hotel, Brook-street, Grosvenor-square.—The alterations being completed the Hotel is open for the reception of visitors.

The envy, hatred, and malice with which small traders regard co-operative stores and large shops is often more amusing than logical. Last Thursday, the dinner of the Cheesemongers' Benevolent Association was held at the Albion. The Lord Mayor presided, and there was a very large attendance. The Chairman of the Committee, Mr Hudson, made a long speech, and inveighed bitterly against his successful rivals, whom he accused of having deprived one fourth of the trade of their means of livelihood. He went on to say, amidst loud cheers, that he thought there ought to be a compulsory levy upon the stores and large firms for the benefit of the Association, although, in this free country, he feared that such a thing was impossible. I should think so, indeed! When will retailers understand that stores and large shops are their perfectly legitimate rivals, and that if they are undersold and lose their business, nobody is to blame but themselves? How would Mr. Hudson himself, who is anything but a small trader, like to be heavily fined for the benefit of some Liliputian vendors of cheese?

Mr. Thomas Fricker, Chairman of the Guildhall Improvements Committee, and former Chairman of the Markets Committee, underwent an examination last week before the official receiver to his estate. He seems to have got a good deal of money from the members of the City Corporation. Ten Common Councilmen, two Aldermen, the City Architect, the Town Clerk, and the Comptroller figure in the list of creditors.

At the last meeting of the Holborn Guardians, certain allegations were made which, if true, reveal an astonishing method of procedure on the part of the Holborn parish officers. It was alleged that the Westminster Brewery Company had a tenant whom they wished to eject. The sheriff's officers, finding the man ill in bed, induced the relieving-officer, medical-officer, and ambulance contractor of the Holborn Union to remove the man to the workhouse, although he was not destitute. He was placed in the ambulance by force, and his wife was dragged away and locked up in another room until the removal was accomplished. The matter is to be laid before the Local Government Board, which it is to be hoped will, if the allegation be really correct, take effectual measures to prevent a recurrence of such remarkable ejectment proceedings.

The following letter is interesting, dealing as it does with "School Board Pressure":—

Dear Sir,—The subject of "over pressure" in School Board education is just now rather prominently before the public, and possibly the following *facts* may be considered interesting enough to find a place in your columns:—I am attending a bright, intelligent little fellow, five years of age, who is suffering from inflammation of the lungs. On visiting him this morning, and inquiring what sort of a night he had passed, the mother replied, "Well, sir, he wandered a great deal, but it all ran upon his school." "School!" said I, "wherever does he go to school?" "To the Board School," was the reply. "We used to send him to a dame's school," she added, "where we paid 4d. a week, but last April they insisted upon our sending him to a Board School, because they said at the dame's school they played half the time away." (What a sensible Dame, thought I.) It was really piteous to hear the father, a compositor by employment, add, "I sat up with him last night, sir, and all night long he was spelling words and *describing oblongs and triangles*." Now, of course, I do not for one instant attribute the boy's attack to his being "overworked at a Board School," but, in his delirium, he showed the groove his thoughts ran in during his healthy moments, and I could not help condemning the system which forced parents to remove a child of such tender years from a dame's school (where they luckily "played away half the time") to a school where "oblongs and triangles" had to be "described" by children so young.—I enclose my card, and beg to remain, yours faithfully,

Medicus.

A few weeks ago three men in one of the reserve corps of the German army objected to be transported from "their village" to the depot in a cattle-truck, and they innocently telegraphed a complaint to the Kaiser. For this offence they have now been tried by court-martial, and one has been sentenced to nearly eight years' hard labour in a house of correction, while the others are each to undergo seven years' confinement in a fortress. They are all married men, with families, and their characters were unexceptionable. When one hears of such Draconian severity, can it be wondered that Germans are emigrating in hundreds of thousands from their down-trodden "father-land?"

The old Emperor is as implacable a martinet in all service matters as was either Frederick the Great or his father. It is a fact that last May his Majesty seriously threatened to bring the Grand Duke of Hesse before a court-martial for having infringed the rules of the German army by presuming to marry without having previously obtained permission, and he vows that he will never be reconciled to the Grand Duke—divorce or no divorce—for having made this morganatic marriage.

Military discipline is all very well in its way, but a case which occurred the other day in Bermuda seems to me to have a very strong resemblance to Oriental tyranny. Some time ago a paragraph appeared in the *Army and Navy Gazette*, commenting upon the very disorderly fashion in which a certain party of engineers had been marched on board ship. There is no reason to doubt that the remarks of the writer were perfectly accurate and justifiable, but the powers that be in Bermuda suspected that the paragraph had been written by one of the officers stationed in the island, and a terrible fuss ensued. It is scarcely credible, but every officer in Bermuda was compelled to certify on his honour "as an officer and a gentleman" that he had not written the obnoxious paragraph! It is positively amazing that any military governor should take so outrageous a step, and it is even more surprising that the officers themselves should have condescended to take any notice of so insolent a demand.

Why, instead of sending all time-expired and invalided soldiers returning from India to one discharge depot at Gosport, as at present, there to receive their deferred pay and their savings-bank balance, and to be immediately surrounded by persons to rob them of their savings and keep them from their homes, should they not in future be sent direct to their respective counties, and their pay and savings remitted to the depot centres nearest their homes, or their intended places of abode? There would be gain every way by such a change.

The expenses of the young cavalry officer are so heavy that it has been found impossible to obtain candidates for the cavalry from the successful competitors for the Sandhurst examination. A sufficient number of moneyed men do not succeed in passing the examination. To remedy this condition of affairs one would imagine that the expenses of the cavalry officer would be cut down, and the pay of the subaltern of horse placed on a more liberal basis. Not at all. We are now taking into the service, as cavalry officers, moneyed men who are unable to obtain places in the ordinary examination, and candidates for cavalry compete amongst themselves for vacancies. This method of providing officers may for a time succeed, but it is certain to lower the educational standard of the cavalry officer, and the question will one day be raised, if he is to be allowed general army command.

It is estimated that the expenses of the British troops employed in Natal and the adjacent country amounts, under ordinary circumstances, to about £200,000 per annum. At present there are some 2,000 men stationed at the various posts in the Reserve, who have to draw their supplies by ox and mule transport over 100 miles of rough country, and consequently this estimate is now considerably exceeded. The native Kaffir makes an excellent soldier. He has a fine physique, and can exist on what to the English soldier would be semi-starvation. There is, therefore, no lack of the raw material, and as Natal brings us in nothing, and seems doomed to constant unrest, it might be well that we should withdraw our troops, and leave the Natalians to form, if they please, a native force to protect themselves.

No further delay, it may be hoped, will take place in the issue of the Martini-Henry rifle to the Volunteers. At the present moment the number of rifles in store is 281,178. If the proposal to complete the armament of the Volunteers were carried out, 158,367 would be absorbed, still leaving 100,000 in store. There is, therefore, no excuse for the non-issue to our citizen-soldiers, especially as the new rifle will shortly be in general use in the Regular Army. The Volunteers, as marksmen, are admittedly far superior to the line and the Militia, and it is hard on them that they should be condemned to shoot with the old-fashioned Snider, which is as inferior to the Martini-Henry as it in its turn will probably be inferior to the new rifle.

It is difficult, too, to understand why a Volunteer non-commissioned officer or private is not as much entitled to a medal for long service and good conduct as a Regular soldier. A service of twenty-five years in a Volunteer corps without pay is surely more deserving of recognition than a service of twenty-one years in the Regular Army, with a pension at the end of it.

The Admiralty appears to have come to loggerheads with Lord John Hay about certain appointments in the Royal Marines. My Lords wired, it seems, to Suakim, ordering certain Marine officers to proceed to Cairo, and giving the names of the officers selected. But Lord John Hay, considering that his authority as Commander-in-Chief was being infringed upon, promptly cancelled the whole of the appointments, and selected a new set of officers for the service. Perhaps My Lords will be good enough to take an early opportunity of settling with Lord John Hay whether they or he are entitled to make such appointments, for a

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Approach of Winter.—For Chaps, Chilblains, Roughness of Skin, &c., use Osborne, Bauer, & Cheeseman's "Glycerine and Honey Jelly." Price, 6d. and 1s. in Bottles and Tubes at all Chemists and Perfumers; post free, 2d. extra of Osborne, Bauer, & Cheeseman, (Perfumers to the Queen), 19, Golden-square, Regent-street, W.

repetition of such incidents as the foregoing must be productive of endless confusion and heart-burning, and in times of war might lead to serious disasters.

There is one problem always "cropping up" among naval men upon which the Admiralty Instructions throw no light. It is: "Has the captain of a ship the power to stop the leave of any commissioned officer under his command, as a punishment for what he considers a neglect of duty or disobedience of orders?" Take a case in point. A young officer has the misfortune to incur his captain's displeasure, say, for the first time, and for a really minor offence. The captain, not wishing to proceed to extremities with him, informs the officer that his leave is stopped for a given period. The young officer, although feeling aggrieved, does not see his way to resent the decision, even if really innocent of any offence, because by asking for a court of inquiry he would make himself unpleasantly conspicuous, and perhaps destroy his chance of future promotion. It would appear only just that either the officer should be merely cautioned, or, if the offence be considered grave enough, properly punished. There ought to be no middle course in matters of discipline.

As an instance of the ill-judged parsimony practised by their Lordships at the Admiralty, I would mention the case of the *Kingfisher*, now repairing at Sheerness. The Admiralty have refused to grant more than half the money required, so the best has to be made of the sum allowed, and the unfortunate ship will only last out about half her commission, and will then be obliged to return home to be done up again. And this is what is called economy!

Three vessels are now fitting out at Devonport, each of which is understood to be intended to serve as a flagship. The *Black Prince*, which was supposed to be in preparation for the flag of the next commander of the Channel Squadron, is now believed to be destined to replace the *Northampton* in the West Indian and North American stations, while the *Minotaur* (now the flagship of the Duke of Edinburgh) will be relieved by the *Hercules*. The *Raleigh* is going to the Cape station, and the *Inconstant* will be the flagship of a flying-squadron which it is proposed to fit out early in the spring.

The Lords of the Admiralty have thought fit to treat themselves to a new yacht, so next season they will enjoy the use of the *Alacrity*, a very fine steel twin-screw despatch vessel, which is now building in Palmer's works at Jarrow-on-Tyne. It is understood that the *Enchantress*, which has for several years past been appropriated as Admiralty yacht, will in future be used as a despatch boat.

Now that the truth about the *Agamemnon* is pretty well admitted, have the Admiralty no intention of finding a substitute to take the place of this ship on the China station? If it were necessary to increase our strength there a month ago, the necessity is certainly not diminished now that the French have proclaimed the blockade of Formosa and our Government is in correspondence with the French Government on the subject of the boarding of neutral vessels.

The Royal yacht, *Victoria and Albert*, which has been undergoing a very extensive refit at Portsmouth, has been provided with new boilers and engines from the works of Messrs. Penn. The yacht made a trial trip last Thursday, and, after traversing the measured mile at Stokes Bay at full speed (15½ knots), she went through the Needles and round the Isle of Wight. There was a heavy sea, and a gale of wind was blowing. The results were considered highly satisfactory. The yacht will not be ready for service before next summer. There are only about a dozen unarmoured ships in the Navy which can steam at this speed, and, probably, two ironclads. The average speed of our first-class ironclads is under 14 knots. But to save Royal personages an occasional half-hour's discomfort is, of course, an object of greater importance than the efficiency of fighting-ships or the protection of commerce.

Lord Ailsa has sold his yacht, the *Sleuthhound*, to Lord Francis Cecil.

I hear that arrangements have been made for the amalgamation of the Guion Line of Atlantic steamers with the Cunard.

Since Mr. Dodds gained his victory over a Water Company of the metropolis, these Companies seem bent upon teaching all their customers that even legal resistance to unjust claims is deserving of punishment. My water rates were at once raised, but I have not even asked the reason, for I am a patient and long-suffering ratepayer. Many others have been treated in this fashion, and I seldom take up a newspaper without reading of some one being harried by these monopolists. Their object evidently is to force us to buy ourselves out of their yoke. The wiser course would, however, be for the Metropolitan Board of Works to devise and carry out a scheme for getting pure water, without troubling the Companies for it. It is bad enough to be obliged to run the risks of cholera, typhoid, and other dangerous diseases, without the purveyors of these complaints bullying and overcharging us into the bargain.

From an action tried in the City of London Court last week, it appears to be a recognised custom among restaurant-keepers to dismiss their cooks without notice, because, as the defendant said, "they take offence at it, and during their term of notice they poison the customers; that is to say, they put too much salt or pepper or something nasty in the food to make them ill." The Judge upheld the custom; and I cannot help wishing that it could be extended to the cooks of ordinary citizens other than keepers of restaurants.

Screens, with tea-cup shelf on each fold, from 21s. A large variety of screens in Japanese leather paper, needlework, stained glass, and hand-painted in all sizes and styles.—C. Hindley & Sons, 290 to 294, Oxford-street, London.

The Granville Hotel, Ramsgate.—This palatial establishment is famous for its excellent cuisine, perfect system of baths and moderate charges. Present terms from 10s. 6d. per day for board, apartments, and attendance. The Granville Band plays during Table d'Hôte.

Of course, as the case of Lord Marcus Beresford and Mr. Bowles is *sub judice*, all comment would be improper. I would suggest, however, that the authorities of the parish where Mrs. Trevelyan is living at the expense of the ratepayers should endeavour to discover why they are forced to provide for her. I gather that there was a settlement on her of £300 per annum by her husband, and that Lord Marcus is her trustee. The husband is said to be rich, and Lord Marcus, we are told, has spent his own money in trying to enforce this settlement. But why does Mr. Trevelyan decline to stand to his signature? In any case, he is bound by law to provide for his wife's maintenance. If he is abroad, has he no money within British jurisdiction which might be devoted to this purpose? If not, the parish authorities should keep an account of what they disburse, and sue him for it whenever he comes within the jurisdiction of the English Courts. The public has nothing to do with squabbles between husbands and wives, but when the wife of a rich man is found in such a condition that she has to be taken into a workhouse, those who maintain the workhouse have a perfect right to ask why they and not her husband have to pay for her food and clothes.

In his speech in defence of Lord Marcus Beresford, Mr. Montagu Williams was responsible for the propounding of a very remarkable doctrine. "The article," he submitted, "was a libel, and as for the insinuation that Lord Marcus Beresford could have brought his action against Mr. Bowles in a court of law, Lord Marcus was too poor a man to indulge in such expensive luxuries as the law courts." According to this theory, if a rich man is, or considers himself to be, libelled, his only remedy is an action for damages; but a poor man is fully justified in punching the head of the person who has spoken of him disrespectfully. Surely this is stretching the too-common rule that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor a trifle too far.

Mrs. Hanmer writes as follows. It certainly seems that after a jury has returned a verdict that the death of the Rev. Spencer Edwards was hastened by the refusal of Dr. Keele and Mrs. Edwards to allow him to see his daughter and a solicitor, some sort of action should be taken in the matter, for, as I said last week, this amounts to a verdict of manslaughter :—

Seeing in your paper an allusion to my dear father, the late Rev. Spencer Edwards, in which it is represented that his widow is my mother, I desire to correct it. Mrs. Edwards was my father's third wife, and I am one of two daughters by his first. My father, who was in very enfeebled health, spent the summer at Tunbridge Wells, where I frequently saw him; he was induced to return home to Caledonian-road against my wish, with the intention of selling his house, and taking one in a neighbourhood more conducive to his health. Within ten days of his return I had a letter from his wife, with whom I was on good terms, stating she would have no hesitation in saying my father was "mad," but no doctor would "say that he had even softening of the brain;" that a "mental nurse" had been procured for him, and that she desired I would not come, as she could not do with a "visitor." In a few days after I received a letter from Mr. Holborn (brother to Mrs. Edwards), desiring I would take charge of my father for two days at some "eligible residence" which had been found for him in the N.W. district. I could not leave home on the date he named, so declined, offering to take Mrs. Edwards' place the following week; yet something in the fact of no address being given made me feel I was to be a "decoy," as it was well known all I did my father thought right. In the meantime a letter from a stranger came to hand, stating my father had given him my address, and begged him to send for me.

I did go, and found my father was overjoyed to see me, said he had begged over and over again that I might be sent for, and feared that he should die without seeing me. He said he was a prisoner in his own house, and was not allowed to write or post a letter. He begged me to bring him a "first-class lawyer," saying he desired to make a will, that he had made a "deed of gift under persuasion," and wished to revoke it.

I had not been with him long when Mr. Holborn sent the nurse into the room desiring her to remain there; this irritated my father *excessively*, and on two separate occasions that day, I had to appeal to Dr. Tait to have her removed. My father felt exceedingly hurt at such treatment and desire that he should not be alone with his daughter. Mrs. Edwards also desired me to leave my father's room; while there I sent for my own medical man, who was not admitted. During the day my father expressed many wishes concerning the disposal of his property, and especially desired to be buried "amongst his brethren" at Stoke Newington. Towards evening I left him, to return home to Hatfield, promising to see him again in a day or two. I never saw him alive again. I was aware of the plan to remove him to a quieter neighbourhood, but was assured by Dr. Tait that it was not with any idea that he was of unsound mind. He also spoke of the place of removal in prospect being Brondesbury.

I afterwards made various appeals in different quarters, amongst them to Mrs. Edwards, for my father's address, but in vain; so I started to search for him with the limited information of Dr. Keele's name and district. Having discovered where my father was staying, I called, but permission to see him was denied me, Mr. Keele stating that any excitement might prove fatal, at the same time stating he ate four or five meals a day, and there was "no danger." I desired to know when he thought I might see him. He replied, "Perhaps in four or five days or a week," to which I replied (as I did not wish to accelerate death) I would wait a week, and if, at the expiration of that time, I was denied admission to my father, I should take other means to see him. I then went to my solicitor, who is the City Coroner, and arranged to go with him and a medical man, at the expiration of a week, to see my father. In the meantime he died, and, though Mr. Keele had promised to send me word if any change took place, he failed to do so. I went from Hatfield to see my father's remains, and, on desiring Mr. Keele to leave me alone in the room, he refused, and, on my proceeding to cut a lock of hair, he forbade me to do so. I saw no evidence of insanity in my father, and it seemed to me that when the deed was made he was thought sane, but when he desired to revoke it there was a desire to prove him insane. It seems hard that the last wish of so popular a man concerning his burial should have been ignored, and that he should have been buried at Kensal-green in a grave belonging to the Holborn family. I feel as if I could make an appeal to those of his people who so loved him to have him disinterred.

The trial at the Cumberland Assizes of the Cleator Moor rioters appears to me to have come to a somewhat lame and impotent conclusion. The facts of the case are pretty well known. A mob of Orangemen encountered a mob of Catholics, shots were fired, stones thrown, and a free fight took place, in which one man was killed and several seriously injured. Six of the prisoners pleaded guilty, and the evidence showed that at least three of them had fired revolvers promiscuously into the crowd. But Mr. Justice Day thought fit to discharge them on their own recognisances, making use of the following singular expressions :—"If you behave yourselves reasonably, you will not be troubled hereafter; but if any trouble of any kind occurs in your district with which you may be suspected of being, however remotely, connected, you will be brought up and punished, not because you are suspected of having taken part in these offences, but for the offences to which you have now pleaded guilty." I must confess that I think a man ought to be sentenced for the crime he has actually committed, or else not at all. If Mr. William Sikes breaks his wife's head, ought he to be discharged on condition that if any other gentleman, residing, say, in Seven Dials, similarly corrects his helpmate, Mr. Sikes is to get twelve months?

I understand that the Attorney-General, Mr. Horace Davey, Q.C., M.P., Mr. Ince, M.P., and Mr. Haldane have been engaged for the plaintiff in the case of Davis *v.* Coutts, which will shortly be heard. The question involved

in this suit is, it will be remembered, the title of the Westgate-on-Sea estate, and the *bona fides* of the purchase from the late owner of the estate.

I wonder why the Incorporated Law Society does not look a little more closely into the doings of those touting solicitors whose practices have recently been the subject of certain severe magisterial comments. These gentry employ a small army of agents, who hang about the police-courts on the look-out for victims. When they see old ladies "from the country," or any other apparently gullible suitor, endeavouring to find their way to the court, they pounce upon them, and, under pretence of directing them, take them into their employer's offices, where questions are asked, letters written, and a fee for work done demanded from the unsuspecting litigant. The worst part of the business is that the victim is obliged to pay the charges of these harpies, as they are properly qualified (?) attorneys. The Law Society is supposed to be able to exercise a supreme control over members of the profession, but that power is of little use if the Society fails to use it in such cases as these.

There was a flagrant example of Justices' justice at Exeter a few days ago. A man was convicted of being drunk while in charge of a cab, and was fined twenty shillings and costs, although he had never before been summoned before the magistrates. The next case was that of a man who was convicted of knocking down his wife and kicking her severely, so that her left leg and arms were "a mass of bruises." He was raging drunk when he thus assaulted her. Will it be credited that this ruffian was let off with a fine of *ten* shillings and costs?

Mr. Montagu Williams, who was specially retained at the Oxford Assizes last week to defend a man for shooting his father dead in defence of his mother, enjoyed the unusual distinction of having his speech quoted the next day by the Bishop of the diocese. The prisoner's father was under the influence of drink, and the Bishop said of the passage in which Mr. Montagu Williams described the "diabolical" effects of drink, that it was "impossible to sum up the argument against intemperance in more simple and forcible words." What was more to the purpose was that Mr. Montagu Williams's passage made so powerful an impression on the jury, that they acquitted his client after only five minutes' deliberation.

Sir Edmund Hornby's reply to the refutation of his ghost story which I noticed last week, is published in a note at the end of the new *Nineteenth Century*, and is a truly remarkable document. His critics had brought forward easily-verifiable facts which absolutely dispose of the story; to which Sir Edmund replies that the facts are "quite contrary to his recollection"—*ergo*, they cannot be true. The argument reminds one of the monk who remarked of Galileo's spots on the sun, that as he had searched through Aristotle and could find no mention of them, they certainly could not exist. Sir Edmund then goes on to attack the Shanghai editor for having exploded the ghost story publicly, instead of having had "the good feeling and taste to write to me personally and privately." It is easy enough to understand Sir Edmund's preference for a private to a public communication on the subject; but in order to check the credulity of the foolish, it was most important that the exposure should be as public as was the telling of the story.

The rage for Mr. Ruskin shows no abatement at Oxford. On the contrary, every seat was filled last Saturday half-an-hour before the lecture began; whilst a strong detachment of ladies was in the field an hour beforehand to secure all the front seats. The theatre at the Museum was not inaptly described by Mr. Ruskin as "the black hole," and two or three of the ladies had fainted before their afternoon's entertainment was over. The subject announced for the lecture was Cœur de Lion, but there was nothing about Cœur de Lion in it. On the other hand, there was, this time, a good deal about art in it—Norman art and Greek influence thereon—which alone makes it remarkable amongst Mr. Ruskin's latter-day utterances.

Letting land for hire is the root of all evil; and "the present weakness of the Peers in their dispute with the Commons" is, according to Mr. Ruskin, in the new number of "Fors Clavigera," "because the Upper House is composed now no more of seigneurs, but of landlords."

With reference to some figures I gave the other day about the matriculations at the different Oxford Colleges, an "undergraduate" writes to correct some "fallacies" which he thinks he discerns therein. In the first place, he finds my figures misleading, because "the limit to the number of Freshmen who join any one College is the capacity of that College." To which, however, the answer is, first, that there is not any such fixed limit: Balliol, for instance, takes many more undergraduates than it can hold, by keeping them in lodgings; and secondly, that if one college builds larger new buildings than another, it is presumably because it is more popular. For the rest, my correspondent (who is clearly smitten with the study of logic) has been at the pains to prove that, although Balliol secures more first classes than any other college, her superiority is "only absolute, not relative." Thus it appears that in the last "Greats" List, Balliol had 6 firsts out of 19 candidates, Corpus 3 out of 4, Trinity 2 out of 5, Exeter 2 out of 4, New College 4 out of 11, and Christ Church 2 out of 7. Hence, Corpus was *facile princeps*; and Exeter and Trinity also did better than Balliol.

A movement is on foot in Oxford to promote the erection of a theatre somewhat more worthy of the town than the place of entertainment known as the "Vic." I hope the University authorities will show a tardy good sense by co-operating in the matter. Without indulging in any gush about the moral effect of the drama, one may at any rate say that a good theatre is better than a bad one, and inasmuch as no amount of proctorial edicts has ever sufficed to close the doors of the "Vic." to the undergraduates, it

would surely be just as well to sanction a well-conducted place of amusement, where good acting would be possible. It has always been one of those things which "no fellow" in the non-academical sense of the word) "can understand" why the University authorities smiled on the music-hall stars, but frowned on the "legitimate drama."

The Duke of Argyll would have been elected Chancellor of Glasgow University, but he declined to allow himself to be nominated, as he does not think it right that one man should be Chancellor of two Universities, and he already fills that office at St. Andrew's.

It will be remembered that during Mr. Gladstone's recent visit to Scotland he received from the workmen of Holm Mills, Inverness, a beautiful tweed plaid, which had been specially woven for him. In return for this gift the Prime Minister has sent to the Workmen's Library at the Mills a complete series of his "Gleanings of Past Years," and forty-one volumes of the *Edinburgh Review*.

With all due respect to my correspondent, I am afraid she came across a *rara avis* :—

Dear Sir,—Reading, in your journal, a letter on the impositions practised in the streets by children, I think it worth while to record an incident which happened to me not long since, and which will testify to a brighter and better side of the picture than is credited by your correspondent.

My attention was arrested by a little boy who was crying bitterly in the street through which I was passing. I stopped and inquired the cause of his troubles, and was told he had lost a threepenny-piece which his mother had given him to buy something with, and he was afraid to go home without it. I stopped his tears by giving him the small sum he was lamenting the loss of, and went on my way. In a few moments I heard a hurried little step behind me, and a small hand was laid on my arm, with "Please, ma'am, here is your threepenny-bit; I have found mine." I spoke a word or two of praise for the honesty of this act to my little friend, adding, "You may keep this one for yourself." But with a decided "No, ma'am, thank you, I would rather not," the small coin was thrust into my hand, and my little man trotted off, leaving me with my heart gladdened, and my belief in innate goodness strengthened.

I do not deny that we are often, very often, ruthlessly imposed upon, but do we not often, very often, shut our hearts to the tale of real distress because we won't be so cheated?—Believe me, sir, yours faithfully, A. G.

A lady, in the *Times*, dolefully complained recently that she could not walk along the streets on the pavement without being incommoded by perambulators; and another lady advised her to get a summons against the first nursery-maid whom she sees wheeling one of these vehicles along the pavement, because carriages are not permitted upon it. By 27 & 28 Vict., chap. 101, sec. 72, it is enacted that any person shall be liable to a penalty who wilfully drives, leads, or rides any carriage of any description upon any footpath set apart for the use or accommodation of foot-passengers. A perambulator would, I presume, be a carriage, but a nurserymaid neither drives, rides, nor leads one; she pushes her carriage, and therefore, by the strict letter of the law, she is within her right.

Be this, however, as it may, I have no sort of sympathy with the "lady." A perambulator is not likely to run over her, and surely she can easily get out of its way. I never was inconvenienced by them, and this, probably, is the experience of most people. A nursery-maid hauling along one or two children by the hand would take up more room on the pavement. These sort of things ought to be conducted on a "give-and-take" basis. To say that perambulators are not to be used henceforward in streets would be hard measure to the rising generation, and yet it is obvious that they could not be used were they forbidden the footpaths.

A correspondent writes :—

A few months ago you explained what you termed a German system of Banting. You said that a fat man desiring to reduce his bulk might eat as much fat as he liked, provided that he ate neither sugar nor starch, and you explained that these two latter substances created a sort of fermentation, which arrested the normal operations of food when taken into the body, and caused it to assume the form of fat. When I read this I consulted several English doctors. They replied, one and all, that the theory was absurd. I thought, however, I would try it, for I am, or rather, I should say I was, fat, and I had always feared to try the English Banting system, because I thought that the absence of nitrogen in the food involved in it must be injurious. Well, three months ago I commenced. I have eaten largely of fat. I have substituted toast plentifully buttered for bread; and I have taken cream in my tea in place of milk (which contains sugar). I have, however, cut off from my diet everything containing starch and sugar. The result is that my weight is now reduced by 16 lb. You and your German friend are, therefore, right, and the English doctors are wrong.

I believe that it is contemplated to start a shop shortly in London for the exclusive sale of three qualities of Indian tea, in which case the public will have an opportunity to judge of its merits. The tea, to my thinking, is good; but I confess that I find it somewhat too bitter.

Anent a paragraph of last week, a gentleman in the tea trade writes :—

The great bulk of grocers are men of ordinary common sense, and they cater for public taste in teas. The public is not educated to the flavour of Indian tea pure and simple; in fact, three-fourths of the Indian teas are not fit to drink until they are mixed with China tea. They are too bitter. We are selling to grocers more Indian teas every year, and, as soon as the public want Indian tea the grocer will get it for them. It is a matter of pure indifference to the grocer which tea he sells; the profits on one tea are the same as on the other.

I commend the following letter to the attention of all Parisians :—

Dear Truth,—Some time ago you published an account of the horrible cruelties perpetrated at Marseilles on stray dogs condemned to death by the municipal authorities. I recently communicated with Dr. B. W. Richardson, F.R.S., who, as you know, has invented and put into use at the Battersea Dogs' Home a lethal chamber for painlessly and speedily despatching such dogs as it is found necessary to destroy. Dr. Richardson courteously offered to superintend the construction of a lethal chamber at a small cost for use at Marseilles; but on my communicating this offer, I was informed that the Municipal Council would not be able at present to afford the small sum named, and that, even were the money to be forthcoming, no improvement directly emanating from England would be acceptable at Marseilles. The example must first be set in Paris, and from thence the reform might be expected to spread to other French centres. On receiving this intimation I hastened to make inquiries in regard to the Parisian treatment of condemned dogs, and learnt, to my amazement, that the method of slaughter you so justly denounced in your paragraph concerning Marseilles is identical with that still practised in Paris. Moreover, it appears that at the Paris *fourrière* there actually *is* a lethal chamber, which was built at the expense of the Baronne de Schwartz, a lady widely known as "Elpis Melena," for her benevolence and generosity. The authorities, however, will not use this chamber, because, they say, it involves trouble and expense. I am further assured that the animals are kept at the *fourrière* only forty-eight hours, and are allowed no food, while their drinking-tanks are green with slime and filth. None of the dogs are sold, but they can be obtained by vivisectors for "use" as "subjects" on the production by the applicants of orders signed by the Préfet.

Repeated applications for intervention, addressed to the officers of the Parisian "Société Protectrice," have, I understand, been altogether futile; and it therefore remains only to make known the facts of the case to the public.

You will greatly oblige me by lending your powerful aid to this end, as it was in the columns of TRUTH that attention was originally called to the subject.—I am, yours obediently,

ANNA KINGSFORD.
(Doctor of Medicine of the Paris Faculty.)
The Vicarage, Atcham, Shrewsbury,
Oct. 30, 1884.

I seem to hear echoes of the sighs of relief with which the Americans last evening closed their Presidential campaign, with both parties for the moment claiming victory. I notice that one of my Tory contemporaries last week commented favourably upon the fact that throughout that bitterly personal, and indeed slanderous campaign, neither party had been moved to a riot. But did not the reference prove too much for my Tory friends when they consider that such an exhibition of electoral good nature came from a country in which every adult citizen possesses the franchise?

There is a delightfully naïve article by Lord Brabourne in the new number of the *Nineteenth Century*, entitled "What will the Peers do?" His lordship is full of contempt for those other "Liberal" Peers who have not had the "loyalty" to go over to the Tories as soon as they got their coronets; and he is firmly convinced that if his son be not allowed to succeed him as an hereditary legislator, the British Monarchy will be doomed and the British Constitution destroyed. Lord Brabourne's political perspective decidedly belongs to fairyland.

I hear that his Highness the Mikado intends to establish a House of Dukes, Marquises, Earls, and Barons on an approved model, in the land of the Rising Sun. But I have always understood that it was his Majesty's dearest wish to introduce the highest form of civilisation amongst his subjects. The two things are not easily reconciled.

The names of the five gentlemen who are to be made Peers of the United Kingdom are an *argumentum ad absurdum* against endowing the heads of certain families with hereditary legislative duties. Of the five, Mr. Dodson is the only one who it can be even pretended has done good service to the State. He has proved himself an excellent administrator, and he is a man of a good deal of sound practical sense. But is this a reason why, *in sæcula sæculorum*, unborn Dodsons are to be legislators? As for the others—well—*De* such harmless nonentities, *nil nisi bonum*.

It seems to be supposed that the *Standard* was furnished with certain official items of news by the Liberal Whip. As a matter of fact, the *Standard* managed to get these items itself, without troubling any Whip. I confess that I see no reason why a Tory paper should get any item from a Liberal Ministry, or *vice-versâ*. The spoils in these cases are small; but I am all for that sound dictum, "To the victors the spoils." Freedom of the Press is one thing; useful items of news are quite another. In politics, not even crumbs should be given to the enemy.

I am disposed to think that a great deal of the prevailing discontent in Scotland would be allayed if the House of Commons could be induced to pass the Bill to amend the Ground Game Act which has been introduced by Mr. Ferguson, of Novar. The principal clause in this measure proposes to include deer within the provisions of the Act. Thus, any farmer or crofter would be allowed to shoot any deer he might find trespassing on his grounds; which, as deer are infinitely more destructive in some districts than hares or rabbits, would be a great boon to the Scotch agriculturists.

I was enabled to announce, about two months ago, that Lord Carlingford would retire from the Cabinet before the end of the year, as he desires to terminate his public life; and, I added, that Lord Rosebery would succeed him as President of the Council. I have reason to believe that this arrangement will now be carried out in a very short time. Lord Carlingford's public career has been useful and distinguished, and he is so universally popular that his retirement will be much regretted; but Lord Rosebery's entrance to the Cabinet will cause great and general satisfaction, and Lord Granville will find him a most valuable acquisition in the important debates which are impending in the House of Lords.

Sir Charles Dilke will address a great Liberal meeting at Aylesbury on December 11.

I notice it is reported that the season is so warm and mild that "primroses in full bloom have been gathered this week in the neighbourhood of Birmingham." No doubt this phenomenon will be ascribed by enthusiastic members of the Primrose League to the gratifying success of their leader's recent operations in the Midland metropolis.

The division on Lord Randolph Churchill's amendment was a bad one—1, because a Liberal whip had only been issued in the morning; 2, because many of the Whigs, who hate Mr. Chamberlain, absented themselves. They would have been delighted had he been beaten, for they justly regard him as their most dangerous opponent—far more dangerous than either Lord Randolph or any other Conservative.

Mr. Chamberlain's triumph over Lord Randolph Churchill, however, was absolute. The Birmingham Tories had endeavoured to act as political welshers. They had invited Liberals to their meeting, and then had engaged roughs to "clout" them. Had this nefarious scheme been carried into effect, we should have been told that the Liberals had been outvoted at a great "national demonstration." The Liberals met it in precisely the same manner as welshing tactics are met on the turf. I sincerely trust that they will act invariably in a similar manner when similar tactics are resorted to by the Tories.

Equally thorough was the discomfiture of the Tories when they attacked Mr. Chamberlain on account of his speeches during the recess. The Conservative orators pointed out, amid the jeers of the Liberals, that any allusion to our ancestors having defended their liberties is wicked, and, as Mr. Balfour said, in bad taste. I am afraid, however, that these political æsthetes are doomed to encounter a good deal of "bad taste." Taste, indeed, is a matter of appreciation, and can hardly be regarded as a factor in politics except by dilettanti. It may be "bad taste" not to recognise the political virtues of the House of Lords, but this does not alter the fact that the majority of Radicals are determined that the destinies of the country must no longer be subordinated to the whims, the caprices, and the intrigues of this tasteful but pernicious Assembly. The Tories remind me of the Master of the Ceremonies

who thought that the end of the world had come when Roland presented himself as a Minister before Louis without shoe-buckles. Apparently they are entirely unable to emancipate their minds from the shoe-buckle mode of regarding political issues.

Until they do this, they will remain mere intriguers for political power. They may occasionally attain it, owing to Liberal mistakes, but they will always be in a minority. Every successive Parliament contains more men who only know of Parliamentary traditions to despise them, and who only respect the Constitution because it admits of alteration. The days when Ministers and policies were settled in drawing-rooms and London social clubs has gone by, never to return. A new phase of thought, and a new race of men, are arising. The Conservatives call this the "caucus;" but the caucus only means that the centre of political gravity has moved from the drawing-room to the workshop. To grant almost universal suffrage, and to suppose that the depositaries of power will consent not to use it, seems to me the very climax of illogical folly.

The Whigs are at their old game. They are running up and down back-stairs, button-holing Ministers, and explaining that, as they are in favour of a compromise, a compromise with the Peers ought to be arranged. These gentlemen have not yet realised their political insignificance. They are *nominis umbra*. Their political opinions may be right or wrong, but there is not one single constituency in the United Kingdom who would endorse them. Of this, Ministers are well aware. They have only to stand firm, for the Whigs either humbly to accept the Ministerial policy, or to avow themselves Conservatives at the next General Election, or to retire gracefully into private life.

On the Conservative side, the negotiators are gentlemen who have been recently elevated to the Peerage, and who aspire to nothing beyond being allowed to retain the social distinction of coroneted dummies and Court hacks. I confess that I have rather a better opinion of the Tory Peers who stand by Lord Salisbury in the fight than of those who endeavour to induce him to run away by threatening to do so themselves. These latter should have thought of consequences before they, with light hearts, encouraged Lord Salisbury to throw down the gauntlet. To desert him after the fray has commenced, seems to me the very acme of meanness.

In sober fact, no compromise is possible. The Lords say that they will not pass the Franchise Bill until the Redistribution Bill is before the House of Commons. The Commons say that they will not have the Redistribution Bill before them until the Lords have passed the Franchise Bill. It is not a question of black and white where whity-brown is possible. It is aye or nay. If the Lords do not pass the Franchise Bill before the Redistribution Bill is introduced into the House of Commons, they will have triumphed, and the principle will be laid down that, even in procedure, Liberal Ministers must subordinate their views to Tory Peers. If, on the other hand, the Lords pass the Franchise Bill before the Redistribution Bill is produced, the counter principle, that the House of Lords is but a powerless ornamental appendage to our Parliamentary system, is firmly established. Nominally, mere procedure is involved; practically, however, the issue is whether the people or the Peers are henceforward to rule.

The evening spent by the House of Commons in a discussion upon the depression of trade has thrown very little new light upon the reasons for this state of things. Agriculture is depressed because facilities of communication have led to competition in the home markets, but it seems to be forgotten that so long as any one is able to pay rent for land in the United Kingdom, there is a margin over trade profit. A field can only be worth, in rent, this margin. If rents disappeared to-morrow, owing to the margin having run off, agriculture, regarded as a trade, would not suffer. Our shipping business has suffered because too many ships have been built for our requirements. If we require a dozen new ships per annum, and build six dozen in one year, the six dozen will bring down profits by competition until supply is reduced to demand. Our manufactures have suffered for two reasons. 1. Because, when we had the markets of the world, we tried to make excessive profits by flooding them with shoddy goods. 2. Because our plant was old-fashioned, and we have had to compete with new plant. We did not, in fact, keep pace with the times, but fancied that, in an improving age, we could sit still and do precisely what we had done successfully in previous years. Instead of being in the van of progress, we lagged behind. Mere talk will not mend all this.

We have much headway to make up. The two essentials, however, to our growing richer are (1) that we spend less; (2) that the commercial world be not perpetually disquieted by our foreign entanglements. Almost every one lives up to his income, or goes beyond it: in every class the scale of expenditure is too high. If, too, our rulers insist upon dragging us into one foreign expedition after another, we shall never right ourselves. It is not so much the money that these expeditions cost which is important, as that they unsteady us, and introduce an element of uncertainty in all our foreign relations which is fatal to the real interests of trade and commerce.

Mr. Healy publishes in the current number of the *Fortnightly* an interesting article on the attitude of the Irish Party in Parliament. It is not pleasant reading for Liberals, but it may prove instructive to them. The Irish, in fact, are pretty well in the same position as were the Radicals during the Premiership of Lord Palmerston. In much they are more in accord with the Liberals than with the Conservatives, but their aim is to prove that no Ministry can command their votes which insists upon ruling Ireland through the Castle hacks, into whose hands Viceroys and Secretaries—whether they be Conservative or Liberal—inevitably gravitate.

There are, in truth, only two ways of ruling Ireland: one is by force, the other by the Irish. Any compromise between the two must end in failure. Experience shows that the "outs" will always intrigue with the Irish party in order to turn out the "ins." This game is likely to be

played all the more if the party can command 70 or 80 votes on a division. In order, therefore, that Parliamentary Government be not rendered impossible, either Ireland must have no members, or the views of its members on Irish matters must be paramount. Statesmen may make speeches, and editors may write articles, until Doomsday: they cannot alter facts.

What, then, ought to be done? Each Irish Province should have a local assembly with the same power—*mutatis mutandis*—as is possessed by a State Legislature in America, and the Executive Power should be in the hands of an Irish Privy Council, of which the principal Irish Members would form a part. A Secretary of State for Ireland should be appointed, who would be *persona grata* to the Irish, and who would act in conformity with the Council. The Irish are not lunatics. They only ask for separation because we refuse to them local self-government; were we to grant this, there would be an end—so far as we are concerned—of the Irish question. Every practical statesman knows that we must eventually come to this; why, then, not come to it at once?

Donald, my hyperborean friend, the correct thing to say to you is, Be good, be patient, and trust to the Report of the Crofters Commission. "He is your worst enemy" (I have it on the authority of Sir William Harcourt and many an ancient copy-book) "who advises you to take the law into your own hands." But at the same time, my bare-legged brother, there is no reason why you should not know a little history. Now, here is a little bit for you, and if you can get some one to put it into Gaelic, it will do you all the good in the world:—

On Feb. 14, 1845, there appeared the report of a Commission, every bit as good as your Crofters Commission. It was called the Devon Commission. It found out about the tenure of land in Ireland, everything that is known now. Then the Harcourts of that day said to the Irish, "Be patient, trust to the Report of the Devon Commission," and the Irish were patient—not so patient as you are (because no one ever was so patient except the donkey), but still fairly patient, and they tried argument and other nostrums; and what came of their patience? Heartbreak. Nothing else in the world but heartbreak. Then one morning Paddy got up and rang the chapel bell, and now all things in Ireland are lovely, or in a fair way to become so.

Donald, the question is, Has the kirk got a bell, and have you got the spirit to pull it?

In a letter to the *Times*, dated Oct. 16, the Duke of Argyll charged Mr. Macfarlane, M.P., with having published "reckless falsehoods" with reference to the condition of the crofters in the island of Tiree. This is pretty strong language, and I have waited with some curiosity to see his Grace's reply to Mr. Macfarlane's answer to that charge, which appeared in the *Times* of the 22nd. As it has not appeared, I am inclined to think that "reckless falsehoods" have been told, and if his Grace will condescend to answer all, or even some, of the following questions, the public will be able to decide who has told them. The Duke said that there was only one farm in Tiree paying more than £500 of rent:—

1. Is it true that up to Whitsunday of this year three farmers paid rents exceeding £500 a-year, viz., one £535, one £610, and one £616? 2. Is it true that two farmers now pay over £500—viz., one £616, and one over £1,200? 3. Is it true that one farmer pays nearly a quarter of the whole rent of the island, that two pay a third, that three pay two-fifths, that six pay a half, and that all the rest of the tenantry pay a little more than one farmer? 4. Is it true that two farmers pay £1,848 out of a total rental of £5,600, and that one is the sub-factor? If so, why did the Duke say that only one farmer paid over £500? 5. Can his Grace tell us how many crofters and cottars were evicted to create these large farms? And how many of the present population of 2,700 have benefited by enlargement of their holdings out of the land vacated by the banished people who at one time occupied Tiree? There were once something like 5,000 people, but let us say 4,500, or 1,800 more than the present population. Who has got the land that once belonged to the 1,800?

Most of these figures are from the *Oban Times*. I have one more question to ask his Grace, taken from page 522 of the appendix to the Royal Commission. It is there stated that the average size of a croft, or holding, is in Iona 8·1 acres, and the average rent £20. 9s. 6d., or about £2. 11s. per arable acre. This includes common pasture, but the extent is not stated. In either an English or an Irish estimate of the value of land, is not this rent excessive?

I have received the following sums towards the Fund for Providing Toys for the Poor Children in the London Hospitals and Workhouses at Christmas time:—

	£	s.	d.
H. and J. L. B.	2	2	0
A Father	1	1	0
Differential	1	0	0
J. L. H.	0	10	0
Chas. Vaughan	1	1	0

Also a parcel of shells from "Australian."

SCRUTATOR.

THE AMERICAN JULIET.

THE scenery, the dresses, and the stage management of "Romeo and Juliet," at the Lyceum, cannot be too much extolled. Good taste, combined with unlimited money, can go no further. I do not know that they are better than those which we saw lately when Mr. Irving produced the play (except that the mechanism connected with the change of scene is more effective), but they are as good; the only difference being that what in Mr. Irving's production was at the right of the stage, in Mr. Abbey's production is at the left. Half-an-hour might be pleasantly spent in looking at Veronese architecture and groupings of Italians in the gorgeous vestments of a past age; four hours of this, however, becomes monotonous to most people. The success of any of Shakespeare's plays must depend upon the acting. What, then, about this?

Mrs. Stirling, of course, acts well. We knew that she would, for she had played the Nurse in Mr. Irving's reproduction. The only other two secondary parts which are well played are the Friar, by Mr. Arthur Stirling, and Peter by Mr. Kemble. Mr. Terriss pleased me greatly as Romeo. Lovers' billings and cooings are, no doubt, exquisitely delightful to the billers and cooers; but to a looker-on they have a tendency to appear ridiculous. Mr. Terriss, however, manages to give a certain manliness to his love-making which redeems it from its innate silliness, and throughout the entire play he is a perfect ideal of a Veronese youth, the heir of an ancient and wealthy family,

handsome, well-bred, and ready alike impulsively to love and impulsively to fight.

And Miss Mary Anderson? Well, a prettier girl than she looks when she appears in the ball-room I have rarely seen, and she dances with wondrous grace. If, however, we are to estimate her acting by any high standard, *le plumage vaut plus que le ramage.* To act Juliet up to a point is not difficult for any one who has some stage experience. It has been performed so often, and by so many excellent actresses, that there is a vast mass of accumulated traditional stage business, which enables almost any one to play it with a certain amount of effect, provided that she looks the part. Above this level Miss Anderson's impersonation does not rise. She acts Juliet without being Juliet. She entirely fails to convey the impression that she is in love, or that she is prepared to risk her life rather than marry any one but Romeo. Her love, her fright, and her despair are those of a doll rather than of a woman with flesh, blood, and a soul. Her "effects" remind one of the trick performances of a circus; and even if criticised from this somewhat humble standpoint, they are, as a whole, defective. After each speech or sentence, she stands for a moment in an attitude as though she were being photographed. She has two voices: her natural one seems to be soft and winning, but even when using this voice, she emphasises far too much, whilst she alternates it with deep, harsh notes, which apparently is her mode of showing emotion. In the scene where the Nurse leads her to believe that Romeo is dead, she becomes a Meg Merilees, and shouts and bawls in a somewhat tempestuous fashion. So, too, when she is about to take the potion, no "faint, cold fear thrills through her veins"; there is no shrinking and horror at "the terror of the place"; Juliet lapses into a ranting virago, who seems prepared to fight it out with her ancestors' ghosts if they disturb her in the family vault, and she ends the scene by a sensational back-fall over the side of the bed, which brings her head to the place where her feet ought to be, and which can only be commended as an acrobatic feat.

Shakespeare's Juliet is hardly a young lady whom matrons would recommend as a model to their daughters. Her excuse is that her love is so enthralling that it breaks down all conventional barriers. It is the fate of the old Greek Tragedies. To go through the business of the situations is easy enough. To cause the situations to be forgiven, and to enlist sympathy with their heroine, is most difficult, for the audience must be made to feel that her will is overmastered, and that she cannot help herself. Now, no one seeing Miss Anderson can feel this. There is far too much self-consciousness. Not for one moment does she forget herself. Not for one moment is there any real genuine passion. Even in the bed-room scene (which, by the way, is played on a balcony) she seems perpetually to be thinking what is the correct thing to be done under the circumstances, how she ought to arrange her drapery, and what pose is likely to make the best photograph, rather than to be absorbed in the single thought that her husband of a day is about to leave her—never, perhaps, to see her again.

Genius, it is said, begins where rules end, and on the stage it may, perhaps, with even more truth be said that acting which rises above clever mediocrity also begins where they end. A girl, feeling like Juliet and endowed with the highest histrionic talent, would be no more able to act the part, unless she had fully mastered the rules of her profession, than Raphael would have been able to paint without learning how to draw. On the other hand, the most absolute mastery of rules is insufficient to make an audience forget them, and to give an air of reality to a speaking picture. Mechanical skill is necessary, but it is not enough. A girl may learn to suit the action to the word. She may be told at one moment to gaze stonily into space, at another to cower in affright, at another to depict anger, and at another to assume indignation. Her teacher will tell her that at this point Miss —— elicited applause by this stage business, and, at another point, that Miss —— thrilled an audience by that attitude. She may be an apt pupil, and reproduce all these tones, accents, attitudes, and expressions. The result may be not ineffective; but the effect produced is much the same as that of a well-trained poodle-dog. It is felt that there is something wanting, and that something is precisely the difference which must ever exist between mere mechanical aptitude and real feeling. Take, for instance, Sarah Bernhardt. She is a well-trained actress; but, were she only this, she would never have been regarded as a great actress. Her gestures, the tone of her voice, and her mannerisms are easily imitated. Yet the most careful imitation would never affect an audience as does Sarah. One can feel this difference, but it is impossible to define it. The same may be said of Irving and of Ellen Terry. The two latter are, indeed, often mechanically faulty; but, like Sarah, they possess something beyond what rules can teach, or the severest labour can acquire, which gives them the exceptional position they occupy. I suppose that this must have been the case with the great actors and actresses of former days. Their fame rests on the admiration of those who saw them. But why they admired them more than many other actors and actresses who were their contemporaries, it is impossible to convey distinctly to us who never saw them.

Great actors and actresses are rare, and this is why we have so many endeavours to make up for their absence, and even to convince us that we can get on as well without them. Only the other day an actress informed us that we ought not to require histrionic talent, but that we should applaud stage ladies who are good mothers and good wives, and who have managed to obtain a precarious footing in "Society," and this singular doctrine found favour with some. Others would have us rest satisfied with real *bric-à-brac*; others with mechanical contrivances to effect quick changes of scene; others with correct architectural reproductions in wood and canvas; others with silks, satins, and spangles; others with beauty of form; others with poetry of movement. All these things may be excellent in their way, but they have no more to do with acting than the colour of the ribbons in the box-openers' caps. That the lady who is acting a stage-heroine is a virtuous matron, who adores

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her husband, and teaches her children their catechism, and who is occasionally invited to some London omnium-gatherum, is a matter which may be important to her, but it is a question of as absolute indifference to those who pay to see her act, as are the domestic arrangements of their bootmaker and the persons with whom that bootmaker relaxes over tea and winkles. A play is so far better if it be in a beautiful frame, and it is well that the picture should be set off to the best advantage. We must not, however, lose sight of the fact that the very finest of frames cannot make up for a bad picture. When, the other day, a Raphael was sold for £70,000, this sum was not paid because it was in a fine frame, nor would any one, in criticising the picture as a work of art, dwell upon the beauties of the frame any more than upon the private virtues of the painter.

As a spectacular performance, "Romeo and Juliet" is a success. As the impersonation of a part by a great actress, Juliet is a failure. To be beautiful is one thing—and a thing which is an excellent asset, but to be an actress above the average is quite another thing. The acting of Juliet only confirms my former estimate of Miss Anderson. She is a pretty and pleasing young American, whose fame is likely rather to be photographic than that of an artist; and, in these days of puffing and advertising, it is, perhaps, from a money point, fortunate for her that this is so. So far as the acting of this "Romeo and Juliet" is concerned, it will principally be remembered as the almost single instance in which the Romeo has entirely outshone the Juliet.

MUSIC.

The musical season, after an exceptionally long stagnation, due to an unusually long summer, is at last looking up. The Crystal Palace Saturdays, the Monday Pops., and (this week) the Sacred Harmonic are all in full swing again. Apropos of the Crystal Palace, I greatly fear that the tide of taste and fashion is setting against the Saturday Concerts. I can remember the time when there was hardly a vacant seat upstairs or down—at least not one visible at a cursory glance; but last Saturday, in spite of the attractions of Liszt, Berlioz, Chopin, and "a well-watered reputation," as Liszt would say—I allude to Minnie Hauk—the audience was thin; indeed, at last I left off counting the vacant seats—or rather, *rows*. The fact is, the Crystal Palace is suffering from the fate of so many pioneers. Since its classical concerts started, which have to a great extent created the taste for instrumental music, many a rival orchestral series—Richter Concerts, Hallé Concerts, Bache and Dannreuther, and other Wagnerian enterprisers have fed, and at times almost surfeited, the musical appetite in London, and the consequence is that the railway-platform at Victoria Station presents a very different appearance between two and three on Saturdays now from what it used to do some ten years ago. Statistics will alone show at the end of the present season whether this falling-off can be checked; but the fact can no longer be ignored that the Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace are on their trial.

Minnie Hauk was excellent, but naturally ineffective, in Elsa's dream-song from "Lohengrin"—without the *mise-en-scène, que voulez-vous?* She did better with "Carmen," the opera in which she made a *coup*, a little at the expense of—well, perhaps dignity. Her rich, mellow mezzo-soprano is satisfying to listen to, and not yet wholly corrupted with the fashionable "quiver." I am right glad that her difficulties with the managers in France have ended in landing her on our shores. 'Tis an ill wind that blows no one luck. Miss Kleeberg, the pianiste, has now been heard quite enough to convince people that, in an age of great pianists, she is a distinct acquisition. She is not massive in style, but she is neat, and possesses sensibility—the *first* requisite for a pianiste next to accuracy. She chose Chopin's little-played Concerto in E, surmounting the awful stretches in its larghetto and the very difficult and brilliant finale with ease and *élan*. I did not much care for Liszt's "Stanislaus" interlude, though the march is coarsely vigorous and effective. Berlioz's "Corsaire" overture illustrates most of that master's orchestral peculiarities, but has few of his melodic flashes, and is—to me—without charm, like so much of Berlioz. I think, with Wagner, that one cannot help admiring Berlioz for his daring skill, masterly freedom of orchestration, and fertility of tonal resource; but then, as an effective result, so much of it is ugly, and when he means to be grand, he becomes simply disagreeable. It is possible to be very curious, clever, generally awe-inspiring, and otherwise surprising, but, at the same time, chiefly unpleasant. This, I fear, is dreadful heresy to utter at a moment when Berlioz, who has been neglected for about forty years, is just beginning to get his dues; but because fanatics over-estimate a man who has been shamefully under-estimated, that is no reason why people like myself, who have listened appreciatively for years to all sorts and conditions, from Palestrina to Wagner, should not be allowed to say how Berlioz affects them. Gems like the serenade and the weird dance in his "Faust," do certainly occur at long intervals in his portentous compositions; but there is a lot of noise, and what poor Dr. Gauntlet used to call "stomach-ache" music, after all.

I don't much care for Herr Barth, who has been playing at the Monday Popular Concerts; in fact, he is, for me, entirely without attraction, and, to my mind, extraordinarily deficient in phrasing and musical perception. He is, of course, what may be called a proficient—but you may play everything correctly in such a way as to make it undesirable to play it at all—that is what I felt when I heard him play Schumann's Symphonic Variations. However, last Monday he did much better with a Beethoven Sonata, and was encored, whereupon he actually sat down and gave us the orchestral scherzo in the "Midsummer Night's Dream!" This was really a very odd thing to do.

The Richter Concerts began well with a very strong dose of Wagner, and a very fine performance of Schubert's exquisite "Ninth Symphony." Herr Manns did the latter at the previous Crystal Palace Concert on Saturday, and critics were much exercised to determine which did it the better. They are still debating the point. I suppose it never occurred to them to enjoy both

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performances. Last night, at the second concert, the closing scene in "Tristan," and the "Walküren Ritt" were given—without vocalists—a fatal blemish, as it always seems to me.

I believe the Covent Garden Concerts, in spite of the Healtheries, have been a real financial success under Mr. G. Crowe's direction. He has hit the popular taste, and put the nights through with great spirit, taking care to give good value each time, and to cater for the classical taste at least once a week. He has been judicious, too, in the choice of his vocalists. On certain "gala" nights the house has been completely packed—so much so, that on one occasion I arrived prepared to execute my responsible duties, and was unable even to get standing-room in box, stall, gallery, or area.

Last week I heard a new soprano at these concerts, Miss Kate Flinn, who made a capital impression in the Jewel Song from "Faust." On the strength of it she has been engaged for two more evenings this week. The young lady is not of commanding stature or otherwise overpowering at first sight; but the way she quietly took the measure of her audience and riveted the house, and the genuine recalls and encores she received, convinced me that she meant to go on and prosper. Her voice is a high, clear soprano; she has natural taste and facility; and has been well trained under Garcia, I am told, at the Royal Academy of Music.

Madame Nilsson sang superbly in the "Messiah," at St. James's Hall, last week. People do say that the popularity of the "Messiah" is on the wane—who knows?

GOVERNMENT BY GUZZLE.

The publication of the second and third volumes of the Report of the City Companies Commission will most effectually take the wind out of the sails of the minority report, which the Companies propose to circulate broadcast in their defence. Indeed, I should say that they would be much better advised if they now refrained "even from good words"; for the facts are fully before the world, and have already been exposed to merciless analysis. To publish hereupon Mr. Alderman Cotton's or Sir R. Cross's opinion that the Companies have always been "honourably and honestly" managed is only to remind people of the paralysing effect that corporate interests or political exigencies are wont to have upon the judgment of the most blameless individuals.

Mr. Lowell has recently described democracy as government by gabble; the City Companies, which are the closest of close oligarchies, are admirable examples of government by guzzle. Take, for instance, the two best companies—the Grocers and the Clothworkers. The benevolent dispositions of both require a wondrous amount of bodily sustenance, and each of them spends some £5,000 a year in entertainments. In the case of the Clothworkers this amounts to about a tenth of their income; in that of the Grocers to an eighth. This may be honourable and honest, but it can hardly be called prudent administration.

The eating and drinking is, however, by no means the worst part of the case. City dinners are, at any rate, devoured publicly. A far more insidious form of applying the corporate funds for the benefit of the corporators is the system of "court fees"—that is, fees paid to themselves by themselves for attending meetings. In 1880 the Mercers, for instance, spent nearly £9,000, or one-sixth of their non-trust income, in this form of homely charity; and between 1871 and 1880 no less a sum than £90,349 went the same way. The Court of the Mercers is a particularly happy family, and I should much like to know how much money passed during that same period out of the corporate exchequer into the pockets of the two great Mercer families. It is no wonder that with court fees on this handsome scale the expenses of "management" should be very high—being, as a general rule, about one-seventh of the income. Meetings of the court of a Company, it is well known, are always followed by dinners; and if a new lease is to be granted, a committee is appointed to inspect, with fees and luncheons *ad libitum*. These volumes of the Commissioner's Report will immensely strengthen public opinion in demanding (as it has been wittily put) that the dinners should in their turn be followed by their deserts.

SEATLESS AND STIFLED.

I read and sympathise with all the pathetic letters about overcrowding from indignant passengers who travel by the Underground Railway. I admire the sanguine people who appear before magistrates, and take the trouble to inform his worship how many navvies trod on their toes, and how many women sat on their knees, between Portland-road and South Kensington; but no one who knows anything about railways in particular, or the British Constitution in general, can suppose that anything is likely to come of the grumbling. What we want is systematic action.

Now, this is my advice: You complain that at certain hours the thirds are overfilled. Good. Get into a second-class. Perhaps you will be dropped on by the inspector. If he insists on forcing the difference of the fare from you, ask any of the passengers to support you in affirming, if necessary in the presence of a magistrate, that on that particular occasion, at that particular time, the "thirds" were so notoriously overcrowded, and the time allowed for finding seats so ridiculously short, that you, like hundreds more at that moment, would have been compelled to *stand* had you scrambled into your "third." How would your case look then?

Any night in the week between five and eight o'clock, you, a third-class fare, taken seated in a second or first class, could establish with the ready consensus of a whole carriage-full—first, that the "thirds" were full of people standing; secondly, that even if there were vacant places, there was not time enough given to find them; thirdly, that an appeal for a seat from a third-class passenger on the platform to any guard or porter would be met with a derisive roar from the passengers and a slam of the door, a flourish of the arms and "Stand off, sir! Right!" from the guard.

I say the time has come for the passenger to force this little position. Let us have some cases systematically tried. Narrow the plea of the seatless "thirds" to this: "I take

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my ticket, *third*, for a train down in the Company's time-tables; the train arrives; there is no third-class seat for me, or none that, under the conditions of time and place, I can be expected to find. Notoriously no porter on the Underground recognises it as his duty to find me a place. If I do not travel *seated* third-class then and there, or get into a second or first, how does the Company propose to give me my money's worth? Next train? Not at all! For then I should miss my appointment, and though I might sue the Company for damages, the thing would probably be either preposterous, not worth while, or of the character of mere personal inconvenience and annoyance, for which no precise damage could be fixed. Have my money back? They might give it me at their ticket-office, but how about my appointment, etc.? No! I say deliberately—get into a *second* every night as long as there are seatless thousands in the "thirds," and resist the "difference."

Look what happens at every railway-station throughout England (except on this precious Metropolitan line). Look even at the Crystal Palace line on crowded days. You take your third or second ticket. If there is no room in the class you have booked for, the guard tells you to "jump in" anywhere—and you jump. If you are going to Dover, and you are crowded out of all *three* classes, what happens? Have you a ticket? Yes. Then you will have to go somehow, and *seated*, so the train is delayed, and an additional carriage is put on. Am I not right in saying that the Company are bound, or invariably act as though bound, to do this? Lastly, if you can't find a vacancy, do you not always appeal to the guard or inspector, and does he not *always* (except on the Metropolitan line) act as if he were *bound* to find you a seat?

A magistrate told an aggrieved passenger the other day that he had no remedy, that an Act of Parliament alone could compel Companies to put on extra rolling-stock; but that, as so many railway directors were M.P.'s, such an Act was not likely to be forthcoming. Well, then, I say, fight out the side issues as they crop up, and fight them out, as I have suggested, in an organised and systematic manner, and—let's see the result.

Now, a word with the Metropolitan Railway Company. I say frankly to the directors, I know you have difficulties. The pressure comes on only for an hour or two every day. Then for the rest of the day you run quantities of rolling-stock half empty, and to be asked to provide an immense increase of this unmanageable commodity (to economise which is the ambition of every railway manager) for a couple of hours each day seems to you unreasonable, when the public can and do manage to get along without it. Granted. I don't ask it. I only ask you to seat the people who pay for seats. If you object to third-class passengers riding first or second, have but one class. Omnibuses are not divided into first, second, and third compartments.

And, then, why don't you make your line more attractive? Your filthy carriages, your insolent officials, your foul atmosphere, your inadequate bye-laws—all have a distinctly deterrent effect on the passenger receipts. Many *must* travel by underground, but many more *might* if the place were regulated only as well as the Mont Cenis Tunnel, for instance. I know many people who simply cannot stand the bad air. More than one plan for purifying the Underground tunnel (conspicuously the chemical lung plan, the apparatus being carried by the engine) has been suggested. The chemical lung is cheap and effective—it has been proved so in hospitals—but enough! It is notorious that a great deal more, even beyond bare justice, for which I now plead, might, and ought to, be done for travellers on your plague-stricken line. I say—"Give justice, and you will lose nothing underground. Give comfort, and you will defeat competition above it."

ARMY AND NAVY HOTEL, Victoria-st., S.W., is probably now the best Hotel in London. Table d'hôte 6 to 8. Cookery excellent.

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—THE TOYS FOR THE HOSPITALS, &c.

[The total of children for whom toys have to be provided this Christmas is over ten thousand.]

IN six weeks' time ten thousand girls and boys
Will eagerly await their Christmas toys;
And as it is, are building on this treat
With child-like faith, most touchingly complete.

Some, it is true, their expectation base
On what, as well they know, last year took place;
Whilst others long, with hope not less profound,
Thanks to the happy rumours rife around.

This is, at all events, a fact assured,
These children think their Christmas gifts secured;
Their trust is earnest and their faith sincere,
And e'en the timidest scarce feels a fear.

What we would do, then, is to ask what fate
Awaits these children, eagerly elate?
Will their glad day-dreams duly be fulfilled,
Or are their longings destined to be chilled?

Our faith, we own, is strong; small doubt we feel,
How you will treat these little ones' appeal;
Our own poor words might fail to favour find,
These children's pleas, though, cannot be declined.

Hence 'tis that we prefer to state the case,
And leave you with the children face to face.
Look at them, then! their eager features scan,
And disappoint their longings if you can!

Look on their flashing eyes, their flushing cheeks;
Think what their dreams have been, will be, for weeks!
Muse on the too small number of their joys,
And if you have the heart, withhold the toys!

Do more than this; a crowded ward walk through,
And let the tiny patients talk to you;
Or, if they are too weary or too weak,
Let their kind nurses for their charges speak.

Let them explain how toys relieve the pains
Of those poor aching limbs and burning brains;
And how the prospect of that day of gifts
The cloud of gloom from many a forehead lifts.

Learn, as you press a patient's hand in yours,
How little each enjoys, how much endures!
Learn what a plaything does to hope supply—
And, if you can, that solace then deny!

For us to try and emphasize this plea
Would, with the best intent, superfluous be;
Hopes built on six glad seasons in the past
Cannot, and must not, to the ground be cast.

All we need do, then, is to show a way
In which our readers best may help convey;
All we need ask is that, for this good end,
Each will the price of some small luxury send.

It need not be a very strenuous trial
To practise one small act of self-denial;
Only one cab ride, one cigar the less,
Or some small saving, it may be, in dress.

A few less buttons on a pair of gloves,
One day's abstention from a dish one loves;
One non-indulgence of some darling vice,
And of long weeks of joy you have the price.

That is the point which surely all must touch,
To you so little, for the child so much!
To you the smallest effort; for the child,
The means whereby a month's sharp pain's beguiled!

Once think of this, and we are not afraid,
Nay, we are certain you will send your aid;
And haste with zest; not easily withstood,
To taste the luxury of doing good!

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE COMING STREET-CARRIAGE.

I SAW a paragraph in last week's TRUTH about the rapid extension of the telephone system in Belgium. It does seem curious that a people so easy-going, stolid, and not at all voluble should display so great a wish to converse with each other through telephones. Apart from the fact that they have the largest carrying trade on the Continent, are very sedentary, and do not wield the pens of ready writers, it comes "handier" to them to talk than to telegraph their messages. The person to whom they are indebted for the network of telephonic tubes which covers their little State is, I think, the most remarkable man I have ever come across. His name is Herz. He is Franche-Comtois by nativity, Californian by early breeding, Parisian by scientific education; is a doctor of the Paris Faculty, was head physician in a number of hospitals before he took up electricity, and is now deep in the problem of the transmission of force by electrical means. He has worked out one of the most charming contrivances I ever saw. It is an electrical bell, which can be used as a telephone, needs no battery, is *simple comme le bon jour* in construction, small, pretty to look at, and will only cost a few francs to set up in a house. I call Dr. Herz a necromancer. Whenever I go to see him I find him in the midst of electrical contrivances, and he has always some new invention to explain to me. In some respects he is an enthusiast. There is not any novelist of our time who has such a quick-reaching imagination. But it runs entirely (unless when he is at home reading Milton, or at the Opera or a concert of classical music) into scientific channels. He promises me an electrical street-carriage before very long. It was he who first conceived the notion of lighting Grenoble and setting saw-mills around it going by force derived from waterfalls twenty miles away. When I complain of the jolting cabs and omnibuses, he says, "Patience—nobody would have believed, ten years ago, that in less than that time the Belgians would be able to talk with each other from town to town as they might converse across a room. In a shorter period, I believe, you will have done with the cab nuisance, and have a nice little vehicle that will be easier to manage than a sewing-machine. When I took up the notion of transmitting force to long distances, people thought me a scientific Utopist. The most practical and cautious men of the age—the Rothschilds and the heads of the Crouzot Iron Company—are now behind me, and, with the help of their capital, we shall see what we shall see. Look forward to the electrical coupé and barouche, and, when you see them, think of me as a true prophet." "The Doctor," as all his intimate friends call him, was sent this autumn the Cross of Commander of the Legion of Honour, by M. Jules Ferry, for improvements, amounting almost to a revolution, which he enabled Cochery to work out in the Telegraphic Department. He has just been honoured in a similar manner by the Bavarian Minister of State, who wrote him the prettiest-termed letter imaginable in sending him the Order of St. Michael, who, he believes, was the earliest symbol of electrical force. The Archangel on the decoration resembles a lightning-god. I dare say it was a Christian adaptation of Apollo slaying Marsyas. As we are threatened with a cab question of a very serious kind, I ardently hope St. Michael will inspire Doctor Herz and his friend, M. Desprez, to work out the "notion" which the former has very clearly in his head. The cochers clamour to be emancipated from a tariff. What fights there would be among the Jehus for "fares," and then what rows with each of the latter at the end of the ride! On rainy days they would be masters of the situation to a far greater extent than they now are. In New York a cabby may ask five dollars for a short set-down. Personally, I get on very well with the Jehus of Paris, because when I take one a long distance, I make it a case of conscience to give him a good *pour-boire*. In nearly fourteen years I have not, although I am frequently in cabs, had reason to complain of insolence, and those coachmen who know me go as fast as I can reasonably ask them. Ladies in general, I believe, take all they lawfully can out of them, and if a Jehu is obliging a little more, but limit them to the strict fare. A Paris cocher who is not on the stand turns a deaf ear when a respectable-looking bourgeoise hails him. A bourgeoise has no compunction in getting into a cab at the Porte Maillot with her bonne, a big child that can be squeezed in her lap, an overgrown schoolboy to sit on the box, and all the boxes and parcels she can possibly stow inside, and telling the driver to take her to the Barrière du Trône, which, to Porte Maillot, is as Mile-end to the Marble Arch. On arriving at her destination, she would probably complain that he dragged along like a tortoise, and hand him a franc and a half, which he might have earned for going a quarter of a mile. The *pour-boire* system is illogical, but if it were fairly acted upon, it would be attended with good results. I one day gained the favour of a Jehu in this wise,

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and, through him, most of his brethren in my quarter. I had employed him four or five hours, and, before returning home, dropped in to see Gambetta, who presented me with two large photographs of himself, to which he added his name in writing. As I was dismissing the cocher, he touched his hat, and begged my pardon for a transaction he was about to propose. It was for me to let him have one of the photos, in return for which he would not charge me anything for *les courses* we had been making. I saw that he looked very wistfully at the Gambettas—quite as an idolater might at a sacred image. "Moi, voyez-vous," said he, "je m'enthousiasme pour cet homme. C'est un grand patriot. Quant à ma bourgeoise" (the man's wife) "elle en est folle." I answered, "What if I pay you, and let you have 'Gambetta' too?" And, suiting the action to the word, I handed him the picture and the money that was his due. Such an explosion of joy I never witnessed. Instead of driving to a stand round the corner, he went off like the wind to take the photograph to his bourgeoise. As he started, he called to me, "I promise you that we shall buy the handsomest frame that we can procure for it." This was in 1880. Poor Gambetta was then at the zenith of his popularity.

VITRIOL AND VENGEANCE.

"Le principe de l'égalité, où va-t-il se nicher?" An awful example has been made by a jealous ex-*écaillère* on a lady of rank, not yet middle-aged, witty, handsome, bearing a great old name, with literary talent of a Boulevardier style, *garçonnière*, and yet intensely feminine. The execution took place in the Champs Elysées, after divers epistolary warnings. As the lady was walking there at seven in the evening in the direction of Ledoyen's Restaurant, a person of her own sex, in a neglected-looking toilette, and of a woe-begone aspect, who had evidently been watching for her, advanced from behind a tree, and said: "Once for all, are you going to relax your hold on him, and send him about his business?" "Why should I?" "From generosity. You have everything your heart can desire without him. You just want now out of idleness and vanity to amuse yourself with him, and when you are tired, you will probably fling him aside. Don't widen the gap between me and him. Give him up." "Eh bien, non!" "Well, then, there's nothing to be done with you but this!" A shawl was flung aside, and a vessel filled with vitriol was thrown at the face of the lady. She saw the movement of the woman's hand, and raised her arms to protect her face. But the top of the head, which she bent forward, the uncovered wrists, neck, and breast received the baptism of vengeance. The forlorn one walked away; the vitriolised lady sank on a chair, moaning in a heart-rending way. She was picked up and taken to a pharmacy, where she declined to give any information about the adventure or to tell her name; but sent to Ledoyen's for the cavalier with whom she had refused to break. I shall put no dots over the *i*'s of this victim of jealousy by describing minutely her personal appearance, by saying in what quarter of the town she resides, what theatres she frequents, or in what provinces her châteaux are situated.

To all who Shoot or Travel.—Visit Ulster House, Conduit-street, and see B. Benjamin & Son's Specialties. Pamphlet on application.

SPORTING NOTES.

I WAS very glad that the idea of reducing the Craven Meeting from four days to three was abandoned, but I am decidedly of the opinion that the time has arrived when both the Second October and the Houghton weeks would be benefited by the abolition of the Monday's sport. The old proverb that half is better than the whole is eminently applicable to race meetings, and the policy of the Dutch, who cut down a number of the most productive trees in the Spice Islands, in order to increase the value of the remainder, is a policy which clerks of courses would do well to imitate. If there were no racing on these two Mondays, it would be in the power of the Stewards to enrich the miserably meagre programmes of the Tuesdays in these weeks by adding the Clearwell to the one and the Criterion to the other. At present there is absolutely not a single event of the slightest general interest on those days except the big handicaps. I hope, moreover, that the Stewards will recognise the necessity for making the "over-night" events more attractive. It is an inscrutable mystery why these races collapse at Newmarket, where there is everything that either owner or trainer can desire—a perfect course, plenty of betting, and none of the expenses and risks of travelling; but on these days the selling plates are failures, with rare exceptions, which is the more remarkable when one sees the comparatively large fields which go to the post for events of the same calibre at other meetings. The Newmarket Handicap, having been converted into a plate of £1,000, the greater part of which will be contributed by the subscribers, has obtained 72 entries, or two more than the prescribed number; and it is tolerably certain, looking to the class of horses entered, that this event will "knock holes" in the City and Suburban. The entry is interesting and instructive, as it tells us pretty plainly what horses are likely to figure prominently in the spring handicaps. King Monmouth will be the best three-year-old, and among the other notable horses are Scot Free (who ran well up the "hill" last spring in the Craven Stakes), Lambkin, Prism, Highland Chief, Sweetbread, Keir, Bendigo, Spring Morn, Sandiway, and Louis d'Or, and, of course, there are the inevitable names of Quicklime, Blue Grass, and Cosmos. The October Handicap has obtained ninety-two entries, which is fifty-eight less than the stipulated number, so I suppose the value of the Plate will be reduced from £2,000. It would be more satisfactory if in future the conditions were to state on what principle this reduction is to be carried out, for at present there is nothing to prevent the Stewards from reducing it to £500, or even less, if so disposed. It was chimerical to suppose that there would be one hundred and fifty entries for a handicap which closed ten months before the weights were to appear. Melton, St. Honorat (nominated by Lord Calthorpe), and Kingwood are the best three-year-olds, while among the older horses are Macheath, Keir, Sandiway, Duke of Richmond, Prism, Fulmen, Lambkin, Scot Free, Stockholm, Bendigo, Cherry, and Lucerne.

I observe that Domino has been backed for the Derby, and that he is recommended by some writers as likely to prove a good outsider. It happens, however, that Domino is not

entered for either the Derby or any other classic stake, and, indeed, his only three-year-old engagement is the Kempton Grand Prize, at the May meeting. Mearns, who also figures in the Derby betting, is not engaged either in that stake or in the Oaks.

"Pavo" is still clamouring about Energy's defeat at Doncaster, and has announced that Peck would make a match between Leeds and "Mr. Manton's" horse, at the same weight, for £2,000. It strikes me that "Pavo" is acting with a zeal that is not according to knowledge in protracting this squabble; for it appears that Peck has now been appointed to be a sort of "manager" to "Mr. Manton," *in commendam.* "Pavo" manifests an audacious indifference to ugly facts in all his controversies, or else he possesses a most convenient memory; for, remembering the difference between the running of Hackness at Broughton last year and her form in the Cesarewitch, one would think that he would do well not to forget the old injunction against flinging stones from a house of glass. It was clearly apparent at Doncaster that Energy not only got off badly in the Portland Plate, but that he was interfered with shortly after starting; and, finally, Archer failed to get through his horses, so he was quite right if he did not ride him out in order to obtain the barren honour of third place. There can be no doubt, however, after the running at Leicester, that "Mr. Manton" lost the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood by not starting Energy.

A few years ago, the week after the Houghton Meeting meant Worcester and Lincoln. Brighton and Lewes then established fixtures, and there was plenty of room for all, but now Worcester has been driven into the Houghton week, and Brighton has been seriously prejudiced by the unjustifiable opposition of the newly-started gate-money speculation at Leicester. The official "revision" of the List of Fixtures, about which there was such an elaborate noise and so much premature exultation, has certainly taken a most unexpected form, for, instead of the outrageously lengthy list being vigorously cut down, it has positively been increased. I have often reprehended the ignorant or dishonest eulogies of the liberality of "the new generation" of race managers, which one reads almost weekly, and of course there has been the usual mendacious comments on the enterprise of the Leicester speculators. In reality the Chetwynd Plate of £1,000 was made up by the subscribers to the extent of £620, and the forfeits in the Inauguration Nursery amounted to £770, so that, instead of £2,000 being added to those events, the real amount given was £610. It is very satisfactory that so valuable a stake as the Nursery should have fallen to a good sportsman like Mr. Lowther, who has reason to deplore the omission of King Monmouth from the Derby entry. If this horse had been engaged in that stake, he would certainly have been about third favourite after so creditable a performance; but he is not in any of the great races, and his principal engagement next year is the Great Yorkshire Stakes. King Monmouth's victory at Leicester reminds one of the achievements of St. Simon in similar races last year, for he was giving "tons" of weight to several really smart animals. It is a remarkable circumstance that directly a sire has been sold to go abroad, his stock begins to win races. King Monmouth is no doubt a very long way the best horse that King Lud sired while he was at Aske. The victory of Energy in the Chetwynd Plate was, however, a still more meritorious feat, for, as at Doncaster, he was seriously disappointed at a critical moment; and it was only in the nick of time that he at last managed to get through, with the result that he won cleverly by a neck from Whitelock, to whom he was giving 56 lb., and it may be remembered that she is tolerably smart over the distance. Watts rode him most admirably. The Duchess of Montrose was exceedingly fortunate in retaining possession of Energy, who, all things considered, would have been a cheap horse at 6,000 gs. Bendigo was favourite, but never looked like winning; very likely he has not recovered from the fatigues of the Cambridgeshire race. He was receiving 24 lb. from Energy, and Prince had 2 lb. less. This horse had no price in the betting, nor had Gordon. Lowland Chief has evidently seen his best day.

The only notable event at Lincoln was the complete and ignominous defeat of Goggles in the Great Tom Stakes, for which he was heavily backed, in consequence of a satisfactory trial. The race fell to Mr. Jardine's Newton, whose victory at once led to the backing of Beauchamp for the Liverpool Cup. The Lincoln Handicap was also won by a Yorkshire horse, Studley, better known as the Florence Aislabie colt, who was more at home in this company than with St. Gatien, Florence, and Archiduc in the Cesarewitch, when so much money was lost over him. The racing at Brighton and Lewes was, for the most part, mere plating. Pearl Diver, who won here in August, secured the principal Nursery at Brighton with 8 st. 12 lb., but he was, to some extent, indebted for his victory, which was gained with ridiculous ease, to the fact that Archer "slipped" the field, and there was never anything within six lengths of him at any part of the race.

Last week I made some remarks on a statement in the *Sporting Times* that, after the Cambridgeshire, Mr. Hammond, the owner of Florence, had presented Wood, who rode Sandiway in that race, with £1,000. There is some truly melancholy twaddle in the last number of the *Sporting Times*, which is apparently intended for a reply to my comments upon this matter. There is an infantile ingenuousness in the editor's view of the case which would be highly refreshing and diverting if it did not provoke one to find a writer of his experience dealing in such mawkish anilities. Mr. Hammond's "generosity" seems to me to be ill-regulated and misplaced, and I do not see that there is any valid excuse for his most injudicious gift to Wood in the facts that the latter "is closely associated with the stable" and that "his first master is Sir George Chetwynd," nor does it matter whether that baronet "swears" *by* him or *at* him. It is asserted that "Wood would have been a much larger gainer by the success of Sandiway;" but if the case is to be argued on such grounds, I should like to know precisely what this means, for most assuredly the Duke of Westminster would not

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have been so foolishly lavish as to give Wood £1,000 for winning, although very possibly he might have received as much in presents from other individuals in the stable. I do not, however, desire to impute any "iniquity," but only gross indiscretion; and I apprehend that all rational and independent people, who are competent to give an opinion, will concur with me in thinking that it is not desirable that, after a great race, the jockey of a beaten favourite should receive £1,000 from the owner of the winner, and the Stewards of the Jockey Club would do well to inquire into the case, not on the expectation of discovering "roguery," but more with the practical object of officially expressing their strong disapproval of such a transaction.

THE LIVERPOOL CUP.

The Liverpool Autumn Cup is not the race it used to be; but, nevertheless, it still attracts a considerable amount of attention, and, so far as betting goes, it is certainly one of the most important of the second-class handicaps. It has obtained an unenviable notoriety for "scandals" of one kind and another, for there is hardly a year but it has been specially remembered in connection with some market transaction more than usually equivocal, or for some startling and flagrant reversal of public form.

Thebais (9 st. 4 lb.) has been favourite since the weights appeared. Of course, she is decidedly the best "class" in the race, and she was in good form at the Second October Meeting, when she easily defeated Louis d'Or in the Queen's Plate; but it must not be forgotten that she has been in constant work all the year, and I doubt whether the Aintree course will quite suit her. Some people, who "rushed" Thebais, have thought to make themselves safe by investing on Keir (8 st.), which reminds one of the story of Gribouille, who threw himself into the river for fear of the rain. Clairvaux (8 st. 10 lb.) is brother to Thebais, and a really good horse when well. He is very likely to win the Mile Handicap at Manchester, which Keir carried off last year.

I do not fancy Sweetbread (9 st. 3 lb.), and the chance of Goggles (7 st.), who won two years ago, seems to be extinguished by his Lincoln defeat; but, then, both Vanderdecken (1872) and Master Kildare (1879) won the Liverpool Cup after having been beaten at Lincoln.

I do not fancy Amalfi, even with his feather-weight (6 st. 5 lb.), as he is a very moderate horse. Ben More (6 st. 4 lb.) is said to be a rogue, and I do not anticipate that Peck will be formidable with Boulevard (8 st. 3 lb.). Brocken (6 st. 7 lb.) is thrown in, but he is no flyer, and, besides, is said to be unsound. Quilt (6 st. 8 lb.) has no chance on her Liecester form, and everybody knows by this time that Royal Fern (6 st. 9 lb.) is a bad horse.

I am of opinion that the race is a good thing for Beauchamp, for whom accordingly I shall give a plumper. He will probably find Xema his most formidable opponent.

Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street Grosvenor-square.

MAMMON.

EGYPT.

I BELIEVE I am correct in saying that the two following schemes are under the consideration of the Government. 1. To guarantee the interest on the Indemnity Loan, to reduce the interest on our Suez Canal shares to 3 per cent., and to assume a portion of the cost of the army of occupation, so long as it remains in Egypt. 2. To guarantee 3 per cent. upon the Unified Stock for ten years, and to assume the control of Egyptian finance during that period. Both plans are objectionable, but as a matter of choice between the two, the former is to be preferred, because it is probable that the necessity of obtaining a vote each year for British soldiers in Egypt would soon prove so difficult a task, that the occupation would not last long. Moreover, an occupation for ten years would practically mean an occupation for ever, and this would be entirely contrary to all the pledges given by Mr. Gladstone to the House of Commons and to the country.

SERVIA.

The Berlin newspapers are indulging in grandiloquent language respecting Berlin having become the financial centre of Europe, because a Servian loan has been placed with the German public at about 30 per cent. above the price which the contractors are to pay to Servia. This is silly. Austria is anxious to show her good-will to Servia. She therefore requested Prince Bismarck to cause the Servian loan to be puffed in the German official and semi-official newspapers. The loan, consequently, was applied for above one hundred times over. No sooner was this information sent to the King of Servia than he telegraphed back to announce that he was ready to accommodate all applicants, and that he would at once have one hundred times as many bonds printed off as had been proposed. Servia is a poor country. It is inhabited by men whose stock-in-trade is a few pigs. Milan, the King, has managed to establish an autocracy by the help of Austria, and he will promise to pay interest on any number of millions that fools are ready to lend him. Whether the interest will be paid is quite another question.

THE VARNA RAILROAD.

The only chance that the share and bond holders have of getting anything is to agrec to take less than they at present demand. Roughly speaking, there are two million pounds' worth of shares and bonds, and one million pounds of arrears. The Berlin diplomatists declared that all this should be paid by Bulgaria, bu as no country is likely to force her to do this, it is clear that the declaration is not worth much. It is, indeed, nothing beyond a pious opinion. When M. Zancoff was in power, he agreed to pay two millions for a receipt in full, and on condition that the Company could free itself from a foolish contract which had been made with a *Société d'Exploitation.* But the directors haggled, and whilst they were haggling

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C.

M. Zancoff's Ministry fell. This two millions was a very liberal offer, for the share capital is a mere effort of the imagination of the promoters of the line, which is in so bad a condition that a large sum would be requisite to put it into proper working order.

I observe that at the meeting of the Company which took place last week, one of those in authority stated that he had been told that the Bulgarian Assembly would have to be bribed if any arrangement was to be carried through. Whether true or false, an open statement of this kind shows how silly the persons are who are acting for the Company. When an Assembly is to be bribed, the fact is not announced publicly. Probably nothing will be done until M. Zancoff is again in power; should he again become Prime Minister, my advice to the Company is, not to quarrel about terms, but to close at once with anything that he offers.

A SCOTCH VENTURE.

Among the various foreign enterprises into which some years ago a newly-born speculative spirit beguiled our Scotch compatriots, was the American Lumber Company. Never were sanguine hopes more rudely shattered, never were investors more impudently swindled by vendors or promoters, judging from the report recently sent by the liquidator of the Company to the share and debenture holders. This report has been made by Messrs. Carnegie & Smith, who were deputed in April to inquire into the Company's affairs. They found the concern in a deplorable state of collapse, money being owing on all sides, and the vendors posing as inexorable creditors. After having palmed off on the shareholders property, consisting to a large extent of swamp lands, on which the pine is of inferior quality, and which could not be worked at any profit whatever, these financists forced the Company's representatives to accept a disastrous compromise. One of the difficulties which these gentlemen had to encounter was the circumstance that the law of Michigan gives to local creditors a preference over local assets to the exclusion of debenture-holders. This will be somewhat uncomfortable reading to debenture-holders in American Land and Mortgage Companies, who imagine that they are secured by chattel mortgages. It is evident from the report that the Company never had a ghost of a chance, that the vendors must have been fully aware of this fact, and that, after dipping freely into the pockets of the Scotch investors, they have enforced the re-surrender of a considerable part of the property without returning the purchase-money. As showing the kind of robbery which has been going on, I may mention that some property in Canada was actually put in by Mr. Cook, a vendor, and Mr. Lockie, the financial manager, at £24,000, this being at a profit to themselves of about 500 per cent. The Company was, moreover, found to be bound in all directions by contracts placing it at the mercy of the vendors and others. Utter ignorance of the elementary rules of business and the grossest neglect have characterised the management of the venture. Reprehensible as the vendors' conduct has undoubtedly been, the incompetent and culpably negligent action of the directors is equally to blame. There is talk of legal proceedings against Cook. But I am surprised that no action is being taken against those who have so grossly compromised the interests committed to their care.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Ever since the great fire in Wood-street our British Fire Insurance Offices have been in a state of panic, and while formerly they certainly took risks on city warehouses and similar property in a somewhat loose manner, they now go to the opposite extreme. So much is this the case that owners of such property experience the greatest difficulty in placing the whole of their risks. The opening thus afforded has been eagerly taken advantage of by a number of French Insurance Companies, who have appointed agents in London, and are actively pushing business in this country. I have no objection to our neighbours insuring our buildings, although Fire Insurance is not exactly their *forte*, while England has always been supposed to be strong in this particular. As yet, however, none of the best French Offices appears to be in the field here, as those that are competing with the English Companies are mostly concerns recently established, with comparatively small capital. In fact, in one case the Company is stated practically to have no capital and to work on a kind of mutual basis, by pledging that a specific portion of the premiums cashed shall be lodged in a bank for the sole purpose of meeting losses.

DIRECTORS.

Somehow, the Limited Liability Act has not been an unmixed blessing. Probably if most people had invested their money in the Funds instead of in Company shares, they would have been rich now. And yet the idea of numbers of small capitalists combining together to obtain industrial and commercial profits in undertakings in which a large capital is required is not by any means a bad one. The collapse of Companies is generally ascribed to promoters, and certainly a good many of the former have been more or less of swindlers. My impression, however, is that, as regards results, the director is more at fault than the promoter. The most stupid mode of doing business that can be conceived is for half-a-dozen persons, with no aptitude either for business in general or for the special business in hand in particular, to meet together once a week for an hour to settle the affairs of an undertaking requiring skill, experience, and patience. What happens at a Board meeting? After a lunch at the cost of the shareholders, the secretary reads the minutes of the last Board meeting, then some current business is transacted, and then, if there is any important decision to be taken, a desultory conversation ensues, during which some of the Directors draw figures on the foolscap paper before them; some yawn; some honestly try to discover the merits of the question, generally failing to do so, owing to want of knowledge of the facts; and the meeting breaks up without anything being done. Business carried on in this fashion is almost

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PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS.—Our circular for October, now ready, contains particulars of several selections, paying from Five to Ten per Cent., in the safest and best paying class of securities, viz.:—Trust, Mortgage, and Investment Companies.—ABBOTT PAGE & Co., Stockbrokers, 42, Poultry, London, E.C.

doomed to failure. Companies usually succeed which have either a chairman or a managing director who takes responsibility upon himself, and who thoroughly knows his subject. Would it not, then, be better if there were no Board of Directors? They are worse than useless, and yet they pocket fees. The promoter usually puts them on his Board because he either fancies that they have names which will inspire confidence, or because they are the poor relations of some rich man with whom he wishes to curry favour. To my thinking, a Company should be entirely under the control of a well-paid and able chairman and a well-paid and able manager. There should be a Committee of shareholders, to whom the chairman or manager would submit the results of the year's working and the balance-sheet at the end of each year, or, if it be regarded as more desirable, at the end of each quarter, and this Committee should issue a report to their brother shareholders, which should be submitted to them at a general meeting. The chairman or the manager should be carefully chosen, and he should not be required to hold any shares of the Company. "Qualifications" have proved a snare and a delusion. Often they are given by the promoter, and even when this is not the case, their total value hardly amounts to the fees of one year. I do not say that Companies organised in this way would always prove successful, for every business involves risk of failure, but I am convinced that success would less seldom than now be converted into failure owing to crass stupidity or negligence.

A correspondent writes to me to protest against my venturing to assert—as I did in some remarks upon the General Credit Company—that directors are directors for the sake of fees. "Many gentlemen," he says, "are far too rich for directorial fees to be an object with them." Why, then, I would ask, are they directors? Is it as philanthropists? Is it because they derive a special pleasure from pottering to Board meetings? They are not such fools. If there were no fees there would be no directors, except in cases where a rich man has so large a pecuniary interest in a concern, that it is worth his while to look after other people's money in order to look after his own, or when he wishes to use the funds of the Company for his own purposes. If I am a shareholder in a Company, I no more think of being grateful to its directors than to its errand-boy. Both are my servants, who receive my money for doing my work, the only difference being that the errand-boy does more and is paid less than the director. It is indeed a new and startling doctrine that directors should be regarded—provided they be of the golden-calf class—as benevolent beings, to whom fees are a matter of no concern. My experience of the world is that the more gilding a calf has on its back, the more desirous is he to add to the gilding. A rich man is not necessarily a scoundrel because he is a director; he may possibly give value for the money which is paid him. When, however, he asks us to believe that he is actuated in becoming one by any other sentiment than that of pocketing his two or three hundred per annum for an hour or two of easy work each week, I am reminded of Monsieur Jourdain's father, who was not a tailor, but who amused himself with cutting out coats, and then with getting paid for them. Wealthy men who spend their time in heaping up money are generally exceedingly ignorant of anything outside of money-getting. Were it not for this, they would hardly be so silly as to suppose that any man, woman, or child, in or out of the United Kingdom, is likely to regard them as disinterested benefactors of the human species. With respect to the General Credit Company, I said this:—The shares are worth £3 in the market. They are intrinsically worth £4. 3s., that is to say, if the Company were liquidated to-morrow, the shareholders would receive this sum for each of their shares. On this £4. 3s. and on the uncalled-up capital which is risked by the shareholders, 5 per cent. is not earned. This accounts for the market price of the shares. Whilst the shareholders incur risks and only receive such a dividend as converts every £4. 3s. belonging to them into £3, the directors receive each £250 per annum for bringing about these results. Either, then, the Company is badly managed, or the business is such a one that good management is of no avail. What other reason, consequently, can the directors have to continue the business, except pocketing their fees, which would cease with the cessation of the Company? Companies are not conducted upon sentimental principles, but upon a hard monetary basis. The House of Peers is defended as an ancient and picturesque institution, which has long been a part of our Constitution. But this can hardly be said of a Company discounting the bills of Tom, Jack, and Harry.

That the General Credit Company is not carried on for the benefit of its shareholders is clear, for no one can—looking at matters practically—benefit by having his £4. 3s. melted down to £3. For whose benefit, then, except for that of its directors, is it carried on? If any one can show me who else gains by it, I shall be most ready to admit that I am wrong; but when A gains by looking after B's money, and B loses by A looking after it, it seems to me flying in the face of logic to say that A does not gain by it, because he is so rich that he does not care for his gains!

QUEER STORIES.

ALDERMAN ARISS AT THE GUILDHALL BANQUET.

MR. ALDERMAN TUBB and Mr. Alderman Ariss represented adjoining wards of the City of London, lived within half-a-mile of one another in the suburbs, and were, on the whole, very good friends. Their wives, however, hated each other cordially. The ill-feeling between the two ladies began when they were girls at the same finishing establishment at Penge. It came to a head when they both fixed (in secret) their maiden affections upon young John Tubb, of Coleman-street. And when John Tubb made his choice in favour of Bessie, leaving Florence to console herself with Montague Ariss, whom Bessie had previously rejected, the ladies became enemies for life, and

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none the less so because they were compelled to meet from time to time and keep up a show of civility.

Mrs. Ariss was a meagre little lady, with a genteel simper and aristocratic aspirations. As Montague Ariss made a good thing out of a rope-walk at Deptford, his wife was able to live in a large house at Blackheath, article her only son to a solicitor, and generally, as Mrs. Tubb said, "give herself airs." Mrs. Tubb might have been as well off, but she had a large family. She lived in the less exclusive quarter of Lewisham, was stout and florid, somewhat uncertain of grammar, and undeniably vulgar. Mrs. Ariss despised Mrs. Tubb, and was always trying to shake off her acquaintance. Mrs. Tubb knew this, and so held on to Mrs. Ariss all the more pertinaciously, hating her at the same time for her grand airs and sarcastic tonguc, and longing ever to see her humiliated.

It seemed to Mrs. Tubb that the day for paying off many old scores against her enemy had arrived, when the Rev. Septimus Sowerby, vicar of St. Timothy's, was left a widower at the eligible age of six and thirty. Of all the candidates for the vacant place beside Mr. Sowerby's hearth none had a more hopeful chance than Amelia Tubb and Penelope Ariss. These young ladies renewed in their generation the rivalry of their mothers before them, and Mrs. Tubb hoped to see her daughter repeat against Miss Ariss the triumph which she herself had won against Miss Ariss's mamma. The chief obstacle to the gratification of this wish appeared to be a young gentleman of the name of Prosser, who conceived himself enamoured of Miss Tubb, and had at one time well-nigh persuaded the young lady that the attachment was mutual. Mrs. Tubb, however, had early made up her mind on this point. Though Mr. Charles Prosser was a distant relative of her own, he was also, unfortunately, the heir to that valuable property, the Gog and Magog tavern in Gresham-street. It mattered little that he had a certain income of several thousands a year some day awaiting him. Mrs. Tubb would rather have cut off her right hand than that her Amelia should marry a publican, while Penelope Ariss was understood to be sighed for by stockbrokers, bankers, and even clergymen. Accordingly, Mr. Prosser received a candid intimation that if he was to continue to be received as a friend in Mrs. Tubb's house, he must renounce all idea of becoming a member of the family. He acquiesced dutifully, perhaps because he had no choice, perhaps because he was young and hopeful of better things. This matter being disposed of, Mrs. Tubb grew more easy in her mind, confident that the blooming good looks and sterling qualities of her Amelia would prevail with Mr. Sowerby against the lackadaisical style and affected airs of Penelope Ariss.

What, then, was Mrs. Tubb's astonishment, what her anguish and indignation, when the horrible rumour ran round Blackheath and its neighbourhood that the Rev. Septimus Sowerby had proposed marriage to Miss Ariss! The thing was monstrous, incredible, if not "positively indecent," as Mrs. Tubb said, when she reflected that it was only two years last August since poor Mrs. Sowerby's funeral.

But it was impossible to profess incredulity long. On the very evening of the day, when the news first floated into Mrs. Tubb's drawing-room, the annual concert in aid of the Soup Kitchen Fund was to be given in St. Timothy's school-room, by the choir of St. Timothy's, assisted by ladies of the congregation. Foremost, as usual, among the performers were Miss Tubb and Miss Ariss, the former excelling in vocal, the latter in instrumental music. Equally prominent among the audience were Mrs. Tubb and Mrs. Ariss, each bringing a large party of friends in proof of the number of five shilling tickets they had taken. The vicar conducted the performance, and his manner towards Miss Ariss left no room for doubt in the mind of any rational observer as to his sentiments. As he handed the young lady to the piano, turned over the music, and paid various little attentions, he was watched, poor man, by dozens of pairs of jealous eyes, whose owners all drew the same unwelcome conclusion. Poor Mrs. Tubb drew hers among the rest, and burned with anger and mortification. As if to make the matter quite certain, Mrs. Tubb and Mrs. Ariss met presently in the vestibule, where each was waiting for her daughter.

"I hope you have not heard anything about Penelope and Mr. Sowerby," said Mrs. Ariss in the pause which succeeded their formal greeting.

"I have heard one story," replied Mrs. Tubb, defiantly; "but I should be sorry to say I believed it."

"Oh, I was afraid it would get about," said Mrs. Ariss. "So very imprudent of him!"

"Imprudent! In my opinion he ought to be ashamed of himself—and his poor wife scarcely cold in her grave!" snorted Mrs. Tubb, determined to speak her mind now or never.

"We thought it premature," said Mrs. Ariss, unruffled, "and what you say makes me the more satisfied of Penelope's discretion in refusing him."

"She refused him?" exclaimed Mrs. Tubb.

"Oh! Then you had not heard of that?" replied Mrs. Ariss. "Yes; a conditional refusal, of course. But the subject is not to be mentioned again for six months."

"Oh, indeed!" added Mrs. Tubb, who could think of nothing better to say at the moment.

"I am very glad I have had an opportunity of telling you the truth," Mrs. Ariss went on, sweetly. "You will judge we are not altogether pleased, for Penelope might have done so much better. And then I can't help feeling sorry—I am sure as an old friend you will allow me to say it—*so* sorry, you know, for poor Amelia. But she will get over it, of course, will she not? There is young Mr. Prosser, now. I know he is an old admirer, and I am sure he is a most worthy young man. And dear Amelia might be so useful to him behind the—ahem!—in the business, you know! Ah, here comes Penelope!"

Mrs. Ariss said "good night," and moved away rather quickly, as if she were anxious—as well she might have been—to get out of Mrs. Tubb's reach. Poor Mrs. Tubb remained staring after her, speechless with rage. Mr. Prosser coming up a moment later found her in a most excited state.

"Charley," she exclaimed, with an impetuosity which made the young man jump, "if you would revenge me on that woman, I'd give you anything you asked for."

Roper Frères & Company's 1st Quality extra dry Champagne. Roper Frères' 1st Quality medium dry. Of all Wine Mercha

"What woman?" asked Mr. Prosser, innocently.

"What woman—why, that *Ariss*," said Mrs. Tubb, throwing a whole lifetime of animosity into the obnoxious name. "Show me how I can be even with her for five minutes, and you shall marry Amelia—there!"

"You mean it?" said Mr. Prosser.

"You try, and see," replied Mrs. Tubb, tersely. "Have you ever heard any one say I ain't as good as my word?"

"By Jingo, I *will* try!" said the gallant Prosser.

He went home early that night in an anxious state. Being a young man of imagination and resource, he had turned over in his mind before he went to sleep several schemes for the humiliation of Mrs. Ariss. None of them quite satisfied him; but the following morning, while shaving, an idea occurred to him which caused him to drop the razor on the ground and scream aloud with laughter. Still chuckling to himself from time to time, he hurried over his toilet and breakfast, and betook himself to the Gog and Magog tavern. Without losing a moment, he looked into the grill-room, where the men were busy laying the tables.

"Robert," he whispered to one of the waiters, a young man about his own age, "are you going to wait at Guildhall to-morrow?"

Robert replied that he was.

"Would you care to earn a five-pound note on a job for me?"

The waiter's eyes glistened as he announced his perfect readiness.

"Then just step into the office and speak to me when you have cleared up here this afternoon."

About an hour afterwards the following note was delivered to Alderman Ariss at his office in Eastcheap:—

Gog and Magog Tavern, Gresham-street, Nov. 8th.

Dear Mr. Ariss,—Tom Rogers and some other chaps are coming here to-morrow to see the procession start from Guildhall, and make up a little friendly pool afterwards. Can you manage to look in? Thought you might prefer it to riding about the town in an east wind.—Yours, Charles Prosser.

Alderman Ariss was a chubby little man, with a comical twinkle in his eye, and a wonderful faculty for taking life easily. He was never unduly punctilious about the discharge of his civic duties. On the other hand, he enjoyed with a zest all the sweets—and they are not a few—of an Alderman's existence. He was universally regarded as a thorough good fellow; and, when he was on the Commission of Sewers, there was not one among the commissioners who could touch him at a comic song.

The little Alderman was sorely tempted by Charley Prosser's note, remembering many pleasant afternoons at the Gog and Magog of a similar kind to that now offered him. He had also a lively horror of the Lord Mayor's Show, and generally availed himself of some excuse for avoiding that historic function. The upshot of it was that he walked round to the Gog and Magog after his lunch, on the pretence of inquiring after Mr. Prosser, sen., took a couple of glasses of port with Charley, and intimated that, if he could get away on the morrow, he very likely would just look in and see what the youngsters were up to.

A few minutes later, the waiter, Robert, presented himself in the private room where Charley Prosser, in the absence of his father, was counting up the morning's cash. He was closeted with his young master for at least half-an-hour; but what passed between them no one beyond themselves ever knew.

Lord Mayor's Day came. In the morning, Mrs. Tubb, who was going to take a dozen or so of her own and her neighbours' children to see the Show from her brother-in-law's warehouse, received a somewhat mysterious communication from Mr. Prosser. The note reminded her of her promise made on the night of the concert, and hinted that, if she should that day see Alderman and Mrs. Ariss utterly humiliated, she was to consider that he (Prosser) had taken her at her word.

In due course, the incoming Lord Mayor started from the Guildhall in all his glory. The crowd in the streets was, this year, more numerous than ever, for the new Lord Mayor had achieved the summit of popularity by hiring for the occasion the whole of Madame Tussaud's waxworks, which passed along in glass-cases amid the rapturous enthusiasm of the assembled citizens. When the wax figures and the brass bands, the firemen and the watermen, the men in armour and the training-school boys, had all gone by, Charley Prosser and a select party of three or four friends sat down to lunch in a comfortable room at the Gog and Magog. Before they had finished they were joined by Alderman Ariss, brimful, as usual, of fun and anecdote. Charley Prosser at once ordered a fresh bottle of Heidsieck, and the worthy Alderman, who complained of being half dead with the boredom of the morning's proceedings, helped himself liberally, in a tumbler.

Then they all adjourned to a private billiard-room, and settled down to cigars and pool in thorough earnest. It was the rule on these occasions that Messrs. Prosser's guests called for what refreshment they wanted; and, to do them justice, they observed the rule carefully. Charley Prosser invited the Alderman to take some more champagne. That gentleman at first excused himself, remarking that he had to keep his head clear against the festivity of the evening. Being pressed, however, he said that, to prevent ill-feeling, he would, perhaps, take a thimbleful of whisky-and-water before he went away. Upon this, Charley whispered an order to one of the waiters, who, in a few minutes, reappeared with a steaming bowl of whisky-punch, and, in spite of his protestations and refusals, the Alderman was soon seen with a fragrant glass of the mixture in his hand. The arrival of the punch added considerably to the liveliness of the party. The pool became less and less scientific, the talk and the laughter more and more noisy. Mr. Charles Prosser alone kept tolerably serious, and devoted himself from time to time to replenishing Alderman Ariss's glass.

In this manner two or three hours slipped away almost unnoticed. The Lord Mayor's procession had returned unperceived by Charley Prosser's party, the crowd in the streets had dispersed, and a second bowl of punch had come and gone, when Alderman Ariss looked at the clock, and suddenly assumed an air of preternatural solemnity.

"Past five o'clock!" he exclaimed, not without considerable thickness of utterance. "Why, I've got to get down to Blackheath and fetch the missus back for

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the banquet. Quick!—give us my coat, Charley, and help us into a cab like a good f'ler!"

Mr. Prosser made no opposition, and with very little delay, though not without some difficulty, the Alderman was conducted downstairs, and bundled into a cab on his way to Cannon-street.

"I hope we haven't overdone it," said Tom Rogers, looking after him. "He has had quite as much as he can carry."

"Oh, he is all right," said Prosser. "His wife will look after him when once he gets home. I recommended him to take a stiff brandy-and-soda on the first opportunity, and I hope he will. My only fear is that he will be as sober as a judge again in a couple of hours' time."

A minute or two afterwards the waiter of the name of Robert came to speak to Mr. Prosser. They went together into Charley's private room, where they stowed a couple of bulky-looking bottles into a black bag, with which Robert departed towards the scene of the coming festivity.

Two hours later the Lord Mayor's guests were assembling in the great Library at the Guildhall. Royal dukes and peers of every degree, ambassadors, ministers, and envoys from every clime under the sun, high officers of State, and the members of the Government, headed by their venerable leader, filed up in endless procession to greet the Chief Magistrate of the City. In the background stood the lesser civic dignitaries, accompanied by their ladies. Very much in the background indeed was Alderman Ariss, his little keen-eyed wife watching him with nervous apprehension. She would have watched him still more nervously had she known that he had given her the slip ten minutes before only to try the merits of Mr. Prosser's prescription in the shape of a "stiff" soda-and-brandy. For the present the little Alderman was making a gallant and, indeed, slightly exaggerated effort to maintain outward decorum; but the atmosphere in his neighbourhood still suggested mysterious reminiscences of whisky-punch, his shining cheeks were unnaturally rubicund, and, in short, he was by no means in a condition in which a gentleman ought to sit down to an elaborate dinner.

This became more evident when the banquet was once fairly started. In spite of Mrs. Ariss's circumspection, her whispered warnings to her husband, and her looks of entreaty towards the waiter, the Alderman's glass was emptied with reckless rapidity, and no sooner was it emptied, than it was instantaneously replenished by an ever-watchful waiter. It was fortunate, indeed, that no one recognised in this waiter "Robert" of the Gog and Magog, for the pertinacity with which he reserved a private bottle of champagne for the benefit of Alderman Ariss, refusing to part with a drop of it to any other guest, awakened ill-concealed jealousy among some of the neighbouring City Fathers.

In the meantime, Mr. Alderman Ariss's copious libations, poured upon a foundation of whisky-punch and other liquors, began to take painfully obvious effects. His face became redder, and his voice became louder; and the louder his voice grew the less acceptable became his utterances to ears polite. The ladies around averted their eyes and grew perceptibly uneasy. The men winked at one another, and endeavoured not to laugh Alderman and Mrs. Tubb, who sat closest at hand on the opposite side of the table, watched the scene with rather different sensations, Alderman Tubb feeling really sorry for his friend, whilst his wife gloated over the sufferings of the unfortunate Mrs. Ariss, and wondered in secret at the audacity of Mr. Charles Prosser. Poor Mrs. Ariss, indeed, might almost have earned the pity of her enemy. She sat silent, her eyes downcast, her food untouched, her face crimson with shame. A pretty thing it was, as she told Ariss often afterwards, that a lady of good birth should have to sit by and see her husband make a beast of himself before the *élite* of English society!

So long as the banquet itself was in progress, the Alderman's uproarious behaviour, though conspicuous enough in his immediate neighbourhood, was lost in the general buzz and clatter which pervaded the hall. What Mrs. Ariss dreaded most was the silence which would come with the speeches. The preliminary toasts were got over in safety, though Ariss's condition was not improved by drinking the health of the Queen and Royal Family, as he insisted upon doing, in brimming bumpers. In due course came the toast which, if not the toast of the evening, is regarded with the most interest both in and outside the Guildhall. In a brief speech the Lord Mayor proposed "Her Majesty's Ministers." Alderman Ariss listened in silence, except for an occasional subdued "Oh! oh!"—for his political sympathies, like those of most of his colleagues, were with the Opposition. The toast was drunk with more or less enthusiasm throughout the hall. Alderman Ariss drank like the rest, but, unlike the rest, he remained on his feet, and looked around him with a beaming smile.

"Come, gentlemen," he cried, in stentorian tones, "Blow party spirit and the Lon'n Gov'ment Bill. Let'sh give 'em a jolly good City welcome! Now then—with me—Fo—or they are jolly good fell——"

Before he could finish the first stave of the jovial refrain, some one sitting near grabbed the Alderman's arm and endeavoured to pull him into his seat. The little man lurched wildly backwards, dropped his glass into his wife's lap, and with an expiring gurgle subsided peacefully on to the floor.

"What is going on down there?" whispered the Prime Minister to the Home Secretary, who, from his position, had a better view down the hall.

"Alderman turned turtle, apparently," replied the Home Secretary, laconically, glancing towards the spot.

While the Foreign Secretary was translating the *bon mot* to the French Ambassador, three or four waiters swiftly bore the prostrate Alderman from the hall. Happily, at that moment the Prime Minister rose, so in the storm of applause which greeted him, this incident passed comparatively unnoticed. Mrs. Ariss took the same opportunity to make her escape from the hateful scene.

Within three months the first column of the *Times* contained an announcement of the marriage at St. Timothy's Church of Mr. Charles Prosser, to Amelia, eldest daughter of Mr. Alderman Tubb. A little later appeared the announcement of the marriage of the Vicar of St. Timothy's himself; but the lady's name was not Penelope Ariss.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—We called at once, as you asked us to do, on the Rectory girls, who now intend to prolong their stay in town, so that there will be abundance of time to execute your little commissions. I cannot say I think the girls improved in appearance or style. Those terrier-like fringes of hair on the forehead, surmounted by hats so befeathered that they suggest a first-class funeral, are not calculated to imbue the beholder with a favourable impression. Then the way they bounce their words, beginning nearly every sentence with a violent "Oh!" is really startling. I do love a clear, smoothness of speech, with the syllables rippling gently forth, each distinct, yet soft; not rapped out as though it were an intruder being forcibly expelled. Mim, as her sisters ridiculously call her —what *is* her name? she surely was not christened Mim— is more like Merry Pecksniff than ever, with her incessant little titter, her loud voice, and rolling eyes. They roll more than ever. In fact, they have a look of having become unfastened that is full of disagreeable suggestions. I hope nothing unusual will happen to them while she is in town.

We took the three sisters, as you suggested, on a shopping expedition, and have just returned. I confess I am in a very bad humour; nor would you wonder could you have seen how all eyes were drawn upon our party by the rustic behaviour of Mim and Co. Their shrieks at crossings, and the whirlwind of their skirts, as they dashed hither and thither, clutching at unhappy policemen and involuntarily embracing crossing-sweepers, were bad enough; but inside the shops it was worse. They had such quantities of different things brought down and opened out for them, all of which they closely examined and priced, but made so few purchases that Maud and I, for very shame's sake, bought several things that we really did not want. I cannot understand how women can like to give so much trouble when they have no real intention of buying.

And then their dress! They wear such dreadfully loud colours and such overloaded trimmings. Is it not a curious thing that clergymen's daughters appear to know no medium between being absolute dowdies or dressing in a frightfully fast style? And the worst of the whole affair was that when people stared, as well they might, Mim and Co. smiled, and put on a pleased and conscious air, as though such stares as those meant admiration! Even Maud looked as though she would like to administer a snub; but she is such a gentle, kindly soul that, if she begins a reproach, it melts, before it is finished, into something pleasant and even flattering. She says I was like a thundercloud, and I am very glad of it, because, perhaps, now they won't ask us to go with them another day.

I am going to betray a confidence. They have bought a Christmas-box for you. Can you guess what it is? I shall not tell you, unless you ask me, as I promised I would not; but, as you are sure to ask me, I may as well say at once that it is the most absolutely horrible tea-apron I ever beheld. The colours are crude enough to give you a fit. How I should love to be present when you receive that gift, and to see your little surface-smile, knowing that all the time you are inwardly writhing with disgust.

Is not Lilla a lucky woman? I told you that her husband had given her fifty pounds on the anniversary of their wedding-day. Well, just as that was all spent, there turns up from some place with an extraordinary name in New South Wales, a delightful uncle who, as he was too far away to send her a wedding present, now gives it in the shape of a cheque in three figures. When I tell you that the first is a five, you will agree with me that they are very pretty figures. Lilla has lodged some of it in the bank, though greatly against her will. She says it is her husband's business, not hers, to see that there is plenty in the bank, and that she likes to have lots of crisp notes and shining gold about her to look at. However, she has been persuaded to entrust the greater part of her present to the bankers, and to substitute a tidy cheque-book for her beloved litter of notes and gold. I hope to be present at the drawing of some of these cheques.

Her husband has to go to Germany on some business, so she is giving him a present of a fur-lined and fur-trimmed coat for travelling in; such a cosy garment! She is pleased, because it looks so much more expensive than it really is, and he will think she paid far more for it than she did, and thus will feel it incumbent on him to give her a handsomer Christmas gift than he otherwise would have done. So you see there *is* some human nature about her.

As to your winter walking-dress, do get brown cloth and wolverine, or moss-coloured cloth with beaver. You will make the daintiest possible picture in such a dress, with one of the nice little hats to match that are turned out with such costumes.

Mrs. Fourstars has become a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and we are going with her some day to see the "shelter" just opened in Harpur-street, Holborn, to which poor little suffering children may be brought. There have been such terrible cases lately reported in the papers of ill-treatment and starvation that it seems high time that some refuge existed for the victims of unnatural parents and other hard-hearted beings. I would far rather tease my friends to subscribe to this than let them send their money to the drug-trading missionaries of whom one hears.

Fencing, I hear, is quite a fashionable accomplishment among Frenchwomen, many of whom are quite expert with the foils. Do you feel inclined to go in for a course of lessons? I wonder if it would be considered a recommendation in the marriage-market. Until I hear that it is so, I shall not learn the art.

Now for the recipe for trifle or tipsy-cake that I promised you last week:—

Place eight or ten stale penny sponge-cakes in the bottom of a deep glass dish. Pour over them, slowly and impartially, two glasses of sherry. Some persons prefer brandy. A little of each is very good. Spread equally over the cakes some strawberry, raspberry, or damson jam. Then cover all with a cold, boiled custard, which must have been previously prepared, and on the top of that pile rocky mounds of whipped cream.

There are misguided individuals who strew this cream with the small sweetmeats known as "hundreds and thousands," but those who love whipped cream do not like it to be spoiled by anything "scrunchy." Sometimes a few pieces of preserved ginger are used for garnishing. They don't go badly with the cream.

Papa took us to see the table prepared for the banquet given to the Earl of Dufferin on Saturday evening, at the Westminster Town Hall, by the Northbrook Indian Club. It looked beautiful, the fruit, flowers, and sweets having evidently been arranged by an artist. Their vivid colouring was all the more effective because of the rather sombre surroundings, the walls being Vandyke brown and the windows of stained glass. The black grapes piled on yellow pears and russet apples contrasted well with the warm greyish green of the melons or the cheery hues of red-cheeked apples. The flowers were principally chrysanthemums and scarlet geraniums, with palms, tree-ferns, and brightly-tinted begonias. Covers were laid for about one hundred and fifty guests, and the menu provided by the Mortimer-street School of Cookery made us feel desperately hungry. This sensation was not diminished by a peep we were allowed to take into a cupboard full of the most ineffable *entrées*. One of these was appropriately called "Côtelettes de Pigeon à l'Ambassadrice." Another dish had such a tempting title, "Poulardes à la Crême," that I am going to ask Mrs. Marshall to teach me how to make it.

We still take occasional lessons; and Amy, who is desperately thorough in everything she undertakes, is studying the chemistry of food. Fancy that! I feel sure that if I ever began to read up anything so awful, I should

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never really enjoy any nice little *plat* again. I should be wondering if the ingredients were flesh-forming, or muscle-strengthening, or something else horrid. Evelyn has asked Maud to look out for some sort of food that will promote the growth of the nose, for her baby has the funniest little dot of a thing you ever beheld. It looks just as though some one had rolled up a little cream-coloured ball, and thrown it at the tiny face.

We are just sending Charlie to try to book places for us for Thursday, at the Court Theatre, when "Young Mrs. Winthrop" will be played for the first time. There is a long discussion in the play about a gown, in which Miss Marion Terry afterwards comes in. I hear it is to be a lovely silver moonlight sort of dress, all white, with bright and starry glitter. I am dying to see it.

You must excuse a short letter, but I am fearfully tired. So, good-bye, dear.—Your loving cousin,

MADGE.

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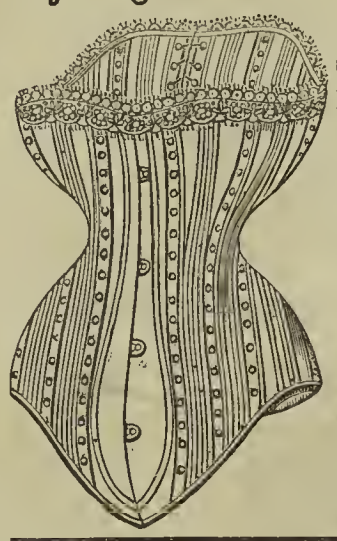

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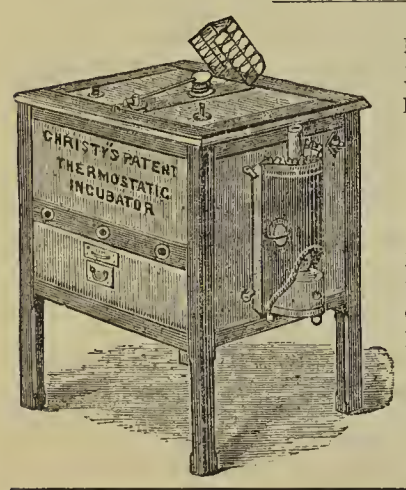

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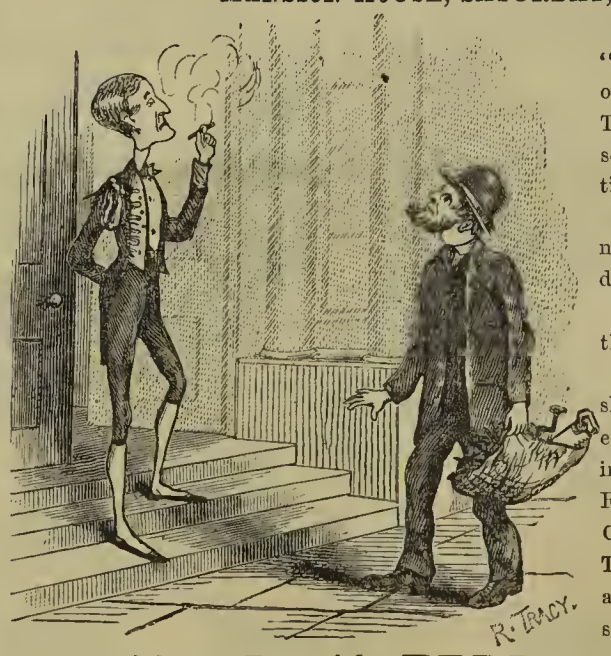

BRITISH WORKMAN:—"So the Show's coming off to-morrow, is it? That's good! we shall see it as well as you this time, Mr. Buttons!"

BUTTONS:—"Oh dear no, it's put off till Monday."

B. W.:—"How's that?"

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OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 298.—ECCENTRIC RHYMES.

Dhu (No application yet received) £2 2 0

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The "Barrel Organ," it will be seen, has reference this week to the Christmas Distribution of Toys in connection with the Home-Made Toy Competition, to be decided at Christmas. The fact is, that the figures received from the various hospitals and workhouses show such a marked increase in the number of children at present in these institutions, that the sum expended this year must necessarily be considerably increased if, as has formerly been the case, a toy is given to every child. The disappointment which a failure to carry out this distribution would cause, however, would be so bitter and widespread, that it is really impossible to realise it. It is much more pleasant to think that TRUTH readers will, as heretofore in so many successive seasons, supply the large sum necessary to repeat the distribution.

As to the Toy Competition, I have to state, in answer to sundry inquiries, that there is no limit as to the size of the models made; though, for the sake of safe carriage, moderate dimensions would be preferable. Several correspondents ask if a prize will be given for the best scrapbooks? Yes, it is intended to set apart for this purpose a portion of the £15. 15s. offered. Scrapbooks are, indeed, as I have said on a previous occasion, most highly appreciated. The puzzle this week, it will be seen, has reference to the Home-Made Toy Competition, and those who have not hitherto decided to compete for any part of the Fifteen Gnineas may, when the answers in the current competition are published, find a hint on which they can act.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 299.

This Puzzle Competition must needs be left undecided for the present. Time alone can settle which answer is destined to be most consonant with actual facts.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 302.

So many correspondents have written to me, asking for advice as to what they should do in the Home-made Toy Competition, that it has been decided, for their sakes and for that of many similarly puzzled readers of TRUTH, to make this week's competition turn on the answering of the above query. The Prize of Two Guineas will be given to that competitor who succeeds in making

THE BEST SUGGESTION FOR A SIMPLE, STRONG, AND AMUSING HOME-MADE TOY, WHICH CAN BE MADE WITHOUT ANY GREAT EXPENDITURE OF MONEY, AND FOR THE MAKING OF WHICH NO QUALITIES MORE UNCOMMON THAN PATIENCE AND AVERAGE INGENUITY ARE NEEDED.

As the answers to this Puzzle cannot be published until the 20th inst., there will then be only about four clear weeks at the disposal of those who may care to act this time on the suggestions above given. It will be particularly necessary, therefore, to bear in mind that the home-made Toys suggested must be such as can be easily made within the time named.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** As the Rules are necessarily omitted this week, it may be well to say that all Puzzle Answers should be sent, on or before the first post on Friday, the 14th inst., to the Puzzle Editor, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, S.W.

ST. M.—The real name and address of St. M., winner of a half of Prize No. 297, are A. Wood, Esq., 59, St. Mary's-road, Peckham, S.E.

*** Will PORPOISE please claim at once the moiety of Prize No. 291, gained by him some time ago?

CRYSTAL PALACE.—If it is pronounced "Kendle," then all I can say is that it is *mis*pronounced.

KITTIFONIA.—I much regret your disappointment, though I cannot agree with your criticisms; but I certainly think "sort, his one" is a closer rhyme than "short *a*skew," or, indeed, any in which the second sound is that of "a." Your last question is superfluous, as you will on reconsideration, I think, admit.

COLIN CLOUT.—The weak point in your lines was that the rhyme to Fortescue, good though it was, was only made by deliberately manufacturing an impossible surname. It was on this ground solely I passed over your effort.

SILLY SING-SONG.—It was a wholly unintentional omission, as I ranked your lines very highly in the competition. The most faulty of your rhymes was the "Glamour on" for "Cameron," which, you will see, needs to be mispronounced to make a good rhyme for that name. Your lines, however, certainly deserved "special commendation," and I am glad you wrote about them.

PEIMA DONNA.—The reason your name was not included in the "Specially Commended" List was on account of the rhyme "Ham, here on" for "Cameron." Your other rhymes were all good.

BETTY.—Your anagram on "Bolingbroke" was not correctly formed.

J. C. M. and CYPRESS.—I regret the misprint, which I had noticed.

CLIFTON.—Your suggestions are rather late, as the Prize has been awarded.

E. M. T. T.—Most of your too late "Rhymes" are good ones.

YAREUM.—What you have sent is not an anagram, but an acrostic.

A. S. G. (Woodville).—I cannot find that you enclosed any anagrams.

BOOBY.—I will consider your request.

BATCH.—Your sonnet is marked by considerable merit, I think; its rhythm and rhymes (with the exceptions, perhaps, of "higher" and "fire") being very good. Its chief fault is the somewhat involved nature of the subject.

JOE BOTTING.—Many thanks for your kind suggestions.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 300. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

ANAGRAMS ON NAMES OF ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS.

Victoria the First, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India.
For a bard inspired I claim fit strain,
The sad and even tenor of a quiet reign.
THE WHITE LILY.

Victoria, Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India. I deem'd coining *sovereigns* of hard, rude "Britannia" metal a quaint kind of feat. Ponder it!—HEEBERT SCOTT BUGBY.

Victoria, Queen of the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India. I find these modern coins adopt an antique kind of verbal form—"Dei Gratia Regina."—QUEER CARD.

Victoria, Queen of England, Empress of India. Scotland! Queer prison, I move again, Effendi.—ECLIPSE.

Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India. Briton, a nation acquired a firm friend, raising a deepest love.—MALIGNANT.

Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. Quiet, grave crone, or I'm just a society sham.—WILLIAM TYRRELL.

Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. Jnst a queer sham I got. I'm no society craver.—W. TYRRELL.

Victoria, Queen of England and Empress of India. A quiet Vic plods, and defies no arm, fearing none.—PRIMA DONNA.

Victoria Alexandrina, our present Queen. I next acquired a near nation's* purer love.—GUELDER ROSE. * Scotland.

Queen Victoria. Acquire vote in.—TROT.

Queen Victoria. I quote a nice V.R.—SPHINX.

Victoria, Regina. Gin, Riot, Avarice.—KISMET.

Queen Victoria. I can rove quiet.—SPINER.

Queen Victoria the First. Rest quiet in cover, faith.—ANNIE.

Queen Victoria. V——, a quiet coiner.*—MAC NAP.
* In the sense of living quietly and saving money.

Victoria, Empress of India. Ripon's advice is for a time.—CRYSTAL PALACE.

Queen Victoria. O, a nice quiet V.R.—DAPHNIS.

Queen Victoria. No: I crave quiet.—R. L. B.

William the Fourth. Will of Truth, I am he.—DNALWOR.

George the Fourth of Hanover. Oh! then, fat hog, for ever rogue.—H. K. S.

George the Third. Go, get their herd.—ROSAEY.

George the Fourth of Hanover. Oh, for Heav'n! forget the rogue.—SOUTH C.

George the Fourth. A lady's reply to the King: "Eh? get forth, rogue!"—PHILEIRENE.

King William of Orange. If all wig, no more a king.—C. M. C.

William the Third Prince of Orange. I'll wring deaf Rome to a thin cipher; Fated Roma, I cringe not. I'll whip her.—R. L. B.

William of Orange.—O! ill war famine, go.—PER SIMPLEX.

William and Mary of Orange. I ran me from a gay lowland.—RUNAWAY.

1. Queen Mary the Second. The Queen's one mad cry. 2. Henrietta of France. Can fan the free riot.—BUMBLE-BEE.

Charles the Second. He cheers Scotland.—ELLART.

King Charles II. Raking, I "chisel."—VENI.

Charles the Second, the Merry Monarch. He charms, errs; they let charm condone.—GEO. A.

Charles the 1st (Stuart). His cruel star that set; the state's crush trial.—PURNA.

Charles First. Rash, sir! cleft!
Richard the First, Cœur de Lion. I, third Crusader, honor life, etc.—BROWSEE.

King Charles the Martyr. H.R.H. C.R. Greatly mistaken.
Charles Stuart the Martyr King. Rash acts! Try me, real Truth!
Bluff old King Henry VIII. Ho, bind fury! Killing five.—DUMNORIX.

Charles Stuart, Rex. Xtra heartless cur.—DAEBY.

Charles I., the Martyr. Earthly rites charm; earthly march tries; earthly charms tire.—OBSERVER.

Charles the first. Sir H. felt the scar.
Bloody Queen Mary. No equal, my red boy (alluding to Cardinal de la Pole, whom she made Archbishop of Canterbury).—CARLTON.

Charles Stuart, King, saint, and martyr. Alas! rank taint, that cry signs murder.
Henry VIII., Defender of the Faith. I ne'er hit? I've thy head off, friend!—MALIGNANT.

Charles I. Arch lies.

Edward II. I died raw.

Queen Elizabeth. Quiz e'en the able.—DUNBEOLD.

Henrietta Maria of France. More faire in face than art.—MATEE.

James the First. Fit jest, masher!—ANNIE.

Queen Elisabeth. The queen is able.—R. L. B.

Edward VI. Did waver.
William and Mary. William to Mary: Warily land, mam.—KING COLE.

Edward Caernarvon. Draw a craven drone.—PIERS GAVESTON.

Edward II. Caernarvon. Coward reared in vain.—CILIKIG.

King Edward the Third, Windsor. Hidden kid garters win worth D.*
* Allusion to Order of the Garter, instituted in this reign.

Victoria Regina, Empress of India. "Private" gain "Cross," if die o'er main.

William the Fourth, Duke of Clarence, The Patriot King. Fun kit? Tut! Thick telegraph wires. Colonial freedom.—R. M. E.

Edward I., Longshanks (Plantagenet). He was long, dark, and plane. Gets tin.—RUNAWAY.

Edward I. (Longshanks). Old King Ned was rash.—CUCKOO.

Edward I., Longshanks. Hard king dons Wales; King handles a sword.—SOPHIE.

Edward I., Longshanks. Lo! King Ned had wars.—BADGER.

Edward I., Longshanks. Showed sad rankling.—INITIUM.

King Edward the First Rewarded fit knights.

King William the Conqueror. O war! killing them I conquer.—SUMMERDALE.

Edward I., Plantagenet, "Longshanks." Wales hated England's patron King.—BETTY PRINGLE.

Richard the First, surnamed Cœur de Lion. Heroic minds further'd Oriental crusade; O, did the monarch crusader rule in strife?—WALTER (aged 16).

King Richard the First, Cœur de Lion. Dear cur! Dick! no trifling hero he.—PAIMA DONNA.

King Richard the First, Cœur de Lion. Dire knight, heroic crusader, flit on!—Daphnis.

Richard the First, Cœur de Lion. Chief tilter on horrid crusade.

William the Second, surnamed "Rufus" or "the Red." His death, mind, was result of one cruel murder.

Richard the First, Cœur de Lion. I toil o'er third French crusade.—Greyhound.

Richard the First, Cœur de Lion. Lo! thou rich crusader, die for it.—Pagienga.

Richard the First, Cœur de Lion. Crusader chief thro' Nied-Tirol.*

* Lower Tyrol. This was his intention. With what disastrous result his course was altered is matter of history.—Nutshell.

Richard the First, Cœur de Lion. Thrice hero; died in Fort Chalus.—Outis.

Richard the First, Cœur de Lion. If he dared recoil, I scorn truth.—Mia.

Richard the First, Cœur de Lion. Terrific Lord he! in hot crusade; Crusader-in-Chief, o'er third lot (*i.e.*, third crusade); Rido forth in the crusader coil.—Roggee Shubt.

Richard the First, Cœur de Lion. Oh! I the rifled crusader, not rich.—Veni.

Richard the First, Cœur de Lion. I, crusader, dire French tool hit.—Paste.

Richard I., Cœur de Lion. Hi doli in carcere duro.—Sea Jay.

King Richard, Cœur de Lion. Onr nice, darling hero, Dick.
Berengaria (Dick's Queen). I bear anger.
William the Red. Well armed I hit.*
King John (Lacklands). Hang old Jack slink.
* Sir Walter Tyrell is speaking. The king gave him two arrows at dinner, and told him to "shoot well," and he shot the King. Louis.

Bloody Queen Mary. O queer manly body.—Observer.

Richard the Lion-hearted. I led on, thrice, hard heart.—South C.

Richard, Cœur de Lion. Candid roi. Cruel hero.—Orchis.

Richard, Cœur de Lion. Home policy—R. Hood in lucid career; Foreign policy—Cur! I held Rood in Acre.—The Dod.

William the Second. Mind, he is a low Celt.—Dum Spiro Spero.

Richard, Cœur de Lion. I do order cruel chain.
Edward I., Longshanks. Add shorn Wales, King.
William of Orange. Allow I am foreign.—The Task.

Berengaria. A rare being.—E. Y. S.

Stephen. He pets N——.
John Lackland, the Usurper. Jack'll hand the pursuer on.
Richard Crookback, Duke of Gloucester. Urged! O, curse rook-black heart of Dick!—
Pen and Ink.

William the Second, Rufus. Well! I am shot i' cursed fun.
Queen Victoria I. In aequore vicit.
Henry the First, Beauclerc. The French curs bite early.—Furnesiensis.

William the Second, Rufus. If men will shout crusade.—Spider.

William the Conqueror (at Hastings). I'm hero, let crown quail.—Sphinx.

William the Conqueror. Men worth recoil quail.—Grow-Pride.

William the First, Conqueror. Or will march in quiet forest.—Twee.

William the Conqueror. I can quell mirth or woe.—E. F. L.

William the Conqueror. Ho! a crown till requiem.
Queen Victoria. O! a nice quiet V.R.—Mia.

William the Conqueror. Will he or Canmore quit? (Canmore was a king of Scotland whom William subdued); whom I conquer I'll rate.—R. L. B.

William the First, the Conqueror. I'll war them for their conquest.
William the Red. I'm with all deer.
Edward I., Longshanks. Old king Ned has wars.
William and Mary of Orange. I am foreign. A lowland army.—Saladin.

William, the Norman Conqueror. O, no tremor can quell him in war.
Henry, son of Maud of Normandie. Fair Rosamond found H. no enemy.—Squelette.

William the Conqueror. Lion, with quarrel come.
Richard the First, Cœur de Lion. On chief toil, third crusade, err.
King Richard the Second (Plantagenet). Dethroned Prince taking last change.—E. Churcher.

Queen Victoria. No, I crave quiet.
William the Conqueror. Hero, quit crime; all won.
King Richard the lion-hearted. Oh, archer! ring death like dint.
Charles I. of the House of Stuart. O thus foes hate, crush out a life.—Dora.

William of Normandy. Lo, I arm my land, if wou—Bramble.

William the Conqueror. I quell more than I crow.—Cornelius.

William the Conqueror. Qu alm, or cheer, I win lot—Dame Trot.

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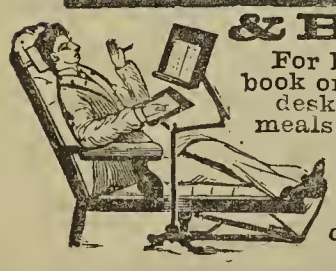

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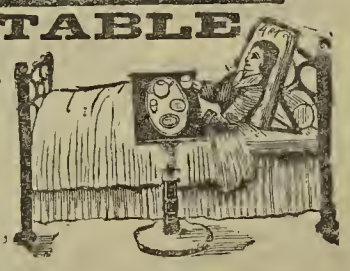

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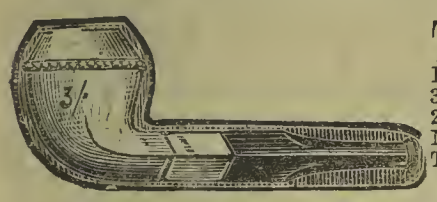

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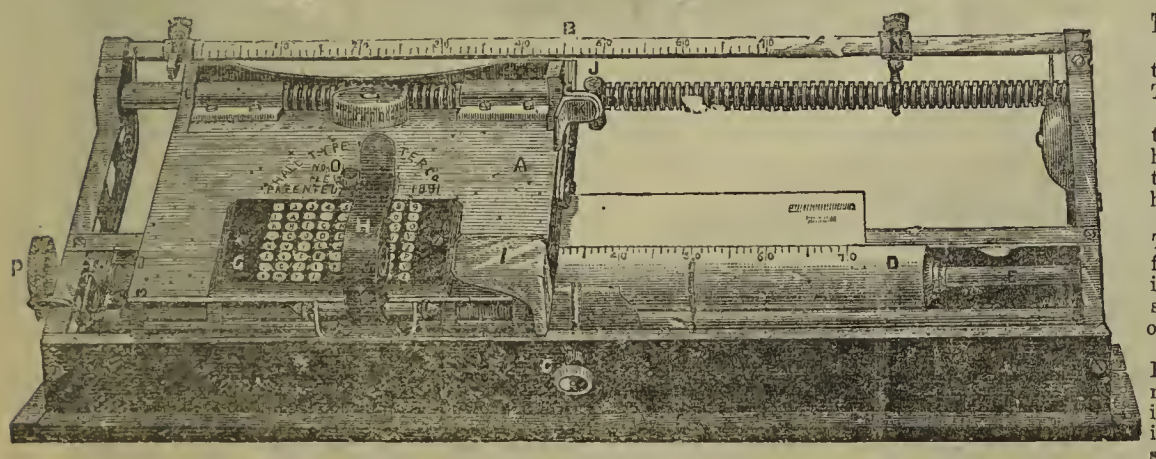

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ENTRE NOUS.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales arrived at Sandringham on Friday, and will make that place their head-quarters for the next two months. They are engaged to visit the Danish Minister and Madame de Falbe at Luton Hoo, and Lord and Lady Dudley at Witley Court before Christmas, and they will also be the guests of the Queen at Windsor Castle on December 13.

Lord and Lady Carrington's party at Wycombe Abbey, to meet the Prince and Princess, included Lord and Lady Rosebery, Lord and Lady Gosford, Lord and Lady Suffield, Mr. R. Spencer, and Mr. R. Carington. The Royal visit was cut down from three days to two, in consequence of town engagements. The men shot through the preserves in and around the park on Wednesday, and lunched at the Old Berkeley Kennels, where the Princess and the other ladies joined them. On Thursday morning, the chair-makers of High Wycombe went to the Abbey and presented a couple of chairs to the Prince and Princess, and afterwards their Royal Highnesses drove to Hughenden, and inspected the church, which has been considerably altered and beautified since the death of Lord Beaconsfield. The party broke up on Thursday afternoon.

I understand that the Queen has desired the Duke and Duchess of Connaught to return home from India by the direct route, in order that they may reach England about the third week in April, during her Majesty's spring visit to Osborne, where it is proposed to receive them with considerable *éclat*. I hear that it is intended to send one of the Royal yachts to Malta to meet the Duke and Duchess. The *Osborne* will probably be selected for the service, as it is not arranged to begin the decorative work on the *Victoria and Albert* until the spring. The *Osborne* went into harbour at Portsmouth last week, but she is to go out for a six hours' run to try her machinery before being laid up for the winter.

Mr. Boehm has finished a bust of the late Duke of Albany, which is to be placed in the Prince Consort's mausoleum at Frogmore. It is understood that the Queen also intends to place a recumbent effigy to the Duke on a tomb-monument in the Wolsey (Memorial) Chapel above the Royal vault. The coffin in which the Duke's remains were brought from Cannes has been enclosed in a large oak case, with silver mountings, similar to those in which all the other Royal coffins have been deposited. On the top is a huge silver plate, with the style and titles of the late Duke, and the dates of his birth and death, and his coronet is placed at the head.

I hear that Lady Florence Dixie lately forwarded a large wreath of African immortelles to Balmoral, with a request that it might be placed upon the grave of the late John Brown, in Crathie Kirkyard. In return for this attention the Queen has sent Lady Florence a print of one of Landseer's pictures. It is only right that Lady Florence Dixie should testify to her appreciation of "J. B.'s" qualities, as set forth in "the suitable inscription" with which her token was accompanied, for she was the indirect cause of "the Highlander's" death, as the illness which killed him so quickly was undoubtedly produced by a chill which he caught when investigating the circumstances of Lady Florence's fantastical adventure, about which there was so much fuss.

A fortnight ago I stated that the two sinecures held by the late Mr. James Bontein (Gentleman Usher, Groom, of the Privy Chamber and Clerk of the Robes) had been offered, by the Queen's command, to an individual who was in receipt of a pension from her Majesty. The places have been accepted by this gentleman, whose appointment, however, has caused much surprise, and, in some quarters, a great deal of grumbling. The fact is, however, that the special object of the appointment is to relieve the Queen of a pension. The new official is Dr. Arnold Royle, who was the private medical attendant of the late Duke of Albany. When the Duke died, the Queen promised to pension the principal members of his household until she could provide for them. Mr. Alexander Yorke has since been made Groom-in-Waiting to Her Majesty in succession to Colonel Ewart, who was promoted to be Equerry. The Duke's valet has been appointed to fill a vacancy among the messengers, and now Dr. Royle has been got rid of. The two offices are worth about £280 a year. Dr. Royle has certainly earned the Queen's favour, for his late post was a most arduous and difficult one to fill.

The *Times* attempts to whitewash the late King Leopold of Belgium and his confederate, Baron Stockmar, in the matter of Katherine Bauer, by suggesting that the unlucky actress was "reader and singer" to the Prince, and that she "perverted that relation into a tale of dishonour." It is difficult to say whether there is more of ignorance or of impudence in this wonderful explanation. The fact is that Leopold has always been one of the most overrated characters of the century. He was weak, vain, and exceedingly rapacious and unprincipled, and throughout his life he was perpetually involved in discreditable liaisons. He has been praised for selecting so unexceptionable a character as Prince Albert to marry the Queen; but the Prince was only a happy accident. If he had been as disreputable an

adventurer as was Leopold himself, when he was dragged out of the gutter to marry Princess Charlotte, it would have made no difference, for all Leopold wanted was to get a member of the Saxe-Coburg family as husband to the Queen, in order that he might himself play a part in England's affairs; but this sinister design was defeated by Prince Albert's firmness and sagacity. As to Stockmar's position with the King, one might have said what the Irish Judge said to the unscrupulous attorney of a knavish client: "You are worthy of each other. May you never be separated."

The King of the Belgians has been seriously affected by the anxieties of the recent political crisis, and his medical advisers are afraid that he will become insane. The King and Queen will probably go to the Riviera as soon as arrangements can be made.

That mysterious "accident" to the German Emperor, which prevented his visit to Count Stolberg-Wernigerode's splendid "Schloss" in the Hartz, was due to a sudden fainting-fit, which lasted so long that it caused the utmost alarm to his Majesty's attendants. The Emperor has lately become subject to seizures of this kind, and it is feared that some day he will sustain fatal injuries in falling; but it is high treason to hint at such a thing, and nobody about the Court dares to say a word.

The Marquis of Lorne is still, it is understood, desirous to go to Ireland as Lord-Lieutenant, and it is possible that this post will be offered to him should Lord Spencer retire in the spring. In the meanwhile, the Campbell family are sending telegrams to the Scotch crofters, to which they decline to listen, and writing articles in magazines to prove that all crofters, with the exception of those on the estates of Lord Napier of Ettrick, are exceptionally well off, whilst those on the Argyll estates are in an earthly Paradise.

I believe that Mr. Gladstone will advise the Queen to appoint Lord Durham to the Lieutenancy of the County Palatine of Durham, in succession to the late Lord Londonderry, who was appointed by Lord Beaconsfield, on the death of the late Earl of Durham.

Dublin is already filling for the winter, but in November society lives only on hopes and anticipations. This year they are not particularly roseate. None of the three official social centres, the Castle, the Chief Secretary's Lodge, and the Royal Hospital, gives much encouragement to hope. Like "sorrow's crown of sorrows" is the remembrance of the time when Viceroyalty fulfilled its correctest destiny in being ornamental and not useful.

Lord Rosebery has accepted an invitation to dine with the members of the "Eighty Club" next Tuesday, and to deliver an address. The Club ought to have felt flattered, by the way, at the proceedings after the laying of the foundation-stone of the National Liberal Club last week, Mr. Gladstone's speech on that occasion having been almost an exact repetition of the one he made at the "Eighty" dinner in July.

The Yorkshire Hussar Ball has been fixed for Wednesday, January 7, in the Assembly-rooms, York, and the Annual County Ball for the following evening.

Considerable interest has been excited in South Kensington "Society" by the announcement of an engagement between the Rev. W. H. Milman, the well-known Minor Canon of St. Paul's, and Miss Campbell, eldest daughter of Sir George Campbell, M.P. The marriage is to take place about the middle of next month, at St. Stephen's Gloucester-road.

There was a good deal of gossip some little time ago concerning the pleasant experiences of a party which travelled through Wales in a caravan. The holiday tour has not been without a romantic sequel. It appears that the caravan party formed the acquaintance of a family of legitimate gipsies, and the charms of the Romany folk were so great, that one of them, a Miss Lee, was invited to accompany the amateurs upon their return to society. The consequence is that Miss Lee has recently become Mrs. Gorton.

No man's death could have caused such general regret in the House of Commons as that of Mr. Fawcett, for not only was he universally popular, but there was a strong feeling of admiration for the plucky way in which he had met the accident by which he lost his sight. Many would have been embittered by it, and would have withdrawn from active life. But he was ever cheerful, and really seemed to do everything without eyes that others do with them. Only a few days before his death, I was sitting next to him at dinner, and was curiously watching how cleverly he managed to cut up and eat his food. Politically he will be a great loss, because the number of Parliamentary Radicals who have opinions of their own, and who are prepared to stand to them, are getting fewer and fewer every day. As an administrator, he had sufficient firmness to enable him to emancipate himself from red tape and routine, and to insist that his will should be above that of permanent officials, and to this is due the innovations that took place at the Post Office whilst he was at its head.

I hear that the arrangements at Mr. Fawcett's funeral were miserably mismanaged. The crowd was—as might have been anticipated—enormous, and the attempt to keep it back was resisted. The only persons who were carefully looked to were the parliamentary colleagues of the deceased statesman who went down to Cambridge for the funeral.

The death of Lord Londonderry is sincerely lamented by all who knew him; for he was equally popular among his friends, his tenants, and his miners at Seaham. He was always kind and generous, and his disposition was most genial. He was a great favourite in yachting circles; for many years he had been one of the most active members of the R.Y.S., of which he was Vice-Commodore, and he always spent the greater part of the summer on board his yacht, the *Cornelia*, which is one of the finest afloat.

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Lord Londonderry was a first-rate man of business, having inherited a rare capacity for administration from his mother, the famous Marchioness of Londonderry, whose enterprise and good sense did so much to develop her enormous property in Durham.

It will be remembered that the late Marquis was the first great coal-owner to abolish the "middle-man"; for some years ago, when he found it difficult to deal with the trade, he started a private fleet of colliers, and opened a large coal-shop in London in his own name; and the speculation proved so successful that his example was quickly followed by his neighbour at Lambton, Lord Durham.

A good story is told of the late Marquis. His lordship, who was chairman of one of the Welsh railway companies, was once travelling in company with several other gentlemen, when the ticket platform was reached. Here a smart youth, who had not long reached his teens, entered the carriage with "Tickets, please!" Lord Londonderry never carried a railway ticket, but the impervious youth was not to be satisfied. "Do you know who I am?" inquired my lord. "No, sir," was the bland reply. "I am the Marquis of Londonderry, the chairman of this railway." "But how am I to know that, sir?" was the sharp rejoinder. The station-master was called, and his lordship, delighted with the lad's shrewdness, had him at once promoted, and he is now occupying an honourable position in the company's service.

Lord Londonderry had for many years been subject to acute attacks of gout, which not infrequently prostrated him. On the morning of his death, however, he observed that he had not felt so well, and so free from pain, for some years. During the day, he presided at the Court of Machynlleth, where he was staying, and afterwards walked home to his seat, Plas Machynlleth.

Viscount Castlereagh, the heir to the estates, was staying at Wycombe Abbey, on a visit to Lord and Lady Carrington, when he received tidings of his father's illness. He left immediately by special train, but arrived too late to see the Marquis alive.

Lord Beaconsfield had a great regard for Lord Londonderry, and always spoke with marked warmth of the late Marchioness, who was the first great lady to take him up, and for many years he always paid her at least one visit every winter at Wynyard Park. Lady Londonderry figures in more than one of Lord Beaconsfield's novels.

The Duke and Duchess of Richmond are expected at Goodwood next week from Gordon Castle, where they have been residing during the last three months. Lord and Lady March are settled for the winter at Molecomb, their place near Goodwood.

Lord and Lady Bective have been entertaining a number of visitors at Underley Hall, their place in Westmoreland.

Lord and Lady Walsingham entertained a party last week at Merton, their family place near Thetford, including the Duke of Cambridge, Maria Lady Ailesbury, and the Danish Minister and Madame de Falbe.

The Duke of Rutland has been laid up at Belvoir during the last ten days with a very severe attack of gout.

Lord and Lady Londesborough received another large shooting-party last week, at Londesborough Park, and an enormous bag was obtained in the extensive and well-stocked preserves round Market Weighton.

Sir Richard and Lady Wallace have arrived at Hertford House from Inverlochy Castle, Lord Abinger's place in Inverness-shire, which they rented for the autumn.

Lord Exeter has let his large steam-yacht, *Queen of Palmyra*, to Mr. Entwistle, for a six months' cruise in the Mediterranean, and she is fitting-out at Southampton.

The Duchess of Montrose went down to Liverpool from Newmarket expressly to see Thebais run. She was greatly delighted at her victory, and was evidently much pleased at the genuine enthusiasm with which the success of Mr. Crawfurd's colours was received. The Duchess backed her mare for £1,000, so she won a nice stake on the race.

Lord and Lady Wilton will entertain a party at Heaton Hall, next week, for Manchester races. They go to Melton Mowbray the week after next.

The Duke of Argyll has arrived at his villa at Kensington from Inverary Castle, where the Duchess, Lord Lorne, and the Ladies Campbell are still residing.

I hear that Lady Colin Campbell has commenced proceedings for a divorce.

So much damage has lately been done to the splendid ruins of Corfe Castle by mischievous visitors, that Mr. Bankes, the proprietor, intends to enclose them, and in future there will be a small charge for admission, which is to be given to the County Hospital.

The Duke of Northumberland, who for several years past has made considerable remissions in the rents of the agricultural tenants on his extensive estates, has now decided (and very wisely) to make a large permanent reduction in his farm rents.

The Yaxley Hall estate, in Suffolk, was sold the other day for £7,800. Some years back, the late owner refused £21,000 for this property, which includes a capital manor-house, with gardens and grounds, and two farms, the whole extending to 400 acres.

A farm in Lincolnshire was sold at the same time at £22 per acre. A few years ago this land cost £80 per acre, and over £1,000 has since been expended on buildings.

SCREENS, with tea-cup shelf on each fold, from 21s. A large variety of screens in Japanese leather paper, needlework, stained glass, and hand-painted in all sizes and styles.—C. HINDLEY & SONS, 290 to 294, Oxford-street, London.

STURROCK & SONS' Royal Toilet Club, 66, Regent-street, branch of their well-known Edinburgh and Glasgow Houses.

Next year the Annual Show of the Royal Counties Agricultural Society will be held at Southampton. Lord Londesborough is president of the Society for 1885.

The first of the Christmas fat-stock shows will be held next week at Norwich, and there are very large entries in all the classes. The Queen will exhibit several beasts from her farms at Windsor, and the Prince of Wales sends a number from Sandringham.

On Thursday the Prince of Wales's hunters, eighteen in number, arrived at Sandringham from the stables at Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Park, where they have been quartered during the last seven months.

The Marquis of Anglesey, who is at his seat, Plas Newydd, in the island of Anglesey, has set up a pack of Gascogne hounds, and hunts them two or three times a week, to the great delight and amusement of the inhabitants. These hounds, which are of most peculiar appearance, blue ticked, with long hanging ears, are of a very old French breed; but they are admirably suited for the island, and the sport has been very fair throughout.

Last week the Worcestershire Hounds opened the season with a lawn meet at Hindlip Hall, the fine old seat of Sir Henry Allsopp, who entertained a large company at luncheon.

Lord Fitzwilliam has announced that in future the arrangements of the Wentworth pack of foxhounds will not be advertised, in consequence of the complaints from farmers in the country, who find their property seriously damaged by the large crowds that have recently attended the meets.

It is exceedingly probable that the Fitzwilliam Hunt will be given up. In 1881 Mr. Thomas Fitzwilliam undertook to hunt the country three days a week, on condition that a subscription of £1,650 was promised. The amount has never been forthcoming, and for the current season only £900 has been guaranteed. The Fitzwilliam family and the trustees of the Milton Abbey estate have been paying from £1,500 to £2,000 a year towards the maintenance of the hunt. The "crisis" has elicited promises of £100 from the Duke of Bedford, and of £200 from other landowners in the country, but there is still a deficiency of about £400.

The old Thurlow country, in Suffolk, which was given up last year by Mr. Coope, is to be hunted this season, two days a week, with a pack of foxhounds which has been established at Newmarket, by Mr. Gardner, who has for several years been master of the Newmarket Drag.

I see that protests are being raised in the dailies against rabbit-coursing, on the score of its cruelty. Most undoubtedly it is cruel. A rabbit coursing club collects at its meetings all the roughs of a neighbourhood, and the "sport" is to see a wretched rabbit let out before some dogs, who run the terrified little creature down and kill it. When, however, those who protest against this cruelty draw a distinction between coursing hares and coursing rabbits, they break down. Both are cruel, and both are unsportsmanlike, in the sense that both are unredeemed even by the skill involved in shooting or hunting, which is alleged as a justification for these pursuits. I see little difference between bull-baiting and coursing; indeed, the former is the more justifiable of the two. Bull-baiting used to be defended on the ground that it led to the breeding of plucky dogs, and it may be said that plucky dogs have their uses. But what is gained by breeding greyhounds which are only able to run fast and to turn a hare? A greyhound is notoriously the most stupid and the most useless of the canine race. I trust that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will soon raise the question of the legality both of rabbit- and hare-coursing.

It would certainly be difficult to imagine anything more utterly idiotic and chimerical than the letters to the *Times*, demanding the suppression of racing telegrams, and it is really hard upon the long-suffering readers of that journal that they should be worried by such rubbish. How the proposed "moral reform" could possibly be carried out is not a question with which the correspondents of the *Times* trouble themselves; and if racing telegrams were declared illegal, it is difficult to see how messages about Stock Exchange matters—or, indeed, about any speculative business whatever—could be permitted. Who, too, are to be the censors? The pleasing young ladies who are behind the telegraph counters?

Among the facts not generally known, it may be mentioned that the Middlesex County Cricket Club pay the M.C.C. fifty pounds per annum for the privilege of playing their matches at Lord's. Considering that the M.C.C. is a distinct gainer by the matches taking place there, and that the income of that Club is reckoned by thousands, the acceptance of this fifty pounds per annum seems rather paltry. In spite, however, of this impost, the balance-sheet of the County Club, recently published, is fairly satisfactory, showing a balance in hand of £530, or £100 more than last year. Mr. I. D. Walker has resigned the post of captain, to the general regret of the members of the club, who will find it almost impossible to adequately replace him. Mr. C. I. Thornton was elected on the committee in place of the Rev. A. R. Ward, whose lamented decease I lately referred to.

An influential committee has been formed, with Sir Reginald Hanson at its head, for the purpose of presenting Mr. W. G. George, the champion all-round athlete, with a suitable testimonial on his retirement from the path. It is not yet known what form the testimonial will take, but in view of the Champion's great popularity among his fellow athletes, it is sure to be a tolerably substantial one.

I shall be curious to see, when next year's show at Burlington House comes round, whether anybody has taken Froude's hint and made "a pretty picture of Carlyle's grimly tender face and figure with the poor Ghent lace-girl," or of his shaking hands with "an accurate-looking steel-gray who had fought against us English and the Duke of York in 1793." There would require something of an historical painter to do them justice; but any imitator of Teniers would find an admirable

subject in the scene of Carlyle and his mother "smoking their pipes together," as Mr. Froude so often describes them, in the kitchen at Scotsbrig.

A good deal has been written about Mr. Errington's visit to Rome, and it has been asserted that he was engaged in a negotiation between the Pope and Mr. Gladstone with respect to Catholicism in Ireland. It turns out that Mr. Errington was rather a devotee of Venus than of the Church. As every one knows, or ought to know, Praxiteles made a statue of Venus, which was for long at Cnidos. The statue has disappeared, but two or three ancient replicas of it are in existence. One —a bad one—is at Munich. Another—a good one—is in the Vatican Gallery. The statues of ladies in this Gallery have tin petticoats, which are never removed. In vain the Germans have sought to be allowed to make a cast of this Venus. "*Non possumus*," was the reply of the Pope to every one who wished to divest the goddess of her petticoat. Thanks, however, to Mr. Errington's diplomacy, the difficulty has been got over, and the authorities of South Kensington received permission to make a cast. A hoarding was erected, and, the profane being thus excluded, the petticoat was discreetly taken off. Then a wax model was made of the unveiled Venus, from which a cast was taken. This cast is now in South Kensington Museum, and will repay a visit.

Putting aside law, it is only right and proper that the late Lord Lytton's letters to his wife should not be published against the wishes of his son. Advance copies were sent to the press, so I have glanced over these letters. There is nothing in them which even amuses, and they are not instructive. Lord Lytton seems to have been very much in love; but in the end, the lady and gentleman failed to hit it off together. The law vests the right to publish a letter in the writer and his heirs. The person to whom the letters are written or his heirs may publish, I believe, their substance, so that they do not actually quote. It is full time, however, that the late Lord and Lady Lytton's loves and hates should be buried in oblivion. There probably were faults on both sides, and now that they are both in their tombs it can serve nothing but the most morbid curiosity to discuss them publicly.

I cannot congratulate Edmund on his magazine critic, who renders Molière's worn-out exclamation, "What the devil does he in such a *gallery?*"! *Galère* and *galerie* have not precisely the same meaning.

Shortly after the death of Lord Ampthill I was enabled to announce that he had left behind him some very interesting journals and correspondence which might possibly be published at some future period. A contemporary copies my news with some inaccurate variations, and adds, "the publication will shortly be announced." This is quite untrue, for nothing has yet been decided on the subject, nor have Lord Ampthill's papers been examined. The only thing that is positively certain is that none of his "remarks" will be published for, at least, ten years to come.

I regret to hear that Lady Ampthill has suffered much in health from the shock of her husband's almost sudden death, and that during the last few weeks she has been very unwell. The Queen has intimated her intention of personally paying a visit of condolence to Lady Ampthill.

Although it was rumoured at one time that Mr. Joseph Jefferson had been ordered by his doctor to give up playing in "Rip Van Winkle," I hear that he will, in all probability, appear in London in that piece at the beginning of next year.

M. Vaucorbeil, the late director of the Paris Opera House, according to those who knew him best, was an excellent man in every sense except as an administrator of the National Academy of Music and Dancing. He has left a tremendous legacy of "engagements," which it will be for his successor to carry out. In the face of these difficulties it is hardly surprising that there have been so few candidates for the office rendered vacant by his death.

The prospects of the next Musical Festival at Hereford are becoming more favourable. Although no general meeting has yet been held, upwards of one hundred and fifty gentlemen have already consented to act as Stewards, and it is fully hoped that preliminary arrangements will shortly be made for carrying out the Festival.

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "it is a villainous bird that befouls its own nest." This truth could not have been in the mind of the late Mr. Macready when he assured Canon Fleming that—

> He had himself been compelled, by the misfortunes of his father, to go upon the stage, but he never allowed his children to go to a theatre, and he would rather have followed them to the grave than have seen one of his sons upon the stage.

It would be interesting to learn on what experience Canon Fleming based his speech at the York Diocesan Conference, in which he backed up the above anecdote by assuring his audience that, "the stage, like the racecourse, is surrounded by certain accompaniments which demoralise and deteriorate and vitiate almost all those who are connected with them." It is a pity that a clergyman of Canon Fleming's standing in the Church should make himself ridiculous by uttering such rabid nonsense; which is almost as silly as Mrs. Kendal's plan to moralise actresses by inviting them to society gatherings.

Church patronage is supposed to be abolished in Scotland, but apparently some "lairds" are still desirous of exercising the power which they formerly possessed, although they received compensation for the loss of it. There is a vacancy for a minister in the parish of Carmichael, Lanarkshire, and the Lord of the Manor, Sir Wyndham Anstruther, who was Tory member for that county in the last Parliament, has issued a "whip" to his tenants and neighbours, "requesting their vote and interest" for a certain clergyman, who is his candidate in the vacancy. As voting on these occasions is open, it is clear that Sir Wyndham Anstruther's tenants and humble neighbours are practically bound to follow their landlord, unless they are prepared to suffer for their independence.

The Rev. Edward White has been preaching a sermon on the Land Question. It was a very admirable treatment of the subject. Mr. White thinks that "there clearly

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is some limit to private property in land;" that the "natural and normal design" of the Creator concerning every country is that the people should own the soil; that "the world was not made for Peers and gentlemen and deerstalkers only, or chiefly;" and that "the radical evil lies in the ever-strengthening growth and power of the land-owning minority." If all ministers were as wise as Mr. White, they would not be regarded with so much mistrust by the working-classes.

Lord Salisbury's treatment of the Hatfield Wesleyans is shabby in the extreme. For six-and-twenty years these people have had to worship in a part of a stable at the back of an inn, from the landlord of which it is rented. Repeated applications have been made for a lease, in order that a new chapel might be built, but the request has not been granted. What makes the matter worse is, that a few months ago Lord Salisbury, in advocating the candidature of Mr. Atkinson, the Tory Wesleyan candidate in West Cornwall, spoke in very friendly terms of the Wesleyan body. This encouraged the Hatfield Wesleyans to renew their request, but not even a reply has been vouchsafed to them. It is suggested that it might be well to placard these facts throughout West Cornwall. I think so too.

Mr. Bainbrigge, who made some mark by his energy at St. Philip's, Regent-street, does not seem inclined to rest on his oars in his new sphere at St. Thomas's. Already within a year the church has been thoroughly repaired and redecorated, and a spirited appeal has just been issued for help to build parish-rooms and a parsonage. Considering that there is a population of 5,000, that there is no resident gentry, no schools, nor room of any kind for classes or meetings, no parsonage-house, and an endowment of only £300 a year, people might do worse with their money than help to raise the £3,100, which is necessary to secure the freehold site which is now, it seems, obtainable.

I understand that Archbishop Croke's action in regard to placing the interests of education in Ireland under the wing of the Home Rule Members, was taken without either the assent or knowledge of the Pope.

Canon Liddon has been residing at Oxford since he returned from Germany, and will remain there till he comes to town on the 29th. Dr. Liddon will be in residence at St. Paul's during December.

Mr. Ruskin's Oxford Lectures, highly moral though they are, set a very bad example to his pupils in one respect—for neither the last one, nor the one before, was anything like ready in time. On Saturday, indeed, the lecturer had the utmost difficulty in filling up the customary hour, even with the help of copious extracts from his own "St. Mark's Rest," and from Carlyle. But he kept his audience in the best possible humour by confessing to some "bad shots" in the way of history he had made last time; by telling them that all pretty girls are angels; by abusing the "beastly hooter" that wakes him every morning; and, finally, by assuring them that, whatever the appearances might be, he was really "not humbugging" them in these lectures.

Admiral Sir Houston Stewart's term of employment as Commander-in-Chief at Devonport expires on December 1. I hear that he will be succeeded by Admiral Phillimore, who was Admiral Superintendent of Naval Reserves from 1876 till 1879, when he was replaced by the Duke of Edinburgh.

The Channel Squadron encountered very heavy weather when off Cape Finisterre, on the passage from Devonport to Gibraltar. The sea was running mountains high, and the ironclads were tossed about like penny steamers. The *Neptune* caused great anxiety, as the sea kept rolling over her, and the waves perpetually dashed against the hull and broke upon her deck. Tons of water poured over her, and after the gale it was the universal opinion in the Squadron that the vessel had narrowly escaped going to the bottom, and that she is quite unfitted for cruising in the Atlantic. The *Neptune* was one of the precious bargains of Mr. W. H. Smith's board, and was purchased from the Brazilian Government (for whom she was built) at an exorbitant price during the ridiculous six millions scare.

This week the Channel Squadron is at Madeira, and is due back at Gibraltar on the 21st. The Duke of Edinburgh will haul down his flag early next month directly after returning to England. His retirement will be much regretted, as he is very popular in the Squadron, and everybody admits that he thoroughly knows his work.

It is sad to read of the stalwart men—ready and willing to work—in our shipping ports, but who, with their families, are starving, owing to finding nothing to do. But this is the consequence of the ship-builders fancying that a temporary demand was a permanent demand. After the opening of the Suez Canal, a vast number of iron steamers were required. They were built, and then more than were wanted were built. The great ship-builders enlarged their works, and took on men, as though this was to last for ever. And we now see with what results. The market is overstocked with iron vessels; but even if this were not so, it is obvious that the normal demand can never be the same as that caused by a sudden change from wood to iron. No trade can run counter to economical laws without suffering. I should like to know what the ship-builders have gained during the last twenty years in hard cash? So much, I have no doubt, that I have exceedingly little sympathy for them. I am sorry for their men; all the more as it seems probable that there is likely to be, for many a day, half a dozen of them to do the work of one.

I have always thought that the Marines are somewhat unfairly treated. They have all the knocks and few of the rewards. They are long-service soldiers, for they enlist for a term of twenty-one years, and whenever anything exceptionally dangerous or disagreeable is in the wind, they are requisitioned. A corps of Marines preceded the army that marched on Ashanti, and cleared the way. At Suakim the Marines are in garrison, and, as the place is attacked every night by the Arabs, they must have a hard time of it, considering climate and want of sleep. In Lord Wolseley's Camel Corps, too, there are eighty-three Marines.

This Camel Corps has played havoc with all our cavalry regiments. In order to form it, forty of the best soldiers have been taken from sixteen cavalry regiments. Thus the astute Lord Wolseley—the great advocate of short service—has taken care to provide himself with a picked corps of long-service men.

I am rather surprised that officers should not, ere this, have commenced an agitation against the imposition of the stamp-duty on their first commission. Thirty shillings is the sum charged for stamping a document, which means really nothing, and which, if it even possessed a virtue of its own, would be just as valid without the Somerset House seal.

The total cost of the Tichborne litigation, I learn from a legal contemporary, amounted to the trifling figure of £91,677. 12s. 2d. This included, besides the costs in the great case of Tichborne *v.* Lushington, the costs of two actions in respect of the Doughty estates, and two Probate actions in which the Claimant sought letters of administration to Lady Tichborne. The Tichborne and Doughty Settled Estates Act was passed to provide for the raising of funds to meet this gigantic lawyers' bill. How very sorry the lawyers must be that an Act bars further litigation.

What I prophesied a fortnight ago with regard to the lighting of the Law Courts actually came to pass last week. There was a fog on Thursday, and when Mr. Justice Hawkins took his seat, he found his court illuminated by a few scattered lamps and candles. He informed the jury that he had made inquiries, and had learnt that the cause of the want of light was that those in charge had only just begun the work that they ought to have done in the Long Vacation. About next summer he hoped they might have a little light. This is eminently characteristic of the muddling way in which most things in connection with public buildings are managed in London.

In the City of London Court last week, Mr. Commissioner Kerr had before him a gentleman who described himself as a "financial agent." The Commissioner remarked, "My experience is that when a man calls himself a financial agent, he never has a farthing in his pocket, and his only object is to get hold of other people's money." This criticism is sweeping, but too often true, and it applies to many gentlemen of a much more exalted station in life than those who ordinarily appear before the learned Commissioner.

It is interesting to know that, although preaching and delivering addresses is prohibited on Shepherd's Bush Common by the Metropolitan Board of Works, it is not an offence to read the Bible there aloud, or to pray. It seems that one Jones was fined for delivering an address on the Common, and refused to pay the fine. He was thereupon sent to prison, and, during his incarceration, his friends prayed on the Common for his release. Some of them have been summoned at Hammersmith Police-court, but Mr. Shiel decided that they had committed no offence. The Metropolitan Board of Works ought certainly either to amend or abolish their bye-laws, for, if a man prays long enough and loud enough, he is neither more nor less of a nuisance than if he preaches a sermon. To ascertain the truth of this, it is only necessary to enter a Scotch kirk and listen to an extempore prayer lasting an hour or so from an incompetent "meenister."

A curious point is, I believe, under the consideration of the Lord Chancellor. Mr. Agnew, M.P., prosecuted a gentleman for libel. The gentleman pleaded guilty to having written and published a false and malicious libel, and was fined £500. He is a magistrate of two counties, and the question is whether he is to be relieved of his magisterial functions.

Reuben Simmons was charged last week at the Wallingford Petty Sessions with stealing one egg, and, being convicted, was sent to gaol for three weeks. Three hours would have been a more fitting sentence.

The genteel inhabitants of Bournemouth do not like beggars, but that is no reason why the local magistrates should pander to the sordid prejudices of their neighbours. Last Tuesday an old man was charged with begging. He had been convicted of the same heinous offence about three years ago, so the Shallows made an example of him by sentencing him to two months' imprisonment with hard labour! Such a sentence is perfectly monstrous; and, apart from its scandalous severity in respect to the prisoner, it comes very hard upon the ratepayers.

At Southampton last week a young woman was convicted of being drunk and using obscene language in the streets. One magistrate wished to fine this nymph, but the other could not bring himself to inflict any penalty, and remarked that "the woman had really used no worse language than he had heard magistrates who sat on the bench use at their clubs of an evening!" There is a frankness about this magistrate which pleases me.

Most extraordinary is the sentence of Mr. Baron Pollock upon Charles Forster at the York Assizes. This estimable gentleman was formerly a clerk in the bank of Messrs. Beckett, and then went into business with two other persons as sharebrokers. Having made the acquaintance of Mrs. Sampson, he induced her to place £5,000 with the firm. In 1876 the money was lost. Forster on this obtained possession of Mrs. Sampson's bank pass-book, and made fictitious entries in it to conceal the loss, and subsequently forged Bills of Exchange, got them discounted, and paid Mrs. Sampson. Having pleaded guilty, Baron Pollock sentenced him to two months' imprisonment without hard labour, after commenting upon "his want of moral courage." It would seem, therefore, that, whilst a poor wretch who steals to save himself from starvation is sentenced to six months' hard labour, an educated man is to receive what practically is a free pardon for fraud and forgery, if he pleads guilty, if he appears penitent, and if he produces one or two superannuated acquaintances to swear that he never robbed them. We know already that when a lady robs, it is kleptomania; and, according to Baron Pollock, we now learn that when a man of education forges, it is not a positive crime, but merely an absence of moral courage.

A case heard in the Bradford West Riding Court last week is a *reductio ad absurdum* of the legislation which permits a rich man to gamble for thousands, while his poor

fellow-citizen is sternly prohibited from tossing for a glass of beer. The landlord of a tavern in Drighlington was summoned for permitting gambling, and no less than twelve workmen were charged with aiding and abetting. The offence was that they had played at the game of "darts" in the public-house, and that the losers paid for the beer which was drunk during the game! The magistrates read the defendants a severe homily on the evils of gambling, but had the good sense to discharge them on paying the costs. I do not wish to defend gambling, but it certainly seems to me that in this case a little less zeal on the part of the police would have been pardonable.

At the Cambridgeshire Assizes, a racing correspondent, named Hargreaves, was charged with unlawfully obstructing a special train, by sending a telegram to the station-master at Six-mile Bottom, telling him to stop the train and examine all tickets. He was found guilty, and bound over to come up for judgment when called upon; but the evidence in the case revealed a state of things which is not encouraging for travellers on the Great Eastern Railway. The train in question was travelling at a rate of thirty-five to forty miles an hour, but it could not be stopped within a less distance than nine hundred yards, as it was only fitted with a guard's hand-brake. Mr. Hargreaves undoubtedly constituted himself a nuisance, but by drawing attention to the defective brake-system on the G.E.R. he may become a public benefactor.

Some of the advertisements which one sees in the London papers are an insult to common sense; but one which I read the other day in a provincial newspaper certainly carries off the palm for insolent folly. People who have no knowledge of music are requested to send thirteen stamps to a gentleman in Bristol, and are promised, as a result, that they shall learn to play the piano and harmonium in five minutes. Oddly enough, the gentleman's name is "Walker." *Verb. sap.!*

I see from the law reports that my old friends W. J. Morgan and T. S. Tomkins, C.C., alias the "City of London Publishing Company," are "at it" again. A few months ago I explained these gentlemen's little game in the matter of securing "pupils," "readers," or "assistant-secretaries," but in the case before the Chancery Division last week the hook was baited with "amateur author." The victim was to publish a Christmas annual of his own composition, paying £60 down and half the costs, and receiving half the profits. After repeated applications the Company sent him an account which purported to show a balance against him of £22. 17s. 10d., but which, on the one hand, did not credit him with his £60 paid down, and on the other charged him for copies of the work he had never received. The plaintiff, needless to say, was invited to become a shareholder to the extent of £250, an invitation, however, which he was wise enough to decline. The Court has now ordered a proper account, as well as an inquiry whether the plaintiff had sustained "any, and what, damage." The Company is further ordered to pay costs, and I only hope the plaintiff may get them, even if he should not quite agree with Vice-Chancellor Bacon, that he was "well out of the matter."

Some years ago, one Slade appeared in this country, and made money by pretending to have a slate on which "spirits" wrote. The man was exposed at a police-court, when Mr. Maskelyne explained how this very simple trick was performed. Now a Mr. Eglington has turned up, and has the effrontery to endeavour to humbug people with the same trick. I read in a newspaper last week an account of his performance at the house of a distinguished lady, before Mr. Gladstone, Lady X., and the Marchioness of Y. Of course, writing was found on the slate. But will Mr. Eglington perform the feat in the presence of a jury composed of Mr. Maskelyne and others, who are in a position either to declare that there was no conjuring, or, if there was, to show how it was done?

To send a dead body to Sir William Harcourt is certainly rather an unpleasant way of drawing attention to the deficiency of burial accommodation in a Lincolnshire village. It is, however, an exceedingly convincing method, and I should not be surprised if the grievances of the inhabitants of Colsterworth are more speedily redressed than if they had resorted to more legitimate proceedings.

I have received the following letter:—

I do not complain of perambulators if they will only move on. My complaint is that the young ladies who air their charges in these vehicles will insist upon stopping to look into the shop-windows, to the great annoyance of those who use the pavement for the purpose of going from one place to another.

It is perhaps lucky for Mr. Jay Gould that both of his own cables are broken, else the breaking of both the Mackay-Bennett cables might have been debited to this so-called Mephistopheles. Just now there are symptoms in America of making him a scape-goat for all disasters; and by last accounts I hear that a Democratic election mob went about singing, "Let's hang Jay Gould to a sour apple-tree."

Mr. Langdon Davies claims to have discovered a mode of holding communication between all parts of England by telephony on the existing telegraph wires, simultaneously with the transmission of telegrams. I believe that his system is being investigated by the postal authorities.

The latest "West-end Stock Exchange" has been established under the auspices of a lady. We shall, no doubt, soon have "lady stockbrokers" doing business in the "house" and in the "street."

A correspondent writes:—

I cannot help warning ladies against the new spring doors of the London hansoms, which, while supposed to be an improvement, are in reality a positive danger. Accidents are constantly occurring. Recently, a lady was so gravely bruised by the rebound of the doors flung open by the official at the chief entrance of Toole's Theatre that she had to be removed to the neighbouring chemist's, and thence home. Some clever patentee ought to find a way of modifying the springs, and so avoiding these awkward accidents.

I have received several letters from German wine-merchants calling in question a paragraph which recently appeared, and in which it was stated, on the authority of the *Cologne Gazette*, that all the fine Nassau wines never get into the hands of the "trade." The finest Cabinet wines of Steinberg, Johannisberg, and other Reingau estates

MINTON'S CHINA.—THOMAS GOODE & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street Grosvenor-square.

have, say my correspondents, for the last half of the century been offered for sale by public auction. They deny, too, that the wine usually sold as Steinberg Cabinet is the produce of an inferior, but still very fine, vineyard which is blended with cheaper wines.

"Iced goat" is the name given by the bar-keepers in New York to their latest concoction. It is composed of goat's milk, gin, and lemon-peel, with a due addition of sugar and ice. It is said that the "dudes" bleat for the new beverage.

I am no great believer in the doctrine of Dr. Jaeger. He would have all people array themselves in wool, and this, he contends, ensures them from all complaints and reduces their bulk. But, if this be correct, how is it that sheep, whom nature has clothed in wool, are fat, and often ailing? However, if the doctor wishes fat people to wear his clothes, it is obvious, as my correspondent says, that they must be able to get into them :—

Sir,—I humbly submit that as corpulence is not necessarily a crime, or the result of a vicious life, I am rather cruelly treated by Dr. Jaeger, the apostle of sanitary clothing.

Having read that it is almost an act of suicidal folly not to substitute one of the Doctor's sleeping suits for the ordinary night-shirt, I went to one of the country agents for the sale of this clothing, and was measured for a suit, which I was to receive within a week.

At the expiration of that period I received a letter, saying that "Dr. Jaeger's Company is unable to make a suit nearly so large as Mr. —— requires."

I regret to say that I measure forty-eight inches round the waist; but I fancy that there must be in every parish in London, and in every country town in the kingdom, several persons of equal unwieldy bulk.

If no one is safe who does not wear Dr. Jaeger's clothing, how can that philanthropic philosopher find it in his heart to condemn to a speedy death, or to a life of misery, all unfortunate persons who have outgrown by a few inches the waistcoats of their youth?

Your obedient servant, O. Beeze.

Forster Green, the well-known Belfast Quaker and tea-merchant, has presented the Committee of the Belfast Hospital with a cheque for £5,000, to provide accommodation for consumptive patients.

The Hereford Board of Guardians have decided that all wines and spirits supplied to their workhouse shall be sent in as medicines, with the doses labelled on the bottles.

Public opinion has proved too strong for the Common Council, and at their last meeting the assembled Councilmen declined, by a large majority, to suspend the standing orders which prohibit a member of the Council from being elected to the post of Secondary. This is very satisfactory, but the vehement protestations of incorruptible purity made on behalf of the City Fathers by some of the Councilmen were more comic than convincing. Mr. Hicks, for instance, thought that "it would be a solemn day for the Corporation when the personal purity of its members was not of a higher character than that of many members of the House of Commons." I greatly fear that the worthy Hicks protests a little too much.

It seems that you may call a vestryman a "coward," an "atrocious liar," a "whipper-snapper," a "vampire," a "scoundrel," and a "blackguard"; but intimate that he is indebted for his education to charitable endowments, and you wound his honour in its tenderest point. This, at any rate, is the inference suggested by a recent incident at Clerkenwell. Two of the members of this vestry having abused one another until they had exhausted the entire vestryman's vocabulary, one of them by an inspiration bethought himself of branding his adversary as a "charity-boy." The aggrieved vestryman promptly left his place and smote his traducer. The latter appealed to the public to judge which of them was the blackguard. I should be sorry to have to decide the point.

There is at Brighton a most rampagious Conservative alderman of the name of David Smith, who, on the occasion of a lecture upon Egypt, which Mr. Marriott recently gave in the Town-hall, observed "Here [at Birmingham] one of Her Majesty's Ministers ordered a mob to scale a wall and prevent a meeting being held." Verily, David of Jerusalem must have had in his prophetic eye this David of Brighton, when he said that all men are liars.

Some excitement occurred at No. 16, Rue Cadet, Paris, last Thursday evening. The Supreme Council of the Grand Orient of France held a special secret sitting to discuss the position of French Freemasons as affected by the recent action of the Grand Lodge of England. There are rumours that measures are being adopted to justify French Freemasonry in this country.

The French have been doing an excellent piece of work last week in abolishing their life senators. They have always been sadly ahead of us in these matters. In 1831, when our House of Lords was throwing out the Reform Bill, the French were abolishing their hereditary peers; and now, while people here have been agitating for life peers, France has already reached the further and necessary stage of abolishing them.

Sir Stafford Northcote's discovery about the circulation of the City Companies Commission Report with a view to educate provincial Liberal "electors" is as much of a mare's-nest as was the supposed supplying of official news to the *Standard*. The circulation of a report amongst London papers is a matter of course, and all Mr. Warr, the Secretary of the Commission, did was to extend the wholesome practice to the provincial press. We know from Mr. Gladstone that the further a place is from the political centre, the more members in proportion to its population it requires; and on the same principle provincial papers may well require more coaching about an official report than is necessary in London. As Sir Thomas Nelson had proposed to circulate Sir Richard Cross's minority report in thousands throughout the length and breadth of the land "for the education of the electorate," Mr. Warr did very wisely, in the interest of fair play, to circulate the whole report together, and to suggest that it should be brought to the notice of the constituencies.

In reply to a question put to him in the House of Commons, Mr. George Russell replied that the fall on the level of the water in the Thames below Teddington Lock cannot be attributed to the Water Companies tapping the

Spectacles scientifically adapted to assist & strengthen the weakest sights by Mr. Laurance, F.S.S., Oculist Optician, 1a, Old Bond-st

river above it. But if Mr. Russell will take a glass of water, and abstract one-seventh of the contents from it, he will find, strange as this may appear, that there is less water in the glass than there was before. The tide brings up mud and sewage. This ought to be washed down by the stream, but as the latter is reduced in volume owing to the abstractions of the Water Companies, the sewage and the mud remain.

Dr. Patton (the Dublin Orange editor) who, as Irish correspondent of the *Times*, is allowed to mislead the British public from day to day, states that an arrangement has been come to between the Baronet who is landlord of Innistrahull, and his unfortunate tenants. On the other hand, I learn from an authority which usually speaks the truth, that "the evictions which were checked a short time ago by the loss of the *Wasp*, are now to be carried out with vigour."

I venture to think that nowhere does Irish (or for that matter Scotch) landlordism appear in a more odious light than in these little coast islands. In such places, at any rate, whatever may be the case elsewhere, landlordism is a purely mischievous institution. None of the usual apologies for the system which enables one man to live idle on the produce of other men's labour, here apply. The Anglo-Saxon Hodge is, we are told, immeasurably refined and raised in the scale of social being by the opportunity which he has occasionally afforded to him of taking off his hat to an "educated gentleman." Mrs. Hodge, too, derives some —much exaggerated—benefit from the rare flannel petticoat, and frequent good advice which she receives from the "educated gentleman's" wife through the medium of her ladyship's footman.

But none of these excuses can be made for the Atlantic Rock type of landlord. He does not reside upon his rock, even by proxy. He contributes nothing whatever, either in the way of example, or advice, or charity, or expenditure, to the welfare of the rockites from whom he wrings his rent. He never appears upon the scene at all, except to work them evil. He is a mere bloodsucker, an unmitigated, indefensible horse-leech. Morally speaking, the true and only owners of these islands are the inhabitants. The State, which unfortunately has sanctioned the usurpation, ought to buy up these island landlords' so-called "rights"; but it ought not to give much for them, for, financially speaking, they are worth nothing.

With regard to the Scotch crofters, the state of the case is this: Everybody knows that legislation must come. In the meantime, the landlords are working their will with the people. Obviously, this should not be allowed. If the crofter question must stand over, owing to the immediate exigencies of the Parliamentary situation, a short Act ought to be passed to stay the hand of the oppressor, until there is time to deal with him scientifically. But, if the Scotch crofters know their own business, the crofter question will not have to stand over very long. Parliament (like private individuals) always manages to find time for business which cannot be put off, and it is for the crofters to make it clear that they decline to wait and starve.

The *Financial Reformer* says that Mr. Childers is seriously considering the adoption of a patent, intended to protect gold coin from wear. It consists of a ring of steel or hard metal, which is put on the coin hot, and then contracts round it whilst cooling. If the calculation be correct, that the current life of coin would be doubled by the adoption of this device, it is evident that it ought to be tried, for, at present, the annual loss on our gold coinage by detrition is about £56,000.

I am sorry that Mr. Chamberlain has announced that it is decided not to build a new Patent Office. The present one is a wretched place, and there is an excellent vacant site for a new one in Chancery-lane. At Washington, the Patent Office is always crowded; and there is no permanent exhibition which has been more beneficial. Mr. Mundella should look to the matter.

The Tories of East Aberdeenshire met at Aberdeen on Friday under disheartening circumstances, for, instead of being regaled with the usual conventional twaddle about hopeful prospects, they were greeted with the news that their "selected" candidate, the Master of Saltoun, had just announced that he had decided not to contest the division; and he is well advised, for he would only have wasted time and money, as no Tory has the ghost of a chance in either division of that county.

Speaking at Huntingdon last week, Lord Randolph Churchill observed, in reference to Sir William Harcourt's comparison of the House of Lords to a Sodom in which there were not ten righteous men of the Lord Derby standard, that it was to be regretted that a man of the high birth of Sir William should have indulged in a profane metaphor. What is there profane in the comparison? Are we, too, to understand that what would be a legitimate comparison when made by persons of humble birth, is profane when used by those of high birth? This high-birth standard of profanity is about the most amusing doctrine which Lord Randolph has yet enunciated.

Lord Randolph was especially severe also upon those "recreant loons" of his own party who were too sunk in lethargy to take an active share in "militant and self-assertive Conservatism." An admirer of Lord Randolph's in a provincial contemporary, not only endorses his lordship's views, but adds to them his own theory of the causes of the woeful plight of the Conservatives. According to this gentleman, "it is the mean and disgraceful petty jealousies, the spiteful tricks, the social insolence of Conservative great ladies, and of those who wish to be thought great ladies, which fills the land with silent resentment against the party." The Conservative party must be, indeed, in a bad way if its chief source of strength lies in the blandishments of the "great ladies." Perhaps at the recent aristocratic picnics these high-born dames have not been sufficiently active and impartial in dealing out the buns and lemonade. Lord Randolph was, of course, too gallant to call ladies "recreant loons," so we must be grateful for this explanation of his real meaning.

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To-morrow is Colston's Day at Bristol. The Ministry will be represented at the Anchor dinner by Lord Kimberley and Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice; and the stars at the Dolphin feast will be Lord Cadogan and the ex-Lord Mayor.

I wonder how many people read through all the articles in their morning papers. In nine cases out of ten these articles are merely written because it is the custom to have a number of them, and so what might be said in ten lines is spun out into above a column. What specially amuses me with respect to the political leaders is the calm way in which their writers almost invariably assume that the "country" agrees with the opinions enunciated, and that any one who differs from them is either a fool or a knave. Only the other day I read in a leading article in the *Times* on the Franchise Bill, in which it was pointed out that all true patriots are opposed to any attack upon the House of Lords, the following startling dictum: "The true Radical is not he who glories in the name, but he who, under whatever title, so acts as to precipitate violent changes, or add strength to subversive tendencies." Who could—reading this, and knowing nothing of the true state of things—suppose that the vast majority of the Liberals throughout the country glory in the name of Radical, and are of opinion that the Lords ought to be deprived of their power of interfering with the will of the people as expressed by their representatives? That the *Times* may think them wrong in this is conceivable, but why should the writer of the article pervert facts in order to suit his conclusions?

All Liberals should unite in calling upon Mr. Gladstone to meet the opposition of the Tory coroneted Caucus to the People's Representatives by a series of resolutions, such as he himself proposed in regard to the Disestablishment of the Irish Church. Parliament would then be dissolved on the issue whether legislative effect should be given to these resolutions or not. This is the only safe and proper course to pursue. The Franchise Bill cannot be brought in a third time, for this would be absurd; Parliament cannot be dissolved on the Bill, for this would establish the fatal principle that the power of dissolution rests with the Lords; the other alternative which has been suggested—viz., to call upon the Queen to make Peers, and, on her refusal, to resign—would be a tactical error. Lord Salisbury, it is no secret, would take office, and then bring in a Reform Bill, in which the constituences would be manipulated, in order to secure, if possible, a Tory ascendency; and it is by no means impossible that he would pass such a Bill, for he would gain over shaky Whigs and Liberal members by grouping a few outlying little villages with the rotten villages for which they sit. If the Radicals were to vote against the Bill, they would be told that they were resisting the suffrage being given to two millions of their fellow-citizens.

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No, no; the business of the Liberal party, when they are the "outs," is to become the "ins;" when they are the "ins," to remain the "ins." With a Parliamentary majority to support it, a Liberal Ministry has no right to give place, even for a day, to men who, in the opinion of Liberals, would pursue at home and abroad a policy ruinous to the best interests of the country.

The chances of a "compromise" are not looking up. The Opposition say that they will not be satisfied with resolutions. Ministers decline to produce their Bill for Redistribution before the Franchise Bill has become the Franchise Act. Even, however, if it were agreed that resolutions should be framed, could they be so framed as to satisfy both sides of the House? What seems to be forgotten is that it is no business of a majority to obtain the assent of a minority upon a political issue; and still less when that minority attempts to enforce these strange "rights" by means of a vote of the House of Lords. If once such a "right" be conceded, the Liberals, instead of discussing and voting in their House, would do well henceforward to appear in penitential garb at the door of the Lords' House, and to implore them occasionally to take pity on them.

I cannot help thinking that the Prime Minister makes a mistake in dwelling so much upon the length of the debate upon the Address. Members come back from the recess with a good deal of concentrated steam. The Address serves as a safety-valve for this steam, and I should fancy rather tends to business being treated in a more practical manner later on in the session. It must, moreover, be remembered, that in the days when, as the Prime Minister says, the debate on the Address only lasted a night or two, members had not been deprived of their right of calling attention to grievances whenever any estimates were proposed to be taken.

There is, however, a ready mode to mend this, if it be deemed desirable to do so. The Queen's Speech is really a declaration by Ministers of their programme. The Queen has nothing to do with it. Why, then, should an Address be voted to her, thanking her for her "gracious Speech?" Do away with the Address, and you do away with the debate on the Address. Parliamentary debates will always be lengthy so long as any member has a right to speak without regard to time. The clôture will never mend this, because it will only be put in force on very exceptional occasions. If it were open to a Minister to move a ten minutes' limitation to all speeches on the question at issue, whenever he thinks that a full discussion on it had taken place, such a motion would be frequently made, and with the best results.

Has not a little too much been made of the Bethell incident, in order, perhaps, to forward a cry for Imperial interference in Bechuanaland? Three or four years before the Zulu war, during the Langilabalele affair, an officer in the Queen's service, then actively engaged against some natives, came across a man who had been desperately and mortally wounded. Commiserating the deplorable condi-

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tion of the poor man, no surgeon being available, and acting solely from motives of humanity, the officer promptly, with his own hand, put an end to his misery, subsequently officially reporting what he had done. He was, thereupon, brought to trial before a general court-martial, but found not guilty. The officer has since risen to high military rank and Imperial civil employment in South Africa. Between the two cases there does not appear to have been any very great distinction. Mr. Bethell may have been brutally taunted by the two Boers who came up to him, when lying on the ground mortally wounded and suffering grievously, as alleged to have been stated by a native who was present; but, at least, he would seem to have asked to be shot, and his agony put an end to.

"I have always," said Nelson, "acted on the principle that one Englishman is a match for four Frenchmen," and probably in the days of the old-fashioned wooden ships this was a sound principle. One English ironclad, or one torpedo boat, or quick cruiser is not, however, a match for two French ironclads, or two torpedo boats, or two quick cruisers; and although we ought not to engage in a ruinous competition in point of numbers and armaments with the fleets of the world, we ought most certainly to have a navy which renders it reasonably certain that we can hold our own against all who attack us on the sea; for, without this, and without well-fortified coaling-stations in all parts of the world, not only will Britannia no longer rule the waves, but she will stand a good chance of being driven from them in the event of a great naval war.

Whilst, however, we must see that we are safe against attack, we must not exaggerate our requirements. I do not believe that we should ever have to convoy merchantmen, and for this reason—we have assented to the principle of "free ships for goods." If we were at war, insurance for British shipping would be higher than on neutral shipping. The consequence would be that all trade would be carried on in neutral bottoms, and that therefore we should have no shipping on the sea to convoy.

Supposing that we went to war with France, the French would at once despatch fast cruisers, holding coal enough for the voyage there and back, to our colonies. These fast cruisers would threaten to bombard the towns if a heavy sum of money were not paid. We could not have a squadron everywhere; and this can only be met by the colonies being able to hold their own against these cruisers.

I very much doubt the policy of a large increase in our great ironclads. Nelson was always in favour of a great number of small ships; indeed, he called his forty ships the forty thieves. He held that it was a mistake even then to have large three-deckers; and his arguments against them hold good with redoubled force against enormous and expensive ironclads.

We must not, however, forget that the men of our navy are far better than those of any other navy. The reason is that our men, after a naval education as boys, enlist at sixteen for ten years, and very often for a subsequent ten years when their first term is over. In France they have a short service system, and it is proved that a man-of-war's man deteriorates greatly when he ceases to serve in a man-of-war.

I believe that it is by no means improbable that the contemplated statement by the Government will be that it has been decided to commence building three or four ironclads in the navy-yards, and to order of private firms a considerable number of fast cruisers, armoured along the water-line, and of torpedo-boats. As regards the Colonies, it will be proposed that they should look to the defence of their ports and harbours by means of batteries, torpedo-boats, and gun-boats.

By the way, I wonder whether it occurs to the editor of the *Pall Mall*, who has been so strenuous in his efforts to urge us to set our navy in order, that the enormous sums which—with his full approval—have been spent, and which are likely to be spent, in slaying fellahs and Soudanese for their good, might, with considerable advantage, have been expended in securing the territories that we already possess? If our navy is in a bad condition, it is due, not to our having been parsimonious in our warlike outlay, but to our having fooled away millions for no apparent purpose. Lord Beaconsfield expended £4,000,000 in preventing the two Bulgarias from forming one State; the present Ministry have expended £4,500,000 in supporting the Khedive on the Throne of Egypt, and a further sum in sending Gordon to the Soudan, and trying to get him out of that country.

Should the expedition to Khartoum fail, Lord Wolseley's reputation will suffer greatly. All naval officers consulted recommended the Suakim-Berber route, and this route was also recommended by the military men in Egypt. They were, however, overruled by Lord Wolseley, who seems to have thought that, as he went up the Red River in canoes, the Nile ought to be preferred to the alternative route. But, even if he does not fail, the cost of the expedition will, I am afraid, be something prodigious.

A friend, who personally knows the Mudir of Dongola, tells me that he is a man of considerable intelligence, and that, so long as we are successful, he will stand by us. If, however, we meet with any reverse, he will incontinently turn against us. It is pretty clear that he has been in constant communication with the Mahdi, and, in all probability, we are not let into the secret of communications which are even now going on between the two.

I am glad to publish the following letter with reference to the Exhibition of the Toys which are to be distributed amongst the Children in the Hospitals and Workhouses at Christmas:—

Limmer's Hotel, George-street, Hanover-square, W.

DEAR SIR,—I shall have much pleasure in again placing my banqueting hall at your service for your bazaar next month.—Yours faithfully, THOS. BENSKIN.

The days of exhibition will be announced in due course.

Since last week's issue I have received the following amounts towards the Toy Fund:—

R. H. B., £5; Mrs. Carr, £1. 15s.; F. N. I. T., £2. 2s.; E. B., £2; G. M., £1; W. H. H., 10s.; T. Page, 10s.; F. A. M., 3s.; E. F. Davis, £2. 2s.; E. L. H., £2. 2s.; Licut.-Col., 10s.; R. P., £1. 1s.; Miss Ward, 5s.; Becher Tidd Pratt, £5.

SCRUTATOR.

"YOUNG MRS. WINTHROP."

A COMEDY is not dependent upon its plot, but upon the mode of treating ordinary incidents. Success or failure is due to the dialogue and to the situations. To say, therefore, that this piece has hardly any plot, and that what it has is old, is to say that it is a comedy. The plays of the dramatic authors of the Restoration may be coarse and immoral, but they are good comedies, although there is hardly a vestige of story in any one of them, and, consequently, there is no interest or curiosity in seeing how it will be unravelled. The object of comedy is to amuse. If it succeeds in doing so, it is successful. "Young Mrs. Winthrop," owing to the diversity of characters introduced, to the excellence of the dialogue, and to the knowledge of effective situations displayed by its author, does amuse, and, therefore, it fulfils its object. What more can be required? Mrs. Wood, always good, is seen to great advantage, and Mr. Arthur Cecil, as a good-natured lawyer, who is the *Deus ex machinâ* to put things straight, is most humorous, and there is a Miss Norreys, who plays a blind girl very prettily. We are a moral age—at least, we boast that we are. I am, therefore, glad to say that the comedy contains an excellent moral. It is that wives should not pry too closely into their husbands' occupations, nor should they sulk or want separations when their husbands say that they are at their clubs, even though they may not have been there. This young Mrs. Winthrop does. But it turns out that Mr. Winthrop's absences from the domestic hearth are due to his anxiety to get his wife's brother out of a little trouble into which he has fallen, owing to his having taken some bonds which did not belong to him. Let wives profit by this lesson, and whenever their husbands say that they are at a club when they are not, suppose that they are occupied in doing good by stealth to their brothers-in-law. This will greatly conduce to domestic bliss.

"DIPLOMACY."

This play, too, has a moral. Here the lesson is addressed to husbands. Let them understand that, no matter how questionable the former position of their wives may have been, and no matter what cause of suspicion may arise, they ought never to be believed guilty. The suspicious circumstances can invariably be satisfactorily explained, if only the husband can induce his brother or some friend to go closely into them.

"Diplomacy" not only has a plot, but it is worked out with wondrous ingenuity. The piece was very successful when produced some years ago at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. To my mind, it is a little too heavy and dismal. Mrs. Bancroft then played Countess Zicka, and the public declined to believe that their favourite could be guilty of the crimes of that questionable Pole; indeed, there was a twinkle in Mrs. Bancroft's eye which confirmed them in this opinion. She now plays a skittish mother, and is so entirely in her element that the revival is likely to owe its success to her acting of the part. As Dora, Miss Calhoun is a good deal too melodramatic in the first act; and although she acquits herself fairly in the others, she strikes me as being somewhat overweighted. Mr. Bancroft is excellent as the sharp man of the world. Mr. Barrymore—an American actor—although a little uneven, is a manly Count Orloff, and will prove an acquisition to the English stage. As the doubting husband, Mr. Forbes Robertson is much too hysterical. There is a current French story of an Englishman who once came into a room and found some one kissing his wife. "And what did you do?" said a friend to whom he related this incident. "I said nothing," replied the husband, "but they must have seen that I was seriously displeased by the way I slammed the door." Between this and Mr. Forbes Robertson's gusty despair there is a proper medium. Mr. Brookfield's acting is all that can be desired, but his "make-up" is faulty. He is a Baron Stein, a Russian diplomatist. Now, Russian diplomatists who are sent to spy out the land in Paris, and to pick up intelligence by means of money, are not likely to wear a suit of seedy, ill-fitting black in the daytime. I was greatly struck with Mrs. Beere in the last act; indeed, a better piece of acting I do not think I ever saw. The situation is a difficult one, and lends itself to exaggeration. For a fine lady moving in society to be detected as a spy, and to be obliged to confess that she is not only this, but that she plotted the destruction of a girl for marrying the man with whom the spy is in love, and yet to be able to maintain throughout the detection the ordinary manners of a drawing-room, is no small feat. And what a very becoming dress she wears!

CHARMED AIR.

"Bottled Italianized Air for the Voice" reads much like "Bottled Bosh," but in these days of scientific discovery it is unwise to dismiss any invention with a sneer and without a trial; and certainly I witnessed at St. James's Hall, last week, an illustration to the point. Miss Carlingford, one of the ladies from the Opéra Comique, who conceives that her voice has been greatly benefited by the "bottled air" in question, issued about 2,000 invitations to various scientific and musical people, and organised a concert at St. James's Hall last Thursday. The point of this "Invitation" Concert was, that all the singers used bottled air, and Dr. Carter Moffat, the "bottled-air" genius, himself appeared between the parts, holding the mysterious "Ammoniaphone," or bottled-air machine, a long silver tube, which he flourished in the face of the audience, whilst he described its virtues with considerable animation and a robust faith which at last became rather contagious. I confess that at first, much as I can swallow in the way of scientific boasting and assertion, I could not swallow the bottled-air theory. How did I know what the voices of the singers before me had been ere they took to the bottle or tube? Dr. Carter Moffat's own agreeable and sonorous organ had once been a poor, squeaky thing, but assiduous inhalation had, so he said, made it what it was. I was glad to hear that, but—but—let's have a look, I said to myself, at the

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pamphlet. The room was strewn with copies of a pamphlet by the Doctor. It is all about himself and his researches. It sets forth how he analysed Italian air, to whose influence, he said, we owe the most beautiful voices in the world; how he found it saturated with peroxide of hydrogen and free ammonia; how it occurred to him to collect and condense these gases, and cause them to be inhaled with common air in certain proportions by people with weak voices; and how the result was practically to Italianize the voice.

After reading this astonishing assertion, I eagerly turned the pages to discover who Dr. Carter Moffat was. I soon found that he was all right. For seven years he was first demonstrator at the Royal College of Edinburgh, besides being Professor of Chemistry at Glasgow. He went out to examine mines and mineral earths for the Italian Government some years ago, and so valuable were his services that he was awarded a gold medal at Turin, and received a decoration of honour. It was at that time he carried out his experiments on the air of the Abruzzi regions with the startling effects which have ended in the invention of the Ammoniaphone. He came home, threw up all his professional prospects, took a farm outside Glasgow, built his own laboratories, and for nine years employed himself in various scientific researches and experiments chiefly connected with gases and their inhalation. The interior of the Ammoniaphone is, I am told, occupied by wicks saturated with peroxide of oxygen and free ammonia, and by air-chambers regulating the transmission of these gases through a little mouthpiece into the lungs. A couple of deep inhalations will suffice for a test.

It was, I confess, with profound scepticism that I placed the little silver mouthpiece to my lips, and drew a deep breath. A strong, choking, burning flavour of peppermint nearly took my breath away, but it was not unpleasant, and I persevered, alternating each pull with a good gasp of common air to follow. I had previously been asked to say a sentence or two in my natural voice, and, after two or three pulls at the Ammoniaphone, I was requested to repeat the same words, without using any extra exertion. I was really startled at the involuntary loudness of my own voice, and a friend who accompanied me, and who was a greater sceptic than myself, fairly burst out laughing at the result. Dr. Carter Moffat smiled benignly, and told me that he had now 30,000 persons using the Ammoniaphone with the same results. Marie Roze, Lady Macfarren, and a host of others are ready to bear witness to benefits received, and, of course, their letters are printed in the pamphlet. The Ammoniaphone also claims to be of use in bronchitis, and almost a specific in asthma. Dr. Carter Moffat is, perhaps, a little in danger of claiming too much for his curious invention, but his labours and sacrifices have certainly not been altogether in vain.

LONDON IN LAWN.

The Bishop of London, after an interval of twelve years, *visited* about 1,200 of his clergy last week, and *charged* them under the dome of St. Paul's. Time was when the eyes of all London were fixed upon the august and periodical spectacle, with its flavour of ancient ceremonial and oracular utterance. The words of a strong prelate on such occasions had something of the significance of a State paper, and were commented upon by all the journals throughout the country. Things are very different now. The State Church is non-existent in Ireland and Scotland, and is tottering in England. As late as Henry VII.'s reign two-thirds of the "Lords" sat as Spiritual personages, Bishops, and Mitred Abbots in the Upper House. Now it is pretty clear that such of them as remain are there on sufferance, as mere survivals of the unfittest. Nor is there anything in the Bishop's charge calculated to reverse such an estimate. The "Churchy" *Standard* can afford to give but half a column of it, but that is sufficient. It has a forced cheerfulness and hopefulness in places, but the general tone is depressed. It is the words of a man who feels that the spirit of the age is surging in upon him, his venerable institution, and all his works, and that he has no power to stay the tides and currents of that irresistible sea. He sits in his chair of office like a new Canute, but it is only to show unto all men that he has no authority over the advancing waves.

The Bishop has not, apparently, a word to say about Nonconformity, or those more boisterous Salvation and Revival movements which have undeniably laid hold of the masses left untouched by the Church. He avoids facing any of the real difficulties of belief, or the relative positions of religion and science at the present moment. He does not even attempt to place the High, Low, and Broad Church parties, or estimate their relative numbers or importance. He has nothing to say about politics in connection with religion, about social science, or even spiritualism. A few details about which the clergy wrangle amongst themselves catch his eye; but even here the trumpet gives an uncertain sound. The Board-schools are, indeed, alluded to as sources of anxiety, and as very numerous in the diocese, and the Bishop, I am sorry to see, gives some countenance to the hackneyed fallacy that the school board system is inimical to religion—the truth being that religion is more systematically taught in the board-schools of London than it ever was under the old church-school system. Yet further on, the Bishop warns his clergy not to regard board-schools as hostile institutions. I can't make much of that in connection with his previous statements. He goes in, as becomes a Bishop, for dogmatic teaching; but when he declares for "doctrine, not facts," I feel quite at sea again. I always supposed that Church "doctrine" professed to rest on "facts." The "facts," indeed, might be disputed by the infidel; but, hitherto, Christian apologists have, at all events, stuck to their "facts." The new cry of "*doctrine*, not *facts*," is a letting of the theological cat out of the bag with a vengeance; but, perhaps, we ought to pass that polemical slip by, in view of a few generous admissions and wise practical counsels that the Bishop lets drop towards the end of his address. He is dead against ecclesiastical prosecutions. "It is the lesson of all history," says the Bishop, "that religious beliefs, be they true or false, and religious observances, whether reasonable or superstitious, are strengthened by opposition." He then cites the notorious failure of the ritual prosecutions to put down Ritualism, and adds that "he does not greatly regret it."

The whole charge is eminently pacific—not a warlike note is sounded. It is the mature deliverance of a man

who has seen what all the fighting comes to, and who towards the close of his career goes steadily for peace. He has been harassed and wearied by fanatics—bores, fools, and philosophers—all wearing the cloth, and owning him as their ecclesiastical superior. He must have felt himself like one in a nest of hornets, in front of those 1,200 clergy, and his one earnest desire seemed to be not to rouse either of them to buzz and sting any more. He calls out to them, "Peace! peace!" well knowing that there is no peace. "Leave," he oddly exclaims, "without rebuke, ritual you cannot use yourselves, and modes of teaching you do not deem the best; in such a world as ours you cannot afford to have dissension amongst yourselves." That is all very well; but "all history teaches" that the very life of the Church is involved in those dissensions and reactions of which the worthy prelate complains; and that, "in such a world as ours," when the Church ceases to quarrel and dispute about doctrine and practice, it will be because she is dead.

Still, when all is said and done, many of the clergy who agree least with Bishop Jackson see that they might go further and fare worse. He has learned much since he has come to London. Amongst other things he has learned to know and respect many of his clergy with whom, theologically, he is least in sympathy, and his voice has of late been always raised generously to protect those of whatever party who stood in danger from persecution. Most of the clergy, too, have had cause to be grateful to him for his prompt attention to business, and his kindly consideration and advice to them in their difficulties have never been sought in vain. The times may be out of joint, and the age of inspired episcopal charges may be past, but that is no fault of the Bishops. Perhaps outsiders are not aware how little it lies in the power of Bishops either to protect or to prosecute their clergy, or to enforce or suspend regulations found to be expedient or superfluous. But, as far as in him lies, the Bishop of London sets at least one good example to some of the minor prelates—St. Asaph's, for instance. First, he invariably advises congregations to get along without having recourse to law. Secondly, he is not at all of the worrying sort, and whenever he can possibly manage to do so, he lets his clergy alone.

THE BARREL ORGAN.

In Memoriam: Henry Fawcett.

A TRUE, a pure, an ardent life has sped,
Sped all too quickly to its fateful close,
Too soon an earnest soul has found repose,
Too early come the tidings, "Fawcett's dead!"

Too early, do we say? Yes, all too soon;
For fame so great would greater yet have grown,
A soul so eager higher yet have flown,
Had not death's darkness overspread at noon.

He died too early for his much-loved land,
For which he worked with such a strenuous will,
For which fresh boons he was devising still,
When death's fell finger stayed his busy hand

He died too early for the people, too,
To whose great cause he gave both work and word,
In whose behoof his voice was ever heard,
When there was wrong to crush, or right to do.

Too early for the teeming, toiling race
Of that vast empire which we hold o'er sea,
Whose unpaid advocate he loved to be,
To fight for justice, or to plead for grace.

Yes, all too early for his countless friends,
Who mourn his clear, full voice, his genial smile,
His manly, gentle soul, so free from guile,
His fairness, which his stoutest foe commends.

But not too early for the sorrowing pen
To write his epitaph; no whit too soon
For those still here to prize the priceless boon
Of that bright record he has left with men.

No, not too soon for us who live to learn
The hopeful lesson of that gallant fight
He fought so long, in ever-present night,
With a calm courage nought could overturn.

A fight in which he gained full recompense
For that black loss than which but death is worse,
And snatching blessings from a seeming curse,
Exacted ransom thus for his lost sense.

Though he is gone, his memory is left,
And like a beacon-fire flames out so bright
That dark despair can live not in its light,
And lethargy of power to harm 's bereft.

Death emphasizes what e'en life made clear;
And now we see with vision more assured
How much he triumphed, and how much endured;
How brave he was, how truthful, how sincere;

And, seeing this, as brightly it appears,
Feel his example, rightly understood,
Must work the State so much of future good,
That Hope is mingled with a nation's tears.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

A VERDICT FOR MDLLE. VANZANDT.

I ENTIRELY acquit Miss Vanzandt of the charge of being either an habitual or an accidental drunkard. Ardent spirits had nothing whatever to do with her illness, incoherency, and apparent uncertainty of step the other night on the stage of the Opéra Comique. The public, which was unable to penetrate to her dressing-room, is not to be blamed for thinking she had been sacrificing to Bacchus. But the critics who smelt the homœopathic potions in phials marked 1 and 2, and compounded at a pharmacy of the Faubourg St.

Minton's (Limited). — Minton's China. A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century and a half.

Honoré, and who were beside the diva when she was withdrawn behind the scenes, knew better. One of them who noticed the colourless stuff she had been swallowing, and who remembered that Irish whisky is colourless, said that it was mountain dew. Another wrote that it was gin, "a souvenir, doubtless, of Holland." They all—or nearly all—traced the accident to inebriety, and took advantage of it to put the ex-favourite in a moral pillory. Miss Vanzandt has the special weakness of organisation of most of Uncle Sam's nieces, who are not strong in the region of the hips. Clémenceau, who is a medical authority and lived seven years in the United States, says of them: "Elles vieillissent vite parceque le bassin chez-elle est très étroit, et les organes de cette région mal à leur aise." The star of the comic opera was simply the victim of this structural peculiarity. She was not very well for a few days previously, but being in the habit of conquering indisposition, she determined that the revival of "The Barber of Seville" should not be put off on her account. She felt worse in her dressing-room, but made sure that a potion containing phosphorus, which Love, a homœopathic doctor, prescribed for her, would set her right. She did not, however, take it according to the formula, but swallowed it wholesale. As she went on the stage she was seized with internal cramps and violent pains. She advanced towards the lights to sing, and became terrified at other symptoms, which, however, her fancy exaggerated. What to do she knew not, as she hardly dared even to stir a step, and still less to concentrate her strength on her chest and throat. Madame Heilbron (Vicomtesse Lapanouse), who is an artful old stager, said of her when she was brought behind the scenes, "Why did she not simply faint? She knew how to fall without hurting herself. A fainting woman, especially when she is young, pretty, and slender, is always an interesting object." Being very frank, it did not occur to Miss Vanzandt to turn her weakness into a triumph by simulating a fainting fit. She has been in bed ever since, and did me the favour of receiving me at her bedside. I heard from her lips and those of her mother the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The latter, as the diva and I were chatting, came in to tell her in the deepest distress that it had been cabled to the *New York Herald* that she was staggering and speechlessly drunk on the stage. Miss Vanzandt replied, "Mother, dear, don't worry. They'll have to cable a contradiction, that's all. *We* can't help what has happened. We have had nothing but *ups* thus far, and we must in the nature of things expect some *downs*. There's no such thing as smooth sailing through an artistic career."

Mrs. Vanzandt is an Englishwoman. She comes from Deal, in Kent, and, I should say, has a streak of Jewish blood. Her face is very pleasant, and her manners agreeable. She sang with Patti in London, but not, as has been said, in America. Her mother was a West-of-Scotland woman named Morrisson, which accounts for the Scotch type (greatly softened down) of the daughter. Miss Vanzandt, if strongly constructed, would be plain. Her cheek-bones are slightly high, and her nose is an elongated snub. The forehead, brows, and eyes show intensity of character and intellect, and the mouth is simply perfect. When she laughs, it brightens up the whole face, and renders it singularly charming. She is small, but neatly built, and without surplusage of any kind. There is not bulk enough in her to resist great fatigue, notwithstanding her wiry muscularity and nervous force. The hair is auburn, and has narrowly escaped being sandy. Another tinge in the direction of red would have spoiled it. As it is, it goes with the bright laugh, and keeps the face young-looking. Miss Vanzandt is very genuine. She has a hard head, really honest instincts, and abhors the stage. Because she has a voice, a certain amount (she modestly puts it) of artistic talent, suits the public taste, and is not rich, she sings in theatres. *Cabotins* she avoids; and she recoils from *cabotinage*. This would be an advantage in America, where people do not see why the stage should be immoral. In Paris it is a very great disadvantage. French critics expect to be paid in money (up with your fans, ladies!) or kisses when they help a star to rise high in the theatrical firmament. A very long credit has been given to Miss Vanzandt, who has for four years been the darling of the theatrical press and of the subscribers to the Opéra Comique. She has been praised up to the skies, and has given nothing but her most silvery notes and best talents in return. This does not do for a long time. *Donnant-donnant* is the rule of the French press. Without the journalists, fair and foreign warblers would have no more chance than home ones. As the public does not ask for true criticism, there is no harm in writing puffs for one's own profit. Critics, however they may dislike each other, form a kind of union, and are sure to a man to turn round on the charming creature about whose very dresses they went into raptures, if she does not give substantial proofs of gratitude. My idea is that theatrical criticism should be abolished altogether, and notices of performers in plays and operas paid for in all cases by the line. The extraordinary thing is that the whole world accepts the reputations manufactured on the *donnant-donnant* principle by the Boulevard press. What said, only yesterday, an eminent critic to the diva's mother? "Your daughter has reached a phase of her career when she ought either to have an amiable husband or a protector." By an amiable husband he meant a gentleman who would be *le plus heureux des trois*. It is well that this should be known. Miss Vanzandt does not, like some actresses, set up to gain public favour on the ground of decency of conduct in private life; but she objects to gain it by indecency. She gives the habitués of the Opéra Comique, to the best of her ability, the value of their money. If she has any affectation, it is to posture as a *gamine*, which is a way of not appearing, to the *cabotines* about her, self-righteous. As a matter of fact, she goes into the best society in Paris. Her repugnance to *cabotinage* is taken by her fellow-stars as insulting to them. They detest her, therefore, and speak of her as *une mauvaise camarade*. Also, Frenchmen, and most of all those "dans le high-life," do not understand flirtation, unless as a prelude to a liaison "qui ne sera jamais pour le bon motif." To flirt is to give

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encouragement to be naughty. When a frowning face is shown because the limits of discreet reserve are overstepped, admiration is suddenly turned into furious hatred. A great morning paper, which was the most wicked of any in its attacks on the star of the Opéra Comique in its Monday's issue, is partially owned by a subscriber to that theatre, who has professed for her the warmest friendship. The broken idol is not more of a flirt than any other American girl, and on account of her exposed position, is, while indulging in *gamineries*, really more guarded than most of her young and fair compatriots. Her dream of future happiness is English or American home life, very tranquil, frank, free, and natural. She is not luxurious in tastes or habits, and does not attach much importance to fine clothes. Her power to please lies in her brightness and originality, and the puss knows this well.

SPORTING NOTES.

A CORRESPONDENCE has lately been going on in the *Bird o' Freedom* on the subject of "Tipsters and Tipping." In all controversies of this description one finds, in nine letters out of ten, that the cloak of the candid critic, or of the ingenuous seeker after truth, merely conceals the cloven foot of the puffer; and, when this is not the case, the communication is usually as pointless as an anecdote by Captain Sumph.

The writer of a lengthy letter which appeared in last week's number of the *Bird o' Freedom*, asserts that the sporting writer in TRUTH is "one of the most unfortunate vaticinators of the day." This correspondent must have been singularly lucky in his tipsters if his experience has led him to arrive at this conclusion; but I suppose the opinion in question is merely the offspring of the hare-brained recklessness which is the characteristic of the writers of the great majority of letters of this sort, or else it is an exhibition of impudent mendacity. I do not by any means profess to be a "vaticinator," and have not the slightest ambition for renown in that line. The profession of "tipping" is like matrimony, inasmuch as most assuredly "it is not by any to be enterprised, nor taken in hand, unadvisedly, lightly, or wantonly." I give my impressions as to a few of the leading races of the year, derived from such information as may reach me; and if I am right it is satisfactory enough, but if I happen to be wrong it may be hoped that no harm is done—at least, personally I do not care one farthing what the result may be, and I sincerely trust that the readers of TRUTH are not such ghastly fools as to wager any sum of money on any event whatever without at once looking upon it as lost. If it comes off so much the better, but if not no matter. With regard, however, to the value (or worthlessness) of such "tips" as have appeared in TRUTH, I may as well mention the fact, once for all, that any one who has "followed" them during the last few seasons must have boasted of a handsome balance to the good at the end of each year. The present season has not been so fortunate as usual; but, nevertheless, if I have any "followers," they have won a fair sum on the year. The tips in TRUTH this season have been:—Wild Arab, for Lincoln Handicap (nowhere); Voluptuary to win, and Frigate for a place, for Grand National (first and second); Royal Stag, for City and Suburban (third); St. Médard, for Two Thousand (second); Sandiway, for One Thousand (nowhere); St. Médard, for Derby (nowhere); Busybody, for Oaks (first); Florence, for Manchester Cup (first); Wild Duck, for Grand Prix (first); Spectrum, for Goodwood Stakes (nowhere); Queen Adelaide, for Leger (nowhere); Sandiway, for Cambridgeshire (nowhere); Beauchamp, for Liverpool Cup (nowhere). I did not give any "tip" for either the Northumberland Plate, Ebor Handicap, or Cesarewitch. Last year I "advised" on only ten races, and the winners were Hauteur (One Thousand), Primrose II. (Manchester Cup), St. Blaise (Derby), Border Minstrel (Goodwood Cup), and Ossian for the Leger. In 1882, with nine tips, I had St. Marguerite (One Thousand), Shotover (Derby), and Hackness (Cambridgeshire). Very few people, however, would content themselves with from nine to a dozen bets in the season.

The following paragraph appeared in the *Sportsman* of last Saturday:—

> The announcement having been made in certain quarters that Mr. Hammond had presented both Archer and Wood with £1,000 after the race for the Cambridgeshire, we are authorised to contradict the statement.

It was asserted by the *Sporting Times*, on October 25th, that Webb (who rode Florence in the Cambridgeshire) and C. Wood (who rode Sandiway) had each received £1,000 from Mr. Hammond, and I repeat that it is my very decided opinion that if Wood really did receive any such "gratification" from the owner of Florence, then it is the imperative duty of the Stewards of the Jockey Club to express, officially, their very strong disapproval of the transaction, for presents under such circumstances bear a very equivocal appearance. The paragraph in the *Sportsman* strikes me as being thoroughly disingenuous, and it is by no means creditable to the editor of that journal, who can only excuse its insertion on the plea of extreme haste and consequent carelessness. It has nowhere been stated that Archer and Wood each received £1,000, and, after the Polaris *esclandre*, it is to the last degree improbable that any present whatever would have been offered to Archer; and I hope that he would have declined to receive anything from Mr. Hammond after the Cambridgeshire, even if there had been no interruption to their intimacy. Perhaps the *Sportsman* will be good enough to publish a categorical denial of the statement in the *Sporting Times* that Mr. Hammond presented Wood with £1,000. I shall be glad if it can do so, but I confess that my expectations and my hopes do not go hand-in-hand together. At least, it would be interesting to learn in what newspaper it has ever been stated that "the owner of Florence presented both Archer and Wood with £1,000," and if the *Sportsman* cannot supply the information one is justified in regarding the above paragraph as a clumsy attempt to mislead the public.

Being entirely opposed to the view taken by the editor of the *Sporting Times* of this Hammond-Wood affair, and

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regarding his vapourish sentimentalities on that subject as altogether imbecile and in the greatest degree pernicious, I am the more pleased to find myself in complete accord with him in his remarks on the starting question. I entirely agree in his opinion that "Mr. McGeorge is the ablest starter that ever hoisted a flag," and no well-wisher of the turf can for a moment desire to see his flag in other hands. This is a time when a *strong* starter is absolutely essential, and of all who have tried their hands there is not one who comes anywhere "within measurable distance" of Mr. McGeorge. The post discipline of most of them is worse than their starting, and both are pitiable. It will be a most disastrous thing if ill-health compels Mr. McGeorge to resign his office. He thoroughly knows his business; but because he is outspoken and independent, and has never taken any trouble to conciliate anserous aristocrats and turf parasites, a "dead set," to use the *Sporting Times* phrase, has been made against him, and not for the first time. The jobbing abuse of Mr. McGeorge is as contemptible as the pimping eulogies of the persons who desire to take his place, which, as I have already stated, they are at present wholly incompetent to fill to the satisfaction of owners.

Till last week, I had made it a rule to leave the Liverpool Cup alone, since the year when Prestonpans won. I sincerely deplore having again meddled with it, and my anguish is intensified by the fact that my own original and very strong fancy for the race was Thebais, who, as any simpleton could see, had only to be in fair form to win. It must surely have been *by the fraud and malice of the devil* that I became sufficiently idiotic, not only to be seduced from my own opinion, but, worse still, to be led to believe in such an arrant impostor as Beauchamp, who had over and over again showed himself to be a bad horse. It is now attempted to be maintained that Mr. Jardine's beast requires a man on his back; but people who circulate such balderdash have surely forgotten the sorry exhibition he made of himself at Newmarket, Ascot, and other meetings, at which he ran in weight-for-age stakes. No practical man can have any patience, besides, with people who try their horse to their entire satisfaction, back him heavily, and then, at the very last moment, express an asinine apprehension that the boy will be unable to do him justice. Were they not perfectly aware from the very first that he would be ridden by a boy? Beauchamp certainly got off very badly, and never at any time seemed to be fairly in the race. It was announced that he could give Newton a stone, but there must have been some egregious blundering if this was the trial, or else Newton has wonderfully improved and Beauchamp has deteriorated to a corresponding extent. At Lincoln Newton beat Goggles easily at 5 lb., but last week Goggles gave Beauchamp 7 lb. and lost him; whereas, according to the Middleham trial, he ought never to have seen the way that Mr. Jardine's horse went, for on the Lincoln running the latter had 21 lb. in hand. Goggles evidently carried the bulk of the Bedford Cottage money in preference to Sweetbread, for whom I had not the slightest fancy, nor could I look with favour on the prospect of Boulevard, who at one time was the especial tip of "the sharps," while most of the clever people would not hear of Thebais, against whom there was a most unaccountable prejudice. Boulevard went very badly in the betting towards the last, and, instead of his starting first favourite, as had been predicted, it would not have been difficult to get 20 to 1 about him, and in such a race as this, when a horse which has been backed at 5 to 1 subsequently goes to three or four times the odds, it is practically any price against him. It was the general belief that the Boulevard party had resolved to go for Thebais. Brocken, who was well backed, ran very badly, and he must be a most moderate horse, for he was thrown in; Thebais was giving him 42 lb. more than weight-for-age. The performance of "Mr. Manton's" beautiful mare is the best on record, for although Sterling won as a five-year-old with the same weight, yet, allowing weight for sex, Thebais has 3 lb. the best of him; but then he beat one of the best fields that ever started for this race (King Lud and Louise Victoria were behind him), whereas there were no "flyers" behind Thebais. After the mare's fine performance in the City and Suburban, she certainly deserved to win a good handicap, and her victory was a most popular one, and in every way satisfactory.

At the Houghton Meeting, Kinfauns and Lovely each ran unbacked in small handicaps, and were never seen in front. Linden saw another sight last week, when, on Tuesday, the slightest shade of odds was eagerly accepted about Kinfauns in a field of twelve, and she would have won easily but for her being most execrably ridden by Wood, who, instead of letting her "come along" after he had got off so well, pulled her back, with the result that when at last he desired to come through he was interfered with, and did not get up till two strides from the winning-post. It was altogether a tragic day for Sir George Chetwynd and Wood (for the former is as rarely to be seen without his confidential jockey at his heels, as Don Juan without Leperello), as Lovely was plunged on for the Croxteth Cup, but was unlucky in the race; and on Thursday, when she was favourite for a Welter Handicap, she was cleverly beaten by Drakensberg. It strikes one as odd that only a fortnight before, in the Stand Handicap at Newmarket, 100 to 1 should have been offered against the mare in a field of five. She has certainly recovered her form with magical speed. One remembers the malignant howls that were raised last year when Boswell won here after having been beaten at Newmarket, but the moral susceptibilities of the sporting press are very fluctuating, and while there are piercing cries if one man looks over the gate, there is a servile silence when the next comer proceeds to abduct the steed from its pasture. Acrostic, who has been running very badly since Ascot, walked in for the Stewards' Cup, and it is difficult to comprehend how "the talent" can have been so utterly foolish as to suppose that Leeds could give this horse 35 lb.! It is nothing less than scandalous that Acrostic should have been "let off" in such a ridiculous way after his Hunt Cup victory at Ascot, and the gross absurdity of the handicap was shown on Friday, when he carried 10 lb. extra and won the Lancashire Handicap easily. It is to be hoped that there

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will be an end of this most reprehensible practice of ignoring a horse's smart performances because he has met with some trifling accident. Any horse which has once shown good form ought always to be fairly weighted up to that form, and if Messrs. Topham try the patience of owners with a few more of these eccentricities, for which their meetings have always been notorious, they will find their stakes collapsing. Necromancer was favourite for the Knowsley, the principal Nursery of the week, but was never in it with Mallow, an Irish colt, who had everything beaten when half the distance had been accomplished, and who started at 20 to 1, although he has shown good form in Ireland. He won the Downe Nursery two days later, and again started at a remunerative price, as Fair Lilian was a great pot; but she disappointed her friends as grievously as in the Bretby Nursery at Newmarket.

MAMMON.

RENTS.

THE discussion in the House of Lords upon the depression in trade does not throw any very practical light on the matter. Lord Salisbury's panacea was, that local taxation should be reduced by throwing the taxation now weighing upon land on the entire community. I do not entirely agree with the observation of a friend of mine—viz., "When landowners are prosperous they say each morning on getting up, 'What shall we kill?' and when they are not prosperous, they say, 'Whom shall we rob?'" —but it must be admitted that they seem to be under the impression that they have peculiar rights in regard to their property which do not belong to other kinds of property. The present taxation on land is a poor equivalent for the land-tax, out of the greater portion of which the Treasury has been swindled by a former generation of landowners. Taxation is the rent of the State, and what is called a landowner is a middle-man, who steps in between the State and the occupier, receiving anything in excess of the State rent that the land may be worth. For landowners, therefore, to ask for a reduction of taxation is much as though the shareholder of a railroad were to ask for a reduction of interest on the debenture debt of the railroad, because fewer people travel upon it than heretofore. The demand is not only a silly one for this reason, but also because it would afford an inappreciable relief. By what could taxation on land be reduced? By about 9d. per acre at the utmost. And yet the depreciation on wheat-land is certainly more than £2 per acre. There are certain natural laws which we cannot alter. If there be a cause, we cannot change the effect, for cause and effect are one. The difference between land in the West of America and land in England —assuming that the natural capabilities of both are the same—can only be the difference of cost of transit to our markets. As communications are opened out, and the cost of the long journey diminishes, so must land throughout the world tend to an equalisation of value. If agricultural land in the far West can be bought for one dollar per acre, it is evident that the value of agricultural land in England cannot be worth more than one dollar per acre, plus the difference of carriage to our markets. This, however, is on the assumption that the natural productiveness of the lands in both places is the same.

Unfortunately, however, for our landowners, this is not so, for land in the far West is far more productive than our land. The fall in the value of our land was arrested for some time, because the farmers had leases, and fancied that what was permanent was only temporary. They therefore lived on their capital, and paid their rents with it. That capital has now come to an end. It cannot, however, be too often repeated that, if the rent of land fell to 1s. per acre, the country would not be the poorer, for rent is merely the transference of money from one Englishman to another. Rent is margin over taxation and trade profit. A landowner is the drone in the hive who lives on the honey. His idea, however, seems to be, that if there be no honey to enable him to exist without working, the working bees are bound to provide him with food; and his plea for the transference of taxation from his shoulders to those of others is the outcome of this singular hallucination.

Mr. Chaplin, however, goes even further, and asks that an import duty should be placed on foreign corn, in order that rent may be maintained. This, in plain words, means that the poorest person in the country who earns a stale crust to keep body and soul together should pay his quota towards the maintenance of landowners. What would be said if a tax were to be imposed on foreign manufactures in order to keep an entire class in plenty from rents derived from an excessive charge for the ground needed for the building of manufactories? And yet this would not be one whit more outrageous than Mr. Chaplin's proposal. It is only worthy of the age when great feudal lords lived in garrisoned castles, and treated the rest of the community as serfs, born to slave for them. It cannot be too often repeated that so long as anything is paid in the form of rent to individual owners for the use of land, any reduction of taxation on that land, or any endeavour to give an artificial value to its products by shutting out competition, is not a relief to industry, but a relief to those who live without industry.

EGYPT.

I am against incurring any further pecuniary obligation in Egypt, either for the benefit of fellahs or of bondholders, because I see no reason why we should be taxed for either, and my only regret is that we have already expended four and a half millions on them. But I doubt, even if we do guarantee the indemnity loan, reduce our interest on the Suez Canal shares, and assume a portion of the costs of an army of occupation, that the Unified Debt will derive much benefit from this. Every year there will be a bitter debate in Parliament on the vote for money to pay for our occupation, and every year the public will become more tired of this waste of money. The occupation will therefore soon cease. The position will then be this, that Egypt,

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which cannot pay at present the costs of administration and interest on her debt, will be required to pay more in interest than she does now, whilst the indemnity interest will have precedence over the interest of the existing debt.

THE MANCHESTER CORPORATION SCANDALS.

I resume this subject with a few particulars as to the money spent by the Manchester deputationists, or rather pic-nickers. By the way, a printer's error made me say last week that one committee smoked 350 cigars at sixpence each; but that committee's capabilities, as regards the fragrant weed, were much greater, for they got through 3,500 cigars. Now, with reference to the emoluments for deputations. Can a man, even an alderman, actually spend a guinea and a half per day in hotel expenses and still be in a fit condition to attend to his duties? And if these men do not actually spend the sums charged by them, ought the long suffering ratepayer to help to swell their incomes? I have always understood that these civic posts are purely honorary, being conferred on good citizens anxious to serve their fellow-townsmen. Yet here we find Alderman Thompson charging £53. 9s., Alderman Patteson £47. 6s. 4d., Alderman Harwood £47. 2s. 6d., Alderman Bennett £39. 12s., Councillor Stewart £60. 4s., Councillor Rowley £42. 4s., Councillor Hampson £21. 10s. 9d., and so on, all at the rate of a guinea and a-half per day, in addition to first-class railway-fare, and cab-fares. The Deputy Town Clerk and some of the Councillors went on a deputation to London, and, although the clerk charged in his bill for cabs for self and deputation in Manchester and London, yet two of the Councillors had the audacity to charge, in addition, 7s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. respectively. In fact, a calculation made by Mr. Scott shows that the Manchester ratepayers kept nineteen cabs going day and night for the use of Councillors and officials. Alderman Bennett and Councillor Stewart run each other very close in the making out their little bill. The august Alderman performed a stretch of fourteen days in London at a cost to the ratepayers of £24. 15s., not forgetting to charge the orthodox guinea and a half for Sundays; while the Councillor did eleven days on the same deputation at £25. 6s., charging no less than three journeys to London and back. The few instances I have quoted show how urgently reforms are needed.

Where Aldermen and Councillors set the example, it is but natural that the officials should follow suit. Mr. W. H. Talbot, the deputy town-clerk, who is in the enjoyment of a large salary, is down for £109. 8s. 6d. for deputations. Sir Joseph Heron, the titular town-clerk, who has a retiring pension of £2,500 a year, charges £23. 1s. Mr. Berry, waterworks outdoor superintendent, at a salary of £800 a year, without counting extras, charges all his travelling expenses to the rates, amongst which cabs and broughams take a prominent place. Mr. Allison, city surveyor, who is in receipt of a salary of £1,000 a year, debits the ship canal with £54. 7s. 7d. Besides railway-fares, cab-hire, and a guinea and a half per day, he puts down gratuities 10s. This is the old tale of being generous with other people's money. It is monstrous that all these highly-paid officials, who, I fancy, have a good many perquisites besides, should charge for their time at this outrageous rate, when that time is already fully paid for by salary.

I have gone somewhat into detail, as only in that way can a fair judgment be formed of the system of jobbery prevailing, and the character of the men responsible for it. Fortunately, sixteen new Councillors were chosen last week, and I trust that they will support Mr. Scott. That gentleman has done wonders in the face of the most determined opposition of Aldermen and Councillors; yet he has not succeeded in gaining access to all the accounts. For instance, the whole of the police-court accounts have been withheld. I fancy there is a particular reason why they are not produced. As to other startling facts discovered by Mr. Scott, it is curious to find that the Clerk to the Justices, in addition to his salary of £800 a year, receives about £250 a year from the fines inflicted in the police-courts, and that there is a sum of over £250,000 lying in the banks to the credit of the ratepayers, upon which the different authorities, and not the ratepayers, are receiving interest. In view of the Bill for the Incorporation of Greater London, the Home Secretary may pick up some useful hints, from what is now taking place in Manchester, as to the necessity for precautions for a searching, independent, and honest annual or continuous audit of municipal expenditure.

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QUEER STORIES.

MISS MADISON'S MATCH.

MADGE MADISON was good-looking. She was neither too tall nor too short, too plump nor too skinny. She had a clear complexion, regular features, and a pair of wonderfully attractive liquid grey eyes. She had also an undeniable knack of so manipulating her sometimes rather shabby clothes that the beholder ceased to remark their shabbiness in the distinction of the wearer. Not that she liked shabby clothes—she loathed them with a fervour few people credited her with, but she was essentially a self-contained person, and endured the minor ills of life with graceful fortitude. The Madisons had never had any money to speak of, and just now things had come to a crisis with them.

"What on earth's to be done with all you girls?" Colonel Madison had asked, helplessly, of his four motherless daughters that morning at breakfast.

It was the Christmas holidays, and the three younger ones had, of course, turned up with the Christmas bills, equally importunate and inopportune to their impecunious father. Three more mouths to be filled, three fine

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tall, growing girls to be clad in *something*, and the school-bills going on merrily all the time. No wonder the wretched Colonel groaned over his quiver-full.

"We must marry," said Lillian, the beauty.

"We must work," said Ethel, who took life seriously, and had "views."

"Thank goodness, I'm too young for anything heroic to be expected of me," said Barbara, the baby, pouting.

"Has anything particular happened?" asked Madge.

"The bank has gone, and with it all I had, except my pension," said the unfortunate Colonel, sighing deeply. "When I die you will all of you be paupers, so it will be better for you to set about doing something for yourselves before the bad day comes. For your sakes, children, I shall take every imaginable care of myself; but, alas! the best of us is but mortal." The affecting thought was too much for the unlucky parent. He lapsed into a melancholy taciturnity for the remainder of the meal.

At its conclusion, Madge, who had been thinking matters over, said:—"Father, you are right about our doing something for ourselves. I can't be a governess. I don't know enough; but old Lady Dumbledon wants a company-keeper. I'll ask her to take me. I shall be earning sixty pounds a year, and at the same time be relieving you of one of your incumbrances."

"You're a good girl, Madge. I am sorry to sacrifice you, I am sure; but I don't see any help for it."

Miss Madison was a girl of action. She speedily had all the preliminaries settled with Lady Dumbledon, whose service she was to enter towards the end of January. But before taking up her new duties she permitted herself the relaxation of a visit to a school-friend, now well married and living in Kensington.

She returned from this outing somewhat pensive, and in reply to the affectionate badinage of her sisters, suffered it to be elicited that she had met a man at her friend's house, whom in more fortunate circumstances she could have cared a good deal for. Unhappily if, as she owned that she suspected, the favourable impression had been mutual, there could be no results from it. Her too brief visit had come to an end; and she and her delightful fellow guest had separated after their three days' chance acquaintanceship, in all human probability never to meet again. Such is life and—luck!

She had, however, miscalculated the power of her own attractions. On the eve of starting for Lady Dumbledon's she received a singular letter from the man whose good fortune it had been to so strongly recommend himself to her.

"He had been irresistibly drawn to her," he said, "in the few days that they had been thrown together, but he had then been too poor a man to let the dictates of his heart find utterance. He had let her go in silence, and had suffered much in so doing. Now things were changed with him. He had most unexpectedly come into a property of £10,000 a year by the sudden death of a relative, and he hastened to offer himself and his newly-acquired fortune for her acceptance. Circumstances connected with his accession to fortune necessitated his immediately starting for Australia, and would keep him out of England for a year. Would she forgive his precipitate wooing out of charity for the violence of his passion for her, and promise to become his wife as soon as he returned home?"

This, denuded of many passionate expressions of regard, was the substance of the letter.

Miss Madison carried it to her father.

"What shall you do, child?" he asked, anxiously.

"I will take your advice, but I am inclined to accept Mr. Smith-White's offer," she added, casting down her eyes and growing a little pale.

"You were always a most sensible girl, Madge, and to be trusted about your own affairs. Accept him by all means, if you feel you can."

"Down on your knees, and thank heaven, fasting, for a rich man's love," quoted Lillian, the beauty, on the matter being explained to her, in the absolute need of her usually self-reliant sister for a *confidante*.

Thus encouraged by her family, Miss Madison accepted her fate. In return for her complaisance she received a rapturous (registered) letter of thanks enclosing a magnificent diamond betrothal ring. Mr. Smith-White passionately deplored his hard luck in being obliged to embark without snatching one brief interview with his betrothed, but his ship was sailing that night, and he had no time to come down to Norwood.

Miss Madison's circumstances having undergone this startling change, the position of humble companion, even to a lady of title, appeared inappropriate to her. The Dowager Lady Dumbledon, being apprised of recent events, graciously released her from her engagement, and, furthermore, invited her to spend a few days on a friendly visit. Being a kind old lady, with romantic proclivities, the Dowager even gave the bride-elect many pretty little presents, out of sheer benevolence towards a girl about to do so well for herself. It was Madge's first realisation of the great truth, that to those who have (or are going to have) much, much shall be given.

The months flew by. Each mail brought long, loving letters from the enamoured Smith-White, who counted the days when his hateful business should be accomplished, and he should be at last able to return and claim his bride. He began to give delicate and practical hints about the trousseau necessary to be got together, which he wished should befit the position which his dearest Madge would occupy as his honoured and cherished wife. Let no scruples, he begged, on the score of economy restrain her in her preparations. The paying of the bills could be a matter for future consideration between himself and Colonel Madison. He particularly desired that his wife should come to him handsomely equipped for the round of country-house visits he meant to take her immediately after the first few weeks of the honeymoon were over. Miss Madison, upon this, went to the best people, and ere long had ordered a trousseau of modest and *recherché* magnificence. The letters of her lover became more and more ardent. He begged that the marriage might take place at Easter, when he calculated he would

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RIDING HABITS.—Specialty of JOHN REDFERN & SONS. Ladies' Tailors by Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 26, Conduit-street, London, W. Also at Cowes and Paris.

have just reached England. Let not false delicacy, he implored his dearest Madge, prevent her acceding to his wishes on this point.

Miss Madison had no false delicacy, and the point was conceded. Expectation in the bosom of the little circle at Norwood rose high; for Mr. Smith-White was on his way home *viâ* India, whither his miserable affairs dragged him. In a few weeks a letter came announcing that he had reached Paris, where he was just stopping *en passant* to buy a few pretty trifles for his bride. Then came a break of three days in the correspondence, followed by a letter from an English friend of Mr. White's who had met him at his hotel, telling of his sudden illness, brought on by over-travelling and over-excitement. After this came a short telegram announcing his death.

Terrible, terrible downfall of high hopes! Was ever any girl so much to be pitied? Madge Madison turned white to her very lips with the shock of the news. She walked blindly out of the room, up the shabby stairs, and, locking herself alone in her bedroom, sat down to face the awful collapse of her bright expectations.

The next day brought some amelioration of the situation to Colonel Madison, though his poor daughter could hardly be expected as yet to take comfort in it. The same friend wrote to say that his unfortunate fellow-countryman's last act had been to sign a hurriedly-prepared will, leaving everything he possessed to his betrothed wife. He had expressed a wish that the whole Madison family should provide themselves with proper mourning, and be present at his funeral, which was to take place at Kensal-green the following Thursday. The writer stated that he was making all necessary arrangements, and should start for London with the remains that night.

The widowed bride-elect seemed stunned by the extent of her misfortune in losing thus cruelly the best and most generous of men. Her pitying sisters procured her mourning, and their own, from the same celebrated artists who had executed the wedding-order. The fabrics were of the richest. Severe and elegant simplicity in woe is expensive; but what of that? Was this a time to haggle over the price of needful garments to do honour to the memory of a noble-hearted benefactor?

Thursday morning saw the whole family arrayed in their sables ready to set out on their mournful journey. A coach from the nearest jobmaster's, the driver being in decent black, so as to be in harmony with the melancholy occasion, pulled up at the door. The four black-robed young figures, with Colonel Madison, took their places in it, Barbara sitting bodkin—her eyes bright with excitement—for even a funeral was something to her, as she had but few distractions. They arrived punctual to the minute at the cemetery, and waited for the funeral *cortége* to appear. Time went on, but it did not come. One hour, two hours, passed in anxious expectation, and still the funeral lagged strangely on the road. Colonel Madison interviewed the officials. No notice of Mr. Smith-White's intended interment had been given. Other groups of black-robed figures came weeping, buried their dead, and went away, and still the Colonel and his daughters lingered, unwilling to be accused hereafter of any lack of respect. A cold, cutting north-easter whirled mockingly amongst the head-stones, seeming to deride and insult the mourners with its bitter cheerlessness. At length it became apparent to every one that some inexcusable mistake had been made, and the uselessness of further waiting was obvious. Colonel Madison slowly withdrew his little cohort from the field, anathematizing the wind, the officious friend of the deceased, and every available subject for displeasure.

He went that evening to Kensington to see the lady at whose house his daughter had first met her betrothed, but only to find to his dismay that the house was to let, and that no trace of Mrs. Bigley was to be found. Nothing, therefore, was to be ascertained from that quarter. He was at a loss to know where else to apply for information, and so waited patiently with the hope that the post would bring him some explanation.

But no such explanation came. Puzzled and furious, the Colonel telegraphed to the hotel in Paris for particulars of Mr. Smith-White's death, and the subsequent disposal of his remains. An answer came back that no such person, nor any one answering to the description, had visited the hotel, and the proprietor indignantly denied that any one had died suddenly under his roof. It then began to dawn upon the unfortunate family that they had been made the victims of an infamous and cruel hoax.

The Dowager Lady Dumbledon, filled with pity for the poor girl thus heartlessly made a fool of, carried her off to Brighton, charitably trusting that change of scene might assuage the acuteness of those agonies of shame and mortification that the deceived and deserted young creature must be experiencing.

The little circle wherein the Madisons moved and had their being was shaken to its foundations with indignation at the heartless cruelty of which poor Madge had been the victim. The tale of her woes leaked out in Brighton, and awoke a perfect furore of sympathy. Her behaviour was pronounced as perfect—she was so quiet, so dignified, so patient under her unmerited sufferings.

Lady Dumbledon became quite proud of her young friend, who was undoubtedly the success of the moment, and received the greatest possible attention. After a few weeks, it was semi-officially given out that Sir Reginald Dacre, a young man of family and fortune, and irreproachable character, had successfully sought Miss Madison's hand, though no formal engagement was to be entered into for the present, so that the poor girl might have time to recover her shattered feelings.

Meanwhile, Colonel Madison was receiving a great deal of sympathy, too. He became a feature at his club, and enjoyed a notoriety he could well have dispensed with, as the father of the young lady who had met with so extraordinary and unpleasant an adventure. Every one offered him advice in the matter.

"Hang it, Colonel, the blackguard ought to be discovered and made to pay for it," cried one of his old friends, energetically. "Set a detective on his track, man."

The Colonel considered his friend's advice, and, after considerable hesitation, concluded to act on it. He therefore went to Scotland-yard, and, on the suggestion of an experienced officer, he decided to take the gorgeous

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betrothal ring to the jeweller's whose name was in the case, in order, if possible, to ascertain something about the purchaser. Here a shock awaited him. The ring had been ordered by a lady, with instructions that it should be placed to Colonel Madison's account.

"Good heavens! Roder," he stuttered. "You dared to put a ring like that to my account without any authority of mine! Could not you see that it was a vile, infamous, disgraceful hoax?"

Mr. Roder stood high in his calling. He was sorry for the Colonel, and so at once took back the ring, expressing his regret that he should have fallen into the error complained of; but as soon as Colonel Madison had left his shop, he went down to Scotland-yard and there made a certain communication which he had refrained from volunteering to his agitated customer.

A few days after this Sir Reginald Dacre's younger brother ran down from London and walked into his rooms.

"Look here, Regy. You say you are going to marry Miss Madison," he said slowly. "Well, take my advice and—don't."

Sir Reginald's cheerful face paled.

"What do you mean?" he asked, in a passion.

"I mean that she is too clever for poor stupid fellows like you and me. That hoax was all a plant, got up by herself from beginning to end. The man never existed. He was a myth. She took in her own people, she took in old Dumbledon, and she all but took in Scotland-yard, into whose hands poor old Madison at last put the affair. The only person, fortunately for you, that she did not take in was old Roder."

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—My occupation during the past week has been with winter curtains and *portières*. In cold weather there are tremendous draughts that come under our dining-room doors, the lower part of the wood having been cut away to admit of thick carpets being laid under them. As our carpets are all square, with parqueterie round the edges, this space serves only for ingress to all the four winds. So, this autumn, I have had brass rods placed on brackets above the doors. The curtains hook on these by means of a new patent arrangement of Maple's, which does not necessitate rings, and the advantage of which is that the *portière* swings back with the door when the latter is opened, and yet hides the whole of the woodwork when it is shut, thus keeping out all lurking little breezes. Maud and I spent a whole morning at Maple's, choosing curtains. It was quite a labour of love, as you may imagine. Is there anything more delightful, in a small way, than spending money on pretty things? For the hall we chose an Indian *portière* in the warmest shades of red and brown, lighted up with yellow and turquoise blue. Strange to say, it goes beautifully with our Queen Anne hall-lamp, though in buying it, we never thought whether the poor dear thing would agree with the curtains or not.

For the dining-room we had a pair of Delhi "puhlgaries" that George's wife sent us home some months ago. They are one mass of deep gold-coloured silk embroidery, into which are worked small round pieces of looking-glass. These give the curtains a very quaint and curious effect, for, without a close examination, it is impossible to tell what the innumerable glittering circles are The pair just fit our two doors, one of which, as you may remember, leads into papa's "study," where he enjoys so many luxurious naps in his great arm-chair.

But the question was, what to get for the folding-doors that would go with the vivid mass of colouring presented by the puhlgaries. We took one of them with us to Maple's, and after a long search discovered a *portière* of some Persian stuff that harmonises deliciously with our rather *difficile* door-hangings. With window-curtains to match the *portière*, our dining-room presents an "interior" that an artist would not disdain to praise, and that made me shriek with delight when I first saw it lighted up.

Lilla has the panels of her folding doors so prettily painted, that she would not have hangings to hide them, but when she saw our room she was converted to share our dislike of the cold look of the uncovered wood, and is going to buy a *portière* of peacock-blue velvet, with a heavy border of embroidery. The birds and flowers on her panels will look nicer than ever peering out from such a frame. By means of rings sewn to the inner side of the velvet, and cords passed through them, it can be draped back in folds that will show the colour to perfection.

But to return to our purchases. We had, then, our drawing-room to consider—our pet room, where everything has to be cheerful, and where every member of the family is bound by solemn contract never to shed a tear or say a cross word, even to Tip. Well, dear, we had had Madras muslin curtains, for the windows and the inner side of the folding-doors all through the summer, and our pretty cretonnes of last winter were hopelessly faded. So to replace them, we chose the most exquisite chenille curtains, with deep dado, in which the colours are all ineffably soft and rich.

I fear that, after this, we committed some few extravagances. For instance, for the stained-glass staircase window we bought a hanging made of willow bamboos, threaded with beads. These can either be looped back, or left hanging down, and they give the sides and top of the window a furnished look without intercepting much light. Then, too, we ordered a couple of low wooden tables, painted sealing-wax red, and a pair of coralised wicker-chairs to match, upholstered in moss-green plush, with a strip of embroidery down the centre. These chairs are so cheap that we think of having some for our bedrooms. Really, our rooms look very pretty, and as the dear pater is always buying new pictures, and Charlie keeps us supplied with flowers, we are not in want of embellishments. One of my birthday presents was a pair of bracket flower-vases in china, of a most delicate shade of pale-pink, mounted on dark-red velvet. These I keep filled with chrysanthemums, and as there are brass candle-holders at the upper part of the brackets, there is no lack of light to show the beauty of the autumn blooms.

I wish you could see Evelyn's sweet little boudoir. The window looked out on a dead wall, so she has had the panes taken out and replaced by stained glass, with a background of warm cream-colour, that gives the light a most becoming, mellow tinge. The design is of foxgloves, grasses, and butterflies. The floor of the recess in which the window is placed is tiled, and here stand quaint ornaments of china, large birds, and vases filled with pampas grass, and a sweet little enamelled table, on which small stilettos, feathers, and other curious little toys are painted so naturally that one thinks they are real, and tries to pick them up to fidget with. In order to enhance the deception, Evelyn lays upon these pretty tables (for she has several) small ornaments in the same style with the painted ones, and the results are occasionally amusing.

The boudoir is filled with pretty plush chairs and large velvet photograph-screens, that are writing-tables or work-boxes in disguise. The walls are hung with pictures and plush china brackets; and in one of the recesses—think of

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it, Amy!—there are rows upon rows of bookshelves, all filled with three-volume novels. Now, isn't that lovely?

We saw a very pretty wedding the other day at the Jewish Synagogue in Berkeley-street. I had never been in a synagogue before, and was much impressed by the great beauty of the inside of the building. I know nothing of architecture, so cannot describe to you why it was so beautiful. It conveyed an exquisite sense of symmetry and proportion, which, I suppose, is the essence of true grace. And the colour of the whole was most lovely, though subdued. Masses of flowers were used in the decoration, and immense palms (under one of which stood a far from picturesque policeman) occupied a raised space in the centre. The Jewish marriage-service is much more imposing than ours, and the music on this occasion was very impressive.

The bride, Miss Coster, is a beautiful girl, and she looked charming in her wedding-dress of white satin, lace, and the most magnificent silver brocade I have ever seen. Her very long veil was of spotted tulle, and it fell round her in a soft cloud of graceful folds.

The first of the new series of "Prince's Cinderellas" comes off on Wednesday, the 26th. We are going, and must get new dresses for it. Delightful "must!"

We have had some pretty songs lately. In "The Lily and the Leaf," charming words by Wilsey Martin are wedded to kindred music by Miss Elizabeth Philp. I like it better every time I sing it. It is just the sort of song to have a great success. It is published by Boosey & Co.

"Sister Agnes" is a rather pathetic eulogy on the life of a Sister of Mercy. The music is by Louis Diehl, and is for a contralto voice. "On the River" is a lovely song, both the words and the music of which are by Michael Watson. The melody just suits the words, and the accompaniment has a rippling flow that assorts with the theme. This, too, is for a contralto voice, the compass ranging from C to E. Both of these are published by Patey & Willis.

"Sunshine and Sorrow" deals with the olden theme of Nature's want of sympathy with suffering. It is an ambitious composition, by Thomas Threlfall, and very difficult to sing well, but, so sung, will be found to be well worth the trouble of study. There is a violin accompaniment, in addition to that for the piano. Bright and brisk is "The Merry Miller," a song composed by Michael Watson. The phrase set to the words, "The mill-sails swiftly go," happily conveys the rhythm of the revolving sails. "Dawn Talks to Day" is one of the loveliest songs I have ever heard, and you will be glad to know that the music is by one of our own sex, whose name is Mary Carmichael. It reminds one of the Queen's Maries, does it not? The beautiful words are by William Morris, whose name, also, has its associations with an "Earthly Paradise," and the wall-papers thereof. This song is for a contralto voice. Stanley Lucas, Weber, & Co., publish all these, and, in addition, a three-shilling album of six songs, the words of which are by Heine, and the music by Arthur Hervey. There are also English words by Charles Hervey, but it is needless to say that Heine's are more singable, as well as more thinkable. An album of Maud Valerie White's German songs is also published by the same firm.

"The Sea Hath its Pearls," another of Heine's songs, with the English translation of which, by Longfellow, you are, of course, familiar, has been pleasingly set by Ida Walter. The publisher is Duncan Davison.

"Golden Grain" is a romance of a wheat-field, the words being by Clifton Bingham, the music by Arthur E. Dyer, Mus. Doc. It is eminently a graceful song, with what our American cousins would call an "elegant" refrain in waltz measure. I don't know what Sir Wilfrid Lawson and his blue-ribboned followers would think of the chorus of "Lost and Found," a song of a sailor, the words by Edward Oxenford, and the music by G. Hubi Newcombe :—

> A faithful lass and a flowing glass
> His lot in port should be.

It is a good song for a man. All these are published by Wood & Co.

As Madame Sembrich's exquisite singing is now the last sensation in Paris, excluding only the terrible cholera, of course there are bonnets and dishes *à la Sembrich*. This is the recipe for hare *à la* the songstress, but in what way it differs from jugged hare I hardly see :—

> Skin a hare, and put the blood aside. Then weigh the "pussy" and cut it up. Take a piece of bacon equal to the fifth part of the hare's weight, and divide it in two. Cut up one part of the bacon in the shape of dice; divide the other so as to lard the pieces of hare with it. When larded, place these latter in an earthenware *terrine* lined with rind of bacon, and mix them with the dice; add a glass of Bordeaux, one carrot, a piece of butter, pepper and salt. Cover the *terrine* with oiled paper, and over that place the cover, surround it with red-hot cinders, and let the contents cook slowly. When the hare is nearly done, stir up the contents of the *terrine*, and mix the gravy with the blood.

I partook the other day of a new dish, boar's cutlets. It quite reminded me of those mediæval banquets at which roast peacocks were served. I asked for the recipe, as really the odd dish was appetising, and friends who shoot wild boars in Belgium and France could easily send over to town this unusual kind of pork. The cutlets were divided and pared in the ordinary manner, then put into a saucepan, with a piece of butter and some pepper and salt. The saucepan is placed on a brisk fire, and the cutlets turned when they begin to brown. When done, they are served on a round dish, with a sauce made of broth, white wine, and spices.

The only way to make venison eatable when rather too "high" is to spice it as follows :—

> Pare the fillets, lard them, and put them into a *terrine* with two glasses of vinegar, pepper, salt, one bay-leaf, cloves, a sliced onion, parsley, and chives, and let them remain thus for forty-eight hours. The "pickle" is then drained off, and the meat roasted briskly on the spit.

We are off to choose our frocks for the dance, so, good bye, dear, till next week.—Your loving MADGE.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR DAISY,—Do persuade Mr. Sinclair to read Vernon Lee's contribution to the admirable "Eminent Women Series" of biographies, 'The Countess of Albany" (1). You know there are but two subjects (besides yourself) upon which he is enthusiastic—Hypothec (which, I fancy, is a species of Scotch game—blackcock, or, perhaps, golf) and the Stuarts. His ancestors on both sides fought, bled, and would have died for Bonnie Prince Charlie, and of Bonnie Prince Charlie you have such a charming picture in this book. "A red face, but of a livid, purplish red, suffused all over the heavy furrowed forehead, to where it met the white wig, all over the flabby cheeks, hanging in big loose folds upon the short, loose-folded red neck; massive features, but coarsened and drawn; and dull, thick, silent-looking lips, of purplish red, scarce redder than the red skin; pale blue eyes, tending to a watery greyness, leaden, vague, sad, but with angry streakings of red," &c. And the man is shown to be so much more debased and

(1) "The Countess of Albany." By Vernon Lee, author of "Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy," "Euphorion," &c. (London: W. H. Allen & Co.)
(2) "Mary Lamb." By Mrs. Gilchrist. (London: W. H. Allen & Co.)
(3) "Elizabeth Fry." By Mrs. E. R. Pitman. (London: W. H. Allen & Co.)
(4) "The Life of the Fields." By Richard Jefferies, author of "The Gamekeeper at Home," "Nature near London," "Red Deer," &c. (London: Chatto & Windus.)
(5) "The Dewy Morn." By Richard Jefferies. (London: Richard Bentley & Son.)
(6) "Johnson: His Characteristics and Aphorisms." By James Hay. (London: Alexander Gardner.)
(7) "The Red Route; or, Saving a Nation." By William Sime, author of "King Capital," "To and Fro," &c. 3 vols. (London: W. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.)
(8) "Out of their Element." By Lady Margaret Majendie. 3 vols. (London: Richard Bentley & Son.)
(9) "Dream Faces." By the Hon. Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh. 2 vols. (London: Richard Bentley & Son.)
(10) "My Lord Conceit." By Rita. 3 vols. (London: Maxwell & Co.)
(11) "A Mad Game." By Mrs. Houston. 3 vols. (London: F. White & Co.)
(12) "Queen Mab." By Lord James Douglas. 2 vols. (London: R. Bentley & Son.)
(13) "Ishmael." By the author of "Lady Audley's Secret." 3 vols. (London: J. K. Maxwell.)
(14) "At Home in Paris." By Blanchard Jerrold. (London: W. H. Allen & Co.)
(15) "Lucia, Hugh, and Another." By Mrs. J. H. Needell. 3 vols. (London: Blackwood & Sons.)
(16) "A Danish Parsouage." By An Angler." (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)
(17) "How we Educate Our Officers." By the author of "The Franco-Germanic War; its Causes and Immediate Effects." (London: W. H. Allen & Co.)
(18) "Fairy Tales from Brentano." Told in English by Kate Freiligrath Kroeker, and pictured by F. Carruthers Gould. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.) 1885.

brutal than his looks, that reading the book will be to Mr. Sinclair like the unveiling to a votary of the Veiled Prophet in "Lalla Rookh." Princes, like spoiled children, are almost necessarily grasping, unreasonable, and ungrateful; but Mr. Sinclair's idols—the Stuarts—were about the——but there, I'll say no more. Don't be angry, but do read, and get Mr. Sinclair to read, this charming book. It has but one fault—"Que diable allait-elle faire dans cette galère?" What business has this Countess of Albany among the eminent women of all time? She was the merest accident and echo. If she had not, through her marriage with "Bonnie Prince Charlie," been brought into contact with famous men, of whom she was but the echo, who would have heard of her? She was one of those women whose nature is just deep enough to reflect some Narcissus, who falls in love with his own reflection therein. An intense, egotist-like Alfieri filled and formed her with his own ideas, and then worshipped his own work, like an African savage who worships the idol his own hands had carved. Vernon Lee must have perceived—for she allows you between the lines to read—how shallow and pinchbeck were the Countess of Albany's pretensions to intrinsic greatness; but she had to do what she could for her client, when commissioned to make an eminent woman of her.

Apropos of this excellent "Eminent Women Series," do you remember how you used to rave about "Mrs. Leicester's School?" I never, in my childhood, could quite share your enthusiasm about these tender, subtle, graceful children's stories, though now I recognise all their charm. Did Addison or Dick Steele ever write anything more humorously pathetic and characteristically childlike than this:—"When I was dressed in my new frock I wished poor mamma was alive to see how fine I was on papa's wedding-day; and I ran to my favourite station at her bedroom door." Well, for the sake of dear old "Mrs. Leicester's School," and also for its own sake, get Mrs. Gilchrist's gracefully and sympathetically written life of the author, poor "Mary Lamb" (2). And I think, too, you will find another of the series—Mrs. Pitman's life of "Elizabeth Fry" (3)—not less interesting in matter and manner, subject and treatment. Your kind heart will be harrowed and horrified by the ferocity of the laws and of their administration from which that noble woman redeemed us. Fancy that at the beginning of this century three hundred crimes were punishable (and punished, too) by death, including the robbing of a hen-roost and the writing of a threatening letter!

If you wish to shake off the haunting horrors of the prison scenes in "Elizabeth Fry," by all means take up Mr. Richard Jefferies' "The Life of the Fields," and breathe again sweet air. You really do seem to breathe the sweet spring air and the scent of spring flowers in Mr. Jefferies' books, of which "The Life of the Fields" is the best I have read. You have probably read already many of these republished sketches in the *Pall Mall*, *St. James's*, and *Standard*, where they originally appeared; but they are well worth re-reading again and again. On the other hand, I would by no means advise you to order Mr. Jefferies' novel, "The Dewy Morn" (5), which is as much the worst as "The Life of the Fields" is the best of his books. "The Dewy Morn" is dull to deadliness; but it is something worse than dull, besides. To me, at least, it is nothing less than a repulsive book. Mr. Jefferies seems to regard men and women as mere animals, and revels in animal descriptions of their feelings and of their persons. Fancy three pages and a half given to the description of a girl's knee, after this fatuous fashion! "The knee is so very human, so nearly sorrowful in its humanity; sorrow seeks its knees, sadness bends on them, love desiring in secret does so on its knees. Human life is centred in the knee. In the knee we recognise all that the heart has experienced. Beautiful knees, the poise and centre of the form! Were I rich, how gladly I would give a thousand pounds for a true picture of the knee! However indifferent the person may be—the individual—to see the knee is to love it for itself," &c. For three and a half foolish fustian pages! "I only wish the gentleman had seen a lion!" said Johnson of some one who talked for an hour of a flea.

I hope Mr. Sinclair will excuse my quoting Johnson, whom, as a loyal Scotchman, he hates. But Boswell was a loyal Scotchman, and I have just laid down an excellent epitome of the great Doctor's life and talk, by another Scotchman, "Johnson: His Characteristics and Aphorisms" (6).

Only that I know your dislike of novels with sad endings, I should recommend to you a really powerful Irish story, its characters natural, its incidents stirring, and its style bright and dashing—"The Red Route" (7), and a story of another country in revolutionary ferment—of Italy in 1849—"Out of their Element" (8). Every character of importance in Lady Margaret Majendie's book—but especially its ill-fated heroine—is carefully and consistently drawn; and the author is at home and makes you at home in the Italy of that stirring time. I really think I may venture to recommend it to you, in spite of its sad *dénouement*.

Though you are a sentimental little soul, I do not think you will like "Dream Faces" (9). The hero is such a lady-killer that no less than two girls die of love for him, and the third narrowly escapes the same absurd fate. If she had succumbed to it, I do not believe that even you would have cried over her; for she is so idiotic as—at the suggestion of a casual acquaintance—to put her lover's constancy to a preposterous test, which forms the keystone of the plot.

Do you remember Macaulay's savage preface to his assault on poor Robert Montgomery? "A butcher of the higher class disdains to ticket his meat. A mercer of the higher class would be ashamed to hang up papers in his window, inviting passers by to look at his stock. We expect some reserve, some decent pride, in our hatter and our bootmaker. But no puffery, by which notoriety can be obtained, is thought too abject for a man of letters." You are reminded strongly of this when you are told, not on the authority even of a critic or the Press, but on that of the author or of the publisher of a book, that "it is a distinct advance on the author's previous contributions to the English literature of the nineteenth century." But for this persistent announcement, made every day in every paper, I shouldn't have known that "My Lord Conceit" (10) was, in any true sense, literature at all — not to say literature that would stand out against the background of a century. It is a silly, sensational story of the most ordinary kind. Neither can I recommend to you "A Mad Game" (11), in which a very much married elderly man makes futile love to his young ward; nor "Queen Mab" (12), in which Lord James Douglas turns Queen's evidence against his order, and describes it as rotten to the core. But "Ishmael" (13), as incomparably the best book Miss Braddon has yet written, I can recommend to you most strongly. I do not know where you will get a more brilliant, faithful, or fascinating picture of the Second Empire from its birth to its death-bed, while the story, as a story, is of breathless interest throughout.

Apropos of Paris under the Second Empire, I am sure Mr. Sinclair would appreciate the second volume, and probably the first also, of "At Home in Paris" (14). Mr. Sinclair, I am glad to know, holds very strong views upon the mischief and misery wrought by our Poor Law, and he will be glad of the historical sketch and of the detailed description of the French system which fills the second volume of "At Home in Paris." You know how, in my own weak woman's way, I am always crying out against the cruel and stupid treatment by their "Guardians" of the poor whom I have to do with; therefore, this book of the late Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's interested me extremely, and will be, I am sure, of extreme interest to Mr. Sinclair.

I must confess frankly before closing that I did not care greatly for "Lucia, Hugh, and Another" (15), which seems to have so taken your fancy. Did you find a likeness to Mr. Sinclair in its insufferable hero? But I quite agree with you that a "Danish Parsonage" (16) is a pleasant and wholesome book, and a book, besides, after Mr. Sinclair's own heart, being "pleasingly instructive." Do write soon, dear Daisy.—Ever yours affectionately,

JESSIE RAINE.

P.S.—Harry Rivers—you remember him?—has just called on his usual Saturday's leave from Sandhurst, and

he could talk only of a dashing assault upon the latest warrant for the Army Competitive Examination, "How we Educate our Officers" (17). He says it's one of the best shows-up of the system he has seen; so that it will be sure to interest your reforming Mr. Sinclair. It must be rather amusing reading, too, I should say, judging from some quotations he made from it. How do you like this for a *real* written question and answer? Question: "If King Alfred were still alive, what part would he probably take in the politics of the present day?" Answer: "If King Alfred were still alive he would be much too old to take part in politics."

P.P.S.—I have had to reopen my letter to reply to your request, which I had almost forgotten—to recommend to you a good child's book for Muriel. Do you remember Carlyle's translation of Tieck's Fairy Tales? If you like them half as much as I do, you will be no less delighted with the fairy tales of another of the German romantic school, Clemens Brentano (18), which have just found an admirable translator in Madame Kroeker, and an inimitable illustrator in Mr. Carruthers Gould. Clemens Brentano's rich, exquisite, and humorous fancy, shows to perfection in these tales, which, to quote from one of them, "might make a child leave untouched his bread and butter in order to listen;" a very German version of Sir Philip Sidney's "He cometh unto you with a tale which holdeth children from play." But the stories deserve, both the German and the English poet's encomium, and the illustrations are simply irresistible.

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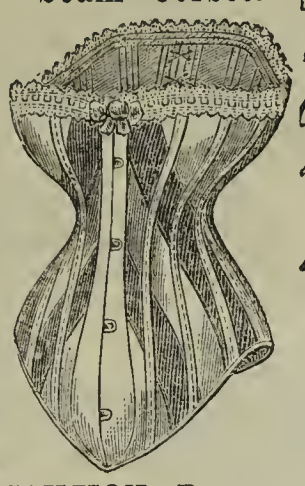

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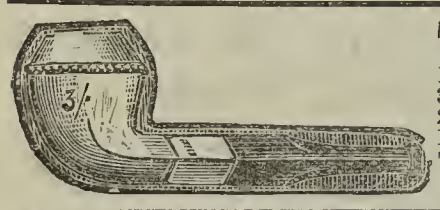

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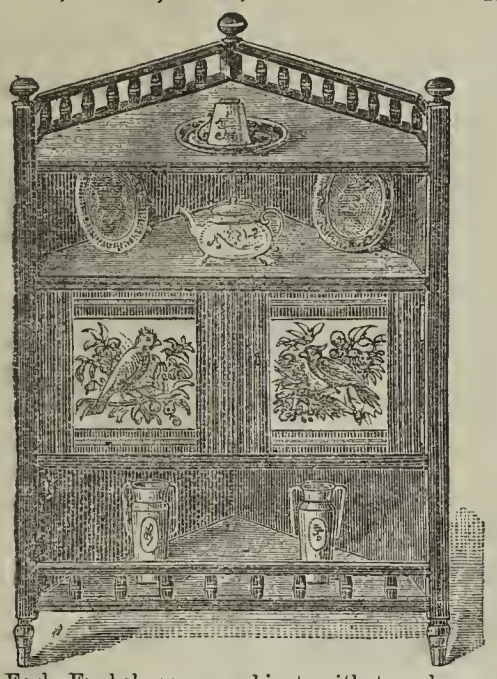

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EXECUTIVE COMMISSIONER—Geo. Collins Levey, C.M.G.
CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEE FOR CHARITABLE PURPOSES AND OF JURIES—Col. Sir Herbert Sandford, R.A.
VICE-CHAIRMAN—Admiral Sir Edward Inglefield, C.B.
SECRETARY—Edgar Ray.
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The Right Hon. Lord George Hamilton, M.P.
The Viscount Hardinge, A.D.C.
Lieut.-Col. the Viscount De Vesci.
The Viscount Newport, M.P.
The Lord Elcho, M.P.
The Lord Moreton, M.P.
Admiral the Right Hon. Lord Clarence Paget, K.C.B.
The Lord Francis Hervey, Chairman, King's College Hospital.
The Lord Lyttelton.
The Lord Sinclair.
Field Marshal the Lord Napier of Magdala, G.C.B., G.C.S.I.
The Right Hon. Lord Colville of Culross, P.C., K.T., Chairman Great Northern Railway.
The Marquis F. Nobili Vitelleschi, Senatore Del Regno d'Italia, Roma.
The Baron Henry de Worms, M.P.
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Lieut.-Col. Sir James McGarel Hogg, Bart., K.C.B., M.P., Chairman of Metropolitan Board of Works.
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Surgeon-General Sir Joseph Fayrer, K.C.S.I.
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Sir Arthur Blyth, K.C.M.G., F.R.G.S., Agent-General for South Australia.
The Hon. J. F. Garrick, P.C., Agent-General for Queensland.
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Professor Sir George A. Macfarren, M.A., Mus. Doc., Principal of the Royal Academy of Music.
Sir Henry Pitman, M.D.
Sir Samuel Wilson.
Sir James Bain, F.R.S.E.
Mr. Alderman Fowler, M.P.
Rear-Admiral J. C. Wilson.
Colonel James Michael, C.S.I.
Captain Galton, R.E., C.B.
Major James Gildea.
Captain St. John Mildmay, Equerry to H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge.
Cavendish Clifford, Esq., M.P.
Charles Ritchie, Esq., M.P.
F. Dixon-Hartland, Esq., M.P.
James Bryce, Esq., M.P., D.C.L.
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James Bancroft, Esq., Chairman North London Railway.
Charles Henry Parkes, Esq., Chairman Great Eastern Railway.
Edgar A. Drummond, Esq.
Stephen Tucker, Esq., *Somerset Herald*.
Thomas Sutherland, Esq., Chairman of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company.
George Johnson, Esq., M.D., F.R.S., King's College Hospital.
Joseph D'Aguilar Samuda, Esq.
James Macmillan, Jun., Esq.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, LONDON, 1885.
ALEXANDRA PALACE.
EXECUTIVE COMMISSIONER—Geo. Collins Levey, C.M.G.
CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEE FOR CHARITABLE PURPOSES AND OF JURIES—Col. Sir Herbert Sandford, R.A.
VICE-CHAIRMAN—Admiral Sir Edward Inglefield, C.B.
SECRETARY—Edgar Ray.

Extract from *The Times*, August 29th, 1884 (Leading Article).—"It seems to have been proved by a tolerably frequent experience that, whatever it may do for the promoters, a great Exhibition pays the Exhibitors. Nothing else brings their names so surely before a multitudinous and ever-increasing public; no opportunity of showing their wares is so generally advantageous."

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, LONDON, 1885.
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EXECUTIVE COMMISSIONER—Geo. Collins Levey, C.M.G.
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VICE-CHAIRMAN—Admiral Sir Edward Inglefield, C.B.
SECRETARY—Edgar Ray.
PROSPECTUS.

An International Exhibition of Arts, Manufactures, Scientific, Agricultural, and Industrial Products, Mechanical Processes, &c., will be opened at the Alexandra Palace, Muswell Hill, about March 31st, 1885, and will be kept open for at least six months. The Exhibition will be held in the Alexandra Palace, which is believed to be better adapted for such a purpose than any other building in Europe. The Palace, which is seven acres in extent, is easily accessible, and a railway station at the very entrance to the principal building, and two others within a few hundred yards, connect it with all parts of the Metropolis, and is in closer proximity than South Kensington to the inhabitants of the North, East, and Centre. Arrangements have been made with the various lines of railways connecting with the Palace to run trains at low fares. The rates from the North, Centre, and East will be lower than to South Kensington, and from the West lower than to the Crystal Palace. The Administration have determined upon setting aside one-tenth of the entire receipts for admission for distribution amongst the principal hospitals of London, under the control and management of a Committee for Charitable purposes, the following gentlemen having kindly consented to act:—

Chairman—Col. Sir Herbert Sandford, R.A.
Vice-Chairman—Admiral Sir Edward Inglefield, C.B.
Sir Andrew Clark, Bart., M.D. | Gen. Sir Michael Kennedy, K.C.S.I.
Sir Henry Pitman, M.D. | George Johnson, Esq., M.D.
F. D. Dixon-Hartland, Esq., M.P.
Bankers to Fund—Messrs. Coutts & Co., Strand.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, LONDON, 1885.
ALEXANDRA PALACE.
EXECUTIVE COMMISSIONER—Geo. Collins Levey, C.M.G.
CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEE FOR CHARITABLE PURPOSES AND OF JURIES—Col. Sir Herbert Sandford, R.A.
VICE-CHAIRMAN—Admiral Sir Edward Inglefield, C.B.
SECRETARY—Edgar Ray.

The Palace, with its beautiful conservatories and Italian gardens, will be kept open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. After dark it will be brilliantly lighted by electricity. During the summer season the lakes and grounds, which are upwards of 150 acres in extent, and which for beauty of situation are unrivalled in the vicinity of London, will be made additionally attractive to visitors by the exercise of all the arts of the landscape gardener, the decorator, and the pyrotechnist. Engagements are being made with British and Continental military and civilian bands, and music of the highest class will form one of the leading features of the Exhibition.

A constant and varied succession of entertainments, for which no additional charge for admission will be made, is being arranged for. The picture galleries will contain a large and representative collection of works of art from all the principal schools of Europe, and will be open to visitors without any additional charge. The ordinary price for admission will be one shilling, excepting on those Mondays which are not Bank Holidays, when it will be sixpence. There will be no additional charges for admission to the picture or sculpture galleries, or to any other part of the Palace, except for theatrical performances and grand vocal concerts. Season Tickets, admitting the holders on all occasions, including the grand inaugural opening, will be issued at the following prices:—Gentlemen, one guinea; ladies, fifteen shillings; young persons under sixteen, half a guinea. Family Tickets, to admit any three members of the same family, two guineas. Intending Exhibitors, to whom every facility will be afforded, are invited to make early application for *special* positions, as half the available space has been allotted to Foreign countries. The regulations and forms of application can be obtained at the Offices of the Administration, 19 and 21, Queen Victoria-street, London, E.C. Special Class Exhibitions are also being arranged.

GEORGE COLLINS LEVEY, Executive Commissioner.
EDGAR RAY, Secretary.

GAVIN BIRT & CO., 27, Leadenhall-street, E.C., Official Agents, Naval Section and Machinery.
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The West India and Pacific Steam Ship Company's splendid steamer "Floridan," 3,257 tons, will leave Liverpool for New Orleans, on Wednesday, 26th November, instant. Excellent opportunity for Visitors to Exhibition. Return Fares, first class, available for four months, £35. Single Fares, £20. Passengers can live on board the steamer whilst at New Orleans. Apply immediately to the Compauy at the offices, Temple, Dale-street, Liverpool.

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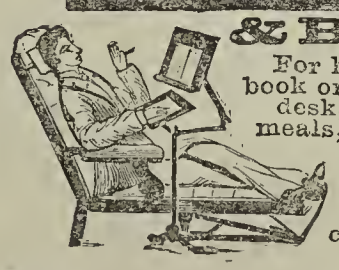

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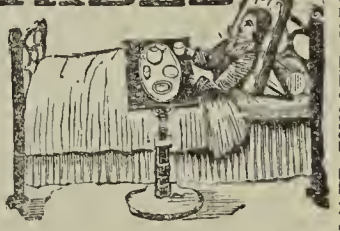

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JOHN FORSHAW, Esq., Mayor of Preston, Lancashire.
EDWARD HOLDEN, Esq., Laurel Mount, Shipley, Yorkshire.

And under agreement to be worked at 40 per cent. of the gross receipts from the day of opening.

THE LIVERPOOL, SOUTHPORT, AND PRESTON JUNCTION RAILWAY.

Incorporated by Special Act of Parliament 47 & 48 Vic., Session 1884 (Royal Assent 7th August, 1884), to connect LIVERPOOL with PRESTON, BLACKBURN, &c., and EAST LANCASHIRE, through the Cheshire Lines Extension and West Lancashire Railways, and nnder agreement with the West Lancashire Railway Company to work, maintain, and manage thc cntire Railway in perpetuity at 40 per cent. of the gross receipts below £57 per milc per week, and 50 per cent. of the gross receipts over £57 per mile per week. Authorised Capital consists of £200,000 in sharcs, with £66,600 borrowing powers.

THE Directors of the Liverpool, Southport, and Preston Junction Railway Company have authorised their bankers, the Manchester and Liverpool District Banking Company, Limited, to receive subscriptions for £200,000, being the Company's Share Capital, in 20,000 shares of £10 each at par, or £10 per £10 share, to be converted into stock when fully paid, payable as follows :—

£1	on each	£10	share	on application.
1	,,	10	,,	allotment.
2	,,	10	,,	January 3rd, 1885.
2	,,	10	,,	February 3rd, 1885.
2	,,	10	,,	March 3rd, 1885.
2	,,	10	,,	April 3rd, 1885.
£10				

Interest at the ratc of 5 per cent. per annum will be paid half-yearly, on thc 1st January and 1st July, until the 1st January, 1887, upon all amounts paid np, from date of payment, undcr the guarantee as hereinafter stated.

Payments in full, or in advance, may bo made on Allotment, or at any subsequent time.

The Liverpool, Southport, and Preston Junction Railway Company was incorporated by special Act of Parliament for the purpose of constructing a DOUBLE line of Railway, seven and a half miles in length, to connect Liverpool and the Liverpool and Garston Docks with Preston, Blackburn, and East Lancashire, throngh the Cheshire Lines Extension and West Lancashire Railways, and, by means of the Blackpool Railway, with Blackpool.

The Railway will form the all-important link, connccting the Cheshire Lines, the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, tho Midland, and the Great Northern Railways, with the West Lancashire Railway, and will through that system form a competitive line from Burnley, Accrington, Blackburn, Preston, and the whole of East and South-West Lancashire and Yorkshire, to Liverpool and the Liverpool Docks.

The districts above referred to are at present served only by the London and North Western and Lancashire and Yorkshire Railways, by whose lines all the immense traffic to and from Liverpool, and the Liverpool Docks, is monopolised.

The traffic of the London and North-Western, and Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Companies, amounts to an average of £130. 6s. 2d. per mile per week, and the dividends on the ordinary stocks of these companies, for the three years, ending June 30th, last, averaged £6. 0s. 5d. per cent. per annum.

A gross traffic per mile per week, eqnal to either that of the London and North-Western or Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Companies, averaging the receipts, would, on the Liverpool, Southport and Preston Jnnction Railway Company, produce £50,820. 5s. per annum, which sum, less the fixed working expenses, would ensure a dividcnd little short of that paid by the most prosperous Railway in thc kingdom.

A gross revenue of only £56. 19s. 4d. per mile per week will be sufficient, after providing for the interest on the borrowing powers, to pay 5 per ccnt. interest on the whole of the share capital of the Company.

The Liverpool, Southport, and Preston Junction Railway Company has no preference capital whatever, the £200,000 shares, now for subscription, forming its only share capital.

The following are the quotations taken from the Stock Exchangc Official List of the stocks of the two railways, which this line will, when completed, compete with :—

London and North-Western Railway 165 per cent. or 65 per ccnt. premium.
Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway 114 per cent. or 14 per cent. premium.

The great source of traffic for which this line will compete, and for which the Company has becn especially incorporated, is that arising and terminating in the cotton, coal, and woollen districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire and the Liverpool Docks respectively.

The great advantages of the working Agreement are that the Liverpool, Southport, and Preston Junction Railway Company will be for ever free from the cost of working and management, the supply of motive power and other rolling stock, the maintenance and renewal of the line, stations, and works, and liabilities arising from accidents and claims for compensation; all these being covered by the percentage of the gross earnings retained under the working agreement.

Moreover, the revenue of the Company will not be in any way affected by the cost of working, as the fixed proportion of gross earnings abovc mentioned, must, nnder all circumstances, be paid over to the Liverpool, Southport, and Preston Junction Railway Company, independently altogether of what it may cost for working.

A contract, dated October 28th, 1884, has been entered into by the Company with Mr. Charles Braddock, of Wigan, who is now completing important works for the London and North-Western and Caledonian Railway Companies, and who undertakes to purchase the land and complete the railway and stations ready for public traffic, and to maintain the same for twelve months after opening.

The terms of the contract guarantee that the capital of the Company shall not bc exceeded.

The contractor agrees to complete the railway and works to thc satisfaction of the Board of Trade and the Company, and, subject to the terms of the contract, to open the same for pnblic traffic of every description, within 18 months from November 1st, 1884, and to pay interest as before stated, at 5 per cent. per annum, half yearly, on all amounts for the timo being paid up in respect of the shares now for subscription, viz., on January and July 1st in each year, until January 1st 1887, being 8 months beyond the contract time for the completion and opening of the railway and works, by depositing for that purpose with the Manchester and Liverpool District Banking Company, Limited, a sufficient snm in the names of

John Forshaw, Esq., Mayor of Preston, Lancashire;
Edward Holden, Esq., Laurel Mount, Shipley, Yorkshire;

as trustees for the snbscribers, to provide for the due and punctual payment thereof. The interest will commence immediately, and will be payable half-yearly at the bankers of the Company, by dividend warrants, which will be forwardcd by post to the registered address of each subscriber.

Should any application not be accepted, the deposit paid will be returned without deduction, and if the sharcs allotted to any subscriber be less than the number applied for, the surplus paid on application will be credited in reduction of the amount due on allotment.

Applications, accompanied by the payment of £1 for each £10 share applied for will be received either at the bankers of the company, the Manchester and Liverpool District Banking Company, Limited, Manchester, Liverpool or Branches; or their London Agents, Messrs. Smith, Payne, & Smiths, bankcrs, Lombard-street, London, E.C., or by the Secretary of the Company, 22, Great Winchester-street, London, E.C., where prospectuses, maps, forms of application, and all other information can be obtained.

TRUSTEES.

John Forshaw, Esq., Mayor of Preston, Lancashire.
Edward Holden, Esq., Laurel Mount, Shipley, Yorkshire.

DIRECTORS.

J. G. Button-Browning, Esq., 49, Brook-street, London, W.
Thomas Fisher, Esq., Manchester-road, Southport, Lancashire.
Edward Holden, Esq., Laurel Mount, Shipley, Yorkshire.
Thomas H. Isherwood, Esq., 40, The Albany, Liverpool.
Thc Right Hon. VISCOUNT POLLINGTON, 8, John-strcet, Berkeley-square, London, W.; and Methley-park, Leeds.

BANKERS.

The Manchester and Liverpool District Banking Company, Limited, Manchester, Liverpool, and its Branchcs, and London Agents, Messrs. Smith, Payne, & Smiths, 1, Lombard-street, London, E.C.

ENGINEERS.

James Brunlees, Esq., Past President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, Westminster.
Charles Douglas Fox, Esq., Member of Council Inst. C.E., Wcstminster.

RESIDENT ENGINEER.

Sir Charles T. Metcalfe, Bart., C.E., 13, Union-court, Castle-street, Liverpool.

SOLICITORS.

W. E. Smith, Esq., A. B. Trevenen, Esq., } 22, Chancery-lane, London, W.C.

By order of the Board, THOS. GILBERT, Secretary.
22, Great Winchester-street, London, E.C.
8th November, 1884.

EMPIRE OF BRAZIL. Under security of the Port Dues of Ceará and guarantee of the Imperial Government. Issue at par of 10,000 shares of £10 each (of which 5,192 shares have been privately subscribed and allotted) of the Ceará Harbour Corporation, Limited.

Dividends of 8 per cent. per annum on these Shares, from the date of completion of the Harbour Improvements, are secured upon the revenues of the Port of Ceará, by a grant from the Imperial Government of Brazil, for 33 years, which revenues, calculated from the latest available returns of the actual trade of the Port, and on the rates authorised to be levied, are estimated in an official report by the Director of Public Works of the State Department of Agriculture, Commerce, &c., to yield 282,002,320 Reis, equal in sterling to £31,725 per annum.

The Imperial Government also guarantees for six years' interest at the rate of £6 per cent. per annum payable in gold, on the Capital expended on the Harbour Improvements up to £281,250.

The sum required to pay interest at £8 per cent. on the Shares, and £6 per cent. on £181,250 of Debentures hereafter to be issued, and to provide a Sinking Fund of 1¼ per cent. to redeem the entire Capital, will only amount to £22,396 per annum.

Surplus revenue, after 8 per cent., is divisible between the Imperial Government and the Corporation, until the former have been recouped the amounts paid under their guarantee, after which the whole of the revenue up to 10 per cent. will accrue to the Corporation, and any further surplus will be applicable to redemption of the Capital.

The guaranteed interest will accrue to subscribers from the date of payment of the instalments into the Bankers of the Corporation, and will be paid half-yearly, the first payment being made on the 1st January next.

DIRECTORS.

Sir Samuel Canning, M.Inst.C.E.
Arthur Riversdale Grenfell, Esq., Director of the Brazilian Imperial Central Bahia Railway Company, Limited.
William H. Harris, Esq.
Captain Francis W. Lowther, R.N.
Michael M. Moore, Esq., Messrs. W. B. Huggins & Co., London and Glasgow.
Captain Richard Revett, Director of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company.

BANKERS.

In London.—The London and Westminster Bank, Limited, 41, Lothbury, E.C.
In Brazil.—The English Bank of Rio de Janeiro, Limited.

SOLICITORS.

Messrs. Bompas, Bischoff, Dodgson, & Coxe, 4, Great Winchester-street, London, E.C.
CONSULTING ENGINEER.—James Brunlees, Esq., F.R.S., Past President of the Institution of Civil Engineers.
ENGINEER.—R. E. Wilson, Esq., M.Inst.C.E., Westminster, S.W.
SECRETARY AND OFFICES.—Mr. T. H. Evans, 6, Lombard-street, London, E.C.

The Directors of the Ceará Harbour Corporation, Limited, are prepared to receive subscriptions for 4,808 shares of the Corporation (being the balance of 10,000 shares, payable 10s. per share on application, £2 per share on allotment, £2. 10s. on 1st January, 1885, £2. 10s. on 1st March, 1885, and £2. 10s. on 1st May, 1885.

Subscribers so desiring may pay in full on allotment, and receive interest at £6 per cent. per annum from that date.

The guaranteed interest during construction, and the dividends after the completion of the works, will be payable half-yearly, on the 1st January and 1st July in each year, at the Company's Bankers in London.

The first payment will be made on the 1st January next.

This Company is formed for the execution of Harbour Improvements at the Port of Ceará, the Capital of the Province of Ceará, under a Concession from the Imperial Government of Brazil, dated the 5th May, 1883, and confirmed by an Imperial Decree of the 12th May, 1883.

The Province of Ceará has an area of about 50,000 square miles, and is one of the richest in Brazil. Its produce comprises sugar, coffee, cocoa, cotton, tobacco, spices, fruit, cabinet and dye-woods, cattle, indiarubber, &c., &c.

The population of the Province in the year 1835 numbered 240,000; in 1860 it had increased to 504,000; and at the last census, taken in the year 1877, amounted to 952,624 inhabitants.

The City of Ceará, the Capital and principal seaport, contains 35,000 inhabitants, and is the terminus of the Baturité Railway, 143 kilomètres in length, which, by the extensions authorised and in course of construction by the Government, will shortly be connected with the other Railways of the Province.

Although Ceará is the principal seaport, at which lines of English, French, American, and Brazilian Steamers regularly call, it is at present almost an open roadstead, passengers and goods having to be conveyed by lighters and boats between vessels and the shore.

The Harbour improvements will be constructed in accordance with the plans and recommendations of Sir John Hawkshaw, F.R.S., &c., prepared under the instructions of the Brazilian Government, and will comprise a Breakwater and Quays, Custom House and Depôts, Railway, &c.

The following are the most important provisions contained in the Concession which has been acquired by the Corporation:—

1. The privilege for 33 years of the use and enjoyment of the Harbour Works, except the Custom House.

2. The guarantee by the Imperial Government of interest at £6 per cent. per annum for six years on the capital expended on the works up to 2,500 contos of reis, or £281,250.

3. The right during the term of the concession, and in accordance with its provisions, to collect Harbour Dues, Warehouse Tax, and Porterage.

4. The Government may, in accord with the Corporation, revise the dues when they exceed a dividend of ten per cent.

5. The Government reserves the right of redeeming the works constructed by the Corporation. The indemnification to be made in Government Bonds at par, bearing interest at £6 per cent. per annum, less the amount of the amortisation fund stipulated by the Concession.

By an Imperial Decree, dated the 3rd September, 1884, the Harbour Dues are payable to the Corporation at the par of exchange of twenty-seven pence per milreis, or equal to payment in gold.

The Engineer to the Corporation has made a careful report upon the undertaking, and estimates that the net revenue to be derived from the imports and exports, tonnage of vessels, warehouse tax, &c., will, on the completion of the Harbour Improvements, be increased to £35,750 per annum, *vide* Report.

The revenues to be derived from the Harbour Dues, unlike undertakings the traffic and working expenses of which can only be estimated, are based upon the latest available returns of the actual shipping and commerce of the port, and the expenses of administration being comparatively small and uniform, the revenue of the Corporation affords an exceptionally safe security.

It is only reasonable to expect that these revenues will be largely increased in the next few years, not only from the great facilities that will be given to the trade of the port when the Harbour Improvements are finished, but also from the development of the resources of Brazil by the enlightened policy of the Government in giving liberal support to railways and other industrial undertakings.

A recently published letter from Baron Penedo, the Brazilian Minister, states that the value of the Exports from Brazil, which in 1871–2 amounted to £18,600,000, increased in 1880–1 to £23,400,000. From 1878 to 1882 the value of Brazilian Exports to Great Britain alone rose from £4,650,000 to £6,490,000, an increase of 48 per cent. in five years.

The following letter has been addressed by his Excellency the Brazilian Minister in London to the Directors of the Corporation:—

"Brazilian Legation, London, October 29th, 1884.

"Gentlemen,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday's date, in which you enclose a prospectus of the Ceará Harbour Corporation, Limited. In reply, and in compliance with your request, I hereby declare that the statements in your Prospectus relative to the Capital of £281,250 guaranteed by the Imperial Government, accord with the terms of the Concession as authorised by the Imperial Decree No. 8,493, of 12th May, 1883; and also that, under the Government authorisation, interest of 6 per cent. on the sum of Rs.1,500:000 $000 (£168,750), being the amount fixed by the Government to be called up at present, is payable half-yearly in London, reckoning from the date of the deposit with the Company's Banker, and the certificate thereon being lodged with the Delegate of the Imperial Treasury in London; and also declare that by the Imperial Decree No. 3,229, dated 3rd September, 1884, the Harbour Dues are payable to the Corporation at the par of exchange of 27d. per Milreis.—I am, Gentlemen, your obedient servant, PENEDO.

"To the Directors of the Ceará Harbour Corporation."

The Harbour Improvements are of a simple character, and present no engineering difficulties, and will be carried out under the direction of the Engineers of the Corporation, and of an Engineer appointed by the Government.

A contract has been entered into for acquiring the requisite land, and the construction of the whole of the works, comprising breakwater and quays, custom-house, &c, and for their completion on or before the 5th August, 1886; also for discharging all expenses up to the allotment of the shares for an amount within the guaranteed capital of the Corporation.

Applications for Shares, accompanied by a deposit of 10s. per Share on the number applied for, may be forwarded to the Bankers, the London and Westminster Bank (Limited), 41, Lothbury, London, E.C, or to the Directors at the offices of the Corporation, where prospectuses and forms of application, and copies of the Engineer's Report, may be obtained.

Applicants receiving no allotment will have their deposits returned without deduction.

The Memorandum and Articles of Association, certified translations of the Concession and Decrees, the Contract for Works, the Official Report of the Director of Public Works, the Report of Sir John Hawkshaw, C.E., F.R.S., &c., to the Brazilian Government, and the Engineer's Report, &c., can be seen at the offices of the Solicitors.

The following contracts have been entered into, and may be inspected at the offices of the Solicitors:—

5th May, 1883. Between the Imperial Government of Brazil and Tobias Lauriano Figueira de Mello and Richard Langé—Imperial Decree No. 8,493A, dated 12th May, 1883. 26th June, 1883. Power of Attorney from T. L. Figueira de Mello to Richard Langé. Agreements dated 11th June, 1884. Between T. L. Figueira de Mello and Richard Langé and Messrs. Punchard, McTaggart, Muntz, & Company. 6th August, 1884. Between T. L. Figueira de Mello and Richard Langé, Messrs. Punchard, McTaggart, Muntz, & Co., and the Ceará Harbour Corporation (Limited). 6th August, 1884. Between the Ceará Harbour Corporation (Limited), and Messrs. Punchard, McTaggart, Muntz, & Company. Power of Attorney, dated the 28th August, 1884, from the Corporation to Tobias Lauriano Figueira de Mello.—Imperial Decree No. 3,229, dated the 3rd September, 1884. An Agreement dated 5th November, 1884, between the Corporation and Robert Edward Wilson, C.E.

SEVEN PER CENT. DEBENTURES.

THE FLORIDA LAND and MORTGAGE COMPANY, Limited.—SEVEN PER CENT. STERLING FIRST MORTGAGE DEBENTURES.—Secured as a first charge under deeds of trust on all the property of the Company. The whole Debenture Issue is £225,000, or about 2s. per acre on 2,300,000 acres of land.

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H. J. B. Kendall, Esq., (Henry Kendall & Sons), London.
A. Crum Maclae, Esq., of Cathkin, solicitor, Glasgow.
J. A. Langerhuizen, Esq., Banker, Amsterdam.
SOLICITORS TO TRUSTEES—Messrs. Freshfields & Williams, London.

DIRECTORS IN ENGLAND.

SIR EDWARD J. REED, K.C.B., M.P., London, Chairman.
Edward Bishop, Esq., Director of the Coupon Agency, Limited.
A. Macnamara, Esq., Leighton Buzzard.
Charles W. Earle, Esq., Chairman of West India and Panama Telegraph Company, Limited.
James Grahame, Esq., C.A., Glasgow.
SOLICITORS TO THE COMPANY—Messrs. Hores & Pattisson, London.

Applications for Debentures at par can be made to Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, & Co., Bankers; or Messrs. Ransom, Bouverie, & Co., Bankers, London; Messrs. Grahames, Crum, & Speas, Glasgow; or George J. Wood, Esq., W.S., 59, Frederick-street, Edinburgh, who have copies of the Articles of Association and Trust Deeds.

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WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

LONDON AND COUNTY ADVANCE AND DISCOUNT COMPANY, Limited.—Cash advanced from £10 to £500, without preliminary fees or deductions for interest, for short or long periods, repayable by easy instalments, at moderate rates upon approved security. Bills discounted. Forms free. Offices, 57 and 58, Chancery-lane, W.C.—JOHN STONE Secretary.

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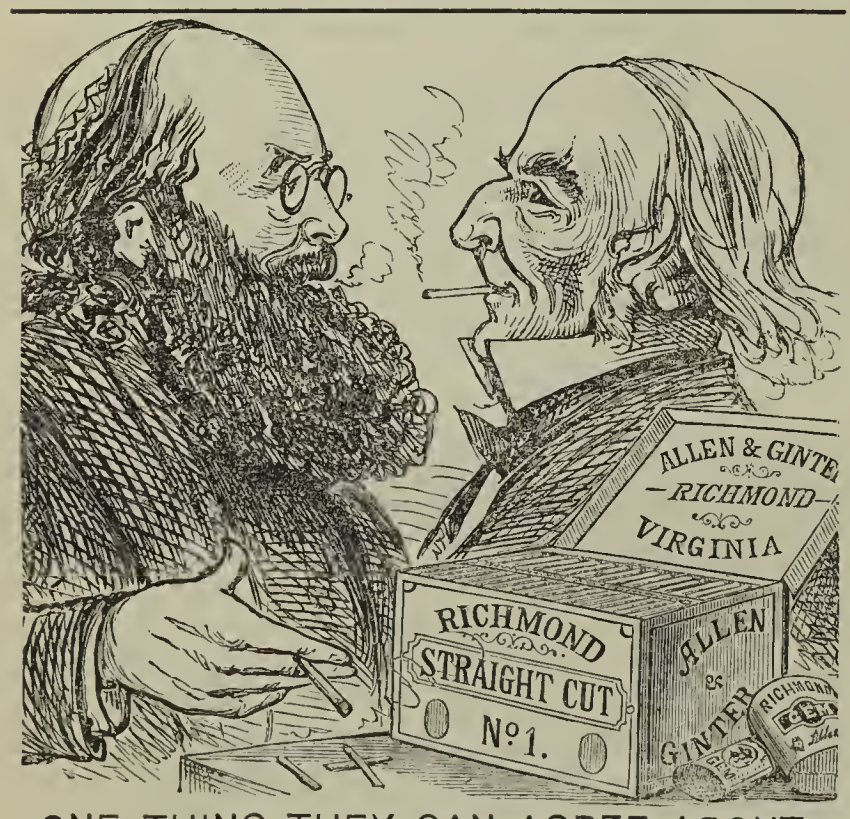

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OUR PUZZLES.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

In answer to WEEDA, I may state that a prize will certainly be given for Dolls. With reference to her inquiry "whether it will be the doll or the clothes which will be taken into consideration," I can only reply, both, coupled with general effect, originality in design, and novelty in execution. I hope those who intend competing for the 15 Guineas offered for Home-made Model Toys, &c., will note that time is quickly passing, and that not quite six weeks remain for the completion of their labours. Special efforts are being made to make this year's Exhibition a good one; but, so much depends on the co-operation of the Home-made Toy Competitors, that I need not apologise for bespeaking their attention to the fact. The fact that over 10,000 Toys will be required to prevent the disappointment of the children who anxiously expect to participate in the bounty of TRUTH readers is in itself so eloquent an appeal for help, that it is scarcely necessary to add to it.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 299.

The Puzzle, as stated last week, cannot be decided until the course of political events has declared itself.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 300.

The Anagrams, it will have been seen, were chiefly made on five Sovereigns, viz., William I., Richard I., Edward I., Charles I., and Victoria. They varied in quality very much, but commendation may fairly be given to Queer Card, Herbert Scott, Bugby, Malignant, W. Tyrrell, Prima Donna, Guelder Rose, Crystal Palace (two of whose anagrams were credited to Greyhound in error), Daphnis, R. L. B., George A., Dumnorix, Observer (whose triple anagram on Charles I. is curiously neat and apt), Cilikig, Summerdale, Betty Pringle, Walter (aged 16), Greyhound, Nutshell, Pagrenga, Outis, Mia, Rogges Shurt, Veni, See Jay, Louis, E. Y. S., Squelette, Furnesiensis, Saladin, and Dora.

The Prize one must be that sent and made by THE WHITE LILY, which is subjoined.

PRIZE ANAGRAM.

Victoria the First, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India.
For a bard inspired I claim fit strain,
The sad and even tenor of a quiet reign.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 303.

The following letters make a verse of a well-known lyric:—

a a a a a a a b c d d d e e e e e e e e e e f f f g g h i i i i l l l l l l l l m m m m n n n n n o o o o o o o o o o p r r r s s s s s s t t t t t t u v y.

Competitors are required to give the verse in question, which will, of course, use up all the given letters. As we hope that many will succeed in finding out this verse, the prize of Two Guineas will be given to that one who,

HAVING FOUND OUT AND QUOTED THE VERSE OF THE LYRIC IN QUESTION, IS ABLE, WITH THE SAME LETTERS, TO FORM AN ENGLISH PROSE PARAGRAPH OR VERSE ENTIRELY DIFFERENT IN FORM AND SENSE TO THE ORIGINAL STANZA.

If this should be found impossible, the prize would be given to that competitor who most nearly uses all the said letters in making such a new sentence.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** As it is necessary to leave out the Rules this week, it may be stated here that all answers to the current puzzle must be sent on or before Friday, the 14th inst., to The Puzzle Editor, TRUTH Building, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Thanks for your letter. The anagrams in question are certainly yours, and not "Greyhound's," as stated.

FRANK ONSON.—Your anagram on Edward III, "I died i' war," reached me too late for publication.

LITTLE DUFFER.—So, too, did your anagram on "James Stuart," "A just master."

J. SYMONDS.—I will willingly bear your wish in mind.

R. J. BRUCE.—Your point as to Hamlet's age is not a new one, and has been several times adduced in the recent controversy.

GREENGROCER.—I will, when I have space, do what you wish.

MEMORY.—I know nothing of the person to whom you refer.

O. P.—There will not be the slightest objection to your acting in the way you propose. I only regret the necessity.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 301. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

QUOTATIONS FROM "HAMLET" ON "THE HOUSE OF LORDS."

"To be, or not to be, that is the question" (act 3, sc. 1).—Cæsar's Corner, Crystal Palace, Experience, Football, King Cole, Kappa, F. O., Fitch. Creature, Kicky, Lady Macbeth, Quarry, A.T.T., Smasher, R.B.S., Leo, Sans Changer, My Nellie, Foskett, X.Q.K., Southerner, Armadale, W. Rex, Fair One, Bramble, S.M.G., Asymptote, Guy Fawkes, Celia, White Rose, and Bertha.

"To be, or not to be, that is the question. Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, or to take arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing end them? To die" (act 3, sc. 1).—Chowles, Cissie R., Thomas à Beckett, and Irresolute.

"To be, or not to be, that is the question.' "Repent what 's past; avoid what is to come." "Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be."—The Monk.

"Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy" (act 2, sc. 2).—Rita, Birkie, Colum aut Nihil, Blendara Bob, Oakwood, Clochette, Hendy, Artemus, Wrinkle, Minie, Annie, Clifton, Jayessess, Dumhever, Young Yorryx, Crispin, Quail, Jack, Ida, Nostradamus, F. G. F., Albatross, J. W., Old Daredi, Stoll, B. A. F., Knaresborough, Halse.

Ros. "Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy." *Ham.* "Is't possible?" *Guil.* "O, there has been much throwing about of brains" (act 2, sc. 2).—Kilmeny.

"Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy. There was for a while no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question" (act 2, sc. 2).—Cardiffian, Maid of Arcadée, Wasps, Salmo Salar.

". . . . . Their defeat does by their own insinuation grow; 'tis dangerous when the baser nature comes between the pass and fell incensèd points of mighty opposites" (act 5, sc. 2).—Frank Croson, Geo. A., Mrs. Bloss, Jaws, Bonaccord, Kate. Dane, Daphnis, Tarquin, Wah-wah-taysee, Pussy, Vander, decken, R. Williams, E. G. B., T. T. C., Metsian, King Lud, James B.

"Oh, reform it altogether" (act 3, sc. 2).—Wowoon, Julia, T. B. R., Delta, C. C., A. D., Nellog, Sphinx, Kipper, Cherry, Ruperto, J. A. W., Nemo, Junius, Jack, Thug, Sock and Buskin, Brevity, Bramble, Thomas à Becket.

"In what particular thought to work, I know not; but, in the gross and scope of my opinion, this bodes some strange eruption to our State" (act 1, sc. 1).—Meredith Dapper, The Jerseyite, Sally Dibble, Grouse Eater, Nil, Janet, Lady Disdain, Birch Rod, Corsica, Norah, Mince, Trefoil, Freddie, Bert, C. P. N., Fritz, Naiad, Little B., Queen Bess, Boy, Zellah, Eclipse, Redstone, Undine, Aïda, Llewellyn, Greyhound, Frivolous Monkey, H. S. Bradwell, Silver stick, Beedos, Wild Thyme, Armadale, Polyphemus.

First Player. "I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us, sir." *Hamlet.* "O! Reform it altogether" (act 3, sc. 2).—Cabbage.

"O! Reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them; for those be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too" (act 3, sc. 2).—Mrs. W., Minx, Quiz, Mac, Lady Fern.

Rosencrantz. "There has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin to tarro them to controversy." *Hamlet.* "Is it possible?" *Guildenstein.* "O! There has been much throwing about of brains" (act 2, sc. 2).—Mawbee, Hookey Beak, B. H. D., Saladin, C. Dick, and Deux Nigauds.

". . . Beware of entranco to a quarrel; but, being in, bear't that the opposed may be aware of thee. Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice; take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment" (act 1, sc. 3).—Cuffee, Barbara, Spider, Jeame Grady, Kismet, Wyvenhoe, The Maiden, Poacher, Truth, Garter Tower, Lobes, A. T. W. Andrews, Perak, Mungo, and Hatherway.

"Diseases desperate grown, by desperate appliances are relieved" (act 4, sc. 3).—Mario, Mike, Fireman, G. S. W., and Don Tasham.

"Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it, the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe (act 5, sc. 1).—Worm, Tim, W. R. McClatchie, Jimbikoki, Bully, Alfred E., Petrarca, Gresham, Spanks, Red Rag, Atlantic, V. de Montgomery, Eggs, R. M. E., Stage Struck, Mountaineer, Dora, Tobias, Vectis, Glenalmond, Plumbante, Fraucesco, and W. Gates.

"On his choice depends the safety and the health of the whole State, and therefore must his choice be circumscribed unto the voice and yielding of that body whereof he is the head" (act 1, sc. 3).—Moonshine, J. M. S., M'Calder, Rosedale, Scatus Viator, Philcirene, Benadhem, Fatima, Sissie, Mother, Praesto et Persto.

"For he himself is subject to his birth: he may not, as unvalued persons do, carve for himself; for on his choice depends the sanctity and health of the whole state, and therefore must his choice be circumscribed" (act 1, sc. 3).—Blossom, H. Whitaker, juu.

"And this vile deed we must with all our majesty and skill both countenance and excuse" (act 4, sc. 2).—Inez.

"Let's further think of this; weigh what conveuience, both of time and means, may fit us to our shape; if this should fail, and that our drift look through our bad performance, 'twere better not assay'd" (act 4, sc. 7).—Six Knobs, W. Larder, Gwynfryn, S. E., Harry C. Lancaster, James B., Lorenzo, and Aurelius.

"These tedious old fools!" (act 2, sc. 1).—Troubadour, Bill Franchise, Iky Sloper.

"Rightly to be great, is not to stir without great argument; but greatly to find quarrel in a straw, when honour's at the stake" (act 4, sc. 4).—Niagara, Max, Hem, T. S. G., Small Heather, and Red Rag.

"The terms of our estate may not endure hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow out of his lunacies" (act 3, sc. 3).—Queen, Round the Corner, W. V. S., Scafrom.

"But my revenge will come. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think, that we are made of stuff so flat and dull, that we can let our beard be shook with danger and think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more."—Schoolboy.

"You must not think, that we are made of stuff so flat and dull, that we can let our beard be shook with danger, and think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more" (act 4, sc. 7)—Beatrice, Parsley, Sefton, Old Log.

"If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come" (act 5, sc. 2).—Fino VI.

"We defy augury, there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come" (act 5, sc. 2).—Mrs. B., Laertes, Cameo, Masterpiece.

"Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend. Which is the mightier?" (act 4, sc. 1).—Phyllis.

"That it might please you to give quiet pass through your dominions for this enterprise; on such regards of safety and allowance as therein are set down" (act 2, sc. 2).—Mc. C.

"Unequal match'd, Pyrrhus at Priam drives . . . ." (act 2, sc. 2).—Novice.

"On his choice depends the safety and health of this whole State; and therefore must his choice be circumscribed unto the voice and yielding of that body whereof he is the head" (act 1, sc. 3).—F. Ready.

"Something is rotten in the state of Denmark" (act 1, sc. 4).—N. C. N.

"Let's further think of this; weigh, what convenience, both of time and means, may fit us to our shape" (act 4, sc, 7).—Escalus.

"The terms of our estate may not endure hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow out of his lunacies" (act 3, sc. 3).—Cantab.

"Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell! I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune: thou find'st, to be too busy, is some danger" (act 3, sc. 4).—Guinea Pig.

"Repent what's past; avoid what is to come" (act 3, sc. 4.—Paddington Green.

"It is not, nor it cannot come to, good" (act 1, sc. 2).—A. F. Cropper.

"Where th' offence is, let the great axe fall" (act 4, sc. 5).—Maga and Tav.

"Give it an understanding, but no tongue" (act 2, sc. 2).—Ibu Khàlifa.

"That it should come to this!" (act 1, sc. 2).—G. Smith.

"Why, anything but to the purpose" (act 2, sc. 2).—Called Back.

"Giving to you no further personal power."—G. R.

"What have I done that thou dar'st wag thy tongue in noise so rude against me" (act 3, sc. 4).—Yoko, M.D.S.E.

"I hold it fit that we shake hands and part" (act 1, sc. 5).—Gigue.

"A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye in the most high and palmy State" (act 1, sc. 1).—Vectis.

"Try what repentance can."—Ajax.

"It spills itself, in fearing to be spilt" (act 4, sc. 5).—Timothy Squib and Norah.

"We *would* not understand what was most fit" (act 4, sc. 1).—Justice Shallow.

"There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all" (act 5, sc. 2).—Plume, Elab, Goody, Cui Bono, Sarbur, Harold, James B.

"We do it wrong, being so majestical, to offer it the show of violence; for it is, as the air, invulnerable, and our vain blows malicious mockery" (act 1, sc. 1).—Colin, Marcellus, J. M. McGrigor Allan, Risk, Chrysanthemum, Bruno, Stratford, Majolica, Pew Moaner, Esterel, Bung, Acorn, Postmark, Nancy, A-well-a-day, Kittifonia, Dantig, Borderer.

"Thus has he only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow

them to their trial, the bubbles are out" (act 5, sc. 2).—Juan Fernandez, Alex, Bruiser, Mochnet, Muz Muz, Ophelia.

"He may not, as unvalued persons do, carve for himself; for on his choice depends the safety and the health of the whole State; and therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd unto the voice and yielding of that body whereof he is the head (act 1, sc. 3).—The Mac, Anon, Elaine, W. Dumnerix, Elop, Terar, Screwdriver, Harrow Drive, Dion, Punck, Siskin, Catherine, G.B.B.

"Slanders, sir; for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards; that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams; all of which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down" (act 2, sc. 2).—Weston-super-Mare.

"Be wary then; best safety lies in fear" (act 1, sc. 3).—Pierre.

"O, my offence is *rank!*"—Thames.

"All may be well" (act 3, sc. 3).—Tan Tun.

"Farewell" (act 3, sc. 1).—A. M.

"There's rue for you" (act 4, sc. 1).—Meb.

"Madness in great ones must not unmatch'd go" (act 3, sc. 1).—Osric and Hapta.

"Words! words! words!" (act 2, sc. 2). Annau Academy.

"It must be shortly known what is the issue of the business there. It will be short" (act 5, sc. 2).—Topknot.

"That which thou hast done must send thee hence with fiery quickness; therefore, prepare thyself" (act 4, sc. 3).—Arthur.

"Out of thy sphere; this must not be" (act 2, sc. 2).—Sam Slick.

"In my terms of honour I stand aloof; and will no reconcilement" (act 5, sc. 2).—Cwm Twrch.

"My hour is almost come" (act 1, sc. 5).—Pax.

"What! frighted with false fire!" (act 3, sc. 2).—Gypsy.

"Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works" (act 3, sc. 4).—The Ashcat.

"Though this be madness, yet there's method in it" (act 2, sc. 2).—Betty.

"An hour of quiet shortly shall we see; till then, in patience our proceeding be."—R. L. B.

"Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no way but in 's own house" (act 3, sc. 1).—Ruff and Penguin.

". . . . As the world were now but to begin, antiquity forgot, custom not known, the ratifiers and props of every word, they cry, 'Choose we'" (act 4, sc. 5).—F. A. Sw.

"Fie on't! O fie! 'Tis an unweeded garden, that grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature possess it merely: that it should come to this!" (act 1, sc. 2).—Collywohbles, Wigley, Lady Betty, X. Y. Z., Francesca, A. U. M., Divitiacus.

"Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well when our deep plots do fail; and that should teach us there's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will" (act 5, sc. 2).—Katharine, Waterloo, Non Sequor, Aquita.

"This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace" (act 4, sc. 4).—Cake.

"How cheerfully on the false trail they cry" (act 4, sc. 5).—J. M. M.

"Repent what's past; avoid what is to come; and do not spread the compost on the weeds to make them ranker" (act 3, sc. 4).—Soldier Surgeon, Rosen, Cartoon, Joe Botting, Bryndu.

"Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be" (act 4, sc. 5).—The Rat, Freckles, Grander, Dicky.

"What may this mean, that thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel, revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon, making night hideous" (act 1, sc. 4).—Yarrum.

"Their defeat does by their own insinuation grow" (act 5, sc. 2).—M. Elsworth.

"I like him not; nor stands it safe with us to let his madness range. . . . The terms of our estate may not endure hazard so dangerous, as doth hourly grow out of his lunacies" (act 3, sc. 3).—Toddles, Duncru, Knaresborough.

"O, throw away the worser part of it, and live the purer with the other half."—Kuoni, Plitty, Notts.

"For the law of writ and liberty, these are the only men" (act 2, sc. 2).—Sage, Bingo, C. G.

"I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation" (act 2, sc. 2).—Vanderil.

"So oft it chances in particular men, that for some vicious mole of nature in them, as, in their birth, wherein they are not guilty . . . by the o'ergrowth of some complexion, oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason" (act 1, sc. 4).—R. S.

Hor. "He waxes desperate with imagination." *Mar.* "Let's follow: it's not fit thus to obey him." *Hor.* "Have after: to what issue will this tend?" *Mar.* "Something is rotten in the state of Denmark." *Hor.* "Heaven will direct it." *Mar.* "Nay, let's follow him" (act 1, sc. 4).—Bramble, Francesca, McWhab, Thomas à Becket, Donhead, Daisy, T. M. B., Avon.

"The other motive, why to a public count I might not go, is the great love the general gender bear him; who, dipping all his faults in their affection, would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone, convert his gyves to graces" (act 4, sc. 6).—Observer, Pembroke, Browser.

"I pr'ythee take thy fingers from my throat; for though I am not splenitive and rash, yet have I in me something dangerous, which let thy wisdom fear: hold off thy hand" (act 5, sc. 1).—Malignant and The Long 'un.

"For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer hoist with his own petar: and it shall go hard, but I will delve one yard below their mines, and blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet, when in one line two crafts directly meet" (act 3, sc. 4).—Gibb, Sea Jay, Rodomontis, E. E. H. B., H. O. Ley, Repeater.

"Sense, sure you have, else you could not have motion; but sure, that sense is apoplex'd: for madness would not err. No sense to ecstacy was ne'er so thralled but it reserved some quantity of choice to serve in such a difference" (act 3, sc. 4).—Scotus, Patience, Scapin.

"These men, carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect, their virtues else, be they as pure as grace, shall in the general censure take corruption from that particular fault" (act 1, sc. 4).—Whack and Vir.

"To thine ownself be true; and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man. Farewell, my blessing season this in thee" (act 1, sc. 3).—Aedo, Bramble.

"For what we know must be and is as common as any the most vulgar thing to sense, why should we in our peevish opposition take it to heart?" (act 1, sc. 2).—Chic, Evermore, Ça y est, Kemble, F. P. Georgius, Topsey.

"It shows a will most incorrect to heaven; a heart unfortified, a mind impatient, an understanding simple and unschooled: for what we know, must be" (act 1, sc. 2).—Double-you, Pears' Soap.

"Our wills and fates do so contrary run, that our devices still are overthrown; our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own" (act 3, sc. 2).—Chorus, Guelder Rose, Kittifonia, C. Murdoch, Runaway.

"Exposing what is mortal and unsure, to all that fortune, death, and danger dare, ev'n for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great, is not to stir without great argument, but greatly to find quarrel in a straw" (act 4, sc. 4).—Furens, Zam, Squelette.

"You must not think that we are made of stuff so flat and dull, that we can let our beard be shook with danger, and think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more" (act 4, sc. 7).—Pharisee.

"Let this same be presently perform'd, even while men's minds are wild, lest more mischance, on plots and errors, happen" (act 5, sc. 2).—Crio, Queer Card.

"The native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought; and enterprises of great pith and moment with this regard their currents turn awry, and lose the name of action" (act 3, sc. 1).—Phunky, Scrivener, Northop, Russet, G. A. N. K.

"Mad as the seas, and wind, when both contend which is the mightier" (act 4, sc. 1).—Kathleen Mary.

"We'll call up our wisest friends and let them know, both what we mean to do, and what's untimely done: so, haply, slander . . . . . may miss our name and hit the woundless air" (act 4, sc. 1).—Hope.

Answers have been received from:—A. U. M., Norah, Vondadilzen, Llewellyn, Hem, Hectoriar, W. Tyrell, Tony, Soldier Surgeon, Cornelius, Redstone, Chrysanthemum, J. McAllan, Rosen, Jack, Nancy, M. D. S. E., Penguin, Foot Ball, Roggee, Shurt, King Cole, Fino VI., Mrs. E. F. Powell, Saladin, G. G. G., Yoko Small Heathen, Aurelius, Renel, Gresham, Abercorn, Frank Croson, C. D. Grove, H. L. Grove, jun., V. de Montgomery, Kappa, Alex, Maurice, Harry Hotspur, Eggs, Sergeant, Little B., Boy, Tan Tun, Mrs. W., Garry, Qui Tient Bon, Parsley, Sage, Zillah, Inez, The Dame, B. A. F., Goody, Murdock, Catheriue, Eclipse, F. O., King Lud, Butler, Kilmeny, Queen Bess, Screwdriver, Jude, Spanks, Wigley, Virago, Francesca, Thug, Mac, Perak, F. A. Sw., F. Ready, Atlantic, G. Plummer, Punch, Aedo, McC., Browser, Siskin, T. B. R., Dappar, Delta, Phyllis, Waterloo, Terar, Prosen, Queon, Creature, Topknot, Idge, Whack, Fitz James, Lorenzo, Duncru, Barbara, Scotus, Troubadour, Daphnis, Mr. Dombey, Mrs. Bloss, Bill Franchise, Titch, Mia, Quiz, Dora, Ben Tue, R. S., Moonshine, Mountaineer, Frank Croson, Miss Calder, Demon, Vectis, Beatrice, Stago Struck, Saleite, Mungo, Tale Quale, S. M. G., Philomela, Rosary, McWhab, Marcellus, Jat, Freckles, Crystal Palace, Kisnet, Meb, Laertes, Tandem, The Monk, Sock and Buskin, Thames, Maid, Psyche, Schoolboy, H. K. S., Esterel, Mario, Old Log, Kittyfonia, Kuoni, Awelladay, Experience, Breudeiu, Agneta, Toddles, Lizard, Sans Charger, Rosedale, J. M. S., Phileirene, Nemo, Junius, Six Knobs, Crispin, Hookey Beak, Borderer, Artemus, Chorus, Elab, Birkie, Bryndu, M. Elsworth, Jaros, H. S. Bradwell, Frivolous Monkey, Coffee, H. O. Sey. Asymptote, Double You, C. Dick, Mockey, Notts, Wild Thyme, Picaninny, Sissie, Kathleen Mary, Fatima, Cissie R., Vectis, Edab, Vanderil, Scrivener, Nutshell, Harry, Maid of Arcadée, Mat, Lazy Bones, Mochnet, Halse, W. Gates, Silver Stick, Escalus, Ainzel, N. C. N., Beedos, T. M. B., Mark, T. T. C., Lobes, Mother, The Dod, Non Times, Knaresborough, Wah-wah-taysee, Lady Fern, G. A. N. K., Cantab, Leo, Ellart, Ajax, Osrick, Shottery, Stratford, Kemble, Hathaway, Aron, Judith, Arden, Puck, Clifton, Evermore, A. F. Cropper, W. Rex. Hendy, Clochette, Paddington Green, Guinea Pig, Severus, Thomas à Becket, Tryphena, Topsey, Greyhound, Monkendons, Acorn, Phunky, Little Duffer, Danty, Joe Botting, Pussy, Blue Boss Noss, Bramble, Kerry Pippin, Ibn Khalifa, M'Hagin, Maga, Tobias, My Willie, Collywobbles, Scotus Viator, Dane, Armadale, Floberry, Old Daredi Stoll, Runaway, Garter Tower, Hapta, Called Back, G. Smith, Red Rag, Glee Maiden, Vanderdecken, Jingo, Hope, Blossom, Hodless, Postmark, Ida, Legal, Cabbage, Chowles, J. A. W., Juan Fernandez, E. P. E. Wilmot, King Douglas, Repealer, F. G. F., Albatross, Betty, Diomede, Southerner, S. Eyers, S. E. G., Bruiser, Globe Edn, Harrow Drive, The Song Un, Kate, Polyphemus, J. W., Plumbante, Armadale, Jeanie Grady, Bonaccord, Glenalmond, Ikey Sloper, Ruff Foskett, Meredith, Cake, J. S. W., Cameo, Guelder Rose, Metsian, Sea Jay, Sea Shore, Try Again, Quail, Pembroke, Bimho, Malignant, W. V. S., Risk, Edamn, Knarf, Jimhikoki, Omicron, Mendelssohn, E. Culverhouse, Octogenarian, F. S. G., E. E. H. Brydes, C. P. N., Farquin, F. A. Harmer, Bruno, Queer Card, B. H. D., Esperante, Greengrocer, Bert, C. Lancaster, Bully, Brevity, Yarrum, A. T. W. Andrews, R. Williams, J. W. Heathcote, J. M. H., Jack, F. G. B., Rose Island, Sefton, J. Willes, Daisy, F. D. Rudkin, Undine, R. B. S., Minx, Lady Betty, Budge, W. Larder, Northop, Ophelia, Russet, Dahlin, Badger, Justice, Shallow, Scapin, W. R. McClatchie, Aida, Mellog, Masterpiece, Bingo, Colin, Tim, Mrs. Rinhold, Blind as a Bat, Rita, Georgius, Niagara, Dion, Poacher, R. M. E., Agnes, Donald, Timothy, Squib, Growler, Plume, Geo. A., Bung, Kipper, Cherry, Rodomont, Jam, Sphinx, Cartoon, Gwynpryn, Rambler, Birchrod, Veni, Mrs. B., Mihi, Francesco, Cayest, Irresolute, Pears' Soap, Alfred E., Cæsar's Corner, Cui Bono, Furens, Katharine, Wrinkle, Swerdnag, Dimple, Oakwood, Telemaque, Trelrelig, Plitty, W. Ellwood, Sam Slick, Tar, Arthur Easter, Our Dodd, The Wac, The Rat, Arthur, Elop, Pearson, Fritz, Nora, Minu, Mince, Petrarca, Freddy, Max, Yorick, Wyvenhoe, Salmo-Salar, Bobus, Cwm Twich, Sarbur, Elaine, Nostradamus, Ruperto, X. Q. K., R. S. B., Violet, Gypsy, Corsica, Rayon d'Or, Deux Nigauds, Don Jasham, Twee, Tibbies, Smasher, Myra, The Conk, Mawbee, Hope, A. T. T., Osric, Wm. R. G. Bruce, The Ashcat, Non Sequor, Baranaboo, Cuffee, A'Outrance, Dumnorix, Donhead, Ben Adhem, Harold, Lady Disdain, Wasps, Pax, Fair One, Divitiacus, Excelsior, Jayessess, Annie, Alcibiades, Mux Murp, Sclanidge, Observer, Lowis, Fireman, Nil, Pierre, Spider, Wowoon, C. C., Gibb, Cardiffian, X. Y. K., Janet, Quarry, Pan, Bereica, Tuckey, James B., Young Youzx, Sally Dibble, Crio, G. B. B., Romantic Boy, Grouse Eater, Squelette, Daisy, Kicky, Lady Macbeth, Julia, Fairfax, Round the Corner, Seafoam, The Jerseyite, Frank-Tyes, J. M. M., Patience, Summerdale, John, Dicky, Worm, Majolica, Gigue.

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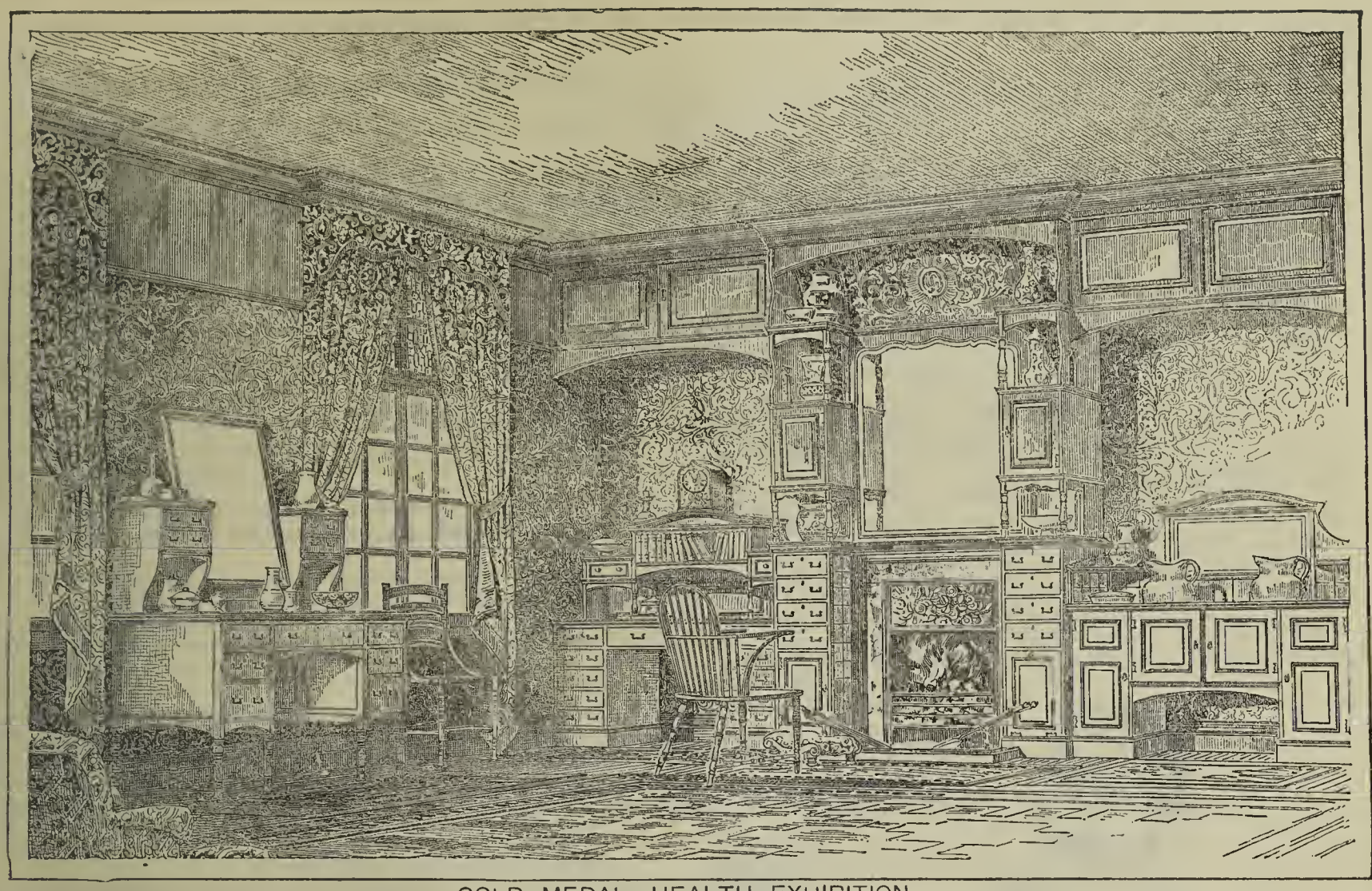

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THERE is probably no pain so agonising, and none with which less sympathy is expressed, than the pain of Neuralgia, or as it is often termed Tic or Faceache.

"You won't die of it" is a usual attempt at consolation, when the contrary assurance would almost seem a comfort.

This absence of any immediate probability of a fatal ending has doubtless influenced the medical profession to give less attention to the subject of Neuralgia and its kindred affections than the intense pain and consequent wearing down of the whole nervous system appear to warrant.

A medicine which for the last year or two has been introduced to the public under the name of TIKHEEL is an attempt to supply a popular remedy for these constantly recurring ailments, Neuralgia, Faceache, and for what is closely allied to the foregoing, Nervous and Sick Headache.

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· TRUTH ·

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF "TRUTH"

will be published on

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

It will be entitled

"A WINTER WEALTHERIES,"

And will detail the steps taken by the various Theatrical Managers to compete with the Exhibitions at South Kensington.

The whole will be profusely illustrated by F. Carruthers Gould; *and, in addition to the Text Illustrations, there will be a Double-paged Frontispiece, printed in ten colours, representing*

"THE GLADSTONE HAND"
AND
"THE CHURCHILL HAND."

And Four full-paged Cartoons—

1.—"THE LAST MUSTER."
2.—AN EGYPTIAN RELIC.
3.—A ROYAL PROCESSION.
4.—THE "A." AND "W.O." OFFICES, 1904.

ENTRE NOUS.

THE date of the Queen's departure from Balmoral, which has been changed half-a-dozen times, is now fixed for to-morrow, but it is not unlikely to be again postponed for twenty-four hours. The Court will stay at Windsor till about Dec. 18, when a move will be made to Osborne. The Queen will receive numerous guests at the Castle between Friday next and Dec. 12.

Her Majesty is expected to come to London next week for an afternoon, in order to pay visits to the Duchess of Cambridge, the Dowager Duchess of Wellington, and Lady Ampthill.

The Duchess of Edinburgh and Princess Louise will be the first Royal guests at Windsor after the Queen's return, and the Duchess of Albany is also under orders to visit her Majesty.

Lord Northbrook is to be one of the Queen's earliest guests at Windsor Castle, and her Majesty will then formally intimate her intention of giving him one of the vacant Garters.

Lord Abergavenny's party at Eridge Castle to meet the Prince of Wales included Lord Exeter, Lord Rowton, Lord Torrington, Count Gleichen, Mr. Charles Hall, Mr. H. Petre, Captain Philip Green, Major Wickham, and Dr. W. H. Russell. H.R.H. arrived in time for dinner on Tuesday evening, and left after the shooting on Thursday. The party went duck-shooting round the lake on Wednesday morning, and the neighbouring covers were shot through in the afternoon, after lunch which was served in two large tents in Larking's Mead. A number of Lord Abergavenny's tenants and neighbours, who had been invited to witness the shooting, were present at the luncheon. On Thursday the shooting was in the extensive woods, and abundant sport was obtained. The weather was very fine on both days.

The Prince was accompanied at Eridge by his favourite white dog, "Beaty," which is a very fine Esquimaux sledge-hound, and was presented to H.R.H. by his brother-in-law, the Emperor of Russia. Beaty is a most faithful and intelligent creature, and is a universal favourite.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are expected to pay a short visit to the Duke and Duchess of Westminster at Eaton Hall towards the end of January.

Lord and Lady Dudley, who have been staying in town since they came up from Scotland on the 31st, went down last week to Witley Court, where they intend to reside till the end of January.

The Duchess of Edinburgh, who is this week receiving company at Eastwell Park, has been over to Paris for a few days to meet the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Vladimir, and they were all the guests of the Duc d'Aumale at Chantilly, where they were splendidly entertained. There was a grand hunt on the first day, at which at least two hundred carriages and three hundred horsemen were present. There were many ladies on horseback, including the Duchesse d'Uzès. A special train brought down a large contingent from Paris. In the evening there was the usual *curée* by torchlight in front of the *château*. On the following day there was a battue of sixteen guns, and nearly 700 head were shot, about half being pheasants. The Duc had a large party at Chantilly throughout the week, including all the Orleans clan.

On the day of the great hunt, the Duc de Montpensier was thrown out of his carriage and severely shaken.

The Grand Duchess Catherine of Russia, who has been staying with her family in England for the last six weeks, principally at Torquay, left Eastwell Park, where she had been visiting the Duchess of Edinburgh, on Saturday for Brussels, on her way to Neu Strelitz.

The German Empress has left Baden-Baden, after a lengthened stay, for Coblentz, where she will reside till she goes to Berlin for her usual winter visit.

I hear that at the funeral of the late Duke of Brunswick, the Crown jewels, which were carried on a tray behind the coffin, were "paste" articles, borrowed from the wardrobe of the Brunswick Theatre, as it was discovered that the real jewels, which were of immense value, had been appropriated by the "Diamond" Duke, when he fled from his capital more than fifty years ago.

The Duke and Duchess of Teck have again taken, for the winter season, the villa of I Cedri, which is about two miles out of Florence. The villa is surrounded with grounds laid out *à l'anglaise*, and belongs to Miss Light.

Count Karolyi, who has been dangerously ill at his seat in Hungary, is now convalescent, and has been able to travel to Vienna. The Count and Countess are expected to return to England early next month.

Lord and Lady Sydney entertained a party last week at Frognal, including Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar. The men obtained excellent sport in the preserves around Foot's Cray and Chislehurst.

Although Dublin society in general makes as yet no effort to amuse itself, the Grenadier Guards at Richmond Barracks have been showing a laudable example. On Thursday evening, a most successful concert, followed by a supper, was given in the Recreation Rooms. Mrs. Cornwallis West, Lady O'Fitzpatrick, and many other well-known social stars, were present.

The admission to the ranks of the Irish Bar of Mr. Healy, M.P., has been a topic of interest at the Four Courts, Dublin, this week. No doubt, he will make things more lively in the Irish palace of justice. Last week he was employed before the magistrate in defending Allen, a lately-arrested supposed Fenian, when he had the opportunity of cross-examining Mr. E. Jenkinson, from whom he elicited the information that he, Mr. Jenkinson, was Assistant Under-Secretary for Ireland in London. The Irish evidently know as little of their rulers as their rulers know of them. Mr. Jenkinson had been supposed to have left Ireland for good.

The Berkshire County Ball will take place on Dec. 30, in the Town Hall, at Reading. The Wokingham Ball, the other great "society" function of the district, is fixed for to-morrow evening.

Sir Phipps and Lady Hornby gave a very successful ball last week at the Admiralty House, Portsmouth. The company numbered 600, and as most of the men were in some sort of uniform, the spectacle was unusually brilliant.

The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe's small party at Floors Castle broke up last week, and the Duke left to visit Lord Londesborough in Yorkshire. The Duchess fished the Floors "lower" water on the Tweed on three days last week, and succeeded in landing eight nice salmon of fair size. The "upper" water is let for this month to Mr. Thistlethwayte.

The Duke and Duchess of Cleveland, who have been entertaining a succession of small parties at Raby Castle, will remove shortly to Battle Abbey for the winter.

Lord and Lady Cowper have been entertaining a small party at Panshanger, including Mr. Lowell.

It is said in Oxford that Mr. Russell Lowell, when relieved of his post as American Minister, will reside in that city.

The Duke of Buckingham and Lady Caroline Grenville were staying last week at Langley Park, on a visit to Sir Robert and Lady Harvey. On Friday, Sir Robert's harriers had a lawn meet at Langley, and a large company were entertained at breakfast.

Lord Londonderry has left Plas Machynlleth for Seaham Hall, his place near Sunderland.

The Duke of Rutland is not expected at Belvoir for at least a fortnight. He is still at Cheveley, his place near Newmarket, confined to bed by the gout; and he is also suffering from a broken rib, which was caused by a fall from his shooting pony.

Punctuality is desirable in the interest of dinner-givers, but I greatly doubt, Edmund, whether you are correct in saying that "if the Prince of Wales were once to let it be known that he disapproves of the excesses to which dinner-guests carry their irregularity, unpunctuality would soon disappear." In support of this, you say that the Prince of Wales introduced into the world of fashion cigarettes, smoking-concerts, lemon-squashes, Sunday dinner-parties, and white waistcoats, and that therefore he exercises a social despotism. There are, however, many people who do not smoke cigarettes, who do not drink lemon-squashes, and who do not wear white waistcoats, and if all of those who do not follow H.R.H.'s example in these matters continue to be unpunctual, there is little probability of the dinner-hour meaning the hour at which dinner is served. The real reasons for dinner unpunctuality are that the season is during summer, and dinner interferes with driving in the cool of the evening, and that the distances in London are so long that it is by no means easy to be exact to a minute. These reasons will remain, notwithstanding any Royal fiat.

Lord Wolverton, who, during the last few years, has built himself a magnificent house at Iwerne Minster, in Dorsetshire, has just opened a working men's club in the village, which has been erected and fitted up at his expense. The rules differ from those of similar institutions, inasmuch as the building is to be open on Sunday, and beer is to be provided for the members. These are sagacious variations, for, as a rule, the men of a village have nothing to do on Sunday but loiter about the street; and as to the beer, every reasonable being knows very well that a moderate portion of alcohol does no harm to any

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hard-working man. The frequent failures of village clubs are mainly due to the intolerant folly of those people who refuse to meet the natural wishes of the members. I hope Lord Wolverton's example will be generally followed by the managers of similar institutions elsewhere.

The entailed estates in Scotland to which the present Duke of Buccleuch has succeeded extend to upwards of 450,000 acres, and include the magnificent seats of Bowhill, Drumlanrig Castle, and Dalkeith Palace. The present annual rental is about £170,000, which is at least 20 per cent. less than the return of ten years ago. The Duke also comes into the Boughton estates, in Northants, near Kettering, and he gets a property in Warwickshire, near Rugby, the two being now worth about £28,000 a year. I hope he will soon make it his business thoroughly to restore Boughton, the interesting old manor-house of the Montagus, which is surrounded by some of the finest woods in England. The Duke's piers at Granton bring in £10,000 a year, his minerals and quarries are worth nearly as much, and he owns valuable urban property in Midlothian. The Duke will receive about £500,000 from his father's personal estate. His income, therefore, will be about £270,000, on which pittance even a Duke can live handsomely.

Croftheads, in Dumfriesshire, an estate extending over 1,600 acres, has been sold privately by the Duke of Buccleuch to Mr. John Barnes, of Carlisle. The price was equal to a trifle over thirty-two years' rental. Croftheads is an outlying portion of the great Queensberry property, to which the grandfather of the present Duke of Buccleuch succeeded in 1810, on the death of "Old Q."

On Friday, the first sod of the Barry Dock and Railway was cut, near Cardiff, by Lord Windsor. The area of the dock will be forty acres, with a timber-yard of thirteen acres, and a basin of eight and a half acres. The scheme will cost two and a half millions to carry out.

The prospects of the undertaking are, however, seriously threatened by the Bill which will be brought in next session to enable the Taff Vale Railway to acquire the whole of the docks on the Bute estate at Cardiff. The price is three millions. The Bute Trustees and this Company have hitherto been antagonistic, but they have now made up their differences. It is arranged that Lord Bute is to hold a large interest in the combined undertakings, and he will be entitled to nominate a certain number of directors. The bargain is considered to be a good one for the Taff Vale, and if the project is carried out the trade of Cardiff will be greatly facilitated, for there will no longer be any fear of traffic being diverted to neighbouring ports.

Lord Windsor has decided to build a large marine villa on the coast of the Bristol Channel, near Penarth. A charming site has been chosen at the Kymin, which is one of the most sheltered and picturesque spots on the Welsh coast. The cost of the house and grounds is estimated at about £40,000, and there is great rejoicing in the neighbourhood at the prospect of so big a "job," as work has been slack of late.

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Beach House, Babbacombe, where the brutal murder of Miss Keyes took place last week, was the spot which was so much admired by the Prince of Wales when yachting on the coast of Devon four years ago. H.R.H. was entertained at tea by Miss Keyes, and shown over the house and grounds, which he pronounced to be "like fairyland."

Mr. Lloyd, the owner of the beautiful estate of Minard, on the Argyllshire coast, near Inverary, has resolved to lay out that portion of the property which lies on the banks of Loch Fyne for building purposes.

The Bindon estate, in East Devon, was sold last Thursday, at Axminster, for £8,400. A few years ago, the vendor refused an offer of £16,000 for this property.

Sir Henry and Lady Meux, who have for some time hunted an extensive district in North Wilts with a pack of harriers, have now started a pack of staghounds, which will hunt from Dauntsey, their place near Malmesbury. Their enterprise is by no means appreciated by the members of the Beaufort Hunt.

Lord Lonsdale has let Barleythorpe Hall, his place in Rutlandshire, to Mr. Baird, the Master of the Cottesmore Hunt, for a term extending till Midsummer, 1888.

The opening meet of the Guernsey Drag Hunt took place on Friday last under the most favourable circumstances. Major-General Sarel, C.B., and Mrs. Sarel were present, with the officers of the Royal Irish Rifles and a number of the principal islanders.

Archer quitted Newmarket directly after his wife's funeral, and on Saturday evening he left Euston-square for Queenstown, where he embarked for New York on board the *Belinda*. Archer does not at present intend to ride again before 1886; but it is doubtful whether he will ever resume his profession. He means to stay for some months in America, and will then proceed to Australia.

Very large entries have been obtained for the Birmingham Christmas Show. The exhibition of cattle and sheep will be the largest ever held in Bingley Hall, and there are over 3,000 entries of poultry and pigeons.

I publish the following explanatory letter with pleasure :—

Dear Sir,—Kindly permit me, in reply to the remarks in last week's Truth, to point out that the full title of the society referred to is the Bath and West of England Society and *Southern Counties Association;* hence its intended visit to Brighton in 1885.

It was established in 1777, and, until 1866, was known only as the Bath and West of England Society, its operations being then confined to the Western counties. Its success induced a number of noblemen and gentlemen of influence in the Southern counties to start a similar society for the counties of Kent, Sussex, Surrey, Hants, Berks, and Oxon, which, under the title of the Southern Counties Association, held its first meeting at Brighton in 1866. The implement makers, however, very strongly deprecated the

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existence of another large agricultural association, and, as the result of a negotiation between the leading representatives of the Western and Southern Societies, held in London, at the Society of Arts Rooms, on Aug. 25, 1866, a union of the two bodies was effected, and the Society has since continued to exist as the Bath and West of England Society and Southern Counties Association.—I am, yours very faithfully, THOS. F. PLOWMAN, Secretary.

The Council of the British Association decided last week to hold their 1886 meeting at Birmingham, which was selected in preference to Bournemouth.

I hear that the sporting over the Six Mile Bottom estate, between Newmarket and Cambridge, has been let for this season to Lord Londonderry and Lord Fife. This property affords some of the best partridge-shooting in England. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge used to pay annual visits to Six Mile Bottom during the life of the late General Hall.

The Sandown Park authorities have given permission to the Southern Cross-Country Association to hold their championship race-meeting in the Park, where it will consequently take place on February 7.

An influential meeting was held in Manchester last week to consider the question of legalising professionalism in football. In view of the many scandals connected with Association football, which arise from the half-hearted measures adopted by the governing body to suppress sham-amateurism, it will certainly be a good day for the game when the system in vogue at cricket is adopted, and professionals are openly recognised. Cup competitions—if it be worth while to continue them at all—can be open or closed to professionals as their promoters may prefer. *The* Association Challenge Cup should certainly be strictly confined to amateurs.

Dr. Carter Moffat writes :—

Dear Sir,—You are, of course, aware that there is a very narrow line to be drawn between the sublime and the ridiculous, and that nothing kills like ridicule; consequently, although I acquit you of any design, yet I cannot help thinking that the phrase you make use of at the commencement of your article—viz., "Bottled Italianized-Air" is calculated to injure my invention rather than otherwise. I claim that I have discovered in the air of Italy certain chemical compounds which, after years of labour and research, I have artificially combined; and these, when inhaled, have a marvellous effect in enriching the voice, increasing the tone and range, and also in strengthening the throat and chest.

My "Ammoniaphone" is an inhaler, through which the outer air passes and becomes "Italianized"—*i.e.*, charged with chemical vapour which I have proved to exist in the "Land of Song." This, I contend, is not "Bottled Italian Air," nor do I claim it to be such; and I am sure you will, with your proverbial fairness and *bonhomie*, justify me in the eyes of the public.

Extensive alterations are going on in the National Gallery, and the rooms dedicated to the British School in particular are unrecognisable. The Turner Gallery has been completely cleared out, to make way for the new staircase which is to lead through this room to the new galleries behind. The Turners are being moved meanwhile into the room to the extreme left, where the Landseers and Maclises have formerly been. This is a great improvement for the Turners, which, as every one knows, require a great deal of light, and which hitherto have been consigned to the very darkest room in the building.

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The Fine Art Society have, it seems to me, good cause for complaint against the trustees of the National Gallery. A year and a half ago the Society applied for permission to take photographs of certain pictures in the gallery, which was accorded only on the condition that neither the pictures nor their glasses were removed—a restriction, say the Society, tantamount to a refusal. The Society then learn that permission to photograph without these restrictions has been granted to a French and a German firm. They respectfully ask for an explanation, and are told that the German firm have been for some time photographing in the great galleries on the Continent, and that their undertaking is considered of "high importance." I fail entirely to see why it is of higher importance that our national pictures should be photographed by foreigners than by an English firm of high standing.

Another interesting disclosure is made by the same correspondence. For some months past an iron shed, which looks like a temporary engine-house, has occupied a prominent position in front of the National Gallery. It appears that we are also indebted to German enterprise for this embellishment of "the finest site in Europe," the shed being merely a "photographic atelier," which Messrs. Braun & Co. have been permitted to erect for the purpose of their important undertaking.

The Town Council of Norwich have agreed to lend Gainsborough's famous portrait of Sir Harbord Harbord to Sir Coutts Lindsay, for exhibition in the Grosvenor Gallery. It is to be insured (but only against fire) for £5,000.

I hear that M. Jules Garnier's picture, "Borgia s'amuse," will shortly be exhibited in London. This work of art, which represents half a dozen nude females dancing before the Pope and Lucrezia Borgia, was refused admission to the Paris Salon. We are not more squeamish in these matters than our neighbours, but I think we may be equally so. I therefore fail to see why such an exhibition should be permitted by the authorities. Nobody of any sense is prudish enough to object to the nude subjects which are annually displayed on the walls of Burlington House and elsewhere. It is absolutely necessary that every artist should have a thorough knowledge of every outline of the human form, and no opportunity should be lost of giving them such knowledge; but when pictures like "Nana" and "Borgia s'amuse" are exhibited by themselves, and a shilling a head is charged for admission, it is useless to blind ourselves to the purpose for which they are shown. The exhibitors are not a bit less culpable than the obscure vendors of "classical" photographs in the slums near Leicester-square; and I fail to see why they should not be placed on the same footing.

This will, perhaps, interest my Indian readers :—

Sir,—A paragraph appeared in last week's *Times* in connection with the "Gwalior Gateway," representing seventy-five tons of beautiful carved Indian stone, and forming a gift of the Maharajah Scindia of Gwalior to South Kensington. In that paragraph my name was carefully eliminated. As I proposed this unique piece of representative carving, furnishing the design for it, which I elaborated from various details with which I was familiar; seeing that I superintended its construction last year in the midst of a Central Indian summer, and subsequently took it to Calcutta, I think I have some reason to feel a sense of indignation. Bar Professor

Monier Williams no one has had the generosity to acknowledge my labours in connection with the gateway, and this he did in the July number of the *Asiatic*. I am sure you will sympathise with the object I had in view in constructing this large piece of work. Natives may not be born administrators, but with a little conventional training they can be made admirable architects, engineers, &c. And yet, despite this fact, we treat India as if she were a country like our own, or the colonies, where no indigenous art had taken root. We flood it yearly with Europeans to do work that could, with equal advantage, be performed by natives. The future historian will be able to point out the baneful influence of England in causing the degradation of native art. The "Gwalior Gateway," the gift of the Maharajah Scindia (I never received either a farthing from him or Government for this work), embodies an attempt to further native agency, and, in the interests of thousands of impoverished artisans, to revive and extend a knowledge of a most beautiful industry.—Your obedient servant, J. B. KEITH, Major.

Late Assistant Curator of Indian Monuments.

Edmund, I have been reading your memoirs. You seem to have rubbed shoulders with a great many people of note or of notoriety from your cradle upwards, and you tell us what you know of them pointedly and amusingly. My only criticism is that you are rather too good-natured in your delineation of their characters; a trifle of vinegar with the oil would have rendered your salad more pungent. The fault, however—if fault it be—is one in the right direction, for recent memoirs have gone far to prove that the world is almost entirely composed of knaves and fools; it is, therefore, refreshing to find that some clever people can live in it, and yet take a favourable view of its inhabitants. May you be happy at the Patmos-super-Mare to which you say that you have withdrawn!

Mr. Goldwin-Smith writes as follows in a Canadian newspaper on the subject of the late Lord Lytton and his wife :—

Nothing can be more hideous than this resurrection, through the publication of posthumous papers, of these wretched quarrels. People who batten on such scandal must have a very keen appetite for carrion. It was the common case of a man of extreme sensibility and vivid imagination, who had married an angel, and when the honeymoon was over found she was a woman. The scenes that followed were revolting outrages on the sanctity of conjugal affection, and the memory of them ought to have been buried for ever in the graves of the unhappy pair. There can be no doubt that Lord Lytton was greatly to blame, and that his behaviour, compared with the sentiments of his novels, proves him to have been a literary hypocrite. But the conduct of Lady Lytton was also disgusting, if she was not insane.

Mr. Oscar Browning is now engaged in editing the family papers of the Duke of Leeds, some of which are of great historical interest; and he has also undertaken to prepare for publication the Eden collection belonging to Lord Auckland, which should afford some valuable information as to the domestic history of the early part of the present century, and may be expected to throw light upon several obscure episodes in Mr. Pitt's Ministerial career.

Mr. William Black is writing a novel, which is to appear next year, from month to month, in *Longman's Magazine*. It is entitled "White Heath," and the scene is laid in Scotland.

I have received a most amusing letter from Mr. F. C. Burnand, with reference to his new play. I gladly publish the following extracts :—

Whether a play is original or not, the public doesn't care one iota. But when I have said a play is original, for a critic to say it isn't is to give me the lie. And the *Times* dramatic critic does this, either out of malice or ignorance, or both. I have written to him; to the *Times*; also to the *Daily News* for its Monday article. I am only concerned for my own veracity—so I tell TRUTH. The charge is that I took the plot of "Just in Time" from Boisgobey's "Mérindol." I say that the plot is entirely original, is written by me on outlines suggested by J. S. Clarke, and that these outlines have nothing in common with "Mérindol," except a convict, such as exists in other plays and novels—"Proof" and "After Dark," for example. When I had completed the piece, introducing the situations and the special character that J. S. Clarke wanted I found that a long explanation in Act 1, as to how the villain met the repentant convict in Australia, wounded in an affray with bushrangers, and obtained the confession from him, &c., would be more effective in action. So I determined on a prologue—Australia—Bushrangers—Escaped Convict, &c. But I remembered that this was rather like Charles Reade's scene in "Never too Late to Mend." So I put my villains into a cabaret. There they stuck, until, while abroad this year, I read Boisgobey's "Mérindol," and its opening chapter gave me the situation I wanted: a forest, two convicts (I had only *one* convict and an unconvicted villain), and a murder for money. I had no murder, as my convict was dying after the affray with bushrangers. So, seeing that the opening of "Mérindol" was an improvement on my situation, I changed Australia (and the cabaret) into a French forest, made villain number one into a convict and companion of the escaped one, added the money as an immediate motive for killing him, substituted throwing him over precipice for stabbing (as I intended had I kept them in the cabaret), and there was my prologue. And beyond this there is no similarity between the plot of "Mérindol" and that of "Just in Time." None whatever. But when the knowing critics saw the forest and murder, then they went for me, and those who knew nothing whatever about the matter found a famous occasion for airing their acquaintance with modern French literature, and at once concluded that, because the prologue could be identified, to a certain extent, with the opening chapter of "Mérindol," therefore the plot of the entire play was that of "Mérindol," and that I had intentionally deceived the theatrical and literary public in announcing the play as "original." They were delighted to heave half a brick at me, no doubt. But, in their desire to kick at me, they have tripped over each other's heels, and I hope they hurt their shins.—Yours, F. C. BURNAND.

Mr. G. A. Sala leaves England immediately after Christmas on his antipodean lecturing tour. Instead of proceeding direct to Australia, as he had intended, he will go *vid* the United States, where he will lecture. He will be absent for about fifteen months. That he may be successful is the wish of all his friends, and not only the wish, but the expectation, for few speakers can hold an audience better than he can.

Mr. Wilson Barrett must have a very low opinion of the average intelligence of the readers of the *Standard*. From a letter he has addressed to that paper, it would appear that he has heard that there is a report "which has gained considerable currency," that his view of the age and physiological characteristics of "Hamlet" has been imparted to him by spiritualistic agencies. Mr. Barrett is so obliging as to contradict this rumour, although he is kind enough to inform us that he is an ardent believer in this sort of humbug. If so, I cannot imagine why he did not put himself in communication with the ghost of Shakespeare, and ascertain once for all what the dramatist's conceptions actually were with regard to Hamlet's character, and to other vexed questions arising in the play. This would certainly have taken the bread out of the mouths of many deserving critics and commentators, but it would have covered Mr. Barrett with glory, and have given him a much better advertisement than any number of letters in the *Standard*.

Nearly all the comic operas which are produced in London have previously had a successful run on the Paris stage. It is rather curious, therefore, to note that Planquette's "Rip Van Winkle" was produced at the Folies Dramatiques for the first time a few nights ago. When this opéra bouffe was first written, no Parisian manager, despite the success of "Les Cloches de Corneville," could be found to run the risk of producing it; and so Mr. Henderson can congratulate himself on being one of the few English managers who have bought a foreign composition at a low figure, and resold it to the land of its birth at a considerable profit.

I hear from the proper official quarter that my Paris correspondent was mistaken in asserting that a statement was cabled to the *New York Herald* that Mdlle. Vanzandt was intoxicated. No allusion to the incident was made in any despatches to that paper. My proper official authority says that "Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the proprietor of that newspaper, who resides in Paris during the winter, is, indeed, strongly opposed to his columns ever printing 'sensational' items or private scandals."

Now that the cholera is in Paris, we have the usual letters which proceed from infected places, urging those strangers who are there to remain, and those who are not to come. For an inhabitant, having his domicile or his business in a town in which cholera has shown itself, to rush away panic-stricken is foolish, but equally foolish is the person who, being there merely for amusement, or intending to go there for amusement, does not betake himself elsewhere. Whether the cholera be due to the existence of a microbe, or whether it be in the air, or whether it be infectious or contagious, no one knows. One thing, however, is certain: when once it is in a town, that town is not precisely the place where those who wish to prolong their residence on this globe should visit.

In the published returns of the number of cases of cholera in Paris, a very important item in the bill of mortality is entirely omitted. The military authorities have refused to make any communications to the press, so that the number of attacks and deaths occurring in barracks is rigorously kept from the public.

A fresh piece of vandalism is in contemplation at Oxford. Every one who has been there knows Carfax Church, which stands in so conspicuous a position where the four principal roads meet. The church is found to be "in the way" of the traffic and the tramcars, and the Town Council has been considering the question of its removal. No wonder Mr. Ruskin finds living in Oxford "intolerable in these days."

Dr. Edmund Lushington was elected last Saturday to the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University in succession to the late Mr. Fawcett. Professor Lushington is a brother-in-law of the Poet Laureate, and he it is who, in "In Memoriam," is referred to as bearing his learning like a weight of flowers. On his retirement ten years ago from the Chair of Greek in the University of which he is now Lord Rector, he was succeeded by Dr. Jebb.

The following extract from *Vanity Fair* will be news to Oxford men:—

> Except the Dean of Christ Church, there is not now one Head of Houses at Oxford who can be said to be at all known to fame as an author. The Master of Baliol has, I believe, edited some Greek plays.

This is a singular description of the distinguished author who, in Professor Huxley's phrase, has "made Plato an English classic."

Canon Liddon's University sermon at Oxford on Sunday week lasted sixty-eight minutes, and is generally considered to have been one of the ablest and most eloquent discourses that has been heard for many years past from that pulpit. A large number of persons were unable to obtain even standing room.

When Dr. Liddon was Bampton Lecturer, eighteen years ago, he once preached at such length that when the congregation assembled for the afternoon service the Vice-Chancellor was unable to obtain admission to St. Mary's, as the ordinary parochial service which followed the University service had not concluded.

The Rev. E. Hubbard, of St. Michael's, Folkestone, has started an experiment which will have the sympathy of all who care for the rational observance of Sunday, by opening his church for musical "Sunday Afternoons." At the first of these Mr. Hubbard, who is an accomplished organist, gave an organ recital, which contained such secular numbers as "The Lost Chord" and Cowen's "Better Land." I think it was the Bishop of Lichfield who, the other day, suggested the use of churches on Sunday for entertainments of this kind, and the fact that Mr. Hubbard has been able to fill every seat in his church is a conclusive proof of what the idea is worth. "If a thing is right on Monday," said Mr. Hubbard, in one of the most sensible addresses ever delivered by clerical lips, "it is right on Sunday, and if a thing is wrong on Monday, it is wrong on Sunday." I rejoice at this movement, coming as it does from the clergy, for well do I remember the looks of horror that were cast at me when, at a rural gathering at which I had to speak, I suggested that the village church should, during the week, be converted into a village hall where the villagers might meet to indulge in harmless recreation.

There is to be a Handel Festival in Sherborne Abbey Church early in February. A good deal of ill-feeling has been caused in the county by the refusal of the Dean and Chapter of Salisbury to allow the Cathedral choir to take part in the service.

Great disappointment was caused in Salisbury by the decision that Mr. Fawcett should be buried at Cambridge, as it was hoped that he would be laid to rest at his native place. I understand that the Dean of Westminster offered, in the event of the funeral taking place at Salisbury, to receive the coffin in the Abbey on its passage through London, and to read the first part of the funeral service there.

The Dean of Wells and Mrs. Plumptre have arrived at Torquay, where they intend to pass the winter.

A fortnight ago I alluded to the general expectation in the diocese of Lincoln that the Bishop would shortly resign his see. The *World*, last week, announced that Dr. Wordsworth's resignation will "shortly be in the hands of Mr. Gladstone." Edmund evidently is unaware of the fact that a Bishop's resignation is never sent to the Prime Minister, but always to the Archbishop of the province, who communicates his suffragan's intention to the Crown. The numerous friends and admirers of the

SPECTACLES scientifically adapted to assist & strengthen the weakest sights by Mr. LAURANCE, F.S.S., Oculist Optician, 1a, Old Bond-st

venerable and learned Bishop will be glad to hear that his health has been much benefited by his stay at Harrogate, and that last week he was able to take several walks.

When the Rev. Baldwin Brown died, much was said about his sturdy independence, and I myself offered my meed of praise at his shrine. I regret to find, however, that he was not sufficiently independent to make provision for his family, and to save them from becoming dependent upon charity. While the appeal was confined to his congregation, no outsiders had, perhaps, any right to interfere; but now that it is made to the public generally, criticism may fairly be offered. Mr. Brown must have been in receipt of a large income all his life, and a life assurance policy is easily got nowadays; yet neither did he save money nor effect an insurance on his life. To my mind, these subscriptions are a premium on improvidence. How, too, is it that the appeals are usually made on behalf of the families of ministers who have had the largest salaries, and hardly ever on behalf of those who have starved on a miserable pittance?

The Reverend Herbert Reynolds, Priest-Vicar of Exeter Cathedral, appeared last week before his creditors. The reverend gentleman owes £3,687 to unsecured creditors, and there is a deficiency in assets amounting to £3,381. He therefore proposes to devote £130 per annum out of his income to his creditors, and to pledge himself to do all in his power to retain his Priest-Vicarship. Since however, his income appears to be about £700 per annum, the creditors do not regard the offer as a handsome one. As regards the general public, the question seems to be whether he ought to be continued as Priest-Vicar of a cathedral, for the benefit of the aforesaid creditors.

Miss Emily Faithfull, in a lecture which she delivered in Edinburgh, called attention to the fact that out of 27,000 of the latest recruits to Mormonism 20,000 came from Great Britain. The English headquarters of Mormonism is, she says, at Liverpool, and there is an immigration fund deposited at the Bank of England, from which the expenses of converts are paid.

The following letter, dealing with medical rewards, is amusing and instructive :—

DEAR "TRUTH,"—Apropos of your recent Barrel Organ, let me give you a scrap of autobiography in support of the opinion expressed regarding the risk run by medical men in the practice of their profession, and how, compared with military men, their services are wholly ignored, except when, for sheer decency's sake, they are recognised as military appendages.

About a quarter of a century ago I entered the foremost service in the world as a medical officer. During the first year's service, while in the execution of my duty, I received my baptism—not of fire—but an ejection of *vomito nigro*, a very dangerous weapon met with in medical warfare in the West Indies. During the following year, whilst struggling with an epidemic of "Yellow Jack," I fell a victim to that disease, and all but lost my life, solely owing to exposure to infection rashly inflicted upon a whole ship's company, but officially due to the so-called "exigences of the service."

A short time after, I was imprisoned on a desert island in the Gulf of Mexico, known as the Island of Sacrifices, with no society save a faithful Marine servant and a few small-pox patients. All these little things I bore well, for I thought they would lead to some professional advancement. Later on, I was ordered to proceed forthwith to a large hospital to take charge of the zymotic wards, and receive a number of patients from an ironclad daily expected to arrive; in fact, to clear out a fever-stricken ship. No use; I was not even "mentioned."

In course of years I gave up my little ambition to become a candidate for honours, and, although never volunteering, plodded away mechanically through small-pox in China, cholera in Japan, and typhoid in one of our own sea-ports; but promotion still came not. The sunny south had to be tried: so one lovely morning I found myself in proximity to the northern coast of Africa, near a large city which existed at that time. I had nothing to do. The crew were abnormally healthy, and they, as well as the fighting officers, were kept pretty busy, as it appeared they were arranging the best methods of destroying some fortifications by firing guns at them. I heard that there was some dispute between our admiral and a gentleman named Arabi, but I could not understand it, nor was I at all concerned in their quarrel. Altogether, we were rather jolly, except for the row one morning some of our messmates made letting the guns off. I heard afterwards that they had killed a whole lot of poor niggers on shore.

Well, I had nearly forgotten all about this pleasant morning—the only one, by the way, on which I did not see a single patient—when, months afterwards, I got a message from the paymaster to call upon him for a sum of money which I found was a *reward* granted me by the Government for my *services* (!) on the above morning; and I now cruise about with some medals and a clasp on my left breast, the embodied reward of doing—nothing at all.

Yours faithfully, RODERICK RANDOM.

I was somewhat amused to discover the other day that two of the corps of "experienced" *voyageurs* imported from Canada into Egypt at a vast expense, were English youths who had recently emigrated to Canada. One of them had adopted no profession in particular during his short stay in the country, while the other had been employed in a post-office, from whence he went straight to Egypt. I wonder if these two youths are a fair sample of the skilled navigators of the Nile Expedition.

A soldier or civilian, signing himself "Miles," writes me, questioning the truth of my paragraph anent men from India being sent to the discharge depot at Gosport. If "Miles" would only take the trouble to refer to the financial instructions for the army, he would find that time-expired men from India, or elsewhere, do receive a certain sum of money on their discharge at Gosport, and that, after the necessary stoppages have been made, the remainder of their deferred pay or savings'-bank balance is remitted to them at their intended place of abode. The whole of a man's deferred pay, &c., however, is handed to him if he only says he is going abroad. Men in this position should only be given their bare expenses, and the rest of the money due to them should be remitted to the port of embarkation; they could not then squander it or be robbed of it. But "Miles" has missed the point of my suggestion altogether, viz., that the men coming from India should be sent, on their disembarkation, direct to their respective counties, and not to Gosport at all.

My remarks last week about the disagreeable duties imposed on the Marines are borne out by the selection of these military men-of-all-work for service in Skye. Detachments have been drafted for this purpose from Glasgow, Plymouth, and Portsmouth. I should think that to most men of the class which furnishes the rank and file of the Marines, even dysentery and sunstroke at Suakim would be less distasteful than bullying Highland peasants for the benefit of Highland landlords.

Professor Elgar, in his opening address as the first occupant of the John Elder Chair of Naval Architecture, in Glasgow University, gave the result of a calculation he had made as to the comparative cost of shipbuilding in Royal and private dockyards. In the former, he asserts, the labour expended upon the ironwork of a vessel's hull costs about £20 per ton of the ship's weight; in the latter

vessels of equal strength and durability are built at £5 per ton. The difference he attributes to the slow and costly processes still followed in the Royal dockyards, which have long become obsolete in private yards. I wonder what my Lords have to say in refutation of these damaging statistics.

I am not in the least surprised to see that the defects of the *Agamemnon* have been found to be much greater than was at first suspected; and that she will be kept nearly a fortnight in dock beyond the stipulated time. There is little doubt that this vessel is a costly and dangerous fraud.

The *Neptune*, which has already been proved to be an exceedingly uncomfortable if not dangerous vessel in a heavy sea, has again been distinguishing herself. While the Channel Squadron were being exercised at steam tactics about 150 miles from Madeira, she hoisted the signal "not under control," and reported that her steam-steering gear had broken down. After an hour or two's delay, the necessary repairs were completed; but it is by no means pleasant to reflect what the result of these ever-recurring accidents would be during a naval engagement.

It was officially announced the other day, that the plans are in hand at Woolwich for a 104-ton breech-loading gun, with which one of the ships of the *Admiral* class is to be armed—probably somewhere about the year 1890. Herr Krupp has just cast at Essen a 130-ton gun for the Italian navy. This competition in armaments is, of course, insane and ruinous, as the military Powers in Europe have already discovered. For that reason we should either compete effectively or withdraw altogether. If, when the Italians first mounted a 100-ton gun, we had immediately brought out one of 200 tons, the probability is that the challenge would not have been repeated. In a game of mere brag the player with the longest purse and the most resolution may make a certainty of winning if he plays properly; but the way the Admiralty go on only prolongs the struggle indefinitely.

The Admiralty House at Sheerness is to be redecorated, and the sanitary arrangements are to be thoroughly overhauled during the next few weeks. This mansion was built during the reign of George IV. as a residence for the Duke of Clarence, when holding the office of Lord High Admiral, from which post, it will be remembered, he was summarily dismissed by the Duke of Wellington, who was disgusted by the folly and extravagance of H.R.H. While the Admiralty House is dismantled all official business will be transacted at the Royal Naval Barracks.

Rear-Admiral Howard, late Chairman of the Ordnance Committee, is to succeed Rear-Admiral Lethbridge as commander-in-chief at Queenstown.

At the recent sports at Gibraltar during the stay of the Channel Squadron, the naval officers, as usual, displayed more pluck than equestrian skill. For the hurdle race, for which sixteen started, fourteen parted company from their steeds during the race, one having previously knocked down a portly senior officer who was a peaceful spectator of the scene. The gallant winner tumbled off ten yards past the post, and only the second succeeded in preserving his equilibrium throughout the fray.

In a recent number I referred to the great increase in the expenditure of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, which has been doubled in five years. On further inquiry I have ascertained that in one of the hospitals under this "system" the expenditure for wine, beer, &c., for the pauper patients is almost incredible. For one quarter the figures stand thus:—Wine, £863. 2s. 9d.; ale, £315. 18s. 0d.; bottled beer, £150. 8s. 0d.; soda and lemonade, £276. 18s. 0d.; total, £1,606. 6s. 9d.; which would make the annual expenditure for an average of about 150 patients, £6,425. 7s. No wonder that the total cost of each patient is not less than £3 per week, and that in some special cases it has reached £14.

The London and Provincial Bank has passed the following resolution:—

> The board being of opinion that it is on many grounds inexpedient for clerks employed by the Bank to contract marriages on insufficient means:—*Resolved*—As a general rule, but subject to any exceptional circumstances which may induce the board to dispense with such rule—That, in future, if any member of the staff, whose income is less than £150 a year, shall marry, he shall be disqualified from continuing in the bank's service, and will accordingly be required to retire from it.

Every one must cut his coat according to his cloth; but considering the number of persons who do marry and live comfortably on less than £150 per annum, I doubt whether the proposition that marriage is undesirable on a smaller income would meet with general assent.

I have received numerous letters respecting Indian teas, and the Kangra Valley Depot at the Princes' Hall, Piccadilly, has sent me samples to prove that their teas are not bitter. They certainly are not, and their flavour is excellent. The best is, I think, the Pekoe Souchong, which costs 2s. 6d. per lb. The head of a firm that imports eight million lb. per annum writes:—

> "It is a mistake to think that all Indian tea is bitter. This remark, in the main, only applies (1) to the higher grades, composed of what are called Pekoe tips, and (2) generally to the stronger and more pungent teas from Assam proper. The more ordinary grades—the Souchongs and the Pekoe Souchongs—on the other hand, will generally be found to be much milder; and, although possessing greater flavour than the China Congoes, are more akin to these as regards strength. If it is desired to have a high-class tea, possessing a delicate flavour and free from any tendency to bitterness, resort must be had to the hill teas. The point, however, to which I would call attention is that there are Indian teas to be had suited to every variety of taste. The time, unfortunately, appears not yet to have arrived at which the public are capable of exercising a discriminate capacity in making their purchases of Indian teas."

Another gentleman writes:—

> All the tea-planters of India will thank you for calling attention to the excellence of Indian teas. This is what happens. These teas are bought up by the great tea dealers at about 1s. per lb. In vain we have tried to sell directly to grocers. Their answer is that they are bound to buy of the tea-dealer from whom they obtain their supplies. The tea-dealers mix the Indian teas with low grade China teas, and then sell the mixture to the grocers as China teas. The tea trade is a monopoly of a few dealers; they make fortunes, and we Indian tea-planters and the public who drink tea suffer. We have formed Associations, and we are doing all that we can to sell directly to the consumer; but until the system which places retailers at the mercy of a few great dealers is crushed, I almost despair of success.

Screens, with tea-cup shelf on each fold, from 21s. A large variety of screens in Japanese leather paper, needlework, stained glass, and hand-painted in all sizes and styles.—C. Hindley & Sons, 290 to 294, Oxford-street, London.

The fact that the Directors of the London and South-Western Railway have "promoted" their general manager upstairs to sit in their board-room is the best piece of news that passengers on that line have had for a long time. The announcement that the vacancy thus caused is open to officials of other Companies looks, too, like a sign of grace; for certainly the old South-Western *régime* could not be continued, except by a man trained in its peculiar traditions. I only hope that some capable official of one of the Northern lines may be induced to come to the rescue.

Whether sheep, as Dr. Jaeger says, do or do not enjoy a higher average standard of health than human beings is difficult to estimate, for the butcher interferes with the ovine tables of mortality. Are they, however, more healthy than pigs, donkeys, cows, and other animals that are not covered with wool? Certainly, I should hardly choose sheep as an instance of animals not given to grow fat.

42, Fore-street, London, E.C., Nov. 15, 1884.

Sir,—We trust that you will afford us space to reply to the good-natured complaint raised against us by your corpulent correspondent who humorously signs himself "O. Beeze." But, first permit us to refer to your own remarks on the subject of Dr. Jaeger's clothing and bedding reform, based on the substitution of animal wool *throughout*, for vegetable fibre (linen and cotton) and silk. Dr. Jaeger reasons that corpulence, and many other ills to which all flesh is more or less heir, are due to the presence of an excess of fat and water in the tissues; and he maintains that animal wool, designed by nature as a covering, assists the skin to throw off this excess by the watery vapour which it exhales, and which readily passes away through the wool. Vegetable fibre and silk were clearly not specially designed by nature as a covering, and it is common experience, capable of proof at any time, that these substances are not pervious to the exhalations of the skin, which are, therefore, unable to pass away into the outer atmosphere, and are repressed on the skin, where they turn to water. With a view to protect the body against chill, the Doctor recommends that the coat shall be closely buttoned to the figure, and be closed at the bosom, and inside the sleeves, against ingress of cold air. Similarly, the trouser legs are closed internally against upward draught. It is obvious, however, that if the clothing is thus closed, and if vegetable fibre and silk are impervious to the vapour exhaled by the skin, the clothing (linings and all) must consist of animal wool, to facilitate the passage of the vapour. You ask, "How is it that sheep, whom nature has clothed in wool, are fat, and often ailing?" We think that you will find that sheep, under natural conditions, while greatly more exposed to the vicissitudes of weather and to damp, than civilised human beings ordinarily are, enjoy a vastly higher average standard of health. Dr. Jaeger does not promise complete immunity from all complaints to those who follow his suggestions. He is no quack. He simply promises a much higher standard of health.

And now, as regards your correspondent's complaint, we beg to make the same reply as we would gladly have given to him direct, had he addressed himself to us. Dr. Jaeger's sanitary woollen clothing and bedding are not manufactured by Dr. Jaeger, but from his designs, under his authority, and with his guarantee for their absolute purity and freedom from noxious dyes. The sleeping suits referred to by your correspondent can be knitted to any size. There is, practically, no limit. The size required was doubtless not in stock, but could be supplied in a short time from the manufacturers.

The importance of Dr. Jaeger's reform to the future health of society, whether high or low, must be our apology for trespassing at such length on your valuable space.—We are, sir, your obedient servants,

DR. JAEGER'S SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM CO., LIMITED.

At a town in Northamptonshire some new streets have had to be named. In one of these there happens to be a large block of jerry-built dwellings which have never been inhabited. The windows are broken, and the houses are fast going to ruin and decay. The authorities—who are Radicals—have named the street "Beaconsfield Place."

A correspondent writes:—

The other day I entered the billiard-room of a restaurant, not a hundred miles from Temple Bar. Presently a girl of about twenty came in. She was well, but not showily, dressed, and appeared to be a lady. She sat down on one of the benches, lighted a cigar, and entered into conversation with the men beside her. Their alarm was comic in the extreme; they fidgetted uneasily, answered in monosyllables, and one finally bolted from the room. With a smile of disdain she buttonholed the marker, asked him several questions which showed that she perfectly understood the game, and, having elicited from him that there was often a pool in the evenings, announced that she "meant to look in!" At this threat the alarm on the spectators' faces deepened into horror, but the fair stranger was perfectly unmoved. When she had finished her cigar, she went away, and we all breathed more freely. I am bound to say that her behaviour was, if unorthodox, strictly proper. She copied in every way the manners of the sterner sex, and obviously wished to be treated as a man, and not as a woman. Is this an ordinary result of the higher education of women?

I cannot say, but it certainly appears to me that the emancipation of the weaker sex is advancing by leaps and bounds.

A word in season. May I suggest to the Committee of Management of next year's South Kensington Exhibition that they would do well to introduce some new blood into the catering arrangements? A monopoly in such matters is always undesirable, and I cannot help thinking that the public would profit by the existence of a little competition. It is no use having different styles of dinners if they are all supplied by one firm, as in such a case there is a possibility of a satisfactory comparison being made between the high-priced and the cheaper dinners by lowering the standard of the latter, rather than by improving that of the former. At such exhibitions as those of South Kensington, at least two or three of the principal caterers should have the opportunity of providing dinners and refreshments. Such an arrangement could not fail to result in greater satisfaction to the public, and, at the same time, in greater success to the Exhibition itself.

A correspondent writes with regard to Rhine wine:—

It is perfectly ridiculous for wine-merchants to assert that the flower of the produce of the vineyards of the Duke of Nassau and of Prince Metternich gets into the hands of "the trade." The best is almost invariably retained for certain Imperial and Royal cellars and for a few favoured customers. The "Schloss" vineyard at Johannisberg extends to only forty acres, while that of the Duke of Nassau, near the Abbey of Eberbach, is only sixty acres; you may, therefore, form some idea of the inadequacy of the supply as compared with the demand. The fact is, that the wine usually sold as Johannisberger does not come from Prince Metternich's famous vineyard. The best is grown on the adjoining estate of Count Schönborn, while most of that which is sold in England is the produce of the vineyards around the village of Johannisberg, which, although not bad, is very far inferior to second-rate growths of Rudesheimer, Marcobrunner, and Rauthenthaler. Berg-Steinberger Cabinet, in the same way, comes, as a rule, from vineyards in the district behind Hattenheim. The prices at which the supposed Johannisberger and Steinberger are sold in England show at once that they cannot possibly be what ignorant people suppose them to be. At Johannisberg a good bottle of the Schloss "Cabinet" wine cannot be purchased under twenty marks, but you can obtain a bottle of inferior growth, also labelled "Johannisberger," for a fifth of that price. There are several growths of each district. You can get "Rudesheimer" at Rudesheim for three shillings a bottle, but for really first-rate Rudesheimer you will pay nearly three times that price, and the same with "Marcobrunner" and "Rauthenthaler." People who like Rhine wine of high class (and there is no finer tipple) must be prepared to pay a very liberal price for it, and the present rates are likely to increase. In any case, the best plan is to obtain the wine from a respectable wine-merchant at Köln, Coblenz, Mainz, or Frankfort; but before entering into negotiations it *must* be remembered that good Rhine wine is very expensive, and I am sure no honest vendor will controvert this assertion. The "crack" vineyards of the Rheingau are incapable of producing a twentieth part of the wines which are sold as coming from them.

I have received a lengthy letter from Mr. W. Hope Davison respecting the circumstances connected with the death of the Rev. W. Spenser Edwards and his testamentary dispositions. Mr. Davison says that Mr. Edwards had lost the greater portion of his money in speculations in Turkish and Egyptian bonds, and that he had long expressed his intention to leave all that he had to his

second wife and her daughter. This very likely is so, and no one questioned his right to do what he pleased with his own. My point was that a coroner's jury found that his death had been accelerated by the refusal of those around him to allow him to see his daughter by his first wife, and that, as this amounts to a verdict of manslaughter against these persons, some further action ought to have been taken in the matter. "A more scandalous verdict," says Mr. Davison, "never was given." This, however, does not alter the fact that it was given, and that the daughter was debarred from seeing her father. He had not quarrelled with her, and he did not himself, so far as I gather, express any objection to see her. Why, then, should the interview not have taken place?

The offence of the Rev. John Mirehouse, who sent a dead child to Sir William Harcourt, was no doubt a serious one, but the rebuke of the Coroner seems to me not a little far-fetched, however well deserved it may have been. Said Mr. Braxton Hicks, "Although the box was addressed to the Home Secretary, it might have fallen into the hands of some unmarried woman, whose reputation might have been blasted for life (!)" Is Mr. Hicks any relation to that worthy female who bought a second-hand door-plate, with the name of Thompson engraved upon it, not because her own name was Thompson, but because some day or another her husband *might* die, and she *might* marry a gentleman who rejoiced in that patronymic?

It seems that any parent can make his or her child a ward of court, not because there is the least necessity for such a proceeding, but for some special and particular purpose. Last week an application was made to Mr. Justice Pearson to commit an officer to prison for the mysterious offence of contempt. This officer, it appears, had paid his addresses to some girl, and had arranged an elopement with her. The father promptly made her a ward of court, although it was not alleged that the officer was an unsuitable match, or that there was any stain on his character. Subsequently the officer sent the young lady a message, and for this heinous crime he was haled before Mr. Justice Pearson, the counsel for the father modestly suggesting that he should give an undertaking not to communicate with his innamorata, who is now twenty, for five years! The judge read the delinquent a severe lecture upon his audacity, but did not make an order for his committal. But surely the protection of the Court of Chancery is only intended for those who have lost their natural guardians. It is a great abuse if parents who cannot manage their own children are able to hand them over to the Court, and so get rid of all responsibility.

Another case came before Mr. Justice Chitty, in which it was asked that some money belonging to a ward of court should be settled upon her, as she had recently married, with the full consent of her mother, but without leave from the court. The judge, however, informed the parties, much to their astonishment, that a gross contempt had been committed, that the mother had no power to consent, and that a summons must be taken out to commit the husband to prison. What extraordinary complication this obsolete and ridiculous jurisdiction appears to lead to!

The Bowles-Beresford case is likely to come on next Friday. Mr. Lockwood, Q.C., leads for Mr. Bowles; Mr. Montagu Williams for Lord Marcus Beresford.

At the Warwick Assizes, last week, Lord Coleridge commented severely upon the absurd practice of prosecuting a man on a frivolous charge of libel, instead of bringing an action against him in a civil court. He said that he strongly set his face against turning libels into crimes; and that it must be a very bad libel indeed which would justify such a proceeding. It certainly is a gross abuse of the criminal law that any quarrelsome idiot who thinks himself aggrieved can cause an editor an immense amount of inconvenience, expense, and discomfort without the smallest justification.

The Lord Chief Justice, at the same Assizes, in sentencing two men to seven years' penal servitude for robbery with violence, "expressed his aversion to the infliction of corporal punishment"—an aversion which was probably heartily shared by the prisoners at the bar. I am glad to see, however, that, after giving vent to his feelings, Lord Coleridge went on to say that the present case was so bad (the two scoundrels had not only stripped their victim, but broken his leg) that the punishment should be "relieved" by two dozen lashes. I should like to inquire what other form of punishment his lordship would substitute for "the cat." Brutes who are guilty of savagery which would disgrace animals can only be reached through their skin. For my part, I should like to see this form of punishment extended to the scoundrels who now get off with a month's hard labour for half-murdering their wives or their children.

What would the Chief Justice say of a sentence which has just been passed upon two poachers at Ayr by Sheriff Hall? These men had killed a hare, and had a net for ensnaring game in their possession. For these offences one of them was sentenced to three months' hard labour, and, at the end of that time, he is to find security, himself in £20 and two others in £10 each, not to offend again for two years, or suffer a further term of imprisonment for one year. The other man was sentenced to one month's imprisonment with hard labour, and a further term of six months unless he finds security, himself in £10, and two others in £5 each. More monstrous sentences than these I have not read of for many a day.

Hawarden supplies us with a sentence of an opposite description. The magistrates at that place on Thursday last fined John Cutherall £3 and costs for knocking down his mother, a woman of seventy-five, and dragging her round the room by the hair of her head; and £2 and costs for treating his sister in the same manner. He was also bound over to keep the peace for six months. This dutiful son and brother is "a prominent preacher" of the Primitive Methodist denomination, a fact which certainly ought not to have secured him any mitigation of punishment.

I certainly recommend Mr. & Mrs. HART, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most just and liberal purchasers of Cast-off Clothes, Jewellery, and every description of property. They punctually keep appointments, and remit P.O.O. for articles per return.

Why, however, should we be surprised at these two sentences? Hares are preserved for sporting purposes, mothers are not.

A good many of the actions brought by parents against schoolmasters for assaults on their children are absurd enough, the real grievance generally being that they do not like their monopoly of beating to be interfered with. But no such remarks apply to the extraordinary case tried before the Portsmouth magistrates on Friday, in which it was proved that the "lashing and the piteous cries" of the victim had resounded in the neighbourhood. The schoolmaster seems, too, to have been a persistent offender, if we may believe one of the pupils, who said that of the 123 boys in the school, 53 were caned every day. It is decidedly a pity that the magistrates did not act on their first thoughts, and send the man to prison without the option of a fine.

If only a Recorder presided at all Quarter Sessions, no one could disagree with the Bill for extending the jurisdiction of Petty Sessions, by which Lord Bramwell hopes to economise some of the valuable time at the disposal of the judges. Then one might look with equanimity at prisoners committed to the tender mercies of Quarter Sessions, instead of being kept back for the Assizes. But it is to be feared that, as long as the amateur magistrate remains in the land, little boys will continue to expiate in gaol the heinous crime of orchard-robbing, and big boys will be more severely handled for snaring a rabbit than for half murdering their wives and mothers and sisters.

The decision of the Court of Appeal in the case about noises, which I commented on a month or two ago, will be very welcome to all persons of sensitive nerves. Lords Justices Bowen and Fry both agree with Mr. Justice Kay that the existence of "intermittent" noises, such as are caused by a carpenter's shop, within forty feet of a dwelling-house, may well constitute a *primâ facie* case for an injunction. The case itself is still to be tried, but the granting of an injunction meanwhile is an important step towards making life more worth living. What balm in Gilead the decision would have been to the Carlyle ménage in Cheyne-row—except that Carlyle's incessant imprecations on the cocks, dogs, and pianos would have suggested the defence that the noises were not intermittent, but continuous, and, as such, part and parcel of the "ordinary noises to which (according to Mr. Justice Kay) all people who live in large towns must submit."

Mr. Charles Hall, Q.C., dined in the Middle Temple on Friday last for the first time after his election as a Bencher, and received quite an ovation from the large body of barristers and students present. The fact that his father, the late Vice-Chancellor Sir Charles Hall, was for many years a Bencher of the Inn, and that he himself is the Attorney-General to the Prince of Wales, who is also a Bencher, contributed not a little towards making his reception particularly hearty.

Sir Robert Carden sent a street-hawker to prison for fourteen days, with hard labour, for purveying false news. After this, it is dreadful to think what would happen to the Editor of the *Times* if he by any chance were to fall into the worthy Alderman's clutches.

By the way, Mr. Buckle, you really ought to look a little after the style of some of your article writers. Observe, if you please, the following specimen, which I take from an article upon hunting that recently appeared in the *Times*:—

> The hunting-field represents the proper possession of the soil, originally in the people at large, personified by the sovereign, derivative in the subject, however exalted, however near the throne. The theorists who claim the soil for the people cannot have a better argument, indeed illustration too, than the hunting-field. . . . The temporary obstruction in Ireland only serves to place in a stronger light the full significance of the fact before us in this country. There is nothing whatever that demands so large a concurrence of feeling and of circumstances as fox-hunting. Considered in itself, it is a survival from prehistoric times, or institution of the hunting man, with a slight variation. . . . . The one absolutely necessary condition is the social. These centaurs, for such they seem in the perfect command of their horses, must be on good terms one with another, and with all the owners and occupiers of land about them. No races, no steeplechases, or any other mode of trying horse against horse, can answer the process of training and exercise so well as hunting. The good rider on a good horse can there perform feats."

In comparison with this writer, Kant is easy reading, and Mr. Gladstone's sentences are not parenthetical.

A correspondent writes:—

> A week or two ago we were again shocked and horror-stricken to hear that another acrobat had died from the injuries he had received from a fall while performing his daring feats.
>
> There is now in Liverpool an exhibition of a man and woman entering a den containing five lions. As it is in the power of the Lord Chamberlain to forbid indecent plays from being put upon the stage, surely, since life is as valuable as morals, it should be in his power to forbid such entertainments as this.

Mr. Alexander Gardiner writes to say that Colonel Milne Home is not the chief proprietor of the village of Paxton, and that he did not send round a petition for signature to the villages, objecting to a licence being granted to an inn called the "Cross Hotel." As for despotism, Mr. Gardiner points out that there are 160 parishes in Scotland where all licences for the sale of intoxicating liquors have been suppressed by the fiat of the landowners in their several localities. Perhaps this is the case; but no landlord can be termed a Liberal who, as a magistrate or as a landlord, attempts to carry out a fiat with respect to what the inhabitants of any locality ought to eat, drink, or avoid. This concerns the inhabitants, and it is for this reason that I am an advocate of Local Option.

Landlordism is certainly a miracle of obstinacy. Take Lord Waterford's case as an example. He has before his eyes the success of the Land Leaguers, the failure of the system of coercion, the rising flames of the land agitation in the Hebrides, and yet he has the temerity to continue sending "notices to quit." This summary course has not been taken because tenants refuse to pay rent, but because they decline to shut themselves out from all opportunity of discussing certain disputed rights of turbary and commonage.

At the Eleusis Club, in Chelsea, Mr. Jesse Collings told a story which possibly is old, but which amused me greatly. A boy was seated on a stile and holloaing. The squire of the village passed by, and said, with that arrogance which Mr. Collings informed his hearers characterised squires, "Why are you holloaing whilst I am passing?"

"Why," replied the boy, with that demure wit which, it seems, characterises village boys, "are you passing by whilst I am holloaing?"

At the banquet at Guildhall last week, the Lord Mayor, in proposing the health of the Queen, used the following quotation :—

> On our Queen's head our laws have placed the crown ;
> By honouring her, we to our laws bow down.

Can any of my readers tell me who is the author of the lines?

Some weeks ago I referred to the self-sacrificing services which have been rendered to the canal-boat population and the gipsies by Mr. George Smith, of Coalville, and I expressed the opinion that Mr. Smith ought to be appointed Inspector of Canal Boats under the new Act. That appointment he did not get. But a solatium has now been given to him in the shape of £300 from the Royal Bounty. Very few grants have ever been better deserved. Perhaps the most satisfactory feature of the matter is the recognition by the State of unobtrusive and philanthropic labour on behalf of neglected outcasts.

If Professor Stuart, who is to-day (Wednesday) being elected member for Hackney, makes anything like the reputation in the political world that he already enjoys at Cambridge, it will not be long before he becomes a prominent public man. No one has anything like his influence on the rising generation at the University ; whilst his advocacy of the useful scheme of higher education, known as "University Extension," has made him equally well-known and respected throughout "Greater Cambridge." Perhaps one secret of the impression he makes on young men at the University is that, unlike most of their tutors and masters, he is thoroughly practical. He is a capital man of business, and his workshop at Cambridge means real work. I hope, by the way, that his excellent and explicit pledge to vote against a separate allowance for Prince Albert Victor will not interfere with the pleasant terms he is on with that young gentleman, who has rooms near him in Trinity.

The result of the Presidential election across the water presents the closest canvass known to political history, Mr. Cleveland succeeding by a plurality of about a thousand in a total poll of nearly ten million votes. Like President Arthur, he is the son of a Presbyterian clergyman. Presidents Garfield and Arthur and the President elect were each school-teachers in very humble circumstances during their early life. Mr. Cleveland, when installed, will have the Lower House to support his Governmental policy, but will be opposed by the Upper Chamber. Fortunately for him, however, it does not contain a Lord Salisbury.

It is rumoured that Mr. W. H. Hurlburt is by no means unlikely to become American Minister in London. Mr. Hurlburt fought manfully for the Democrats during the long period of Republican ascendency, and to no individual is the recent victory more due than to him. He has resided in Europe during the last two years, and in England he has numerous friends, who would be delighted to welcome him, not only socially, but politically.

The Colston's Day collections at Bristol last Thursday amounted to £3,291, against £3,348 last year, and £3,637 in 1882. The Dolphin Society collected £1,359, the Anchor £1,002, and the Grateful £930.

I understand that at the South Warwickshire election the Conservatives sent out cards with stamped reply-envelopes asking for votes. In cases where no answer was sent, the parson and the squire were turned loose on the recalcitrant.

Lord Shaftesbury has administered what he evidently intends for a rebuke to the Hastings Liberals for having introduced a number of donkeys crowned with peers' coronets into their recent Franchise demonstration. His lordship reminds the Liberals of the virtues of the donkey, and tells of two "mokes" of his acquaintance, one of whom is "the most friendly, useful, and sociable creature on the face of the earth," while the other, at the age of forty, "walks about, and plays with the children." The obvious inference is that, in Lord Shaftesbury's opinion, the Hastings demonstration was an insult to donkeys, in which Heaven forbid that I should contradict him.

A correspondent writes :—

> TRUTH'S Radicalism is pervaded by a refreshing independence which I hope the paper may long retain. I trust, therefore, that you will allow me to protest in your columns against the ridiculous fuss which has been raised because Mr. Chamberlain was personally served with a subpœna last week. I really do not know what we are coming to, when so common-place a proceeding is denounced as a "deliberate insult to a Cabinet Minister." It is not so long since the fundamental principle of Radicalism was equality, but this is a notion which must be utterly extinguished when one finds Radical newspapers clamouring because one of their leaders has been subjected to a legal formality just as if he were an ordinary professional man. There is, probably, not a single Prime Minister, from Mr. Pitt downwards, but has been personally served with subpœnas. Really, "Cabinet Ministers" are not sacred beings, placed far above the rest of mankind, as seems to be supposed in these servile days. The outcry, besides, is the more to be deprecated by rational Liberals, inasmuch as a personal service was absolutely necessary under the circumstances. I am very far from defending the attitude of the Birmingham Tories and their friends, and the "service" may possibly have been effected without a due regard to courtesy, but there really must be an end to the ridiculously un-Radical illusion that the ordinary forms of the law should be dispensed with when personages of "light and leading" are concerned.

If the personal service was necessary, the fuss is ridiculous. But was it? I understood that Mr. Chamberlain's solicitors had stated that they would accept service for him.

Mr. H. Grenfell explains that his word, "questionable dodges" seems to have carried with it a meaning which he did not contemplate when he wrote it, and so he asks to be allowed to substitute for it "that Mr. Chamberlain made a large fortune by procuring an absolute monopoly in the business he was embarked in." What did Mr. Grenfell mean by the expression? It certainly not only seems to convey, but does convey, the idea that the gentleman to whose business transactions it was applied was a trader of the Artful Dodger type. If, however, it was only meant that he had made a large fortune in business by having a monopoly of the article which he manufactured, we must take it that Mr. Grenfell intended to compliment Mr. Chamberlain on his energy, intelligence, and enterprise. The next time, however, that he wishes to pay a compliment, I should advise him to do so in less ques-

tionable language. Mr. Grenfell dates his letter from Brooks's Club. Does this club still profess to be a Liberal one?

What a comment upon the nation, as composed of sane human beings, it is, that for the last two or three weeks Tories and Liberals should have been on their knees before forty or fifty thanes, unknown beyond their own park-walls, unacquainted with politics, and, in every sense of the words, obscure, but respectable, nonentities, imploring them to decide a question which concerns two million citizens and the entire course of public events for the next few years! Who are to blame?—not those bucolic thanes who have had hereditary greatness forced upon them, but the people who have allowed such a system of legislation to prevail too long.

The "arrangement proposals" of Mr. Gladstone were not received with unmixed satisfaction by the Radicals below the gangway. It seemed to many of them an extraordinary state of things that the Leaders of the Opposition should be invited to Downing-street to be shown the Redistribution Bill, and to make such alteration in it as may please them, before any Liberals out of official circles have seen it; and that Mr. Gladstone should pledge himself to make this Conservative Redistribution Bill a vital question. In plain language, this means that the Liberal Ministry is to crush out all Liberal Opposition by means of Conservative votes.

One ground for this is, no doubt, a desire to pass the Franchise Bill; the other object is to defeat any coalition between the Radicals and a considerable section of the Conservatives who are in favour of electoral districts; for electoral districts would dish the Whigs, or moderate Liberals, or whatever else these politicians may term themselves.

If such a Bill passes, it will have the disadvantage of being no final settlement of the question, and Radicals throughout the country will at once commence to agitate for its reform. That the Franchise should not be granted to all citizens is an intelligible proposition; but to say that all have a right to it, and yet that a vote of a man living in one part of the kingdom is to have the same value as the votes of a dozen men living in another part, is a transparent absurdity.

Of course, it is desirable that the Franchise Bill should pass as soon as possible, but it must not be forgotten that, as both parties have given their assent to its provisions, it, or a similar measure, cannot be delayed for many months. I hold that its immediate passage may be bought at too high a price. Mr. Gladstone offers to buy it by recognising the right of the Conservatives to exact terms in regard to the Redistribution Bill, through the action of their permanent majority in the Lords, and to make the passing of a Conservative Redistribution Bill a vital question to a Liberal Cabinet!

Strange is the irony of fate. Mr. Gladstone has held himself obliged to carry into effect a Jingo policy abroad, because he declined to ignore so-called pledges given by the Conservatives; and now he offers to carry out a Conservative policy at home, in order to avoid the necessity of a collision with the House of Lords, a political institution which the vast majority of his followers are eager to sweep from the political face of the country.

There is no man for whom I entertain a greater admiration than for Mr. Gladstone. But, if he so doubts his own influence in the country as to submit to Tory dictation at home and abroad, I cannot help asking myself whether we Liberals gain much by his being in power. The flabby part of his character has always seemed to me to be that he cannot realise his own strength.

I suppose we must all become old women at last, but the Home Secretary is taking to twaddle and peppermint-lozenges rather early in life. His speech on Mr. Macfarlane's motion was a very grandmotherly performance. "Crofters, be good crofters, and never take the law into your own hands. Lairds, be good lairds, and don't vex the crofters more than you can help. My little children, love one another. Your little hands were never meant to tear each others' eyes." That was the style of argument. When a man comes to talking like that he had better get himself made a Peer. Mr. Picton's maiden speech was the most noteworthy in the debate, bringing out clearly, as it did, the fact that the crofters' question is only a very small part of a very big question in regard to which the British democracy will have a word or two to say when the Franchise Bill passes.

The worst speech of the evening was Lord Colin Campbell's unmannerly attack upon the man who is going to turn him out of his seat. If his lordship cannot talk politics with temper, he had better discuss public affairs, as he has been compelled to treat his private affairs, *in camerâ*. In the result the crofters got their resolution. Whether it will be of much or no use to them must depend entirely upon themselves. If they act like men, they will be treated like men; if they act like sheep, they will be treated like sheep; and if they take the advice of their ministers and act like Christians, why, then they will be treated as the Irish were treated, so long as they acted upon the advice of the Cullens and the McCabes, and the other ecclesiastics of the "turn the other cheek" school.

There seems to be an impression in Ireland that for the moment not much is to be done in Parliament. The scene of agitation will temporarily be transferred to the country, and will, not improbably, take the form of combined resistance to those obnoxious imposts, the "Blood-tax," the "Extra Police Rate," and possibly (with a view of bringing the grand jury reform question into prominence) to the county cess. This will be a very much more formidable thing than the anti-rent programme, for the reason that the law, practically speaking, cannot do very much harm to people who won't pay their rates. *United Ireland* draws a funny picture of the police seizing and selling donkeys and goats. But, if the picture should ever become a reality, I doubt if there would be much laughter in the Castle, or for that matter in Downing-street.

To what does Mr. Patrick Fitzgerald owe his acquittal? To the Maamatrasna debate. The effect of that debate

will, of course, wear off in time. But for the moment even "loyal" jurors show a disposition to weigh the evidence against a prisoner, instead of assuming his guilt from the mere fact that he stands in the dock. This must assuredly be a comfort to the friends of Myles Joyce, for if Myles Joyce had not been hanged, then, in all human probability, Mr. Fitzgerald would be in penal servitude at this moment.

With reference to the talk of compensation for Mr. Fitzgerald and Bryan Kilwarten, as to whose guilt there was, as the Government say, "a doubt" (the doubt being caused by the confession of the real culprit), and for the unfortunate Tubbercurry men, whom the Castle, after keeping in gaol for seven months, now declines to prosecute, such talk is all nonsense. Why, if we were to compensate every innocent man whom we lock up in Ireland, we should have to give up Egyptian and South African wars for a generation or two.

The Bechuanaland quarrel, for which Parliament has just voted £725,000, is a very silly affair. It cannot matter to us whether that country belongs to the Boers or to the half-civilised chiefs, some of whom we call our friends and others our enemies. Bechuanaland abuts upon the Cape Colony and upon the Transvaal. It is inhabited by savages, half-breeds, and "land-jumpers," to use an American expression. England has nothing to gain or lose by its being independent. The Cape colonists decline to spend one farthing on the dispute, and yet actually the plea for our wasting money on it is that it lies on the trade route between the Cape Colony and Central Africa.

As for avenging Mr. Bethell's death, this gentleman, in conjunction with one of Mr. Forster's friends—Montsioa—made a raid, burnt homes, and destroyed property. Naturally this called forth reprisals. There was a fight. Mr. Bethell was wounded, and, according to one native, who says that he was standing by, was killed after the fight was over. In all probability the native invented the tale, but, in any case, it requires some sort of corroboration before we act on it.

So long as we are prepared to send soldiers to fight in Southern Africa, our colonists will manage to provide us with *casi belli*, and will look on whilst we expend our money amongst them. So soon as we leave colonists, savages, and bushwackers to settle their own disputes, wars will cease.

I have received the following sums towards the Fund for providing Toys at Christmas for the Poor Children in the London Hospitals and Workhouses:—W. B., 2s. 6d.; B. P. C, 3s.; E. D., £1; C. M., 10s.; Friar Tuck, 10s.; W. Y., £1. 1s.; A Widow's Mite, 10s.; A Mother, £1; Ella, Meta, Nellie, and Robin, 10s.; C. C. C., 5s.; A. E., 10s.; T. B., £5. A Mother sends £1 towards the Dinner Fund, and £1 towards the Funds of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; and Tom Smith has forwarded 100 large boxes, each containing 100 of his popular crackers, for distribution with the Toys.

Sanitary Inspection.—Fee, 2 Guineas. Improvement works undertaken. The Sanitary Engineering Co., 115, Victoria-st., Westminster.

SCRUTATOR.

"PARSIFAL."

NO one was more strongly opposed to the production of "Parsifal" at the Albert Hall, *sans* dress, *sans* stage, *sans* the incomparable *mise en scène* and association inseparable from Bayreuth than I was, and I said so. I remembered Wagner's own forebodings—his earnest wish to see his latest and greatest creation produced at Bayreuth and nowhere else. The first portion of his wish was gratified; the second only in part, since the Albert Hall venture of last week. "Parsifal!" was the last audible word which he was heard to utter. "Parsifal!" with its "cuts" and the cookings indispensable to its mutilated adaptations for the concert-room, are well calculated to make the great man turn in his grave.

But when this much is said, all that need be, has been said on that side of the question, and when it has been quite decided to produce the music, or rather when it has been actually produced, it is useless to go on harping upon the fact as a calamity, as I note a good portion of the press has elected to do. Much better make the best of it, and not pretend that all is pure loss when there has been a considerable benefit, though somewhat at the expense and damage of its creator's original design. In my garden I have a pear-tree, which is usually heavily laden with yellow pears. I know that any time in the middle of the night, a hurricane of wind may scatter them, bruised and mutilated on the ground. Of course, I hope such an event may not occur; but whenever it has taken place, and I have found my pears lying in tumbled masses under the tree, I am not in the habit of wringing my hands and going away. I pick up the fruit carefully, and generally find that I can still make use of a good deal of it. Now I venture to say that the thousands who crowded the Albert Hall on Saturday felt very much the same about what they heard of "Parsifal." Some of the bits were bruised, others lost, but there was still a good deal to enjoy and to wonder at.

It is simply shabby not to congratulate Mr. Barnby on his conspicuous success. He deserved it. The preparation of "Parsifal" had involved an amount of single-hearted devotion, study, and indomitable energy on the part of the conductor which no ordinary man, even though experienced and clever, would have been equal to. Mr. Barnby is, indeed, no ordinary conductor. It is easy to criticise. If you sat in one part of the hall, you could say, with justice, that the orchestra—Wagnerially speaking—was too weak; if in another, that the soloists sounded thin, whilst the choruses were a little heavy in proportion to the other parts. But, when all is said and done, a very extraordinary sight was witnessed and a very extraordinary performance was heard. Twelve thousand people, many of them obliged to stand for three hours in the crowded galleries, remained spell-bound and respectfully silent to listen to these fragments of Wagner's greatest work. At times the audience seemed almost overawed as the great drama of the Grail was sounded forth in their ears and passed (thanks to the libretto) before their mind's eye. After

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Goode's Depôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

the introduction, enunciating the principal musical subjects, I confess that the long narrative recitatives, without the startling action and surprising scenery of Bayreuth, were a little trying, but presently the whole hall seemed to get hold of the story. I noticed that whenever the end of a page was reached, there was a simultaneous turning over and rustle of paper all over the place. I was not, then, in the presence of languid listeners, but in a vast assembly of absorbed readers. The fact is that, vile as was the translation, Wagner's drama is so fine that it seizes and holds any one who reads down a page of it, even in the ludicrous doggerel served up side by side with the composer's own vigorous and poetic German. But from the time the wondrous scene-shifting music begins, which ends in the translation of Parsifal and the old knight Gurnemanz, to the halls of Montsalvat, up to the end of the first act, the attention of the audience never flagged. The Knights of the Grail seem to enter in solemn procession, and the wounded king Amfortas, after prolonged agony of mind and body, consents to uncover the crystal goblet with the sacred blood. The hall darkens, celestial voices are heard chanting above the lofty dome, the knights fall on their knees and cover their faces, and the king raises the vase, which for a moment glows ruby red. The sacred light dies out, the miracle has been accomplished, the common light of day returns to the halls of Montsalvat, the knights chant in solemn chorus, and pledge each other in brotherly love, then embrace, and in stately procession, to grand processional music, slowly pass out from the banquet-hall, the covered Grail borne before them, leaving Parsifal and Gurnemanz alone in possession of the stage.

This was the finest suite of dramatic continuity achieved in the Albert Hall performance. At Bayreuth the protracted scene between Parsifal, Gurnemanz, and the restored and penitent Kundry reached a still higher level of dramatic interest; but in a concert-room that could hardly be realised. I know, for instance, of nothing more startling than the unrobing of the black knight in the midsummer woods, by Kundry and Gurnemanz, when Parsifal is suddenly revealed to our gaze, with his long auburn locks, moustache, and beard, and wearing a white flowing under-robe. He himself seats Kundry, the New Magdalen, at his feet. Throughout, of course, Parsifal is the ideal embodiment of the purest humanity, lifted above sin through chivalrous and victorious conflict with temptation. It is at last no shock (so subtle is the design and execution, so firm the grip of the drama) to see in the spotless and saintly hero a suggestion of the Saviour's own life and action—in short, the well-known typical figure of Leonardo da Vinci is before us; and when Kundry bows down and wipes his feet with her long dishevelled hair, in the midst of what is surely the solemnest music that ear of man has ever listened to, the emotion of the stilled and awed assembly at Bayreuth reached a climax. Some were in tears, and, as a friend remarked to me on issuing forth into the cool air, it was more like the most impressive religious ceremony than a dramatic performance. Little idea of all this could be conveyed in a concert-room; yet there certainly was a sense of religious mystery and reverence pervading that vast assembly in the Albert Hall, very unlike anything I have ever seen, even at an oratorio performance in England.

Next to the second half of the first act, I think the music sung by the group of girls, dressed up like flowers, in Klingsor's magic garden, told best. Mrs. Hutchinson's voice sounded remarkably well in this concerted music, and she was well supported by Misses Beata Francis, Thorndike, H. Coward, M. Fenna, and Madame Hirleman. Of Fräulein Malten and Gudehus, who took the parts of Kundry and Parsifal; of Schuegraf and Scaria, who sang for the wounded king Amfortas and the old knight Gurnemanz respectively, it is superfluous here to speak. Scaria filled the Albert Hall better than any of them, but they had all won their laurels under the master's own eye at Bayreuth, so it would be impertinent to criticise their admirable and sympathetic rendering of the music.

Mr. Barnby wielded the *bâton* with the freedom and passion of a man who had mastered the technical difficulties of his task and was quite possessed by his subject. I shall never forget meeting him outside the Bayreuth Theatre at the close of the first performance which he attended in 1883. He had no Society talk to spare. His tone was serious, but sympathetic. He was too much overcome by the grandeur of what he had seen and heard to say much. He looked like a man who had just listened to an overpowering speech upon some subject of absorbing interest. He seemed occupied with many thoughts. "To think of producing that anywhere else fills me with a kind of despair. It is solemn and overwhelming to a degree; yet I am here to study it for the purpose of bringing it out in London. What shall I do?" Such were his words. We now all know what he has done. He has succeeded far beyond my anticipation, probably beyond his own. Still—still I am not anxious to see the experiment repeated. Enough has been heard by a mixed multitude to justify the verdict that in "Parsifal" Wagner has reached his highest level of conception and execution. But, fully to know what that means, a pilgrimage must still be made to Bayreuth.

THE OPERA COMIQUE.

I should not have imagined that "Vice Versâ" would have borne the test of a revival. It has no pretensions whatever from a dramatic point of view. Even its author—who writes his own name very large, and that of Mr. Anstey in considerably smaller type—only describes it as a "sketch." It is certainly sketchy, and on that account, like all such trifles, is unsatisfactory. The fact is that it is impossible to reproduce adequately upon the stage the humours of Mr. Anstey's book. At the same time Mr. Rose has contrived some funny situations; and I am bound to say the little piece elicits plenty of laughter. Mr. Rose has not improved, I think, upon his impersonation of Dick Bultitude as originally portrayed by him at the Strand, nor does Mr. Saker appear at home in the boisterous part of Bultitude senior. Mr. Percival Clark—a name new, I fancy, to the London stage—though somewhat too emphatic, is, on the whole, a worthy successor to Mr. Hawtrey as the pompous pedagogue. Last, but not least, Miss Agnes Verity, a young débutante, plays

Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street Grosvenor-square.

charmingly as Dulcie. There is a freshness and refinement about this young lady's acting which is noticeable also in the farcical comedy of "Nita's First," the afterpiece, wherein she plays the part of the young mother. I venture to predict that with care and study Miss Verity, who possesses the indispensable attractions of a pretty face and figure, will prove an acquisition to the stage.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

SEMBRICH AS ROSINA.

MARIE VANZANDT has gone to Fontainebleau, where she means to stay until the eve of her departure for St. Petersburg. "Out of sight out of mind" all the world over; but more in Paris than anywhere else. She has been too long here not to wear out the friendship of her friends, and exasperate her rivals and those critics who, finding there was nothing to be got out of her, wanted the place she filled to be vacated for a more generous star, or, at any rate, for *une cantatrice bonne fille*. Carvalho, before she went away, made the ridiculous proposal, that the Syndicate of the Paris Press should try her, and decide whether she was or was not guilty of treating it disrespectfully when she appeared for the first and, she says, the last time in the character of Rosina at the Opéra Comique. Fancy the manly Edmond About, the staid Jourde of the *Siècle*, and the easy-going and somewhat Vicar-of-Brayish Gaston Carle charged with such a delicate investigation. That of the celebrated Milan Committee would have been nothing to it. Love (the homœopathic doctor) was most anxious for the Syndics to accept the office of judge and jury, so as to appear as a witness before them. The affair would have been an advertisement all round, and there would have been a good opportunity to vindicate the phosphorised liquid, which the sudden indisposition of Miss Vanzandt has thrown under a cloud. Apropos of Rosina, Madame Sembrich has come in that character to the foremost rank as a vocalist. She is the most pleasing, because the sweetest-voiced, least squalling, shrieking, and mouth-contorting prima-donna, save Patti, that is now on the lyric stage. She is also original. Her physiognomy shows a streak of Tsigane blood, which is not without charm, and which gives it a strange savour. The eyes are black as sloes, and intense as those of the basilisk, which, I read ages ago in a story-book, "pierce one through." Madame Sembrich plays no end of musical instruments, and, before she discovered she had a voice, used to perform on them in concerts, *à la* Tsigane. She is unconventional, clever, full of vitality, has neat features, a clean-built figure, good neck and shoulders, and the dearest little feet that ever trotted across the boards of the Italian Opera-house. But she has a waddling Russian walk. Without being at all coarse, she is not lady-like. This, in my opinion, is not a disadvantage. The lady-like woman is too insipid for the stage, where movement, magnetism, strong personality, and, in certain characters, a spice of recklessness are wanted. I think she can do a high staccato passage as well as Patti. She has not the *gentillesse* with which that singer was gifted in the early years of her career. Her liveliness smacks of the Czarda, but it is extremely pleasant, and her vocalisation is very close on perfection. At the end, feeling, I suppose, that there was too much light froth in "Il Barbiere," she brought in a sweet and almost pathetic melody of Bellini, which she sang with indescribable delicacy and feeling. For years I have not enjoyed such a treat as she then afforded me. Her innovation was spontaneous, and I thought it happy. "Il Barbiere" is all effervescence. Those long acts of unmitigated tomfoolery, even with Rossini's music and first-rate vocalists, are too much. Maurel was a gay, impudent, lightfooted, enterprising Figaro, who danced and skipped as well as sang through his part. But we had, notwithstanding his exceptional voice and dramatic instinct, too much of him, of the jealous old guardian, of the handsome Almaviva, and almost too much of the sprightly Rosina. There was not an overdose of Basilio (Reszke), who was farcically lugubrious in his gestures and pantomime. He has a full, deep voice of a rare *timbre*, was a head and shoulders taller than the senile adorer of Rosina, almost burst his long black stuff gown at every stride, and by his trago-comic manner agreeably contrasted with the sparkling lightness of the rest. Without him we should have been surfeited with whipped syllabub. It is a pity that Madame Sembrich did not bring another sentimental air into the music-lesson. Her professor (Perugini) was seen from the balcony, and looked so very handsome that she would have been justified in warbling out a declaration of love after she had gone through all Proch's vocal exercises. Perugini has a sweet voice, of course, and, an excellent thing for a tenor, a tall, elegant figure. He is about twenty, if so much, and a *débutant*. In the first act his nervousness was apparent; but in the second and third he was master of his voice and part, and vocalised with ease and brilliancy. Whether she was acting or in earnest, Sembrich appeared to delight in his society. She was quite justified in blowing kisses to such a handsome Count Almaviva. If I have a criticism to make, it is that he was not sufficiently the Don Juan. He courted Rosina *pour le bon motif*.

How some of the men who are now high in office must, after the forced retirement of M. Cazot, for railroad speculations, long for a restored Empire or Monarchy! The provisional assignee in the bankruptcy of the Alais Canal and Railroad would have known better, were there a Cæsar or a successor of St. Louis at the head of the State, than to report against a functionary enjoying the highest favour and filling a place equivalent to that of Lord Chancellor of England. The President of the Court of Cassation is the topmost member of the Judicature. Cazot is really learned in the law, and, though he dragged on his life in poverty as a coach until Gambetta took him up, he was esteemed as a jurist by men of the calibre of Crémieux. Some of the appointments his late illustrious friend made in forming the Grand Ministry were Caligula ones, but that of Cazot was not. What was chiefly against him was his air of frowziness. He was big, lumbering, unkempt; and, being a Southern, smelt of garlic. Moreover, his

RIDING HABITS.—Specialty of JOHN REDFERN & SONS. Ladies' Tailors by Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 26, Conduit-street, London, W. Also at Cowes and Paris.

hands had an unwashed look. I shall never forget their effect at an artistic party at Pierre Véron's as he was trying to draw on a pair of white gloves of an unyielding sort of kid-skin. I first saw Cazot at Tours in 1870. He was then in the bureau of the War Department, and used to breakfast and dine in company with Pipe-en-Bois in a little restaurant which boasted a capital cook, some of the finest Burgundy in France, an uncrowded general room, and a moderate price-list. Pipe-en-Bois was the most strange being it was possible to imagine. The idea that he was to close his existence in a tragedy would have then seemed to me too grim a joke to be for a moment entertained. His companion was about the most unlikely man in France to have headed such a prim, pedantic, and (so far as appearances went) intensely respectable body as that of the French Judicature. They both came from the same village, and were Protestants. Pipe's real name was Cavalier. He was descended from the Camisard chief who gave so much to do to Marshal de Villers under Louis Quatorze. Cazot's family were Bonapartists, and he was cut by them for becoming a Republican. It would never have occurred to me that he was a man to make money in shady Bourse affairs, after he got on. His wife, a good soul who never set up to be "a lady," had made his acquaintance in the Quartier Latin. There she took pity on him when he was ill, and went to tidy up his room and cook what food he wanted. It is rather to his honour that he did not drop her in after-life. At the Ministry of Justice she gave herself no airs. One day she opened the door for Prince Hohenlohe with her arms obviously fresh from the washtub. He thought her simplicity quite German, and found it refreshing after the grimacing and stuck-up *bourgeoises* of the official world. He did not mean to be satirical in expressing this opinion.

Rochefort charges Cazot with having accepted a country residence from the Alais Company, and having made a fortune in helping it to float the shares which it issued, although nothing like a quarter of the capital on which it was to start was subscribed. Under the Empire the assignee who reported against him and the other directors would have been thrust into a mad-house, in virtue of the law which Louis Philippe got voted in 1838, for the purpose of intimidating Baroness de Feuchères (*née* Dawes), the siren who got the Duc de Bourbon to sign a testament leaving all his wealth to herself and the Duc d'Aumale. The Government did its best to hush up the Alais scandal. In France it is counted more disgraceful to be mixed up in a bankruptcy affair, whether it be shady or otherwise, than in England. But the assignee was not to be gained over by threats or promises or fine words, and as the exchequer is low, the Government did not dare purchase the Alais Railway and expose itself to a debate upon it in the Chamber. As Cazot has had bread and cheese assured to him ever since he became a life senator, he had no business going into *affaires* which have been defined as *l'argent des autres.*

Apropos de bottes, noble promoters of the ex-Union Générale, and ladies whom they employed as decoy ducks, were in full force at the hunt given the other day at Chantilly in honour of the Grand Duchess Vladimir. When the D'Orléans banish them from their presence, I shall admit their right to fling stones at Cazot. The Union Générale was one of the biggest and brightest bubbles of the age, and quite worthy of Robert Macaire. One of the crying sins of the Opportunists was to have enabled the Dukes, Princes, Marquises, Counts, and high-born sirens who inflated it to escape from being judged *par contumace*, or otherwise, along with Bontoux and Féder.

SPORTING NOTES.

I WAS very glad to see in last Friday's *Sportsman* a letter from Sir George Chetwynd, in which he gives "an unqualified denial" to the statement that Mr. Hammond presented Wood with £1,000 after Florence had won the Cambridgeshire; and Sir George adds that Mr. Hammond "has never given Wood a present after any race," except when that jockey has won on his horses. This being the state of matters, it seems to me that it is a great pity that Sir George Chetwynd did not come forward to contradict this curious statement in question a little sooner, for it appeared in the *Sporting Times* of October 25, and, after I had commented on the transaction in strong terms (on October 30th) the editor of that journal vindicated both giver and recipient of the supposed present. He must feel rather foolish now that, according to Sir George's interpretation of Rule 49, the original statement was "tantamount to an accusation of fraud." Sir George Chetwynd's letter is the more satisfactory, because it was really most startling to find that not a single sporting paper censured the reputed gift to Wood, while the *Sporting Times* actually regarded it as highly meritorious, and, altogether, a proceeding for which Mr. Hammond was to be eulogised in the most extravagant fashion.

Sir George's letter more than justifies the remarks which have appeared in TRUTH on the subject, and I repeat that if any present whatever had been given by Mr. Hammond to Wood (or to any other jockey who rode in the race, except, of course, the rider of the winner) it would undoubtedly have been the imperative duty of the Stewards of the Jockey Club to investigate the case, and afterwards to publish in the *Racing Calender* a notification of their strong disapproval of such equivocal transactions. It would not be amiss, considering the lax notions which seem to prevail on the subject, if the Stewards were to issue a sort of general order about presents to jockeys. Such a step could very well be taken when next year's licences are granted.

The *Sportsman* was apparently thrown into a paroxysm of querulous anger by some remarks which appeared in last week's TRUTH, but its invective decidedly "wants finish," and the diatribe is too long to quote and too confused to abridge. So far as I am personally concerned, criticism of these Sporting Notes, hostile or amicable, is a matter of no moment whatsoever.

The Shrewsbury meeting has been degenerating for several years past, and its knell was sounded when it was reduced to two days, in order to make room for the resuscitated gathering at Derby. It is not so long since Shrewsbury was the carnival of the "back-end"

meetings; horses were specially reserved for it, and people went there who went nowhere else after Newmarket; in fact, whole houses used to be taken for the week, as at Doncaster. In those, its days of pristine prosperity, racing commenced shortly after midday on Monday, and it was sunset on Saturday before the last event had been run. The Frails have latterly enlarged their operations, and Windsor and Manchester now engross their energies, so that Shrewsbury has naturally suffered. The meeting ought, however, to live long in the remembrance of owners of horses, for it was here that, in 1871, the sum of £500 was first added to a handicap; and, shortly afterwards, that most sagacious man, the late Mr. John Frail, revolutionised one department of turf business by starting the "entrance" system, which shortly afterwards was introduced at Newmarket by Mr. Chaplin. And it was not long after that the Heath was profaned by auction races, an innovation which was considered to be a hideous outrage on classic ground by some of the older members of the Jockey Club. When first proposed, the plan was vehemently denounced, especially by the late Lord John Manners, who "d—d" the "platers" and their owners with a fervour worthy of Squire Western; and he would have been glad to give them "a flick" which would have relegated them at once and for ever to Croydon and meetings of similar calibre.

The racing at Shrewsbury was merely the ghost of the shadow of what it used to be. The Shropshire Handicap was won very easily by Eastern Emperor, about whom Alec Taylor was so confident that the Duke of Beaufort went all the way from Badminton to see him run. This horse ran well for a long way in the Liverpool Cup, and could, I hear, have been a good third if he had been ridden out. Quilt was favourite, but she ran very badly; and Friar Rush (brother to St. Blaise), who was also heavily backed, was, apparently, "chopped" at the start, and was never fairly in the race. The Shrewsbury Cup was won for Mr. Jardine by Springbok, who has long been talked of as likely some day to win a good handicap, but he has frequently disappointed his friends. He was a great "pot," and won very easily, although, owing to Bassett easing him, he only beat Postscript by a head. The only other event worth notice was the Cleveland Handicap, for which Lovely was favourite, and she won by five lengths, beating a field of ten. Sir George Chetwynd ought (if investigations of unaccountable performances are ever again to be ordered) to have been requested to explain the astonishing improvement in Lovely's form here and at Liverpool, as compared with her ignominious exhibition in the Stand Handicap at the Houghton meeting, when 100 to 1 was offered against her in a field of five, and she was never seen in front.

The Derby Meeting would have been *the* great success of these late gatherings if it had not been dragged over three days; but on Saturday sport languished woefully. The managers of the speculation are certainly most fortunate; but their ingenious devices for attracting owners are likely to be largely imitated next season. The Chesterfield Nursery of £1,000 meant £875 contributed by the owners of the horses engaged, and the £500 Derby Cup was made up in the same way to the tune of £350. Owners gave upwards of £300 to the Chatsworth Plate of £500, and the contribution of the fund to the Friary Nursery of £200 was about as many shillings. There was an immense field for the principal Nursery, and several animals of really good class ran, but the winner turned up in Redskin, a filly by Carnelion, who belongs to Lord Denham, and who beat Mr. Gretton's unlucky Rebecca colt by a short head. She was receiving 2 st. from the second; while third, beaten a neck, came Necromancer, who carried the same weight as the second. Rosy Morn, recently sold to Mr. Hungerford by the Duke of Portland for £1,000, was nowhere; and Lonely apparently failed to stay, but she is probably stale, as she has been running incessantly for the last six months. Queen Adelaide (running in the name and colours of Captain Machell) was favourite for the Derby Cup, and justifiably, if there was any reason for thinking that she was in form, for she was decidedly well in, but she ran very badly. The best thing her owner can do is to turn her out for the next four months, and, if she appears big and fresh in the spring, she is sure to win a good handicap. The backing of Energy and Despair was a manifestation of desperate fatuity, for they have over and over again demonstrated that they cannot stay a mile. There is nothing more hopelessly idiotic than to persist in running a horse out of its own distance after that distance has once been ascertained. Toastmaster won cleverly from Corunna; he has soon got back with interest the 700 gs. which Mr. Naylor gave for him at Newmarket. For the principal T.Y.C. handicap, on Friday, Laceman (who has won over this course more than once) was favourite, and the mismanaged and luckless Despair was well backed, but the race was won very easily by Prince William, who was bought six weeks ago at Mr. Manton's weeding sale, by Archer; but here he ran in Mr. Mackenzie's colours. That he was far too leniently treated by the handicapper was proved by the fact that he carried 5 lb. overweight, and yet won with at least 10 lb. in hand.

That the money which is given for Queen's Plates in England and Scotland is utterly wasted, and might just as well be thrown into the sea for all that it does to improve the breed of horses, which is the presumed object of the grant, is a proposition which it will be hard to controvert. The late Lord Ailesbury attempted to render these races more attractive by reducing their number, so that for the last eleven years there have been fourteen Plates of £210 each, instead of twenty-eight of £105. When this change took place, the plates were divided among the meetings to which they had originally been granted, each place being grouped with another, so that they were run for in alternate years. Formerly there were three Plates at Newmarket, but these were combined, and became a stake of £315, which is run for during the Second October meeting, and it invariably produces an

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interesting contest. It would be as well, however, to postpone this Plate to the Houghton week, which is very ill-supplied with weight-for-age stakes for older horses, while there is a plethora of such events during the second week. Thebais won this year, beating Louis d'Or, who, by an arrant fluke, defeated Lambkin for the Doncaster Cup. Thebais secured another plate at Nottingham, where, also, Louis d'Or was second to her; but Baron Rothschild's horse won the Plates at Chester, Manchester, Hampton, and Goodwood, and finished second to Florence at Lewes. The Lichfield Plate also went to France by the victory of Stockholm, winner of the Goodwood Stakes. The other winners of these events were not animals of good class. Altogether there were fifty-one runners for the thirteen Plates which were given, as that granted to Weymouth was not claimed, the meeting there having been discontinued. This Plate might very well be given to Bath next year, as that old-established gathering wants support, and, indeed, these prizes ought to be distributed amongst what may be termed the old county meetings, as they are not required at Epsom, Goodwood, or Doncaster. It should be a condition that only horses bred in England can run for them, and the plates ought never to be given unless four horses, the property of different owners, start, and no horse should be allowed to start which has won more than two plates during the current season. The English plates come from the Queen's Privy Purse, but the two given in Scotland are voted in the estimates. As they are always abject failures in every way, I think it would be well if this particular item was expunged from the votes by the Treasury. The Irish Plates, on the contrary, are usually well contested, and the £1,785 which is voted for them is, therefore, usefully employed. During the past season Xema won six and Ben Bolt three. In England, however, such a sum as two hundred guineas is regarded with contempt in these days, when the managers of gate-money meetings think nothing of getting up plates of £1,000 and £2,000; while there is hardly a day in the season but we find a stake of £500, a sum which only a few years ago was thought lavishly munificent. The Turf can do very well indeed without Queen's Plates, and it would be very much more rational to give the money in prizes for hunting sires, which would be a real practical benefit to the agricultural interest.

There has been some very slovenly bungling in connection with the Manchester Handicap. It was announced by Messrs. Frail that the lowest weight in all handicaps at this meeting would be 6 st. 4 lb., but it appears that Messrs. Weatherby overlooked this stipulation when they made the handicap, and it was printed in the Calendar with bottom weight 5st. 7lb. There was a mysterious delay in publishing the acceptances, and when at last they did appear, it was with a notification that "the decision of the Stewards as to whether the weights can now be raised will be published on or before the first day of the meeting." It would have been very much better if Messrs. Weatherby had at once taken the opinion of the Stewards of the Jockey Club on the point. I should say that the chances are very much in favour of there being an objection for which this reprehensible blundering affords ample opportunity. Keir, if in his best form, is obviously the pick of the handicap, and he will be fresher than any other competitor. I shall not, however, be surprised if Tita wins.

MAMMON.

LIFE ASSURANCE.

CORRESPONDENCE continues to pour in upon me with reference to this question, which is daily assuming larger proportions. Many of my correspondents urge me to thoroughly take up the subject in the interest of insurers, to whom it is of the utmost moment that they should obtain an equitable return on the premiums paid, and a prompt and just settlement of claims, while being thoroughly assured of the safety of the offices with whom they are dealing. I have already pointed out that, to secure the latter condition, it is material that accounts as well as investments of Life Offices should be fully published, and I have quoted the example of the American offices as affording this publicity. To some of my correspondents my remarks have not been quite palatable, and in some anonymous communications, clearly traceable to persons connected with British offices, the safety of the investments of the American Societies, and the efficiency of the audit and supervision of investments carried on by the Insurance Department of the United States Government are called in question. Such criticism can only originate in ignorance of the American system or in interested motives. For the benefit of those not acquainted with the subject, I may state that full details of every single stock held by the American offices are to be found in the books published by the Superintendent of the Insurance Departments of the States of New York and Massachusetts, so that these investments are exposed to the full light of public criticism. What guarantee has, on the other hand, the policy-holder in a British Company, that the funds held by it are properly handled? The very obscurity in which the British offices enshroud their doings has given rise to injurious rumours. Thus it is currently reported that several of our Companies hold large tracts of unproductive land in Ireland. A favourite investment of other offices is metropolitan house property. Now, I do not object to such property as an investment for private capitalists of a somewhat speculative turn; but it is, to say the least of it, of very fluctuating value, and I should like to know at what figure properties bought some time ago stand at present in the books of our Life Assurance Companies. I have been told that some of these are actually prevented from selling such property because it would fetch much less than cost. Now is it right that the assets of an Assurance Office should be locked up in this manner? Ought not the whole of these funds to be invested in first-class and easily-realisable securities? The subject is of the gravest possible importance to numbers of policy and share holders, and I would urge the British offices to submit their invest-

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ments to public scrutiny as the most effective means of disposing of these doubts. It is a duty they owe to the public and to their constituents; it is, moreover, a step which, in the case of well-managed offices, whose funds are properly invested, would at once result in a large accession of public confidence. In acting upon my suggestion, they will study their own interest. Far be it from me to say that their not doing so would be a proof of insolvency; but the public will draw its own conclusions. As regards the stability of the American offices, the following letter from a prominent London merchant, duly substantiated, may be of interest:—

I have read with great interest your articles on Insurance Companies in your two last numbers. I think you have rendered a public service by removing the prejudice which insurers in England have generally held against American Companies. Last year I insured my own life for £6,000, and before doing so investigated thoroughly the merits of various Companies, and finally selected the Equitable Assurance Society of the United States. Since then I have been to America, and feel assured that the prospects held out by the Company will be realised in future years, as the general business of the Company all over America is worked with the greatest efficiency, and a great increase in the insurance of lives is taking place there. I have the greatest confidence in the Company, on account of the strict State supervision, and on account of its directors being of the highest standing and position in New York. Thanking you for the fair way in which you have handled this subject,—I am, AN INSURER IN AN AMERICAN COMPANY.

As to the supervision of the Government department of the United States, it is acknowledged on all sides to be of the most stringent kind. Apart from the annual and incidental examinations into the state of affairs of the different Companies, very searching special examinations are sometimes made. To such an examination the Equitable Society of the United States was subjected in 1877, when every title of property owned by the Society, and on which it had mortgages, was overhauled and appraised by competent authorities on a safe basis, and all accounts were minutely examined. The then Superintendent of the Insurance Department of the State of New York, the Hon. John F. Smyth, certified in his official report as follows :—

The examination has been of the most thorough and searching character, and the Superintendent believes that no corporation doing an insurance business has been subject to severer tests than this Society has, nothing having been taken for granted, but every item, both of assets and liabilities, conscientiously and exhaustively scrutinised. To accomplish this, a force of ten persons, under the chief examiner of the department, has been steadily engaged for nearly three months. The Superintendent is much gratified at being able to state that the result of this investigation shows the complete solvency of the institution; and that if the same energy and ability are displayed in its management and conduct from this time, as in the past, a career of solid commercial prosperity is before it.

It may well be asked, how many of our British offices would have passed unscathed through so trying an ordeal? During the autumn of 1881 a further examination of the same Company's position was made by General J. B. Wheeler, Professor of Engineering in the United States Military Academy at West Point, at the suggestion of a prominent body of British policy-holders, and with the approval of the society. Professor Wheeler was appointed by the Mayor of New York, with the concurrence of Mr. E. M. Archibald, the British Consul-General in New York. The result was favourable in every particular. General Wheeler's report recommends the Equitable of the United States as a sound, prosperous, and safe institution, whose method of business is excellent, whose promptness in the payment of death-claims and incontestable policies are highly to be commended, and whose popularity is exceedingly great amongst the American people. The last official report of the Superintendent of the New York Insurance Department, Mr. John A. McCall, jun., on the affairs of this Company, is dated Nov. 5, 1883, and emphatically certifies to its sound and prosperous state. I have in my remarks selected the Equitable Society of the United States, as it is doing the largest business in this country and in the United States, besides having the largest surplus in proportion to liabilities of any Company in the world.

And now a word to those organs of the Press which have criticised my remarks on Life Assurance. A series of articles has appeared in a Liverpool daily contemporary in which the writer laboriously, but vainly, argues against the conclusions at which I have arrived. Yet the figures which he quotes do not affect my statements—in fact, the writer is compelled to admit that my figures are substantially correct. That the articles in question are written and supplied by an inspector of a Scottish Assurance Company, as charged by a correspondent in a letter published by my contemporary, is more than probable, but I will let this pass. I can, on the other hand, easily understand that Insurance papers, supported by British offices, should express themselves highly displeased at my exposing the weak points of the British system by a comparison with American Societies, for it is not likely that such papers would quarrel with their bread and butter. One of these journals, of very recent origin (which probably accounts for the ardour with which it attempts to curry favour with the British Companies), adopts a line of argument which would almost lead to the conclusion that the best Life Offices are those with the highest death-rate. As to the insinuations in which it indulges against TRUTH, they are as absurd as they are contemptible. The "brief" which (as suggested by another Insurance organ) I have taken up is on behalf of the British insurers and policy-holders, the provident and thrifty, and those who are intended to benefit by their payments to Life Offices, the widow and the orphan. I need hardly say that I have neither prejudice nor animus against our own offices; but neither the clap-trap of the insurance press nor the hackneyed tirades of the British actuary, whose pet theories I have upset, shall prevent me from pressing the reforms so urgently needed.

A NEW ANGLO-FOREIGN CONCERN.

I wonder whether the "British and Foreign Land Credit Company, Limited," which has lately been registered, with a capital of two millions, for the purpose of lending money on land or other securities, and of acquiring, cultivating, and improving land, will ever see the light of day. The extraordinary terms of the agreement filed by the promoters will hardly recommend it to British investors. Prince Adam Wiszniewski, of 70, Avenue Villiers, Paris, and Baron Julius Fraenkel, of 14, Boulevard St. Michel, Paris, appear to be the foreign sponsors of this gigantic undertaking, for they propose to guarantee the subscription to the first issue of capital to the extent of no less than £700,000, in consideration of which they are to receive a commission of 5 per cent. on the £700,000, a further commission of ½ per cent. on the capital that shall be allotted within six months after registration, and 10 per cent. of the

OPTIONS.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. JOHN ABBOTT & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C.

divisible profits, after 5 per cent. has been paid upon the paid-up share capital. The shares are to be offered at a premium of 10 per cent., which premium is also to go into the pockets of the guarantors of the issue. Then there is a German firm of bankers who are to get a pull out of the Company. They are to be appointed agents of the concern in Germany and Austria for five years, £300,000 is to be entrusted to them for carrying on the business, and they are to receive 15 per cent. upon the amount of net profits realised by them in respect of the said £300,000. Of course, however, they are not to be responsible for any losses made by manipulating this money; at least, the agreement does not say so. The remuneration of the Board is generously put at a minimum of £5,000 for five to seven directors, whether any profits are earned or not. Do the Prince and the Baron seriously think that the British investor will go into an obviously risky foreign enterprise on such preposterous terms?

AMERICAN LAND COMPANIES.

Mr. Firth Charlesworth, United States Consul at Funchal, Madeira, is good enough to write to me, that "he has derived both pleasure and amusement" from reading in the number of Sept. 25, my article entitled "The Troubles of a British American Land Company," the article having been specially interesting to him "as an Englishman resident in Kansas since 1871, some distance north-west of Manhattan, the place selected as the base of its operations" by the Company to which the article had reference. My correspondent speaks very favourably of Kansas, of the splendid crops with which it has of late been blessed, and of its excellent prospects. It is probable that Mr. Charlesworth, being closely connected with the country, looks at things somewhat couleur-de-rose. But I have no wish to detract from the merits of Kansas. When my correspondent, however, adds that the obstacles in the way of these Companies' success should not be stated to be that "British Companies have to lend on second-rate security, which the shrewd Yankee does not touch," but rather that the men commonly entrusted with the conduct of these enterprises lack both experience and capacity, his views do not so much differ from mine as would at first appear, for it is precisely the difficulty which the British American Land Companies experience in obtaining honest, trustworthy, and able representatives in America, which places them at a disadvantage in comparison with resident investors, who would naturally command the pick of the land purchases as well as mortgages. That my views on this subject are gaining ground amongst British investors is proved by the case of the American Freehold Land Mortgage Company of London, the shares of which (£2 paid) have fallen from £2. 15s., at which they stood at the commencement of 1883, to £1. 10s. In a recent circular, issued for the purpose of reassuring the share and debenture holders, the directors state, as the reason of this decline, that "a few holders, in some instances representatives of deceased estates, are pressing their shares on a limited market." The directors do not inform the shareholder why the market is so "limited" for shares paying a 10 per cent. dividend, that they are only saleable at a heavy discount, but it is not difficult to guess that recent disclosures anent American Land Companies have produced this result. Several of the directors of this Company are, moreover, directors of the unfortunate Land Mortgage and Agency Company of America, to which I have repeatedly referred. A curious circumstance is, that that Company is at loggerheads with the Corbin Banking Company of New York, which it seeks to make responsible for its losses, while the American Freehold Company still employs that New York concern as their agents.

PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS.—Our circular for November, now ready, contains particulars of several selections, paying from Five to Ten per Cent., in the safest and best paying class of securities, viz.:—Trust, Mortgage, and Investment Companies.—ABBOTT PAGE & Co., Stockbrokers, 42, Poultry, London, E.C.

EGYPT.

Ministers having now had an opportunity to peruse the report of Lord Northbrook on Egypt, it seems doubtful whether it will be presented to the House of Commons. Equally doubtful is it whether any proposal will be made to Parliament in connection with Egyptian finance during the present autumn session. The opinion is gaining ground that, considering that we have already spent seven millions for the benefit of the bondholders, it would be out of all reason to ask the British taxpayer to guarantee a loan of eight millions for them, or to incur any monetary obligation in order to support a force in Egypt to act as their tax-collectors. As for any nation going to war with us, because we do not pay money to save the bondholders from being mulcted, the idea is too ridiculous for discussion. When Administrative expenses, and all extraordinary expenditure rendered necessary by circumstances, are met, the bondholders may have what there is over, provided that this "over" be not produced by excessive taxation. More they cannot have, because more ought not to exist. An indignant friend observed to me a day or two ago: "If the Government does not see that the bondholders are paid, every bondholder will vote Tory at the next General Election." "My good friend," I answered, "one factory full of capable citizens would swamp all the bondholders; and if the Government does provide money for the bondholders, it will lose the votes of thousands of factories full of capable citizens."

QUEER STORIES.

A MODERN CINDERELLA.

THE Hon. Marmaduke Gervoise was a man with two very decided ideas: one was that any young lady on whom he might propose to confer the name of Gervoise ought to think herself a very lucky girl indeed; and the other was that she ought to have a magnificent fortune to counterbalance in some measure the immense advantages which would accrue to her from such a union. He was not by any means a bad fellow—in fact, men generally said "Gervoise was a deuced good fellow—so good-tempered, you know, and always ready to lend a hand." And they were right in saying so, for he had learned that a good-tempered man, who is willing to be useful to his friends in little matters, is generally welcome, and everybody is

only too glad to make use of him, instead of undergoing any trouble themselves. But he had one disadvantage—he was exceedingly poor. Still he was to be met everywhere in town and country, and in the latter particularly ladies gave him a hearty welcome. "Mr. Gervoise was *so* jolly and *so* useful. We really don't know how we should get on without him." Besides, he was undoubtedly a man of good family; and, even if queer stories had occasionally been whispered about him, how many people are there whose lives would endure rigid cross-examination? Only mothers with daughters whom they were desirous of placing in society looked askance at him, and warned their girls "not to give any encouragement to that Mr. Gervoise." The rest of the world was glad to see him, or was utterly indifferent to him; and, as he shot well, played a good game of billiards, was great in the art of arranging picnics and water-parties, and had a good tenor voice and some knowledge of music, both men and women found him a good companion indoors and out, and pronounced him an acquisition.

At the time of our story there was a very large gathering of guests in the fine old house known as Bindon Court, the property of Thomas Fudgelow, Esq., an honest-hearted and hospitable manufacturer, who had married a very charming, beautiful, and well-bred wife, and who was never so happy as when entertaining as many pleasant people as his picturesque, but somewhat rambling, house would hold. Among the number of his guests at this particular time was the Hon. Marmaduke Gervoise. He found the house a very pleasant one to stay in, and made himself very useful, in many ways, to the owner, putting him up to many a wrinkle in the matter of inviting and entertaining his guests, and managing to make all things run smoothly and pleasantly when difficulties cropped up, as they occasionally did. But he had another, and far more particular reason, for wishing to be at Bindon Court on this especial occasion. Miss Muriel Merriewether was very lovely, very young, very charming in manner, very highly accomplished, and report said that she had £20,000 a year, absolutely her own. Moreover, she was an orphan, she was a great friend of Mrs. Fudgelow's, and she had promised to spend this October at Bindon Court, so the Hon. Marmaduke condescended to imagine that he might be induced to think seriously about her. At any rate, the shooting at Bindon was first-rate, and if the young lady did not prove so attractive as he hoped, he would at least have some sport.

To Bindon, therefore, he went, and he at once set himself energetically to work to carry the lovely Muriel and her fortune by assault. It must be remembered that he was a favourite with women, that he was a fine, manly, handsome fellow enough, and one who would hardly fail to make an impression on any girl whose heart he had determined to win. Miss Merriewether was not a girl easily won, however. She had set up for herself a standard of manly excellence far beyond that required by the average young lady. It may be that her wealth had already made her suspicious of men and their purposes; but it is certain that her standard included high integrity, resolute purpose, a noble aim in life, and other things of which Gervoise had not the faintest conception. It need not be supposed from this that Miss Muriel was a dull, heavy, solemn young woman—far from it. She was as bright and joyous, as full of vivacity and intelligence as any girl of her age might wish to be; but her vivacity was tempered by her own perfect honesty of thought and her acknowledgment of the responsibilities of life.

Utterly unconscious of the character of the girl whose affection he proposed to himself in his idle, careless, confident way to win, Gervoise commenced the siege without a suspicion that failure could possibly await him, and that very confidence stood him in good stead, for it gave him a firm and upright bearing before the girl which she, in her innocence, might and did take for outward evidence of the *mens conscia recti*. Up to a certain point Gervoise seemed to carry all before him. The respectful admiration with which he began his approaches soon gave way to the less restrained intercourse of a naturally agreeable intimacy, which, in its turn, drifted into the lively friendliness possible between those whose tastes in the less serious matters of life are similar. Gervoise was now keenly anxious to advance still further; but here he met with his first check.

To Miss Merriewether it was a very different matter to consider a man as a pleasant companion for a day, and to allow her mind to entertain for a moment the idea of that man as the prop and mainstay of a whole life. It was not enough that the metal should appear to be gold—it must be hall-marked and true to the core. Nevertheless, her mind was often deeply moved by the obvious advances of the man who knew, in his worldly wisdom, how to work upon the sweet weakness of a woman's mind, and who did not fail to hint that, had he such a one as a guide and counsellor, his life might and should be more useful in the future, and all his forgotten yearnings after the good and noble should revive within him. And all this well-acted humility and delicate flattery, applied to the point which was her weakest, because she thought it was her strongest, took more hold upon Miss Merriewether than she dared to admit to herself or he to hope. He looked capable of great things. Strong, handsome, genial, clever, and well-connected, he might be the very partner of whom she had dreamed, who would aid her with every gift belonging to him in the great purposes of good which she had in her mind. Why should she not be the means of rousing him from the slumbrous frivolity of his present life? And yet—her money! He was poor, she knew. Was she never to be sure of being wooed for her own sake alone? She must judge for herself, and it must be no hasty judgment. She would be very circumspect, and yet as the idea of cold calculation with regard to this man passed through her mind, she felt a pang at her heart which told her, unwilling though she might be to admit it, that the poison had begun to work. How is it possible that innocence and truth should hold their own against worldly-wisdom and guile unless a miracle should interpose on behalf of the former?

A morning shooting-party had ended in a lunch in a charmingly-sheltered nook at which the ladies had joined the sportsmen, adding materially to the pic-

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Vanity Fair says:—"Mr. Benjamin is still the PRINCE OF ULSTER AND STALKING-COAT MAKERS." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

turesqueness and vivacity of the scene, but considerably interfering with the continuance of the sport after lunch was over, and eliciting sundry savage and ungallant growls from certain old and ardent sportsmen, who considered women utterly out of place anywhere but in a drawing-room. Gervoise, however, was not one of these, and he had willingly laid aside his gun and consented to stroll home with some of the ladies, the more readily as he seemed to see an opportunity of pressing his suit to a successful issue. This, however, was denied him; but when at last he parted from his fair companion, he left her in little doubt as to his speedy intentions, and in a great and conflicting state of emotion as to the result of them. Nothing was said, however, that day, and, after a most pleasant evening, the gentlemen retired to billiards and cigars, and the ladies to rest, or rather to those mysterious rites which precede that act. Like the others, Muriel retreated to her room, and, without much delay, to bed; but, finding her mind unsettled with the occurrences of the day, and longing for sympathy and advice, she at last rose hastily, and, donning her dainty dressing-gown and slippers, made her way to the room of her hostess, with whom she often enjoyed a late chat, and in whom she was half-inclined to confide her difficulties. This bestowal of confidence, however, was a harder task than she had counted on; her friend was tired and sleepy, and not by any means in a mood for receiving confidential utterances, and it is only into a really sympathetic ear that such utterances can be poured; so, finding it getting late, Muriel said good night, and, seizing her bedroom candle, rushed off to her own room once more. Her very haste, however, led her into difficulties, for at the first corner she came to a sudden blast blew out her candle, and left her in absolute darkness. Never mind. She could find her room in the dark; it was not very far. She could hear the gentlemen still making a noise over their pool; all would be safe; and so she groped her way along the passage, turned another corner, hit upon the door of the room, opened it, felt her way along the bed to the dressing-table for her matches, and—found herself encircled by a pair of strong, warm, and evidently manly arms, while a voice said in surprise:—

"Hullo! Why, who the deuce are you?" adding, as the sense of touch assured him that it was no robber, but simply a woman, "Don't be frightened, my dear. What brings you here?"

"My dear," indeed! Did he take her for one of the maids? If he was the man she thought him to be (for she recognised Gervoise's voice in an instant), he would let her go instantly, without a word, without even asking who she was. Thank goodness! he could never find out in the dark, and if she did not speak he *could* not tell. So she only struggled hard in his grasp, but never uttered a sound.

"Don't be frightened," he continued, in a soothing, but to her a horribly familiar manner. "I won't hurt you. Of course, you mistook the room. Only tell me who you are, and give me a kiss to keep your secret, and I'll let you go."

A kiss, indeed! And this was the man whom she had believed to be so chivalrous. Never should he learn whom he held in his arms. And she struggled harder than ever to escape.

"Quiet, silly one!" he said, with some impatience in his tone. "Don't I tell you I won't hurt you? Come, give me a kiss, and tell me your name like a sensible girl, and I promise to let you go. I can't do fairer than that, can I?" But still no sound from her, only a further struggle as he strove hard to kiss her and she to push his face away, severely scratching his cheek in the dark in her effort to avoid his caresses. And now he, too, began to get angry and to strive more masterfully for the toll which he was determined to take, with the result of finally reducing his victim to an utterly exhausted condition of body, though her spirit was such that she allowed no sound to escape her. But her prolonged and silent resistance had thoroughly roused his spite, and the true temper of the man came out unchecked; and, as he impressed a kiss upon her cheek, wet with angry tears,—"Little fool!" he said, "if you had not been so absurd I would have let you off, but now I am determined to know who you are; there! that little pinch will last long enough to enable me to recognise you in the morning, and make you repent of your folly," and as he spoke he gathered up the very tiniest bit of her velvet cheek in his teeth and bit it sharply, causing little pain, but making a mark which would be visible for many days. And then he let her go, and she darted as quickly as the darkness would allow her into the passage, and away to Mrs. Fudgelow's room, leaving, in her wild, angry haste, her candlestick and one little slipper behind her. Gervoise, who had only come up from the billiard-room to fetch a cigarette, now decided, remembering the scratch he had received, to go to bed, but, having brought no light with him, he had to manage his undressing as best he could in the dark. Whilst groping along the room, he felt with his bare foot the soft slipper,—"One more link in the chain of evidence, my lady," he remarked, with a chuckle, putting the slipper under his pillow. Meanwhile, Muriel had flown in a half-hysterical state to the arms of her friend and hostess, and had poured out her indignant story into her sympathetic ears.

"How could he? How could he?" she kept ejaculating, as she gradually told all the details of the matter, and showed her pretty cheek with the little angry red mark in the centre of it, and then—her slipper, he had that also—what could she do? How could she escape the shame of detection? She knew from his tone how insolently triumphant he would be. Mrs. Fudgelow was full of sympathy and indignation.

"He shall leave here to-morrow, my dear, I promise you."

"But that won't prevent his knowing who it was he kissed. Oh, he is horrid, horrid!"

"Never mind, dear, leave that to me. I think we can outwit him. Men are clumsy beings at the best; they have their brute force, and that is all they can rely upon. A woman can always outwit any man; and now, come, I will take you to your room, and see you safe in bed, and then you must go to sleep and hope for the best." And

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Muriel went to bed in all due submission, but hardly slept much.

* * * * *

Gervoise woke early, as was his wont in the country, and his mind instantly reverted to the incident of the previous night. How sorry she, whoever she was, would be to think that she had not submitted quietly. After all, what was a kiss in the dark? Nothing for a girl to mind. He would have the upper hand of her now, though, perhaps, he was sorry he had marked her. No girl would like that. Never mind, it was done now, and could not be undone, and with that satisfactory reflection he put on his dressing-gown, and hurried off to the bath-room before the house began to stir.

Returning some ten minutes afterwards, and proceeding to shave, he was considerably disgusted to find a long, curved scratch across his right cheek, which did not add materially to his personal appearance, and which, he feared, could not in any way be attributed to a slip of his razor. No matter; he had marked her, too; and, by the way, there was the slipper. He would have a look at that; no doubt it was a pretty little thing, and there would be no difficulty in finding the fellow to it; and, as he thought thus, he moved towards his bed, and passed his hand under the pillow in search of it. He drew it out, and stared at it in amazement. It was an enormous old, worn-out, frowsy carpet-slipper, which would have fitted a giant! Could this be the one that he had placed beneath his head last night? He shuddered at the idea; he was sure that it was nothing of the kind; he could not be so deceived! But his visitor had dropped her candlestick; he had heard it fall, and she certainly had had no chance of picking it up again. He searched for it anxiously. It had got kicked under the dressing-table in the struggle. He went down on his knees and groped for it. He brought it to the light—a horrible, battered tin candlestick of the very commonest make, and literally covered with grease! He was utterly lost in astonishment, and then it suddenly dawned on him it was a trick! Oh, ho! that was the game, was it? Two could play at that! Now he was glad he had marked her. Cover her face as she might, it would be impossible to escape detection. What a little fool she must be to think she could get the better of him! Wait a bit, till breakfast. If she came down, he would recognise her at once; if she had a lady's "headache," and avoided putting in an appearance, he would still know who she was, of course. What a little fool! Well, well, she must take the consequences. And he went on with his dressing. He purposely lingered over his toilette, and gloated over his coming triumph. He determined that he would be a little late, so that his victim might suffer from the expectation of his coming. The breakfast-bell, therefore, had rung some time before the Hon. Marmaduke Gervoise strolled into the breakfast-room to find all the guests assembled. As he tendered his apologies to his hostess, he noticed that she had a small piece of black plaster on the centre of her left cheek! Good heavens! it *could* not have been she! What a terrible mistake! And yet he recollected that it certainly was the left cheek of the mysterious visitant that he had marked. Her greeting, too, was decidedly distant. He cast his eye hurriedly and anxiously around the table. *All the ladies wore a small piece of black plaster in the centre of the left cheek!*

* * * * *

That very morning the Hon. Marmaduke Gervoise found himself obliged to hurry away from Bindon Court without even saying "good-bye" to any one but his host, and it was noticed that his name was not mentioned in conversation that evening, nor was any regret expressed at his departure, only Miss Merriewether was confined to her room by reason of a bad headache.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—Marjorie was married on Monday, and, though the wedding was very quiet, it was a pretty one. The little country church had still its harvest decorations up, and the wedding-group was thus provided with a background of green and brown and russet autumn tints. Marjorie looked lovely in her brown travelling-dress, which was extremely becoming to her, much more so than white satin and orange-blossoms would have been on that chilly autumn morning. We went down on the previous day, so that we had abundance of time to see the presents. Some of them were lovely; others touched the very nadir of meanness. Marjorie, with her usual mixture of fun and cynicism, gave these latter the most conspicuous positions. A frightful crocheted shawl, white, with a glaring red border, was placarded in huge letters—"A BARGAIN"; just as you see things ticketed in shop windows. This piece of satire was the work of Marjy's schoolboy brother, and was fortunately discovered before any outsiders had seen it.

The bride tried on all her trousseau dresses for us the day before the wedding. They fit her most beautifully, and are very tasteful gowns. She has wisely refrained from getting many, as frocks so soon become out of date, and it is much better to buy them fresh and fresh, as one does butter or eggs. I will describe them for you, as they may afford a few "wrinkles" for your guidance in choosing your next set of frocks.

A visiting-dress is navy blue, with cardinal chenille spots thickly scattered over it. These give it the effect of being shot with the two colours. The overskirt is gracefully draped over navy-blue satin, pleated from the waist. The toque to match is most coquettish, and suits Marjorie's smiling impudence of expression "down to the ground," as Charlie would say. There is a pleating of navy-blue velvet all round the edge, and the rest is a drapery of the chenille-spotted material of the dress. A blue plush jacket, trimmed with feathers, was sent down to be worn with this when an extra wrap is needed.

One of the dinner dresses is made of shot silk, the colours being peacock blue and terra cotta. These tints light up most brilliantly at night, and Robins, who made her gowns, has evidently put all his artistic soul into this one especially. The front is veiled with flounces of tea-coloured lace, and at the sides are long bows and ends of peacock-blue ribbon velvet. The back is much draped, and in such a manner as to show the lovely colours of the silk to good advantage. The bodice has lace folded round the edges, and is also trimmed with dainty little butterfly bows of blue velvet. The fan to match is made of similar silk, dotted with peacock blue diamonds of velvet.

A black satin evening dress has the front covered with jet, bright and sparkling, embroidered on net so fine that it cannot be seen unless one looks quite closely for it. At the edge of the skirt is a deep fluted flounce, which not only throws the drapery well out, but by contrast makes the feet look small. This, of course, is made of doubled

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satin. The back is very fully draped with black net, spangled all over with jet. The bodice is one mass of jet, and is made high, but with the silk lining cut low. The basque is edged with large beads of cut jet. The sleeves are made entirely of jet-embroidered net, and reach to the elbow. Marjorie's lovely arms and shoulders look their best in this pretty frock. It is made short, for dancing. Black silk stockings with jet clocks, and the most exquisite little black satin shoes, with a jet swallow perched on each toe go with it.

She was in tremendous spirits, and skimmed about the room in her new frocks as if the little swallows had lent her their wings.

Her presentation dress—you know their destination is the Curragh, and that she will be presented at the first Dublin Drawing-room next season—is gold brocade and ivory satin. The edge of the brocaded petticoat is cut out in deep tongues, which fall over a satin flounce. At the top of each is placed an aigrette of ivory feathers tipped with gold. Long loops of wide satin ribbon come from either side of the waist and tie in front. The bodice and train are of ivory satin, the former being trimmed with lace all round the basque, and draped with gold brocade round the shoulders, on each of which an aigrette does duty for a sleeve. Should you not like to have as many new frocks? *I* should.

And now about the brown cloth and wolverine, or moss-coloured cloth with beaver that I recommended you to have, with hat to match. You say your friend, E. H. T., wants to know how it is made. The one I saw was at Doré's, so I went off to see it again, and am more in love with it than ever. The skirt is quite plain, with a band of fur running round it some five inches above the edge. A tiny pleating of cloth serves to throw out the skirt from the feet, being placed underneath the hem and showing about an inch. The drapery is neither very short nor very long, and has no trimming, unless some rows of stitching could be so described. The bodice is trimmed with fur all round the basques and up the fronts, being otherwise absolutely plain. Fur sets, consisting of pelerine with long ends, hat, muff, and cuffs, are worn with these tailor-made costumes. The little cloth toques are very pretty, being made just like Marjorie's, which I have described above. Some have a little peak in front, which suits round faces better than the ordinary shape.

Occasionally the cloth costumes are made with a Princess polonaise and an outside jacket, quite short, trimmed with fur. I am not going to have one till the spring, as one's garments look then so dubious in the bright sunshine after having been worn through the winter—or one fancies they do, which is just the same thing, to the wearer, as if they really were shabby.

Doré showed us his new corduroys fresh from Paris, where they are all the rage. They are the most delicious things you can conceive; and *so* becoming.

Our old friend Jessie has sent me a cutting from some paper, in which it is stated that the farmers in Wiltshire have suffered so considerably from the depredations of small birds upon their crops, that at a meeting it was unanimously decided to establish a club for the destruction of sparrows, chaffinches, and green linnets during the winter. She writes :—

> Don't you think these must be the birds that are used for our hat trimmings? I don't like to be cruel; but, you see, these birds must be killed, and feathers are *so* becoming!

Papa says that the farmers will kill off the birds and then complain of the ravages of the insect tribe which the poor little dickies would have eaten, if allowed to live. To be consistent, therefore, we shall soon have to trim our hats and bonnets with midges, beetles, caterpillars, and many other varieties of creeping things.

We went to Liberty's private view of ancient and modern embroideries from Persia, China, Japan, and Turkey. The rooms were artificially lighted, and were hung round with lovely-coloured silks and hangings, which made a delicious contrast from the outer day with its "under-roof of doleful grey." We particularly admired a set of blue Chinese temple hangings, embroidered with gold dragons on satin. A room hung with these would look exquisite. There is a large square for the ceiling, a set of pieces for the walls, and a frieze for running along the top. We saw, for the first time, some embroidered satin boots for Chinese ladies. They have a most uncomfortable look. The attendants were arrayed in various splendid robes, which would make magnificent fancy-ball dresses. I admired the arrangement of the Japanese sleeves, which form a convenient and easily-reached pocket. I wish some humane device of the kind could be adopted for us. We noticed some Decca muslin, embroidered in gold, that would make a charming tea-gown; and there was an antique Japanese robe in the softest possible shade of salmon colour, embroidered with fir-trees, that would be admirable for a similar purpose. The texture was fine and clinging.

There is a School of Embroidery in connection with Liberty's, and we saw some ladies at work on most beautiful designs copied from the antique. A silk cushion, described as a "sample of darning," was so beautiful, that we called it darning apotheosised. The Turkish embroidery, produced under the auspices of the Turkish Compassionate Fund, is worth a longer inspection than we were able to give it. It is adaptable to all sorts of dress decoration. We noticed some in gold on black muslin that would make a beautiful evening frock, and there were not only fans, but shoes to match. We invested in a chairback, embroidered in shades of salmon, bronze, olive, and brown on Arabian muslin; but it is far too pretty to be wasted on a chair. I am going to make it into a tea-apron.

We are going on the 2nd of December to an amateur dramatic performance of Herman Merivale's play, "A Son of the Soil," which is to be given at St. George's Hall, in aid of Miss Napton's fund for giving Irish stew dinners to poor children in the East-end. I hope it will be a bumper house, as the charity is a most excellent one.

Apropos of the drama, every one is talking of the exquisite gown Mrs. Bernard Beere wears in the last act of "Diplomacy." It is a veritable poem. The back of the bodice and the train are of pearl-grey brocade, the design of which consists of lilies of the valley and their leaves in the palest possible tint of that colour. The petticoat is of pearl-grey sicilienne, edged with a thickly-fluted frill, lined with grey velvet, and covered with an embroidery on net made of velvet leaves outlined with silver and wrought partly in floss silk. This is edged with a pompon fringe, from which large cherry-shaped tassels of pale grey satin depend by strands of steel beads and filoselle. A short drapery of the sicilienne, lined with velvet, forms a small tunic, and is arranged with apparent carelessness, so that the velvet shows at the left side. The front of the bodice is velvet lined with brocade, and opens upon a waistcoat of white felt. One revers of the bodice is turned back, showing the brocade, and is held in that position by a tassel like those of the fringe on the skirt. The velvet collar is very high, just like that on an officer's uniform. The sleeves are of brocade and reach to the elbow, where they are turned up with velvet, and finished off with two or three folds of white mousseline-de-soie. The collar is done in the same way. The bonnet is of white felt, with rows of twisted steel round the crown. The edge is of rough felt, and a cluster of shaded grey feathers forms the trimming. The strings are white striped velvet.

We had such a treat the other night. An old friend of papa's called and insisted on taking us all, not only to the theatre, but somewhere to dine. Papa at first opposed the second suggestion, as he said he did not like young girls dining out at restaurants; but on our "would-be host"

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explaining to him that there are restaurants and restaurants, and that he intended to take us to the East-room at the Criterion, the dear old pater, in the language of the House of Commons, withdrew his opposition; and I am glad he did so, for do you know, Amy, we had the best dinner your dear cousin Madge has ever sat down to. The chef—a special one for this room—is, I should think, a past master in the art of cooking. I can't tell you all we indulged in, but a soup called "Petite marmite," and an entrée "Poulet Stanley," were too delicious. The former was served in the pipkin it was made in. Charlie is going to try and find out the secret of its manufacture for me, or rather I should say for us, because if he succeeds I shall, of course, at once take you into my confidence. On hearing Charlie's determination, the dear old pater said, "Never mind about the soup, my boy, but just ask what the Alliance is in the 'Faisan à la Ste. Alliance'?" This he did on the spot, and the head-waiter told us that it was pheasant stuffed with woodcock. To us girls it seemed rather too rich, but to the men, although they each had two helpings, the only fault appeared to be that it was "too small." I mean to surprise papa with an amateur attempt at it one evening.

One reason why, to my mind, the dinner was so enjoyable and successful was, that the whole room was lit up with the electric light, but not in the ordinary way. Each table had a separate lamp on it—lamps that you could move about to any part of the table—and they were surmounted with such pretty shades, that opened and shut like an umbrella. Not only, therefore, was the room throughout the evening delightfully cool, but the effect was so pretty and cheerful that it was conducive to a good appetite. How I long for the day when we shall be able to illuminate our own dining-rooms in a similar manner.

Have you ever eaten pumpkin-soup? Well made, it is delicious. Here is the recipe:—

For four people, take a slice and a half of pumpkin, pare the rind off, cut the inside into several pieces, and put them into a saucepan (*no water*), which you will place, with its lid on, over a slow fire. Stir the pieces of pumpkin occasionally, so that they may not adhere to the saucepan. At the end of a quarter of an hour, when they will be well cooked, crush them and pass them through a sieve. Then pour two pints of good milk into the saucepan, add the pumpkin pulp, and salt according to taste; boil the whole for ten minutes, and the soup is ready to be poured into the tureen and served.

But, as I am writing about eating, here is a nice, sweet dish known as Chinese Rice:—

Parboil a quarter of a pound of rice, and when hot put in one ounce of butter, some sugar, and a little essence of vanille to taste. Dissolve half an ounce of isinglass in a little milk, and whip up half a pint of cream. When the rice is quite cold add the isinglass and cream. Put into a mould, and serve, when ready, with cream or fruit.

A delightful packet of new music has just come, so good-bye, dear, till next week.—Your loving cousin,

MADGE.

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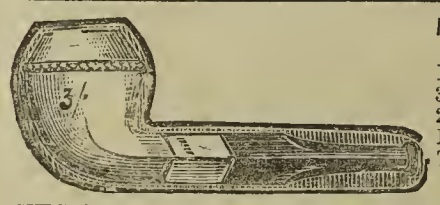

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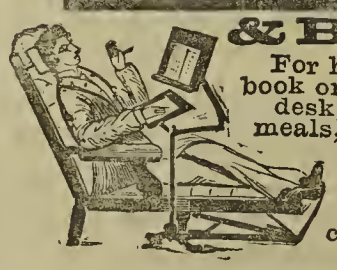

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Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one hox of these pills, and they will be acknowledged to he

Worth a Guinea a Box.

For females of all ages these pills are invalnable. No female should he without them. There is no medicine to be found to equal Beecham's Pills for removing any ohstruction or irregnlarity of the system. If taken accc rding to the directions given with each box they will soon restore females of all ages to robnst health.

For a weak stomach, impaired digestion, and all disorders of the liver, they act like "MAGIC," and a few doses will he found to work wonders npon the most important organs in the human machine. They strengthen the whole muscular system, restore the long-lost complexion, bring hack the keen edge of appetite, and arouse into action the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "FACTS" admitted by thonsands, embracing all classes of society, and one of the hest guarantees to the nervons and dehilitated is

Beecham's Pills have the largest sale of any Patent Medicine in the world.

Full directions are given with each box.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND PATENT MEDICINE DEALERS.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO LADIES.

The first delivery of the New Satin-finished Velvet Cords for Winter Dresses just to hand. These materials are in great demand in Paris and Vienna, and make the richest Winter Dresses imaginable, either alone, or in combination with Fancy Cloths or Homespun Tweeds.

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HIGH-CLASS LADIES' TAILOR & HATTER,

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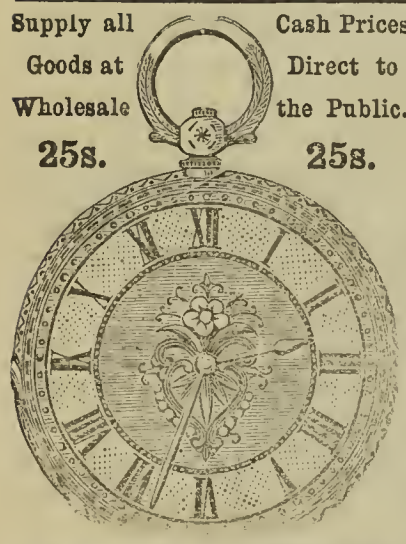

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EACH BOTTLE OF THIS CELEBRATED SAUCE PREPARED FROM THE ORIGINAL RECIPE BEARS THE WELL-KNOWN LABEL SIGNED

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CURES DIABETES.
CURES KIDNEY DISEASE.
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Non-Alcoholic. The Best Substitute for Brandy. Invaluable for Pains in the stomach. An excellent Preventive to Cold. Can be used with either hot, cold, or aërated water. Pints, 1s. 9d. (sufficient for twenty tumblers); Half-pints, 1s. SPECIAL.—A Sample Bottle, sufficient for five Tumblers, sent free for nine stamps; Two Pints, 4s.; Six Pints, 10s. 6d. BECKETT'S FRUIT CORDIALS.—Gingerette, Clove, Peppermint, Raspberry, Black Currant, and Lime Fruit, are capital Winter Drinks. Testimonials on application. Sole Manufacturer, W. BECKETT, Heywood, Manchester. London Depot: 95, Farringdon-street, E.C. Sold by Chemists, Grocers, and Coffee Tavern Co.'s.

What Shall I Drink? The *Lancet* has subjected the Montserrat Lime Juice to full analysis for quality and purity, and recommends the public to drink it in preference to any form of alcohol.

MONTSERRAT LIME-FRUIT JUICE & CORDIALS

Limetta, or Pure Lime Juice Cordials. Aromatic Clove, Strawberry, Raspberry Pineapple, Sarsaparilla, Jargonelle, Quinine Peppermint. Retail from Grocers, Druggists, Wine Merchants, everywhere.

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BOOTS AND SHOES

ARE THE MOST COMFORTABLE.

ALL SIZES IN STOCK.

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"An extraordinary improvement in billiard cloth."—*Sportsman.*

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THURSTON & CO., BILLIARD TABLE MAKERS.

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Prize Medal, London, 1851. Hon. mention, London, 1862.

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CRYSTAL PALACE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—The only Diploma of Honour, being the highest award obtainable, including Gold Medal.

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JAMS, ALSO SOUPS,

both in White Glasses,

TABLE JELLIES, & PURE PICKLES.

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"STOVE" CATALOGUE FREE.

Large Stock of

MARBLE and WOOD CHIMNEY-PIECES, BRASS FENDERS, FIRE-IRONS, and DOGS.

Tile Hearths and Sides. Brass Chandeliers and Fittings.

LAMPS,

New Special Designs.

THE WEST CLARE RAILWAY COMPANY, LIMITED.—Notice is hereby given that the List of Applications for Shares in the above-named Company, will be closed on Saturday next, November 22, 1884, at 12 o'clock noon, for both London and Country.
Offices, 39, Dame-street, Dublin, November 17, 1884. By order.

"TRAMWAYS AND PUBLIC COMPANIES (IRELAND) ACT, 1883."

£163,500 Minimum Four per Cent. Perpetual County Guaranteed Shares, with a Government Free Contribution to the County of one half the Amount required for Guaranteed Dividends while the Line is open.

THE WEST CLARE RAILWAY COMPANY, LIMITED,

Registered under the Limited Liabilities Acts, 1862 to 1883.

Construction of Railway and Guarantee Sanctioned by an Order of the Irish Privy Council, confirmed by Special Act of Parliament, 47 & 48 Vict. cap. 217.

Guaranteed Share Capital £163,500 in 16,350 Shares of £10 each. The Rateable Valuation of the County Clare, on which the payment of Dividends is secured, from the date of issue, for ever, Amounts to £317,000 per Annum.

ISSUE of £100,000, in 10,000 Shares of £10 each, guaranteed as aforesaid, offered for Subscription at Par.

DIRECTORS:
Hector S. Vandeleur, D.L., Kilrush House, Co. Clare, and 17, Eaton-square, London (Chairman).
Sir Francis W. Brady, Bart., Director Waterford and Limerick Railway Co.
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David Coffey, J.P., Director Athenry and Ennis Railway Co.
William Carte, J.P., Director Dublin United Tramways Co.
And Three Directors to be Elected by the Ratepayers.

BANKERS—The National Bank, 13, Old Broad-street, London, E.C, and its Branches in London and Ireland.

SOLICITOR—Authony O'Connor, 86, Merrion-square, Dublin.

ENGINEER—William Barrington, M.I.C.E.

SECRETARY—W. J. Kennedy.

OFFICES—39, Dame-street, Dublin.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

THIS being the first Capital offered to the public under the Tramways (Ireland) Act, 1883, it is desirable to explain that, under the Act, and the Orders in Council based thereon, the most perfect security is given to the investing Shareholders by providing that the Guaranteed Shares may be issued free from any disability. Those Shares have the most absolute security leviable upon the whole County of Clare, for the payment half-yearly of at least 4 per cent. per annum, from the date of issue, for ever, on the amounts for the time being paid up.

The Tramways Act is one of the few Government measures of recent years, which passed through both Houses of Parliament, with the approval of all parties in the Legislature; and this particular Railway has received the unanimous support, not merely of the landed gentry, as represented by the Grand Jury, but also of all the popular bodies and orgauisations in the district.

The net earnings of the Railway are all to be applied towards the dividend on the Guaranteed Shares, and the deficiency (if any) up to 4 per cent. will be paid by the County under any circumstances from the date of issue, for ever, one-half thereof being contributed by the Treasury while the Line is open. The dividends are not, however, restricted to 4 per cent., for if the net earnings are at any time sufficient to pay a higher rate, the Guaranteed Shares will receive the benefit after the county has been refunded anything previously paid from the rates towards the Guaranteed Dividends.

The first dividends on this issue will be paid on the first day of May, 1885.

The Railway commencing at Ennis, the County Town of Clare, terminating at Miltown Malbay, and passing through a district where communication is much needed, promises from careful estimates of traffic to require only for a short period, if at all, any aid from the guarantee, while there is every prospect of a higher rate than 4 per cent. being earned when the traffic is fully developed.

If the Railway should make no net profits, and if the whole of the Dividend had to be paid by the County, they would amount to an Annual Charge of only 2½d. in the pound, after making allowance for the Treasury contribution.

It is believed that the West Clare Railway Guaranteed Shares should prove intrinsically as valuable as first-class Municipal, or Railway Debenture Stocks, which yield to investors only 3¼ to 3½ per cent., at current prices; and having regard to the large rateable area, valued at £317,000 per annum, on which the dividend is secured in perpetuity, the contribution of one half by the Treasury, and its freedom from restrictions or disabilities of any kind, it is fair to assume that this Stock, when it becomes well known to the investing public, will command a considerable premium.

Leaving out of consideration altogether the County portion of the guarantee, the Treasury guarantee of 2 per cent. alone would, with 2½ per cent. Consols at 92½, be worth proportionately £74.

The Tramways Act of 1883 extends all the powers of that Act to Light Railways. The WEST CLARE will be a substantially constructed Railway from end to end 27 miles in length, and Rolling Stock Value for £20,000 will be provided.

A contract dated the 3rd day of November, 1884, between the Company and Wm. M Murphy (in which is merged a previous agreement dated 17th August, 1884, between the same parties) has been entered into for the completion and equipment of the Railway.

Applications for Shares on the accompanying forms to be forwarded to the Secretary, from whom, as well as from the Bankers, Prospectuses, Maps, and Forms of Application can be obtained.

The above-mentioned Contracts, the Articles of Association, Acts of Parliament, and the Order in Council can be seen, and all other information obtained at the Offices of the Company, Dublin; or at 35, Queen Victoria-street, London, E.C.

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STOCK & SHARE BROKERS,

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Speculative accounts opened from £1 per cent. cover.
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Prospectus and Investment Circular, containing safe and reliable information to Investors or Speculators, forwarded post free.

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THE FLORIDA LAND and MORTGAGE COMPANY, Limited.—SEVEN PER CENT. STERLING FIRST MORTGAGE DEBENTURES.—Secured as a first charge under deeds of trust on all the property of the Company. The whole Debenture Issue is £225,000, or about 2s. per acre on 2,300,000 acres of land.

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SOLICITORS TO TRUSTEES—Messrs. Freshfields & Williams, London.

DIRECTORS IN ENGLAND.
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Edward Bishop, Esq., Director of the Coupon Agency, Limited.
A. Macnamara, Esq., Leighton Buzzard.
Charles W. Earle, Esq., Chairman of West India and Panama Telegraph Company, Limited.
James Grahame, Esq., C.A., Glasgow.
SOLICITORS TO THE COMPANY—Messrs. Hores & Pattisson, London.

Applications for Debentures at par can be made to Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, & Co., Bankers; or Messrs. Ransom, Bouverie, & Co., Bankers, London; Messrs. Grahames, Crum, & Speirs, Glasgow; or George J. Wood, Esq., W.S., 59, Frederick-street, Edinburgh, who have copies of the Articles of Association and Trust Deeds.
Office, 20 Bucklersbury, London, E.C.

Bird's Indiarubber Tyres for Carriage and Invalid Chair Wheels.

AS USED BY H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Perfect silence and luxurious comfort are attained by the use of Bird's Rubber Tyres, which can be fitted to any wheels. The unsightly Iron Flanges are also avoidad. Bird's Rubber Tyres have now stood the test of the last 12 years and cannot be surpassed by any others for appearance, durability, ease, silence, and economy. Guaranteed not to come off the Wheels.

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Grip the wheels perfectly, prevent all Jar or Strain on the Carriage, and are silent.
Prospectus free on application.

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General Accidents. | Personal Injuries.
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Founded 1838 for Life Assurance and Annuities.

Funds £2,884,553
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Every description of Life Assurance and Annuity Business transacted.
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The invested assets exceed Four Millions. Whole World Licenses granted to Seamen and others permanently engaged on board ship at an extra premium of £1 per cent. Limited licenses for voyages not extending beyond 33 degrees North Latitude 10s. per cent.
The last Annual and Valuation Reports can be obtained upon application to the Secretary.

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ADVANCES made without deductions, for short or long periods, in sums of £20 to £2,000, on personal security, furniture, stock-in-trade (without removal); also deeds, life policies, at 5 per cent., without mortgage expenses, from one to 10 years. Prospectus gratis, or post-free on application (personal visit preferred).
ROBERT P. HART, Manager.
N.B.—No fees. No sureties. First letter of applicant immediately attended to. Special terms for country loans. Distance no object. Easy repayments, and no genuine application refused. A gentleman sent from the bank to carry out all arrangements. Deposits received at three-and-a-half per cent.

CONSOLIDATED CREDIT AND MORTGAGE CORPORATION, Limited, 40, Great Tower-street, E.C. Advances £10 to £1,000. No delay. No fees. Personal application to the Secretary.

THE WONDERFUL VELVETEENS AT 2/- A YARD.

LEWIS'S, in Market Street, Manchester, are the Manufacturers of fine, first-class Velveteens, which are now known all over the world. They are fast pile and fast dyed, and every inch is guaranteed.

If a dress should wear badly, or be in any respect faulty, **LEWIS'S** will give a new dress for nothing at all, and pay the full cost for making and trimming.

The price of these beautiful Velveteens in Black and all the most beautiful Colours now worn is 2s. a yard. This quality Velveteen is sold by the best Drapers at 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. a yard. The public, although they don't know it, have to pay two or three profits, the difference between the manufacturer's price and the price the consumer pays for Velveteens.

LEWIS'S, of Market Street, Manchester, mannfacture these Velveteens themselves, and sell them (or it might almost be said give them) to the public for 2s. a yard. **LEWIS'S** ask ladies to write for patterns of these extraordinary Velveteens.

They will then be able to judge for themselves whether **LEWIS'S,** of Market Street, Manchester, praise their Velveteens more than they deserve.

WRITE for PATTERNS on an ordinary post card.

LEWIS'S Pay Carriage on all Orders to any address in Great Britain or Ireland.

When writing please mention this Paper.

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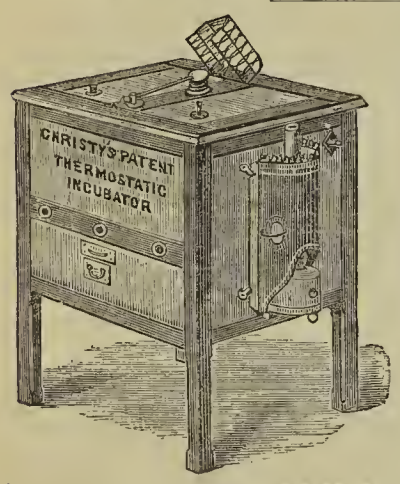
"THE THERMOSTATIC INCUBATOR"

(PATENT).



An automatic self-regulatiug incubator, perfectly ventilated, heated by oil or gas, and can be left for twenty-four hours without attention, without dauger to hatching results.

For 100 Eggs, £8. | For 40 Eggs, £4. 4s.
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Major MURRAY, in a letter published in *The Field* of July 5, 1884, states his results to be: April, 41 chicks from 42 good eggs. May, 38 chickens from 45 eggs. June, 41 chickens from 42 eggs.

Poultry Houses, Fencing, and all Appliauces. Egg Boxes, &c.

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Awarded Gold and Silver Medals at Health Exhibition.

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For Vocalists and Public Speakers.

500 *Press Opinions, Write for Copies.*

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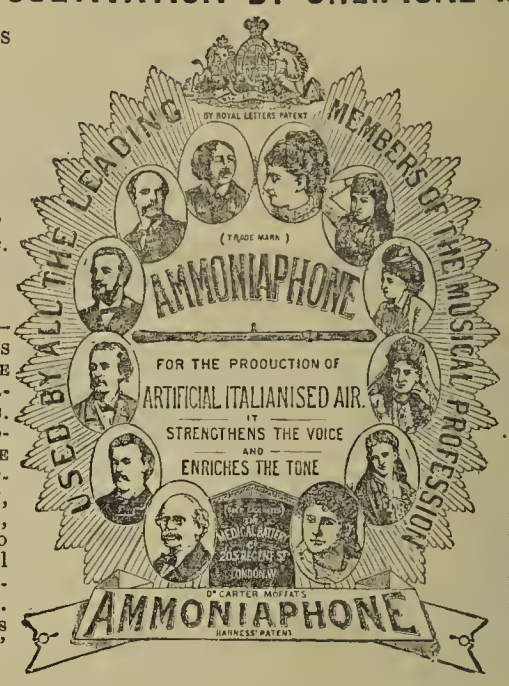

For the cure of all Pulmonary Affections.

500 *Testimoniuls. Write for Copies.*

NOTICE.— DR. CARTER MOFFAT attends daily at the Rooms of the MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY, 205, Regent St., London, W., to demonstrate the extraordinary utility of the AMMONIAPHONE. Write for "The History of the Ammoniaphone," 80 pages, post free.

Some of the latest Testimonials.

The Very Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Dean of Llandaff and Master of the Temple, November 5th, 1884, writes:

"My voice has now nearly recovered its tone, and I have certainly derived benefit from the use of your Ammoniaphone."

LADY MACFARREN (wife of Sir G. A. Macfarren, the distinguished President o the Royal Academy of Music), 7, Hamilton-terrace, N.W., October 22, 1884:—

I consider the Ammoniaphone to have a wonderfully bracing effect on the vocal organs, and shall have great pleasure in recommeuding it to such as have weak or relaxed throats, indeed I have already done so.

Dr. CARTER MOFFAT'S AMMONIAPHONE (Harness' Patent) will be sent free by post to any part of the United Kingdom on receipt of P.O.O. or Cheque (crossed London and County Bank) for 21s., payable to

C. B. HARNESS, The Medical Battery Co.,

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HOT MINERAL SPRINGS OF BATH

Two Hours and a Half from London by the Great Western Railway.

Vested in the Corporation of the City. Daily yield 385,000 Gallons, at 120° F.

Unsurpassed Suites of Baths, with luxurious appointments for Invalids, or for those in health who desire the luxury of the Hot Bath.

The Medical Profession send patients who suffer from Gout, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Dyspepsia, Eczema, and other skin affections.

BATHERS DURING 1883, 73,962.

Letters to the Superintendent will receive every attention.

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TERRA-COTTA.
PORTABLE—FOR COAL.
ROBERTS'S PATENT.

Pure and ample heat 24 hours or longer, about 1d., without attention. The best Stoves for Bedrooms, Sickrooms, Greenhouses, or almost any purpose. Pamphlet and authenticated testimonials sent. In use daily at Patentee's,

THOMAS ROBERTS, 112, Victoria-street, Westminster.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

Prevents hair falling off or turning grey, cleanses it from Scurf and Dandriff, and makes it beautifully soft, pliable, and glossy. It contains no lead nor mineral ingredients, and can also be had in a Golden colour, for fair-haired children or persons.

Price 3*s.* 6*d.*, 7*s.*, 10*s.* 6*d. Family Bottles equal to four small ones.*

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR

Is a soothing and healing wash for the face, hands, aud arms, and contains no mineral nor injurious ingredients: it eradicates freckles, redness, inflammation, eczema, and roughness of the skiu caused by exposure to frost, cold winds, and damp foggy weather, and produces a beautifully pure aud delicate complexion.

Price 4*s.* 6*d.*

ROWLAND'S ODONTO

Is the best and most fragrant preparation for the teeth. All Dentists allow that neither washes nor pastes can possibly be as efficacious for polishing the teeth, and keeping them sound and white, as a pure and non-gritty tooth powder. Such Rowland's Odonto has always proved itself.

Price 2*s.* 9*d. per box.*

Ask any Chemist, Perfumer, or Hairdresser for ROWLAND'S ARTICLES, and avoid Cheap Worthless Imitations.

OUR PUZZLES.

RULES.

1. The sum of £2. 2s. will be given every week for the best EPIGRAM, CONUNDRUM, LIPOGRAM, BOUTS-RIMÉS, or whatever the announced subject of the competition for the week may be.

2. The Puzzle Editor reserves the right, however, of dividing the above sum between two or more competitors, or of withholding the prize, should exceptional circumstances render such a course desirable.

3. The decision and award of the Puzzle Editor must be considered final and irrevocable, and, for obvious reasons, no appeal from his critical judgments can be entertained.

4. In every instance the Prize wil be given in money, subject to no condition whatever, except the publication of the winner's real name and address in this journal.

5. Competitors will be allowed eight days for the composition and despatch of their efforts; but all such communications must, at the latest, be received at the TRUTH OFFICE by the first post on Friday morning in the week succeeding the publication of the subject for competition.

6. Not more than one Prize will be given in a Quarter to the same competitor.

7. ALL NEW CONTRIBUTORS ARE REQUIRED TO FORWARD WITH THEIR FIRST ANSWERS THEIR REAL NAMES AND ADDRESSES FOR REGISTRATION; such names and addresses will not be published except in the case of Prize-winners.

8. The *nom-de-plume* chosen by competitors should not exceed 12, and must under no circumstances consist of more than 14 letters.

9. COMPETITORS MUST ON NO ACCOUNT CHANGE THE NOMS-DE-PLUME THEY HAVE ONCE ASSUMED.

10. On the announcement of the Prize-winner's *nom-de-plume*, the successful competitor must write and make formal application for the Prize, stating the address to which the cheque must be sent. Any competitor failing to do so within three months of winning the Prize will forfeit all claim to the same.

11. No communications can be received on post-cards, by telegraph, or by hand. They must all be sent by the time named above, in post letters addressed—

PUZZLE EDITOR OF "TRUTH," CARTERET-STREET, QUEEN ANNE'S-GATE, S.W.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 300.—ANAGRAM ON SOVEREIGN'S NAME.

THE WHITE LILY (No communication yet received) £2 2 0

SPECIAL NOTICE.

I would especially direct the attention of all readers of TRUTH to the "Specimens" published on this and the next page in the competition No. 302. They will there find details of several easily-made Toys, which could he finished without difficulty before the time for the reception of such contributions arrives. Competitors can select any of the Toys they please, though we would recommend them to attempt those which are most readily and economically made. The date for sending in all Home-made Toys is Dec. 15, and I would repeat the hope that the display this year will be the largest and best on record.

In answer to MAGELLAN and NINEVEH, I have to say that it is well-nigh impossible to keep a register as to the destinations of the various Toys. I shall be most happy, though, to oblige with information in special and individual cases as far as possible. The Exhibition is to he held in the Banqueting Hall, at Limmers' Hotel, Conduit-street, Regent-street, as in former years, and further particulars will he duly announced in the course of a week or two.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 299.

This competition must necessarily still remain undecided.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 301.

This was a most interssting competition. It was also one iu which an unusually large number of competitors took part, a sure sign of the renewed interest now taken in Shakespearean matters. It will have beeu noticed, too, in how many cases the same passages were chosen hy competitors, "To be or not to be" being a quotation that was especially popular. There was a healthy difference of opinion, however, to he observed amongst the selections as a whole, the consecutive perusal of the given passages affording a curiously varied view of the situation. But, having said so much, I will ask for another week in which to consider the selection of the prize-winner. The name of the successful competitor will be published, therefore, in the next number of TRUTH.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 304.

For this week's Puzzle we will repeat a former popular competition, the Prize of Two Guineas being offered for

THE BEST DRAWING-ROOM SONG OR BALLAD FOR SETTING TO MUSIC, TO CONSIST OF FOUR SIX LINED OR SIX FOUR-LINED RHYMING STANZAS.

The lines may be on any subject, snd the metre must be one that is in common use; one in which there are not more than eight or ten feet in the line will be preferred. Each line in the song must rhyme with, at least, one other in the same verse.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** Will DHU, winner of Prize No. 298, please send his real name an address at once?

ESA.—Thanks for your kind intention. The toys should be forwarded to TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, London, S.W.

JUNO.—Yes. Your name should have been included in the list.

MINA.—I have noted your distinction.

W. V. S.—I have noted the difference you name.

O. K.—Your name has been duly added.

JOE.—Of your anagrams on "Victoria Regina," "I reign at Cairo V." and "Evict no Agrarii," are the hetter, I think.

G. F. PEPPE (Ranchi Bengal).—Very glad to get your suggestion for next year's exhibition. "Timelodies" is by no means a had name for it.

Too late for competition in No. 301:—C. J. C., British Lion, J. H. W., F. E. Mason, Essay, Johnie, O. K., Ivo, Ophelia, K. E. Y., Endem, G. R. S, Brian and Bluebottle, Wilhel, A. G. V. Lee, Gowen and Wynn, J. M., and G. P. O.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 302. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SIMPLE, STRONG, AND AMUSING HOME-MADE TOYS.

LORD MAYOR'S PANORAMA, OR PEEP SHOW.—Take an ordinary tea-chest, say 18 in. square, and line it with fancy-coloured paper. In centre of frout cut a round hole, about 1½ in. diameter, and insert a watch-glass or small magnifying glass. Cover outside of hox with fancy pictures, or old Christmas or Easter oards. Inside place two bohhins, such as are used for cotton, and glue them to the bottom of the box, in an upright position, one at each side. Take two round pieces of cane, or wood, about 18 in. long, and in each end fasten a piece of wire, so that when the wires are in the centre of the bobbins, the two upright rollers would freely revolve. At top of box place a narrow piece of wood, 1 in. wide, right across, so that roller could also be fastened into it. Then take about 2 yds. common calico, 16 iu. wide, and paste upon it any coloured scraps, or cuttings from illustrated papers, in two rows; using also some of the long sheets (1d.) illustrative of the Lord Mayor's Show. These, pasted on to the calico, must be fastened to the two rollers, and rolled up, so that, by turning the handle at the top, the different views pass hefore the glass at the front. The top of the box should be entirely covered in by thin calico of a hright colour, which will show a coloured light inside. Total cost, 9d.—ALTER EGO.

A pretty toy may be made of old Christmas cards. Cut out figures, such as tailors, clowns, animals, birds, flowers, &c. Other cards would be available for filling up between the figures to make a tableau. Pieces of firewood, in which you make some slits, serve for the figures to stand in. Now arrange a scene from a nursery rhyme or story. Music, songs, or suitable poetry, recited while the scene is on view, adds much to the amusemeut. Solid articles, such as chairs, tables, soldiers, &c., may be introduced into the scene. If possible, a few of the figures should be made to move. A cardboard stage-front, with curtains, placed across an ordinary nursery or school-room table, makes a very good theatre.

A box of alphahets may be made without expense. A decorated biscuit or coffee tin makes a very good box. Old tickets, such as are used at meetings of the numerous societies which exist in these days, are easily obtaiuable. They are generally bright, pretty colours, glazed, and when the printed sides are glued togcther they form a stiff, hard substance almost equal to ivory. Rule the cards into about ½-in. squares, and carefully print on the letters; cut out, taking off the sharp corners. Put the same letter on the reverse side after cutting out.—DORA.

Cut out nine pieces of cardhoard into the shape of ninepins; glue or sew them so as to form a round. Cover them over with bright-coloured knitted work, making the king a different colour from the other eight. Or, instead of knitted covers, paste scraps and small pictures all over the cardboard pins. The two balls can be either knitted or made of odds and euds of wool. Ninepins thus made are not noisy. Cut figures of animals and birds out, the former in plush, velvet, or bright-coloured flannel, the latter in silk, satin, calico, &c. Stuff all with wadding or bran, and sew together, putting beads or buttons for eyes, and small feathers for the tails of the hirds. Fit up an old box with divisions, and put the animals into it. This forms an inexpensive and unbreakable Noah's ark for little ones in a nursery.—FAZIE.

An old deal box can easily be converted into a village school-room. Forms can either be adapted from bought toys, or at any rate are not difficult to make. Dutch dolls of various sizes to be dressed for the children and teachers.—HAY FEVER.

WOOLLEN BALL.—Cut out two circles of cardboard, varying from 4 in. to 12 in.; in centre of each cut a rouud hole from one-third to one-fourth of the cardboard. Place these two rings together, thread a needle with douhle wool, and pass it through the hole over and over the ring. At every fresh needleful let the ends of wool come outside, and continue to wind till there is no room left to pass the needle through. Then insert one point of some sharp scissors between the two cardboard rings at the outer edge, and cut along, splitting the several layers of wool loops. These loops, when separated, spring back, and stand out like two little brooms. Now pull the two rings of cardboard a little apart, and wind a strong piece of twine round the wool in the centre, knot it tightly, and withdraw the cardboard circles, comb or rub the wool together, and trim the shaggy surface. Any odds and ends of wool can be used for this ball, the more colours the hetter.

SHIP-COILS.—Take a pole (an old long broom-handle will do) pointed at one end, and paint it different colours; make six rings of thin rope (a halfpenny a yard—they take half a yard each), stitch the two ends together, and twist any odds and ends of coloured braid round it, to hide the rope. The game is this:—Fix the pole into the ground, the players must he divided into two parties, each one tries to throw the rings one by one over the pole, and counts to his side as many as he succeeds in getting on.

REINS.—Buy some very broad red braid, make a loop at each end to put the arms through, and sew a few halfpenny bells on.—ESA.

Buy a cheap, strong scrap-book, and in it print (or write in large round-hand) an alphabet (of your own composition), and illustrate each verse with suitahle coloured desigus of your own painting, or pictures cut out of pspers, magazines, &c.; coloured would be best.

Make a "Wild Beast Show." A wooden packing-case would do, with one end left open. Nail wires across the inside, with divisions for different animals, and either buy some animals, or make them from Butterick's patterns.—CÆSAR'S CORNER.

Punch and Judy of a couvenient size to be played on a tahle, with original dialogue for puppets.—DELTA.

We have an ordinary small hox of carpenters' toolss by aid of which we have made various model wardrobey and chests of drawers, strong and serviceable, fairls. ornamental, but too large to stand in dolls' house

We use up all sorts of scraps, our main stock being cigar-boxes and small "Stores" boxes, all of which are taken to pieces and well-planed before being sawn up as required. Drawer-slides must be accurately fitted before the frames are put together. French nails and screws are better than glue, excepting for wardrobe doors, which are best hinged with glued tape. Globular buttons make pretty drawer-knobs, and are put on after the (cigar-box) fronts have been rubbed with sand-paper and furniture polished. Wood-stains are not essential, but greatly improve the appearance.—LUDICAR.

Get a strong brown paper scrap-book of the sort known as "hospital scrap-hooks." Cut the figures and scenes very neatly out of different illustrated papers and re-arrange them tastefully in the book, in other groups, the more grotesque the better.—FLY.

Take a large coloured picture, paste it smoothly on a thin piece of wood the same size. Then with a fret-work saw cut it into various shapes for a dissecting puzzle; and place the whole with a counterpart picture in a box.—CAMMUS.

Draw on a thin sheet of cardboard the figure of a Highlander, down to the edge of the kilt; colour it, cut it out, and fasten at the back a piece of elastic, large enough to admit a hand. Next draw, colour, and cut out a right and a left leg, from the knee, in tartan stockings and black shoes; at the back of these paste on tissue paper, put on rather full, so as to allow room for a finger to go into each stocking. When completed slip the hand through the elastic at the back of the figure, and the first and second fingers into the stockings. The knuckles have the appearance of bare knees, and by moving the fingers, the Highlander can be made to dance in time to any tune. The figure should be about 6 in. in length, from the head to the edge of the kilt; and the stockings, &c., about 2½ in.—CAMMUS.

Buy the patterns of some of the animals published in Butterick's catalogue. These cost from 3d. to 8d., and may easily be made up by clever fingers.—ALL SAINTITE.

Ingenuity and industry may easily construct with a few tools and a useless packing-case, an open model book-case with sliding shelves; tastefully decorated, and furnished with cheap picture-books, the toy book-case may be attractive and amusing.—INDIANA.

A SWING.—Take the lid of a wooden box, size 12 in. by 10. Cover it with green sateen or moss to look like grass. Take three pieces of wood, arranged thus ⊓, glued together with wire for the swings, and a covered seat, on which place a doll.

SEE-SAW.—Take a piece of wood about 3 in. high, and another 8 in. long, glued together. Place a doll on each end. The effect is very pretty. Cost 6d.—TRUTH.

A MODEL STREET.—For the houses get small blocks of wood, varying in size and shape, the roofs of some to be sloping, the others flat; paint them to represent brick or stone. Some should have shop-windows painted on, others small windows and doors. Larger blocks might be shaped into churches, with windows with tracery and doors, and a clock cut from illustrated papers gummed on.—LICHEN.

Get a deal box, about 7 in. deep and 14 wide. Put hinges to the lid, and four small cotton reels screw to the bottom for feet. Buy a small musical snuffbox, make a circular hole in the right side exactly the size of it, and then fix it in by means of pieces of wood inside. Paint the box (being careful not to mark the musical instrument), and put a piece of baize over the lid. Nail about a yard of leather strap to the back, and you have a capital little barrel-organ. If a monkey can be made of grey calico, with a chain round its neck, it makes an amusing addition. The softness of the tones of these small musical boxes cannot disturb the sick in the same ward, but will rather have a soothing effect.—MAGELLAN.

A MAGIC ALBUM.—Make an octavo or quarto book, say, of a hundred leaves, of plain paper (or calico, for strength), leave every tenth leaf blank. On every ninth leaf paint or paste in a sketch of a flower or bouquet all alike; every eighth leaf a bird, every seventh an animal, every sixth a house, fifth a man, fourth, woman; and so on. On the front edges of each similar subject gum a piece of stout paper projecting, and like the alphabet index of a ledger or account book; place the thumb on these ten pieces as you open the leaves quickly, and the album will appear to be all blank or full of the nine various subjects, but showing one at a time only.—SOUTH C.

Get a carpenter to make some divisions in a plain, deal box; set it up sideways that the cover may form the front of a doll's house, and in that cut out spaces, and paint representation of door and windows. Furnish the inside compartments as various rooms—kitchen, dining, drawing, and bed rooms.—RIRA.

Make a doll bassinette of a cardboard box, the lid to form the top part; to be tastefully trimmed with bright-coloured sateen or glazed lining and lace; to contain a bed and pillow, and the usual bed-clothes, a small doll inside in its night apparel. The basket to be made of an old chocolate or sweet box, either round or oval, and trimmed to match the bassinette, with a set of long clothes folded neatly inside. The cost of this toy would be 2d. or 3d., the price of the doll.—GRIDELE CAKE.

Get some brown holland or cambric; cut it the size required for the pages. Then get some American cloth, stitch the pages inside; then bind the American cloth with a pretty ribbon; arrange the pictures on the holland pages. A painting on the cover improves it.—MAID OF ARCADÉE.

A wooden horse, drawing-slate, battledore and shuttlecock, scrap-book, mechanical rat, doll, box of puzzle-blocks, box of wooden animals, monkey-on-a stick, whip with whistle at end of handle, &c.—RUNAWAY.

A board arranged as a Public Park, with dolls or cardboard figures dressed to represent the "Seven Ages," in high and low life, showing the development of a virtue or vice, with its opposite—*e.g.*, neatness and untidyness, sobriety and drunkenness, &c. Each set should have some distinctive colour, so as to be readily followed.—SIROD.

MODEL OF ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS IN MINIATURE.—A stand about 3 ft. by 2 ft. in cardboard, with dried moss *gummed* for the grass, and tiny shells gummed for paths. Sheds of cardboard painted to represent tiles, &c., for the different animals. A cardboard clock-tower, painted, hands and figures in ink. Tiny ladders (composed of matches cut for the rungs and supports) to mount the elephants. Animals made of various-coloured scraps, velvet, &c., stuffed with wool or sawdust. Little ponds of pieces of looking-glass. A monkey-house made out of a box, with glass front. Bear-pit, a deep box sunk; a pole, and bear covered with pieces of old sealskin. Refreshment stalls, buns made of an old brown kid glove, with small black beads for the currants. Biscuits made of light kid gloves; nuts of brown paper, the proper shape.—JUNO.

Small model railway-train, including engine and tender, two guards' vans, ten or twelve first, second, and third carriages, with lines of say half a dozen branches, and two or three dozen passengers and luggage. The carriages may be made with windows and seats, and the roofs removable, having no doors. These are very easily made. The passengers, of course, may be purchased for a very moderate outlay. The lines being laid down, the child is interested for a great length of time in taking the passengers forth and back to various destinations, &c. Signals and boxes or not as you please.—FRANK CROSON.

Take a long, narrow, wooden box, paste at one end a coloured picture of a farm-house, at the other end bore two holes to look through; take some coloured pictures appropriate to a farm, and paste them on cardboard, and cut them out, and glue them to stand upright at intervals up the box, the smaller ones nearest the holes. Matches broken in pieces and glued upright make good palings. A small piece of looking-glass laid flat on the bottom of box does for a pond, near which might be ducks. Common red brick pounded makes bright walks. The top of the box must be covered with muslin to admit the light. The outside can be made attractive with coloured pictures or painting it a bright colour. Almost any scene can be made out of very simple materials.—VIRAGO.

A piece of wood can be procured at a very trifling cost. Cover carefully with red cloth, or to taste. Scenery painted roughly on cardboard, or by cutting flowers, &c., from cretonne, putting in little pieces of looking-glass; then make a transformation scene from a pantomime. This, with care, is easily done. Small dolls dressed as fairies can be put in on wire springs, or stuck with gum. Drop-scene and foot-lights are optional. Clown, pantaloon, little policemen, &c., all, of course, depend on the taste of the toy-maker.—CHÉRIE.

From any small newsvendor's can be bought, for about three shillings, a stage-front, scenes, and characters (all coloured), also book of words, and twelve character-slides, for any play, such as "Miller and his Men," "Bluebeard," &c. These to be pasted on cardboard (cost about 2s.) and cut out. Full directions are given for the erection of the stage, the wood for which would cost about 1s.—SUMMERDALE.

Make a model of "Old London Street" out of cardboard boxes or millboard, the flooring to be laths of wood. The houses could be painted different styles. The arms should be painted on little shields and gummed on. The windows would merely require a little patience to form them rightly by placing pieces of cardboard so as to stand out, and bend over the glass, which could be latticed by strips of brown paper gummed behind, and stained glass can be done with vitremaino. The gables and roofing to be made of cardboard strips laid one over another. The gateway should be a block of wood, and if the worker is capable of carving the niches so much the better. The rooms on the lower floor should represent, as far as possible, the guilds; for instance, the fan-makers could easily supply those articles for dolls instead of human beings, and so on. Then the photography, with small and pretty fancy photos and coloured pictures, &c. Dolls should be dressed in the proper style. Every little detail should be remembered, such as the cock on the Cock Tavern, the old lantern hanging outside. The wicker bird-cage hanging from another house. The stocks should also be made. The church, too, should be managed, and a small, but real, clock placed inside. Some little bells could be rung if desired. About two dozen little dolls should be dressed as visitors—say grand ladies and poorer ones, a soldier, sailor, a black man, nurses and children. If this undertaking is considered too much for one person to complete in the time let several ladies do it together.—NINEVEH.

A FASHIONABLE WATERING-PLACE.—Take a piece of thin wood for a foundation, a sheet of cardboard, a strip of glazed green calico (for the sea), and a number of halfpenny and penny dolls. Out of the cardboard may be made a pier, pavilion, band stand, boats, and a lighthouse, or, if preferred, the latter may be formed of corks glued one on another. The dolls can be dressed in scraps from the rag-bag as ladies and gentlemen, boatmen, niggers, children, &c. Empty chocolate or pin boxes may be used for bathing-vans, Punch and Judy show, seats, oyster stall, and many other purposes. Rocks and stones might be cut from pieces of old cork, oars and masts for the boats from spent matches, tiny baskets, buckets, spades, harrows, &c., could readily be made from old gloves, whilst large beads glued on the heads of shawl-pins would make capital lamps. — SPERO MELIORA.

A very useful doll's house can be formed from a (three division) sixpenny orange-box, stood on end. The most satisfactory division of rooms to children is top bedroom, next drawing-room, and lower kitchen. Cut out a window at back of bedroom, and drawing-room may be to the ground (if you choose your box you may find one with a narrow piece at back which saves trouble in cutting), stick a piece of glass over the window outside (after putting cross-bars of narrow paper for frames); the inner hangings of these two windows are very taking, and half furnish the rooms, the kitchen walls are wanted for other things. Outside of box is papered with light colour, thick parcel-paper, marked out in blocks like stone. Inside, first paper all over with newspaper, then any paper dealer will give you a last year's pattern-book of wall-papers, one pattern of which will paper an orange-box room. The marbles do for the ceiling, and pretty dados can be made by using two patterns; the little tile-pattern blue ones are washing, and the kitchen may be floored and all with them. Sixpence expended on each room will buy all that hands cannot make; chairs and afternoon tea-tables can be made of scraps and cord; and a charming Arabian bedstead from a small cardboard box: take off the lid, turn the box upside down, stand the lid at head, and, if too high, or box too long, shorten them, and use the piece from lid for the top of head; cover all with pink or blue sateen, then sew together, and make furniture of same trimmed with narrow lace, bedroom-window done to match. If I buy a sixpenny set of anything, I make a kitchener by cutting the box and turning it up and using Bruns wick black, &c.—KERRY PIPPIN.

A doll's house, as it does not require much ingennity—just a little paint and some planks and wall-paper for the inside, and, moreover, it is not laborious work. The wood and glass can be bought, cut to order, therefore a girl as well as a boy could make it.—PSYCHE.

PUFF AND DARTS AND TARGET.—Procure a 1d. or 2d. tin tube or pea-shooter, with or without mouth-piece, about 18 to 24 in. long. Cut a few round sticks of 1 in. long to fit easily into tube. Take same number of 2-in. strong pins and pass them through small tufts of wool, fixing these tufts between the heads of pins and one end of wood, leaving the pins projecting about 1 in. for points of darts, the tufts to fit the tube rather tightly. These are to be blown through tube at a target, drawn in ink on paper, with bullseye and three or four circles, marked, 1, 2, 3, 4, &c., from outer circle to bullseye, and pasted on to a thin piece of deal about 6 or 8 in. square. The target to be hung on a wall, and the players to score the numbers of their hits on target for as many shots each as agreed upon.

A NORMANDY PEASANT DOLL. — Underclothing should be full, reaching just below the knees. The dress petticoat of red merino or delaine, trimmed with three rows of narrow black velvet; black velvet bodice, with long points behind and before, cut square, and laced up the front; white muslin sleeves coming just below the elbow, left loose, are rather full. White muslin half-handkerchief crossed upon the chest and over the bodice; muslin apron with pockets. *Gold beads* round the neck, with cross, earrings, a rosary hung from the left side; shoes and white stockings, or, if it is a china doll, the feet can be painted to imitate them. Make a very high cap, place a frill around—this completes the costume.—N.B. When sending a doll to a child, never forget to enclose a "wardrobe," including a second suit of clothes, nightdress, &c.; the joy evinced is tenfold more.—MAID OF ARCADÉE.

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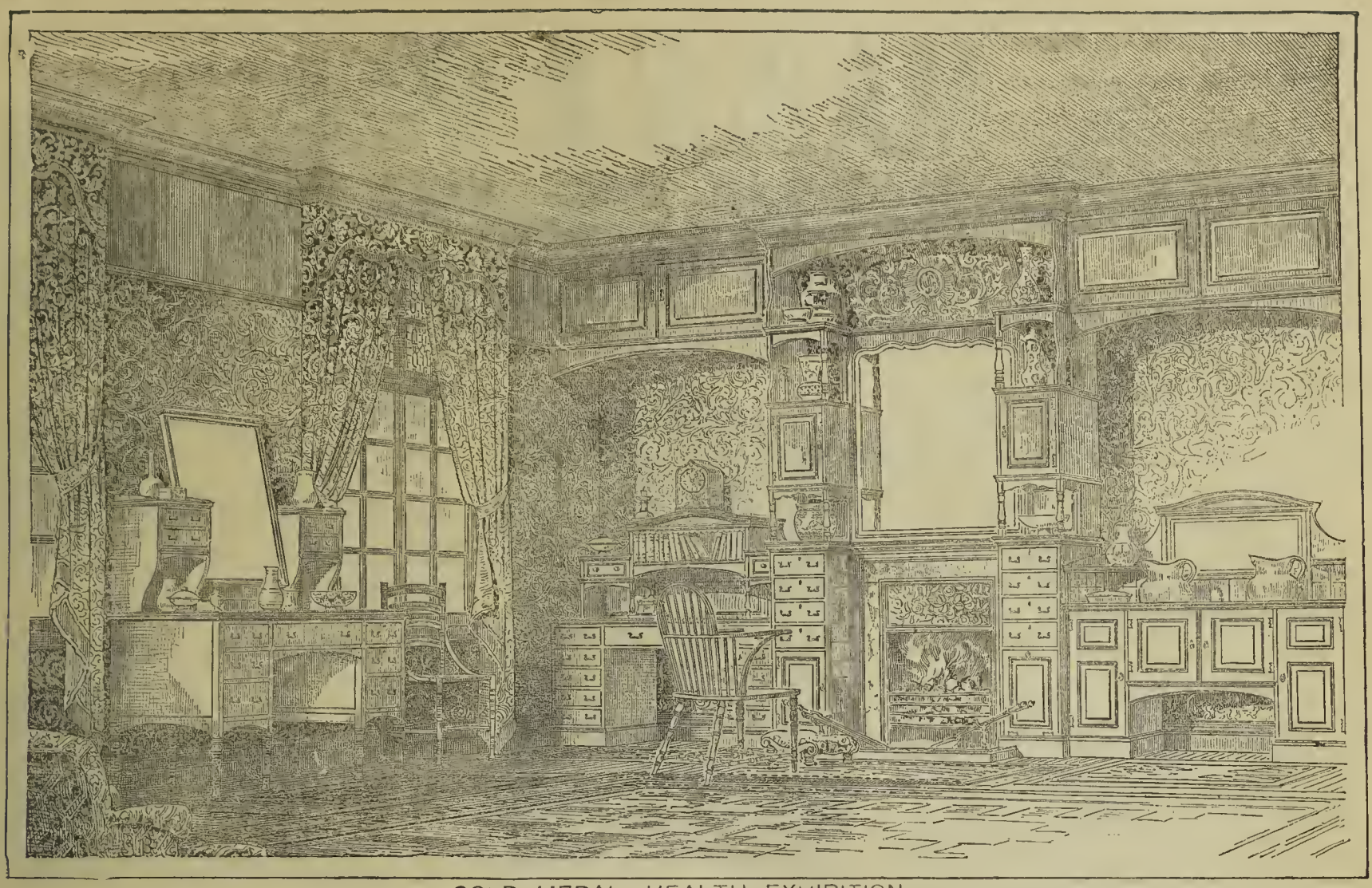

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MR. LAKEMAN, the well-known Government Inspector of Bakehouses, speaking of this bakery said:—"We found purity, cleanliness, excellence of manufacture, and all I say, as one interested in the welfare of his fellow-beings, is 'God speed to such producers!'"

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· TRUTH ·

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

No. 413. Vol. XVI. Thursday, November 27, 1884. Price Sixpence.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF "TRUTH"

will be

PUBLISHED ON FRIDAY NEXT.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

It will be entitled

"A WINTER WEALTHERIES,"

And will detail the steps taken by the various Theatrical Managers to compete with the Exhibitions at South Kensington.

The whole will be profusely illustrated by F. Carruthers Gould; *and, in addition to the Text Illustrations, there will be a Double-paged Frontispiece, printed in ten colours, representing*

"THE GLADSTONE HAND"

AND

"THE CHURCHILL HAND."

And Four full-paged Cartoons—

1.—"THE LAST MUSTER."

2.—AN EGYPTIAN RELIC.

3.—A ROYAL PROCESSION.

4.—THE "A." AND "W.O." OFFICES, 1904.

ENTRE NOUS.

ACCORDING to the applications I have received from hospitals, workhouses, and workhouse schools, there are nearly eleven hundred children expecting toys at Christmas. The toys cost on an average 6d. each, bought wholesale, and in the cheapest manner. I have in hand about £150 (£100 of which is from one donor). To give each child, therefore, a separate toy, £125 more is still wanted. But, in previous years, I have had enough to give, in addition, large toys for general use in the hospitals and workhouses, and parcels of tobacco, tea, and snuff to the old people in the latter places. To do this again would cost at least a further £150. Therefore I must trouble the readers of Truth to be good enough to contribute according to their means; for it really would be a pity if all these children and old people were to be disappointed in a matter which—small as it, perhaps, may seem to those who have countless amusements—is of the greatest importance to those who hardly know what amusement is from year's end to year's end.

During the last week I have received the following amounts towards this fund :—

The Editor of Truth, £10. 10s.; Henry Ablett, £2. 2s.; C. S., 10s.; Madre, 5s.; T. N. S., 2s. 6d.; E. J., 2s. 6d.; F. L. J., £5.; W. S., £1. 1s.; Lady Georgiana Field, £1. 1s.; M. J. B., £2. 9s.; Mrs. Annie Graham Smith, £3. 3s.; M. P., £1. 1s.; A. C. S., £1.; T. K., £1. 1s.

I have also been asked to forward the following amounts to a Dinner Fund for Poor Children. I have sent them to Lady Herbert of Lea :—

Mrs. Annie Graham Smith, £4. 4s.; Kenneth Ffarington Bellairs, £5; A. C. S., £1. 1s. Mrs. Annie Graham Smith also sends me £3. 3s. for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

M. L. Lewin has forwarded me a case containing eight dozen large boxes of beads for distribution with the toys. This is a most useful present.

An absurd mystery was made about the Queen's journey from Scotland last week, and the date was changed half-a-dozen times. The publication of the time-table of the Royal train in the Aberdeen and Dundee papers was prohibited, and orders were sent from Balmoral that the stations at Ferryhill and Perth were to be kept "strictly private," but subsequently Sir Henry Ponsonby telegraphed that the public might be admitted to the platforms.

Her Majesty has intimated her intention of holding an investiture of the Order of the Bath, St. Michael and St. George, and the Star of India during her present residence at Windsor Castle. The ceremony will take place in the spendid apartment which is known as the White Drawing-room.

The announcement that the Queen has conferred the dignity of the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath upon the Canadian Premier, Sir John A. Macdonald, K.C.B., will surprise no one acquainted with the long and distinguished services of that veteran colonial statesman. He is the only Colonial Minister who is a member of her Majesty's Imperial Privy Council.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, and most of the other members of the Royal family who are then in England will go to Windsor Castle on a visit to the Queen on Saturday, Dec. 13, and on the morning of the following day there will be a special memorial service in the Prince Consort's mausoleum at Frogmore, at which the Dean of Windsor will officiate.

The citizens of Worcester are very anxious to give the Prince and Princess of Wales a public reception as their Royal Highnesses pass through the town on the occasion of their approaching visit to Witley Court. The Mayor has communicated with Lady Dudley, who, in reply, has informed him that the visit is a strictly private one, and that she does not know whether a public reception would be agreeable. Her ladyship has promised, however, to "make inquiries."

The Prince of Wales was last week the guest of Mr. Villebois, at Marham, and H.R.H. had two days' shooting in the well-stocked preserves there.

There is more zeal than knowledge in Edmund's corrections and contradictions. Last week he stated, in reference to a paragraph which had appeared in TRUTH, that the appointments held by the late Mr. Bontein were worth £340 a-year, and that the pension which was granted to Dr. Royle by the Queen after the death of the Duke of Albany was to be continued for life, "as who ever heard of a pension given for long and faithful service being withdrawn"? Edmund's intelligence must be singularly unsophisticated if he has never heard of such a proceeding. The Queen granted pensions out of her Privy purse to the principal members of the Duke of Albany's household "until she could provide for them," which was the same as she did with the households of the Duchess of Kent and the Prince Consort—all such pensions being given merely until some permanent posts could be found for the recipients. As to the value of Dr. Royle's offices, the Gentleman-Ushership of the Privy Chamber is worth about £130 a-year, but there is no salary attached to the Clerkship of the Robes, which is an office paid by fees which average about £160. Edmund's information on these subjects is "blundering and defective," to use a phrase of Lord Beaconsfield's.

Orders have been received at Portsmouth directing that the refit of the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* is to be completed during the winter, so that the vessel may be ready for service by the end of March.

Her Majesty was represented by General Du Plat, one of her Equerries, at the funeral of Captain Thomson, who for several years commanded the Royal yacht. He placed wreaths of flowers, which had been specially sent from Frogmore, on the coffin, on behalf of the Queen and Princess Beatrice, and there was also one from the Prince of Wales.

The Crown Princess of Germany, who has been staying in the Tyrol for the last six weeks, has employed herself during her sojourn in that romantic country in painting a couple of landscapes of scenes near Gries, which are, I hear, intended as a Christmas present for the Queen. The accomplished Princess also painted, as a gift for her husband, a portrait of a peasant of Sarnen, attired in his characteristic Tyrolean costume. The Princess worked for several hours each day in Defegger's *atelier*, which was placed at her disposal by that artist.

The Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia had to cut short his stay in France, in consequence of a sudden summons from his brother, the Czar, which obliged him to leave Paris at two hours' notice, and to travel direct to St. Petersburg without stopping. The Grand Duke and his wife were then at the Château de Bouvelles, on a visit to the Duchesse d'Uzès, where the Duc d'Aumale and most of the party who had been at Chantilly the previous week were invited to join them. There was a meet of the Duchess's staghounds near the Château, and it was a brilliant sight, as there was an immense field, including a large contingent of sportsmen from Paris, who had been brought down to Limours by special train; most of the company were in the hunt uniform, which consists of scarlet coat, with claret facings and collar, and blue waistcoat and breeches. There was a long but somewhat slow run through the forest, and when at last the stag was captured it was shot by the Grand Duke, who afterwards gave it the *coup de grâce* with a large hunting-knife, amidst the enthusiastic applause of the spectators. The Duchesse d'Uzès presented the antlers to the Grand Duke, and the foot to his wife, who was in at the finish mounted on a horse belonging to the Duc de Chartres. In the evening there were theatricals at the Château, followed by a ball. The Grand Duchess remains in Paris for the present, and has been joined by her brother, the Duke of Mecklenburg, from Germany.

I should think that everybody who reads anything will read the memoirs of Karoline Bauer, which, in their revelations of Court scandal, and in the light they throw upon the real characters of many notable personages, surpass in interest even the works of Hervey, Walpole, Wraxall, and Greville. Karoline Bauer draws a most shocking picture of Court life in Germany during the early part of the present century, and her reminiscences enable one to form some idea of what brutal wretches most of the German Princes really were. She gives a startling account of the late Duke Ernst of Saxe-Coburg, the father of the Prince Consort, whose proceedings in respect to his mistress, Pauline Panaw, prove him to have been a consummate scoundrel, and his mother, the Dowager Duchess, appears to have been even more villainous. The Prince Consort does not seem to have been fortunate in either of his parents, for his sire was a perfect Don Juan, and in 1822—

> The Duchess had now likewise begun to spin love threads on her own account, and in Coburg the very sparrows on the roof twittered stories of the amours both of Duke and Duchess.

As to the late King Leopold, we at last see him in his true colours; and a more thoroughly contemptible being could scarcely be imagined. Everybody remembers the eulogies which were so frequently lavished on Leopold for giving up (very reluctantly) his allowance of £50,000 a year to the Treasury, when he left England for Belgium, the arrangement being that Claremont was to be kept up, and certain "salaries, pensions, and allowances" were to be defrayed, and "the British exchequer" was to get the balance. Here is Karoline Bauer's version of this transaction:—

> Prince Leopold and Stockmar understood how to make out a pretty little account against the English, so that of the £50,000 no very great sum ever returned to the English exchequer till the death of the King of the Belgians. Naturally, also, the "pension" which I drew from King Leopold was, under some heading or other, among the allowances "which (as Leopold wrote to Lord Grey) will appear to me suitable awards for those persons who have claims on me for their faithful services during my sojourn in this country." Also, Christian (Baron) Stockmar's pension "was put down to this account."

There can be nothing more horrible and Inferno-like than the description of Baron Stockmar's last days at Coburg:—

> The man who once had ruled princes and peoples was now powerless, face to face with the tyranny and sordid avarice of his

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wife. During his illness, which lasted several years, he could not always, either by prayers or commands, procure in his own house even a bowl of broth. . . . His last hours were terrible. When he lay at the point of death, his hard wife took off his back his shirt and flannel jacket, so that, after his death, according to Coburg custom, the undertaker might not claim these objects.

How ghastly, after these disclosures, must be the sight of the sumptuous monument which was erected to Stockmar at Coburg in 1865 by his Royal friends, and how dismally ludicrous the recollection of the telegrams of condolence which his exemplary spouse received from the Queen and other Royal personages!

The Duke of Argyll's visit to the Queen last week was not in any way connected with politics. I hear that her Majesty summoned him for a conference respecting the affairs of Princess Louise and Lord Lorne.

Lady Salisbury's party last Wednesday was by far the largest and most brilliant of the autumn gatherings. The splendid rooms were beautifully decorated with flowers, the show of chrysanthemums being remarkably fine. Black was the prevailing colour; and the dresses of Lady Bute, Lady Alington, and Lady Randolph Churchill were particularly admired. Madame Nilsson wore pale blue satin, trimmed with ruby velvet. Mrs. Gladstone was engaged in conversation with her for a long time. There was a notable display of jewels, principally diamonds.

Lord Randolph Churchill is to sail for India on December 3. He will go the usual tourist round, and is not likely to be back much before May. His trip has no political significance—having no other cause than that Lord Randolph feels he can well be spared for the next few months—and is undertaken solely in search of health and repose.

The Duke of Devonshire is staying at Chatsworth till the week before Christmas, when he goes north to Holker Hall, with the intention of residing there till Easter.

Lord and Lady Londonderry intend to make Seaham Hall, their place near Sunderland, their principal country residence during the next year, and Wynyard Park will be closed. The Dowager Lady Londonderry will live at Plas Machynlleth, her own place in Merionethshire, which she inherited from her father.

The Duke and Duchess of Wellington have been entertaining a small party at Strathfieldsaye. The Dowager Duchess is staying at Apsley House till the beginning of January.

Some excellent covert shooting was enjoyed last week by the party Lord and Lady Sandys entertained at Ombersley Court, Worcestershire. Through an unfortunate mishap on the part of Sir Roger Palmer, about thirty shots were lodged in the shoulder of a farmer who was assisting the beaters, but the man is now progressing favourably.

The Dowager Baroness Rothschild has left Paris to pass the winter at Cannes, where she possesses one of the finest and most beautiful villas on the Riviera.

Screens, with tea-cup shelf on each fold, from 21s. A large variety of screens in Japanese leather paper, needlework, stained glass, and hand-painted in all sizes and styles.—C. Hindley & Sons, 290 to 294, Oxford-street, London.

Lord and Lady Aveland will shortly receive a large party at Normanton Park, their place in Rutlandshire.

Lady Rolle, who is residing at Bicton, was taken seriously ill last week, and is now in a condition which excites the greatest anxiety. Lady Rolle entered upon her ninety-first year on Monday.

Lord and Lady Sondes have been entertaining a large party at Lees Court, Kent.

The Wokingham Ball was held in the Drill Hall on Thursday, and was very successful, all the "society of the district" being present, and there were parties from Bearwood and other houses in the neighbourhood. Dancing was kept up till past three.

Lord and Lady St. Germans gave a very brilliant ball at Port Eliot on Friday evening in honour of the début of their niece, Miss Blanche Eliot. Dancing was kept up till past three, and the company included all the élite of East Cornwall, as well as a large contingent from South Devon, for whose convenience a special train was run between Plymouth and St. Germans.

Mr. and Mrs. D. de Bensaude (Miss Violet Cameron that was) have left England for Tangiers, where the fair beauty is to recruit her health. Mr. David de Bensuade is a native of Morocco, and was born at Mogador, where he is known as Mordecai David Bensuade. Bensuade, in Arabic, means Son of Luck—hence, probably, his luck in having captured Miss Cameron as his wife.

Sir John Marjoribanks, of Lees, who dropped down dead last Tuesday while shooting at Netherby with Sir Frederick Graham, was one of the most popular country gentlemen in the South of Scotland, and was the head of one of the oldest Border families. He was for several years Master of the Northumberland and Berwickshire Foxhounds, and hunted the country thoroughly well in all respects. Sir John and Lady Marjoribanks have rarely missed a near meet when at home, and they will be a great loss to county society. He was a keen sportsman of the good old type, and was always ready to allow his tenants and neighbours to participate in his sport. The famous Lees water on the Tweed was every autumn at the disposal of many of the inhabitants of Coldstream, the favoured anglers including numerous working men. A few years ago Sir John was presented with his portrait, and a monument was erected to his honour in Coldstream as an acknowledgment of his liberality in providing a new water supply for the town at his own expense.

Frognal, the fine seat of Lord Sydney, in Kent, narrowly escaped being destroyed by fire the other night. The party staying in the house were just leaving the smoking-room to go to bed, when some one noticed a smell of burning, and on entering the library it was found that a portion of the carpet was on fire, and that the floor underneath had just begun to smoulder. In the course of half-an-hour all danger was at an end. The house contains some good pictures, and a very choice collection of books.

Native Oysters.—Great Reduction in Price. Sweetings are supplying the Finest Native Oysters in barrels, 22s. 6d., half-barrels, 15s.—London, 158, Cheapside; Brighton, King's-road.

The annual sales of underwood which have been going on lately in all parts of the country have been unusually brisk, and prices have been considerably higher, though not equal to what they were ten years ago. On 900 acres in Sussex, upon the estates of Lord Leconfield and Lord Egmont, every lot was sold.

Lord Pembroke has given up the idea of going to the Mediterranean this winter, and has sold his yacht, the *Minerva* (formerly the late Lord Conyngham's) to Mr. Ashton.

Mr. and Mrs. Sloane-Stanley have arrived for the hunting season at Leesthorpe Hall, their recently-purchased residence near Melton, where extensive alterations and improvements have been carried out during the last few months.

The Duchess of Montrose went to Manchester to see Keir run, and won a large stake by his success, as also did Sir Frederick Johnstone. The Duchess goes to Cannes early next month, to stay till the middle of March.

Mr. Smith, the owner of the Whimple stud, is not much known on the turf as a breeder of winners, but has rather acquired notoriety from the exorbitant reserves which he invariably places on his yearlings when they are sent up to Newmarket for sale. Last week there was a very large attendance of dealers and agriculturists at Whimple, as it had been announced that all Mr. Smith's half-bred horses would be offered for sale; but it was the Newmarket farce over again, for not a single animal changed hands, as in no case did the biddings reach the reserve put upon the lot by Mr. Smith.

The inter-'Varsity cross-country meeting took place at Oxford last Friday, and resulted in a victory for the Light Blues, who totalled thirty-two points to their antagonists' twenty-three. The most remarkable feature of the race was the close finish, the first three men being within a couple of yards of each other, after a race occupying $58\frac{1}{4}$ minutes.

I have received a letter from Mr. Henry Perkins, the secretary of the Marylebone Cricket Club, informing me that my correspondent was in error in stating that the Middlesex County Club paid the M.C.C. fifty pounds a year for the privilege of playing their matches at Lord's. I am glad to hear from Mr. Perkins that, so far from this being the case, the leading club has been in the habit of dealing very handsomely with the metropolitan shire.

Lord Harris has given notice of his intention to move the following resolution at the meeting of county secretaries next month:—"That, in all cases where home and home matches are arranged between counties, the side that loses the toss in the first match shall have the choice of innings in the return match." This is certainly a much-needed reform (Derbyshire lost the toss every time last season), but I still maintain that the right solution of the difficulty is the one put forward in TRUTH some months back, viz., that the choice of innings should not be decided by the toss of a coin, but by a shot at the wicket undertaken by selected members of the teams engaged. So important a matter as the choice of innings, in fact, should not be left to chance at all. Skill, and skill in a branch of the game itself, would alone decide it, if my suggestion were adopted.

The art treasures of a well-known Swiss collector have just been sold at Cologne. The highest prices were obtained for a roll of tapestry (£330) and a Venetian vase (£1,120). These two lots were purchased by the vendor at Thun, about twenty years ago, for a few francs.

Can anything be more ridiculous than the order which has just been issued to the Directors of Theatres in Germany from the Court, forbidding them to produce any plays in which ancestors, or collateral relations, of the Prussian Royal Family are represented, without special permission? As "Hamlet" may; by the relationship existing between the Prussian Princes and the House of Denmark, be deemed their ancestors, I suppose this play, amongst others, will have to be struck off the répertoires in the theatres of the Fatherland.

Apropos to "Hamlet," "gallery boys" at the Princess's Theatre have published complaints against the hard and narrow benches from which they view that play. I would suggest to Mr. Wilson Barrett that inasmuch as, according to his own admission, the gallery benches twenty-five years ago imparted to him the inspiration of his present performance, it would be but an act of gratitude for him to widen these seats of the "gods," or at least make them as soft as clouds.

The opera-goers at New York nearly lost the chance of hearing Patti after all. It appears that there was a dispute over money matters between Mr. Mapleson and the directors of the Opera House, and the former declared that he would give no performance unless his demands were complied with. The directors, however, stuck to their guns, and there would have been no opera had it not been for the intervention of the diva herself. She said that she had not come all the way to America to be trifled with, that Mr. Mapleson's financial troubles were no affair of hers, and that unless the performance was given she would cancel her contract and return to Europe. The manager, thus driven into a corner, was forced to eat humble pie, and the directors—for once in a way—got the best of it.

My Paris correspondent writes anent a paragraph which appeared in last week's issue:—

I never asserted that the *New York Herald* cabled to America that Miss Vanzandt was drunk on the stage of the Opéra Comique, and I was not, therefore, "mistaken." What I did (a very different thing) was to repeat a disagreeable announcement made in my presence by Mrs. Vanzandt to her daughter, on what authority I did not inquire, and would not have been justified in asking. Mrs. Vanzandt, who evidently believed what she said, was in deep distress, and thought of sending a request to "Mr. Barnett," to contradict the cablegram. Miss Vanzandt took the matter *en philosophe*, she not having a guilty conscience. Neither of the ladies seemed aware that the *Herald* had departed from its old traditions in the matter of "sensational items" and "private scandals." I also submit that Miss Vanzandt's affair, take it what way you will, was a public "scandal." She appeared to be drunk on the stage, though, as I have shown, she was not. Mrs. Vanzandt did not blame the audience, which could only judge from appearances and from afar, for thinking the diva was in liquor. What she condemned was the cabal of the interested critics. Accepting Mrs. and Miss Vanzandt's version of the matter, it was surely well to throw every possible light upon it, so as to confound the cabal or force them to establish that, instead of Love's homœopathic potion, there was "mountain dew" in the medicine phials. This they have not attempted to do.

The library of the late Rector of Lincoln is to be sold in London in March. It consists of over 13,000 volumes, including many rare works. Mr. Pattison enjoyed the reputation of possessing the best private library in Oxford.

"All Oxford" assembled at the Ashmolean Museum on Saturday evening, for a conversazione given by Mr. A. J. Evans, formerly the well-known special correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* in the east of Europe, and recently appointed keeper of the museum. Mr. Evans is full of excellent schemes for converting his domain from an Old Curiosity Shop into a real home for archæology in Oxford. One of his modest requirements—that hot-water pipes should be laid on to the museum—is hardly likely to be refused after the experience of his guests on one of the coldest evenings of the year. I only hope that the conversazione will be equally successful in calling attention to the rest of the schemes, for it certainly seems absurd that a University, of all places in the world, should not have a properly-arranged collection of objects to illustrate ancient history and art.

A curious fatality seems to attend the *arma scholastica* of Colonial bishops. Every one remembers Bishop Barry's loss of all his books and sermons; and now I hear that a similar accident has befallen Bishop Anson, who went out only a few months ago to a diocese in North-west Canada. A fire broke out in his "palace"—a wooden shanty, I presume—and all his manuscript sermons were amongst the things destroyed.

There will be special evening services at Westminster Abbey during Sundays in Advent. These services will be held in the choir, as it is impossible to use the nave in cold weather. Considering the exceptionally large staff of ecclesiastics at the Abbey it seems to me scandalous that there should not be an evening service every Sunday, from the beginning of November till the end of July.

A monument to Dean Stanley is about to be placed in St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh. It is a replica of the medallion designed by Miss Grant, which was selected by the Queen for the private chapel in Windsor Castle.

The Dean is also "memorialised" at Windsor by a portrait in the private apartments, which is hung in the octagon room at the end of the long gallery, where there are also portraits of Dean Wellesley, Sir Thomas Biddulph, and other trusted friends of the Queen.

Mr. Edward Husband, Incumbent of St. Michael's, Folkestone, writes:—

SIR,—While thanking you for your most kind remarks about my "Sunday Afternoons for the People" in last Thursday's TRUTH, will you allow me to say that my name is not "Hubbard," as you have printed it? There are some who might take me to be a distant relative of a certain old lady who "went to her cupboard to get her poor dog a bone." My church (St. Michael's, Folkestone) is a poor one, and will be glad to receive any subscriptions kindly sent by the readers of TRUTH; still, we are not so poor that "the cupboard was bare, and so the poor dog had none."

NEURALGIA promptly dispelled by Hockin's Eucalyptus and Menthol Pencils. The best remedy for neuralgia, tic-douloureux, toothache, &c. Is perfectly harmless. Of Chemists, or a trial box can be had for 1s. 1½d. from HOCKIN, WILSON, & Co., 38, Duke-st., Manchester-sq., W

The Dean of Peterborough seems determined to fulfil the only apparent mission of deans, by quarrelling with his bishop about the restoration of the Cathedral. The precise point at issue appears to be whether a certain tower is to be raised fifteen feet or not, the Bishop declaring that this would be a deviation from the original plan, while the Dean asserts that a design for the raising of the tower was furnished by Mr. Pearson, R.A., the architect. Matters are, apparently, in a very unsatisfactory condition, for the Bishop threatens to withdraw his subscriptions, while the Dean has rushed into print by publishing a circular in vindication of his views. Meanwhile operations have been suspended until peace is restored; so it is to be hoped that some means of reconciling the combatants will speedily be discovered.

A Devonshire correspondent writes:—

With regard to the Rev. Herbert Reynolds, of Exeter, on whose affairs you comment in last week's TRUTH, I hope you will allow me to state that his difficulties are not due to extravagant living, or any ordinary improvidence, but have arisen out of his excessive zeal as Cathedral Librarian, which has led him to reprint and publish numerous manuscripts, and other antiquarian works, with the usual result under such circumstances, a very large outlay, and only an insignificant return. The publishers, who are Mr. Reynolds' principal creditors, must surely have known the risk they were running in bringing out works of this character. Mr. Reynolds, who is a very accomplished man, is a fanatic about old and rare books, but knows nothing of business; and his mistake in assuming that his researches would be generally appreciated by the public has led him into his present mess. I may add that I have no personal acquaintance with Mr. Reynolds.

The Rev. Richard Hibbs seems to have a real grievance, and he can get no redress. He recently officiated for three Sundays in the parish church of Chepstow, whither he had been taken by the new vicar of that place. Suddenly, without reason assigned, he was inhibited by the Bishop of Llandaff. An appeal to the Primate only brought a response to the effect that "the Bishop is absolute, irresponsible, and beyond control." It seems, therefore, that any clergyman is entirely at the mercy of a tyrannical Bishop, and that there is no power that can help him. There is nothing alleged against Mr. Hibbs, so far as I am aware, except that he holds some rather extreme views on certain social questions. His case is certainly a hard one, and is in no wise creditable to the Episcopal system.

The Mayor of Oxford writes:—

SIR,—In your last issue you say, "A fresh piece of vandalism is in contemplation at Oxford—the removal of Carfax Church," and you go on to say that "the Town Council has been considering the question of its removal." I do not know from whom you obtained this information; but permit me to say the question has not been before the Town Council. In returning thanks for my re-election as Mayor on the 10th of November, I referred to the want of space for the increasing traffic in Carfax; but I distinctly objected to the removal of the church, and stated that I was inclined to be Conservative in that matter, and hoped that the Corporation would continue to worship in the old church to the end of *my* days.—I am, sir, your obedient servant, JAMES HUGHES, Mayor.
Oxford, Nov. 24, 1884.

The appreciation accorded by the highest circles during the last sixty years to JEWSBURY & BROWN'S Original and only Genuine Oriental Tooth Paste proves the efficacy of this refined toilet luxury. It is compounded of rare and fragrant herbs in an especial manner known only to the sole proprietors and manufacturers, JEWSBURY & BROWN, Chemists, of Manchester. Its use keeps the teeth and gums in a state of preservation and soundness to old age, while its rare aromatic properties render the breath always exceedingly pleasant. It retains its invaluable properties in all climates, and can be obtained through all perfumers and chemists at home and abroad.

Clubs founded on "Clerical" principles do not seem to succeed in England. Ten years ago the St. George's Club in Savile-row was started as a development of a previously-existing Roman Catholic Club, and now I hear that another "development" of the institution has been determined on. The club-house has remained temporarily closed for several months, and the members have been received as guests at a well-known club hard by, but it is pretty well known that St. George's Club will be seen in clubland no more. A new institution, however, called the "Catholic Club," will, in all probability, take its place, and, in that event, the system by which the trustees for the time being were responsible for the finances will be given up, and the club will be carried on by a Company formed under the Companies Acts with a registered capital of £10,000. The difficulty with a clerical club is that men join clubs usually for their own convenience, and choose those where men of congenial tastes may be found. It is no great advantage to military men, doctors, members of Parliament, journalists, and actors to mix themselves up in a social hotch-potch merely because they profess the same religion.

A new feature in club-life has been initiated by the Executive Committee of the Regency Club. A loan collection of pictures, contributed exclusively by members, is now on view in the Morning-room, and is attracting very considerable attention. Among the contributions is a remarkably fine portrait of Turner, painted by himself at the age of twenty-one, and which was intended as a gift to his fiancée.

It is generally supposed that the Lord Mayor is, *ex-officio*, a Privy Councillor. This illusion has been dispelled by the *London Gazette* of Nov. 18, in which there is a list of the persons appointed Commissioners by the Queen for the "Indianeries" of 1886. In this list Privy Councillors are termed "trusty and well-beloved Councillors," but the Lord Mayor is spoken of as only "trusty and well beloved."

The Birmingham Town Council had before them last week a little bill of £237. 12s. 1d. for the accommodation of the judges for one week at the last assizes. The sum was made up of the following items:—Rent of lodgings, £52. 10s.; solicitor's charges (whatever they may be), £27. 2s. 6d.; damage to furniture ("roars of laughter"), £1. 15s.; repairs to house, £8. 11s. 7d.; gas and fittings, £10. 12s. 9d.; hire of furniture, £12; laying out garden, £9. 17s. 9d.; hire of servants, wages, &c., £82. 5s. 6d.; lodgings for attendants, £8. 4s.; stationery and carriage hire, £4. 2s. 6d. "Altogether," said Alderman Cook, "the visit of the judges cost Birmingham £734." It is, no doubt, a proud privilege to be an assize town, but the suggestion of one of the Aldermen that a good race meeting would pay the town much better is certainly worth the attention of the ratepayers.

In view of the Manchester Corporation scandals, the following suggestion seems worthy of consideration:—

> There is really no check on the expenditure of any Corporation, for this reason: the Finance Committees are held with closed doors, bills are presented duly signed by the officers of the Corporation, and passed by the Town Councillors, who are members of the Finance Committee. Should any Councillor have the honesty or the courage to propose that payment of an account be deferred for further investigation, he will be snubbed and made to suffer for his pains. There is but one remedy for this state of things, the appointment of Government auditors. Every member of a Board of Guardians knows how valuable a check upon dishonesty and extravagance is the examination of accounts by the auditors appointed by the Local Government Board. Of course, Corporations would resist the appointment of official auditors by every means in their power.

It has leaked out, through the indiscreet candour of one of its members, that the Metropolitan Board of Works is not unlikely to present a Bill of its own to Parliament for the better government of London. It is amusing to watch the desperate struggles of the Corporation and the Board of Works to justify their existence. Last Session the Corporation brought forward a Water Bill, which advocated something suspiciously like confiscation, and now the Board of Works, having been long since condemned by public opinion as useless and obstructive, is about to dabble in reform on its own account. It is not in the least probable that the Board of Works will introduce such a measure as will be found acceptable either to the House of Commons or to public opinion; but this is not the only instance I have recently observed of rats leaving a sinking ship.

"The subject then dropped." Such is the terse conclusion to a newspaper report of the meeting, last week, of the Metropolitan Asylums Board. The subject which thus received its "*in pace*" was one started by Mr. Lawrence, who wanted to know what was the truth about small-pox at St. George's Hospital. One of the medical staff at the hospital had told him two things, which, given upon such authority, should certainly be investigated with a view of being either contradicted or remedied. The first was that there had been difficulty in removing the small-pox cases from St. George's; the second, that not more than one half of the nurses in the hospital had been vaccinated, and that there was no lymph with which to vaccinate them. Mr. Lawrence further added that one or more of the nurses had died of small-pox. Sir Edmund Currie was quite right in remarking that Mr. Lawrence should be very careful in ascertaining the correctness of such a statement, as he had known such charges lead to a serious detriment to public institutions, but as Mr. Lawrence repeated that he had received the information that morning from a member of the medical staff at St. George's, I fail to see what better authority he could have. However this may be, the subject is of too much importance to be allowed to drop. If false, let the rumour be authoritatively contradicted; if true, let it be admitted; for a sin confessed is half redressed.

I heard the other day of a case of scarlet-fever, which may serve to show how infection is spread. A little girl was taken ill, and the father and mother nursed her, carrying on their ordinary avocations at the same time, the lady doing her shopping as usual, and the father riding to the City every day in a hansom cab. A good many people do the same, I believe, as this couple. Now, seeing how contagion is thus carried about, I think that something more stringent than the existing penalties, and some better manner of exacting them, should be devised for the protection of the public. It should, at least, be compulsory that some official intimation of the existence of disease should be sent to the local authorities.

In Greenock the Voters' Roll contains a list of females entitled to vote in the election for the borough of Greenock, 1884-85. This is, I hear, based upon the fact that Parliament does not disqualify, but only has not enfranchised, duly-qualified women; whilst the Ballot Act enacts that "every person whose name is on such register (Voters' Roll) shall be entitled to demand and receive a ballot paper, and to vote."

I am glad to see that the Battersea Vestry (now that the bathing season is over) has suddenly become sympathetic towards the poor little urchins who have all the summer been hunted by "Copper," alias "Bobby," whenever they attempted to jump into the Thames. I read that at a recent vestry meeting it was "unanimously resolved" to ask the First Commissioner to sanction bathing in the large lake in Battersea Park. This, I suppose, will hardly be refused, but why should not the Thames itself down at Battersea and Putney be more utilised? I know of but one swimming-bath in the river between London Bridge and Putney. There might be at least half a dozen. Look at Paris, Bordeaux, or Rouen.

Electric lighting has made progress, but it has not yet reached the commercial conditions which are requisite in order to make it a commercial success. The Companies complain of the clause in the Electric Lighting Act which gives the locality the right of purchase after twenty-one years. This clause, however, is necessary to prevent a permanent monopoly being established. For my part, I would not allow any Company to take up the pavements of streets or to hang overhead wires. Where electric lighting is wanted, the local authorities should establish it. Gas Companies, Water Companies, and Electric Lighting Companies are all mistakes.

In the Company case which was tried last week, it came out that baronets and other gentlemen are in the habit of receiving a few pounds for getting hold of men ready to act as Company Directors. A more contemptible mode of making a living—unless it be done openly and above board—cannot be imagined. Lord Perth—too blind to read a prospectus, and apparently too silly to understand one—is the sort of director that is procured under the system. Why, beyond the mere fact that he is a lord, his name should attract subscriptions to a commercial undertaking, it would be difficult to explain on any ground which implies the sanity of those who have money to invest. This nobleman cost £50, which was paid to Mr. Heritage; for General Roberts, £100 was paid to Sir George Innes, who also was paid for procuring Colonel Macnamara.

A jury has found that Lord Marcus Beresford was so mauled by Mr. Bowles and his "army" that the alleged assault was really a free fight. But surely Lord Marcus was the aggressor, and that Mr. Bowles, owing to his knowledge of boxing, was able to defend himself, is no justification for the aggression. I fail, moreover, to perceive what the fact that Mr. Bowles had charged Mr. Christopher Sykes with voting at an election has to do with the matter. If, however, the view of Mr. Montagu Williams be correct, and it justified the action of Lord Marcus, evidently if any one were to assault Lord Randolph Churchill he ought to be acquitted, for it can be proved that Lord Randolph has charged Mr. Chamberlain with offences far worse than electoral bribery.

STURROCK & SONS' Royal Toilet Club, 66, Regent-street, branch of their well-known Edinburgh and Glasgow Houses. Sturrocks' celebrated Toilet Specialties.

When a prisoner is committed for trial and the charge against him comes on for hearing, I believe it is usual for him to take his place in the dock. However, I read :—

> Although Mr. Lockwood said he did not ask this, Lord Marcus Beresford entered the dock, Mr. Montagu Williams remarking, "Oh, he does not care."

From this it would almost seem as though going into the dock was an affair which depended either on the caprice of the prisoner or of the counsel for the prosecution. I have no doubt that other prisoners who are brought up at the Clerkenwell Sessions, and who do not happen to be lords, will bear this little matter in mind.

Mr. Justice Manisty knows the law, but it certainly seems singular that a jury should find a verdict, with £3,000 damages in favour of a plaintiff, and that the judge should order the verdict to be entered for the defendant. As regards the case of Adams *v.* Coleridge, however, I think that the letter of a brother to a sister respecting her contemplated marriage ought to be regarded as a privileged document. A brother may make mistakes in his data, but such a letter can hardly be regarded as a publication, being in its very nature a private communication, whilst, if a brother may not confidentially communicate with a sister in regard to a gentleman with whom she contemplates marriage, all family relations will have to be conducted with an eye to their being produced in a court of justice.

Odd as Mr. Justice Manisty's law appears to a non-legal mind, I believe that it is based upon common sense. He held that there was no evidence of malice submitted to the Jury. If this view was correct he might have stopped the trial. But, had he been wrong, there would have been a new trial. He therefore allowed the trial to proceed, and the verdict of the Jury to be taken, with the result that, whether he is right or wrong, there will be no necessity for another trial, the verdict of the Jury (unless attacked on account of excessive damages) holding good in the latter contingency.

The plaintiff, Mr. Adams, is a big, heavily-built man, over six feet in height, and endowed with a quantity of iron-grey hair. He has an excellent voice and delivery, and made a good, though terribly long-winded, speech. His announcement that he had been an invalid for the first twenty-eight years of his life created considerable amusement, for a more robust-looking individual is seldom seen.

So far, indeed, as I can perceive, Mr. Adams is a gainer by Mr. Bernard Coleridge's letter, for, had it not been written, Mr. Adams admits that his true love would never have run so smooth as to secure to him a wife. Why, then, should he have £3,000 for being benefited, instead of being damnified, by a letter? If he be a wise man, we shall

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hear no more of his love-making. He has vindicated his character, and this is all that he can have reasonably wished.

Whilst the letter of Mr. Bernard Coleridge can hardly be termed a model of epistolary correspondence, the strictures upon the Coleridge family "washing their dirty linen in public," and upon various other of their domestic matters which came out during the trial, is hardly fair; because the defendant—not wishing to add fuel to the flames—refrained from stating his side of the case or producing witnesses, thus preferring judgment against him to go by default, rather than dispute the assertions of his sister. I gather, however, from Mr. Adams' statement, that the lady insisted, whilst living at her father's house, to go and sit with Mr. Adams in his private room, and that the two entered into an engagement to marry each other which they had no intention to fulfil, in order to justify this. I confess that I am not greatly surprised that her father, as well as her brothers, should have objected to such an arrangement.

Mr. Justice Manisty administered a deserved rebuke to the Junior Bar. Its members complained that they were not found seats in Court to the exclusion of the public. But why should they be? They were not seeking to gain admittance in order to pick up law, but to gratify a morbid curiosity, and under these circumstances the public, who pay for law courts, had just as good a right to seats as these gentlemen.

We have had lately a good many letters read in Law Courts. But by far the best has been that of Miss Fortescue to her ex-lover. A prettier composition has seldom been penned, and I recommend it to all those female harpies who seem to think that male admiration is to be estimated by the amount of presents which it brings in. All things considered, I think that Miss Fortescue is to be congratulated. I am not a girl, but were I one, I am inclined to think that I should prefer £10,000 to a matrimonial alliance with Lord Garmoyle, even with the chance of a Countess's coronet in perspective.

Messrs. Jervis, Garland, & Kent, the originators of the "Defence Society," have been convicted of fraud, and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. The business is unsatisfactory in more ways than one. A *bonâ-fide* "Defence Society" would be a real blessing to the poorer members of the community, who have grievances, but not the wherewithal to redress them. Even Messrs. Jervis & Co.'s concern, notwithstanding its fraudulent practices, appears to have really done a good deal of legitimate business.

At the Westminster Police-court last week a man of good character was charged with drunkenness and assault, the case being supported by the very clear evidence of three policemen. Mr. Partridge evidently did not believe the police evidence, which was contradicted by respectable witnesses, for he discharged the prisoner. It may be hoped that the authorities of Scotland-yard will order a rigorous investigation into the circumstances of this case, for evidently there was something very wrong; and if the heads of the police do not think fit to stir in the matter, it is plainly the duty of the Home Secretary to interfere.

At Worship-street Police-court, on the same day, some boys were charged with stone-throwing, and a formal complaint was positively laid against the policemen who appeared in the case, because they had taken the offenders into custody, it being alleged that, as they were "young gentlemen," it would have been quite sufficient to have obtained their names and addresses. There should be an end to the fantastical notion that the proceedings of the police should be regulated by the social position of offenders, and magistrates will do well to snub severely persons who advance so outrageous a principle.

There does not seem to have been much discrimination in the mercy extended to William Moore, "a person of gentlemanly address and appearance," who was convicted of a series of swindles, and sentenced to five years' penal servitude, at Ripon Sessions in April, 1883. After serving sixteen months Moore was liberated, under a special licence, in consequence of the state of his health; but his ailments have not interfered with his "career," for he lately signed contracts to purchase a property in Kent for £14,000, and another in Sussex for £7,000, and he is now supposed to have gone to Scotland with the object of obtaining advances from architects and builders, on the strength of his contract. He was originally convicted for gaining possession of an estate in Yorkshire under similar circumstances, on which he had actually succeeded in getting a new house partly built by some Bradford builders, who, of course, had advanced him considerable sums of money in the course of their negotiations.

In Scotland they regard, as in England, theft as a good deal worse than murder. At the High Court of Justiciary in Edinburgh Lord Young condemned a man to two months' imprisonment for having knocked his wife down and kicked her to such an extent that she almost immediately died from lesion of the brain. The next prisoner was convicted of having stolen a letter containing two half-sovereigns and sixty stamps. His sentence was five years' penal servitude. The moral of this is, Kill your wife, but never commit the far greater crime of stealing a postage-stamp.

I am glad to see that something has been at length done to curb the ferocity of courts-martial. Naval prisoners, undergoing penal servitude for non-criminal offences, are to be released unconditionally when they have served the time which would entitle them to a ticket-of-leave, and are not to be obliged to report themselves to the police like other ticket-of-leave men. Moreover, My Lords have intimated that they will not in future approve of sentences of penal servitude passed by courts-martial unless under exceptional circumstances. This is a step in the right direction; but I

The Granville Hotel, Ramsgate.—This palatial establishment is famous for its excellent cuisine, perfect system of baths and moderate charges. Present terms from 10s. 6d. per day for board, apartments, and attendance. The Granville Band plays during Table d'Hôte.

Minton's (Limited). — Minton's China. A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century and a half.

cannot help thinking that naval discipline would be none the worse, if the clause in the Naval Discipline Act which empowers courts-martial to sentence men to penal servitude for some trifling breach of the regulations were altogether repealed. I should also like to know why that post-captain, who recently assaulted and kicked a blue-jacket under his command during the late visit of the Channel Squadron to the coasts of Ireland, has not been at least called upon to explain his remarkable behaviour.

It is really difficult to understand how Sir Thomas Brassey came to assure Mr. Anderson on Friday that no information had reached the Admiralty from Devonport on the subject of discontent on board the *Agamemnon*. That discontent existed, and that there were allegations of undue severity, were notorious at Plymouth and Devonport; and early last week Captain Long assembled the crew and informed them that an official inquiry would be held. Sir Houston Stewart accordingly held an inquiry on board; but I have not heard with what result. The arrangements at the Admiralty must be scandalously defective if all this has been going on without a whisper reaching Whitehall.

Subscriptions are being collected at Plymouth for a diamond bracelet to be presented to Lady Stewart, on the conclusion of Sir Houston's appointment as Port-Admiral, £80 being already subscribed. Lady Stewart has made herself most deservedly popular during her reign at Admiralty House; but is not the presentation of a testimonial to her ladyship not only an awkward precedent, but somewhat invidious to her predecessors?

The Channel Squadron will arrive at Portsmouth from Gibraltar on Wednesday next, and the Duke of Edinburgh will then haul down his flag. The question whether the Duke will succeed Lord John Hay in the Mediterranean, or whether he will wait for the West Indian and North American station, will be decided before the end of the year. He has always been particularly anxious to obtain the Mediterranean command.

At Madeira the Squadron remained for a week, but the weather was most unfavourable for excursions, as there was rain every day. The Duke of Edinburgh stayed on shore at one of the hotels, and paid several visits to the Prince of Oldenburg, who is at Madeira for the winter, and occupies a charming villa just outside the town. The Prince entertained the Duke, Admiral Whyte, and the captains of the squadron at dinner one evening. The grounds of his villa were brilliantly illuminated, and the *Sultan* played the electric light about the place, and, as the night was fine, the effect was very picturesque.

From the last return on the subject, it appears that there has been a satisfactory decrease of drunkenness in the army of late years; the number of convictions having declined annually since 1877. The most significant fact is that in 1872 there were 421 men in the army with seven convictions and upwards recorded against them; while in 1883 the figures had fallen to 197. In spite of this improvement, however, there were last year 234 convictions per 1,000 men, so that Tommy is still a promising subject for the temperance reformer.

I gather from a report of Messrs. Feuerheerd, the well-known wine merchants at Oporto, that the export of port wine from Portugal, far from diminishing, is on the increase. Between 1828-38 the export was 31,029 pipes; between 1858-68, 30,562 pipes; between 1869-78, 49,997 pipes; and between 1878-83, 57,630 pipes. It would seem, therefore, that port, as a dinner wine, is coming into fashion again.

The revelations which have been made recently about the pollution of the water of the Seine give an unpleasant significance just now to the fact that one-fifth of all the wine consumed in Paris is said to consist of that deleterious liquid. "Avoid all cheap wines," should be added to the list of precautions against the cholera in Paris.

A correspondent writes:—

I know nothing about theory; but I would call your attention to the practical fact that, having vainly resorted to all sorts of expedients to obtain sleep, I have for the last few weeks gone to bed arrayed in one of Dr. Jaeger's woollen dresses, and slept like a top.

The reduction of Prince Bismarck's redundant corpulence has nearly led to serious consequences. For his services in this direction Dr. Schweninger was made an Extraordinary Professor of the Berlin University. This did not please the Doctor's new colleagues, and when he left cards on the Rector-Magnificus, that magnificent don sent them back to the owner. On this, the fat-reducer challenged the Rector, who, however, declined to fight.

Last Thursday Professor Barker lectured at Brighton on "Whom not to Marry." In his advice to the young lady part of his audience he earnestly counselled them not to enter into matrimonial relations with men who were smokers or who indulged in alcoholic liquors. The Professor's views did not find favour with his audience, and manifestations of disapproval were loud and frequent. Husbands are already deplorably scarce, and if all men are to be tabooed who are not teetotallers or anti-tobacconists, the number of girls condemned to wither on their virgin stalks, and to walk up and down the King's-road in maiden meditation, will increase to a positively frightful extent.

Henceforward the errors of the *Times* must, for a reasonable period at least, be the subjects of lenient criticism, for no one can expect an engaged man to correct articles with the same care as a bachelor or Benedick. For the sake of the public, it is to be hoped that the course of true love may be short as well as smooth; for the "Thunderer" evidently demands careful personal attention from its editor. Of course, Lord Northbrook did not know the extenuating circumstances, or else he would not have been so angry with the paper.

A gentleman, who is in a position to know what is going on, writes as follows—surely, however, if French bronze coins are produced in England, it would not be difficult for the police to discover the coiners:—

I don't think it would pay to import French bronze into this country in any quantity. Nineteen pounds at the exchange of 25·20 would purchase in Paris 4,800 ten-centime pieces, and these would weigh exactly 100 lb. The profit on such a transaction

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MINTON'S CHINA.—A visit to Messrs. GOOLE'S Depôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

would be £1, hardly sufficient to pay carriage, insurance, and packing (no small item), leaving out of the question the task of putting 4,800 coins into circulation in a back-stairs sort of way.

The proportion of French "pennies" to English is getting larger year by year; in 1878 it was only one in sixty-three, it is now one in eleven. These figures are obtained by counting many thousands of coins.

I know, however, that the mass of French bronze in circulation has never been on French soil, but has been steadily struck here since 1879, and yields a far better return than five per cent.

This fact is well known to the French Mint authorities.

Several Ceylon planters write to me to say that, as I have said a word for Indian tea, I also ought to call attention to Ceylon tea, which contains all the excellences of Indian tea, without any bitterness. The great advantage common to both teas is that they are not adulterated on the spot by the producers, as is the case with most China teas.

There is a characteristic difference between the way in which the Anchor Society (Liberal), and the Dolphin Society (Conservative), at Bristol, spend the sums received by them at the yearly Colston festival. The funds of the Anchor are devoted to annuities to aged people, with the exception of a large grant to the Bristol University College; but the funds of the Dolphin Society are spent in grants to "the deserving poor," each subscriber having the privilege of nominating a fit object of benevolence. Of course, the Tories in Bristol may be virtuous above ordinary measure, and the gifts may be distributed without the slightest regard to electoral services to come; but the Dolphin method of employing funds cannot fail, I am afraid, to recommend itself to election agents now that their operations are hampered by the Corrupt Practices Act.

Lord Sackville has decidedly failed to score off that enterprising J.P., Major German, who has been one of the most prominent leaders in the recent "demonstrations" at Knole Park. In the first place, I learn from a recent speech of Major German's that Lord Sackville applied to the Home Secretary to prosecute the rioters, and failed. Next he endeavoured to persuade the Lord Chancellor to remove the Major from the commission of the peace, and failed again. Finally he applied to Lord Sydney to deprive the Major of the deputy-lieutenancy of the county, and failed here also. His lordship is now reduced to such tedious and unsatisfactory remedies against Major German and his confederates as can be got through the courts of law.

The grievance of the Sevenoaks people against Lord Sackville is not confined to the mere right of way through Knole Park. One of the first acts of Lord Sackville after he came to Knole seems to have been to exclude the local Volunteers from the range in the park, which his predecessors had allowed them to use. The local Horticultural Society were treated in the same way. But the chief complaint is that Lord Sackville is the first tenant of Knole who has rigidly shut the public out of his house. People beyond Sevenoaks owe his lordship a grudge for this ungracious act, for there are few country houses in the kingdom of greater historical interest than Knole. Lord Sackville seems to have cultivated most successfully that dog-in-the-manger spirit which is the most odious vice of landlordism.

"Liberty" Art Fabrics.—Original designs for Curtains, Chintz, Upholstery and Furniture Stuffs. Patterns post-free Regent-st., W.

It is to be hoped that politicians of all shades will subscribe to the A. M. Sullivan fund, which has been set on foot by a Committee of Members of the House of Commons of all parties, under the presidency of Cardinal Newman. Mr. A. M. Sullivan was a thoroughly honest and sincere man; he was unable to make any provision for his family, which is a large one, and, indeed, his anxiety to do this hastened his end. The honorary secretaries of the fund are Mr. Charles Russell, M.P., and Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P.

Mr. Edward Clarke has been recognised for some time as one of the most promising of the Tory new men; but nothing has impressed me with his excellent good sense so much as his conduct in taking his speech on Liberal finance as spoken, and announcing that he would circulate it in print. Nearly all questions and many speeches ought to be put and answered in the same way. Indeed, a frank recognition of the uses of the printing-press, together with the ten minutes' rule, would do more to relieve the legislative deadlock than all the rules of procedure put together.

The Bill for the Abolition of the House of Lords was passed last Thursday by the Lambeth Parliament. I would suggest to these local Parliaments that they might add interest to their proceedings were they to petition their colleagues at Westminster to carry into effect the views which obtain a majority.

This is sent me as a "Lay of a Country Liberal," in view of the congratulatory statements of Lord Salisbury and Earl Granville as to the conciliatory tone they each employed in addressing "their lordships" about the Franchise Bill:—

My goodness! Oh, what has the spree meant
  Which has fill'd up the autumn galore?
As you're all in so sweet an agreement,
  Why couldn't you say so before?

When thus the ineffable Granville
  The infinite Salisbury soaps,
Why hammer away on the anvil
  On merely theatrical ropes?

What matters a Whig or a Tory
  To inferior beings like us,
When mountains—cash, riots, and glory—
  Produce this *ridiculus mus?*

For myself, I'm well off as a person,
  Like middle-class folk you may see,
And, except just to turn out a verse on,
  Your statesmen don't matter to me.

I haven't the smallest ambition
  At St. Stephen's to sit up the night,
And don't feel the touch of a mission
  For an Irish eternal free-fight.

I really don't want revolutions;
  I'm very well pleased with my Queen:
When people curse all institutions,
  I never quite know what they mean.

But I think many things might be better'd,
  That you land should, like other wares, buy—
That by law half-free England is fetter'd—
  So they call me a Radical. Why?

I'm one of the people, and know it;
  And in voting was ne'er at a loss
To stand for my colour and show it,
  For I thought the old Commons my boss.

But, oh! when he spoke in the Rad's tone
  To our new set of bosses, the Lords,
Who e'er could have thought that our Gladstone
  Didn't wear o'en the smallest of swords?

Riding Habits.—Specialty of John Redfern & Sons. Ladies' Tailors by Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 26 Conduit-street, London, W. Also at Cowes and Paris.

That the food of all others he craved for,
When he seemed the whole world to defy
(And the Lord only knows what he raved for),
Was the most overdone humble pie?

Lord Salisbury! Puzzlement bless you,
For you're something one can understand;
And the baffled outsiders caress you,
As the head—right or wrong—of the Land.

Mr. Gladstone's speech in favour of our hereditary legislators was not probably intended as a powerful vindication of the hereditary principle in legislation. He cited two cases to show that clever men may have clever sons—Lord Chatham and Lord Chancellor Hardwicke. Unfortunately, however, in both cases the clever son was not the eldest son; and, in the second case, the clever second son accepted the Chancellorship under such shameful and humiliating circumstances, that three days later he cut his throat.

"On his table," says Wraxall, "lay the patent of his peerage, and near it the great seal, which, when affixed, would have added the only formality needed to its necessary completion. But as not a trace of any impression could be discovered, and it appearing, therefore, certain that the Chancellor had not chosen to accept the recompense of his political desertion, the title never received effect."

If we are to produce a breed of hereditary statesmen, we are going the wrong way to effect that end. It is admitted by all who have studied "heredity," that the son takes his intellectual faculties from his mother rather than the father. We ought, therefore, to create the sons of the "Girton Girls," who may marry after obtaining a high degree, Peers; and the distinction should lapse if ever the incumbent of the title were to marry any one who has not taken a high degree. This suggestion, it may be said, is an *argumentum ad absurdum;* but this is the only way in which an absurd proposition should be met. Lord Chatham, again, had two sons—one a fool, the other a man of genius, thus showing that the intellect of the father was not, as a matter of course, transmitted to his offspring. Which, however, inherited the hereditary legislatorship? The fool!

Indeed, if Mr. Gladstone's argument goes for anything, it amounts to this startling proposition—all Peerages have been granted on account of marked intellectual gifts, and, as such gifts are hereditary, the Peers constitute a body of men superior in intelligence to the rest of the community. To state such a principle is to refute it.

Still more remarkable was his plea that if the Commons were to venture to pass any resolution affecting the political privileges of the Upper House, that Assembly would revenge itself by throwing out the Franchise Bill; that is to say, these honest, intelligent, and independent Legislators would punish two millions of their fellow-citizens in order to rebuke any Liberals who might express the opinion that they do not believe in Lords as legislators.

We gain the Franchise Bill by the "surrender." But the price paid is a heavy one. Not only does Mr. Gladstone assent to have his procedure changed by Lord Salisbury, but he is obliged to submit his Seats Bill to this nobleman, and to pledge his word that he will support against his own followers, any alterations that the Tory leader may make in it. Obviously, if this system of legislation by arrangement is to become the rule, the House of Commons will henceforward only have to meet to ratify foregone conclusions, and instead of the "ins" and the "outs" openly discussing their differences, and submitting them to the arbitrament of a vote, the Conservative and Liberal leaders will meet together in a drawing-room, settle everything by mutual concession, and coalesce against all who object. There is much simplicity in this scheme of legislation, but its other merits are not quite so apparent.

The truth of the matter is this: the Sovereign, every Conservative, Whig, and moderate Liberal, every newspaper editor who fears democracy, and every club fetcher-and-carrier, have been frightened by the advance of democracy, and have banded themselves together to find an issue from a position in which the dispute between the people and the privileged classes must have been fought out to the bitter end. Mr. Gladstone is not a young man; he was faced with the alternative of either putting himself at the head of a crusade against the Peers, or yielding, and, as he objected to do the former, he has had perforce to do the latter; for to call the arrangement anything but a surrender, and a most humiliating surrender, is mere playing with words.

The *Times* suggests that the Upper House should reform itself. This the Radicals will never permit if they can hinder it. Reform would strengthen it, and this is not precisely the object of Radicals. *Sint ut sunt, aut non sint,* and unless I am very much mistaken the *non sint* view is that of so many of the electors, that members will soon have to choose between standing as Conservatives, or as representatives of *non sint.*

By the way, here is Lord Beaconsfield's original opinion of the House of Lords:—

Nobody (says the author of "Coningsby") wants a second Chamber, except a few disreputable individuals. It is a valuable institution for any member of it who has no distinction—neither character, talents, nor estate. But a Peer who possesses all or any of these great qualifications would find himself an immeasurably more important personage in what, by way of jest, they call the Lower House.

It is commonly supposed that Nonconformist ministers are quite ready to enthusiastically support Mr. Gladstone in any course of action upon which he may be pleased to enter; that, in fact, their extreme admiration of the Prime Minister blinds them to his faults. This is a great mistake. A meeting of Congregationalist ministers, of which I have special knowledge, was held the day after the "Compromise" was announced, and the comments made upon that transaction were the reverse of complimentary to Mr. Gladstone. One man, who had been working might and main for Professor Stuart, declared that he would not do another stroke; others said the Premier had done as he always did—yielded at the critical point; and dissatisfaction and indignation were general. If these ministers

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fairly represent their class, and if their present temper lasts, the Liberal party need not rely upon them for much help at the next election.

I should very much like to know what Sir William Harcourt and the law-and-order people suppose has been gained by the expedition to Skye. Do they think that the islanders will be henceforth content to pay 30s. an acre for poor hill land, to live in houses which have only one opening for doors and windows, to subsist upon starvation-fare, and to work hard all the year round, merely in order that Major Fraser may enjoy an income of £6,000 a year without stirring his little finger to earn it? Very possibly they do. There is really no limit to the self-delusion of the Whig mind. Men who can stand by with grave faces while the Duke of Argyll disports himself as the crofters' friend, and listen without a chuckle to the Ducal political economist's assertion that the agitation is the work of agitators, and has been got up in London, are capable of believing anything. But this, at any rate, is not the belief of the crofters, or the Radicals. The crofters—according to one of their trusted leaders, Mr. Macpherson—believe that the Highland agitation is going the full length of the Irish Land Bill. The Radicals, with somewhat more open and instructed minds, believe that it is going a great deal further. To them the Parnellite campaign, and the one now on foot in Scotland, seem but the mere initiatory grumblings of an earthquake which is destined to overturn and utterly annihilate the land system of these islands.

Mr. Crawford, the Factor of the Duke of Sutherland, stated in his evidence before the Royal Commission that "there had been reductions in rent to the large tenants, but instead of reducing those of the crofters, which were so small, the Duke had given £300 for seed, and a similar sum for improvements."

But subsequent to this the crofters received the following circular:—

Sir,—I have to request payment of your rent on Thursday, 20th November next, and also payment of the *seed-oats* and *potatoes* you received last year from the Duke of Sutherland on the plea that you had not seed, and were unable at the time to purchase it for yourself, but which you agreed to repay at the end of the year.

You have been advised to repudiate your just obligation, and to withhold payment. This advice forms a flagrant breach of morality, and must, if followed, place you in a very unenviable position in the eye of the world, but still more so in the sight of God. A misrepresentation of my words is but an aggravation of the crime, and a very flimsy attempt to shield dishonesty.

All unpaid seed accounts after the rent audit will be recovered by summary action before the Sheriff, with expenses. I therefore beg you to avoid this expense as well as exposure.—Yours faithfully,

JOHN CRAWFORD, Factor.

I should rather have thought that the repudiation by Mr. Crawford of his own words is "a flagrant breach of morality, and must place him in a very unenviable position in the eye of the world, but still more so in the sight of God."

We have evidently heard pretty nearly the last of the Allen treason-felony case. Allen has been liberated on bail. When a man is let out on bail in Ireland it always means one of two things, either the prosecution is going to be dropped, or the jury are sure to acquit him. Whether it is wise, in the first instance, to proceed against men in regard to whom either a *nolle prosequi* or a verdict of "Not Guilty" must eventually be entered, is a question for Lord Spencer's advisers to answer. They, apparently, would answer in the affirmative. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is confessedly the worst-advised potentate in existence.

It is stated that the Governor of Cape Coast Castle is about to send a British envoy to Coomassie with a view of inquiring into, and reporting upon, the condition of Ashantee. At present it seems that this kingdom is in a state of anarchy, the Throne being claimed by a large number of rivals, and every kind of outrage being rampant. This being so, it is extremely probable that if a British officer be sent, he will be murdered or made prisoner, and we should be compelled to send an expedition to avenge or rescue him. Now I entirely fail to see what business it is of ours if the Ashantees prefer cutting each other's throats to dwelling together in peace and unity. It is just this philanthropic restlessness of Colonial Governors which has occasioned the vast majority of our constantly-recurring petty wars and saddled the country with millions of unnecessary expense.

SCRUTATOR.

"THE CANDIDATE."

I HEARD the people sitting near me observe that the piece is somewhat personal, and that, under a thin disguise, it deals with living individuals and well-known places. I am myself somewhat dense in perceiving allusions, and consequently am unable to say whether this is the fact. There is a Viscount Oldacre (Mr. Wyndham), who, although an ardent Conservative, has a Radical secretary (Mr. Giddens). The Viscount is much bullied by his stepmother, and has a difficulty in hitting upon excuses to account for his absence from the domestic hearth. He is invited to stand for a place called Easthampton, which, it seems, has been represented by two Radicals, named Bradley and Henry. As he wishes to go to London, he accepts the invitation, and sends his secretary to personate him at Easthampton. The secretary, on his arrival, is met by a mob, who ask him to state his principles. He forgets that he is personating another, and makes a speech so Radical that the electors become convinced that Henry is half-hearted in the Radical cause, and elect the Secretary as Bradley's colleague. This is the plot of the piece. It allows for many *quid pro quos*, and is set in the usual Criterion framework of stepmothers, pretty girls, oleaginous missionaries, &c. The first act drags a little, the second is the best, and, in the third, the *dénouement* should be a little more elaborated. The dialogue is witty and sparkling, and the funny *contretemps* of the Viscount are provocative of much laughter. Conservative and Radical sentiments are so jumbled up, that the political allusions are taken in a friendly spirit both by Conservatives and Radicals. At one speech some ardent politician hissed; but he was promptly called to order by a voice from the gallery, which observed, "Can't you

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see, silly, that it is all a joke?" Mr. Giddens acts the part of the secretary with much dry humour, and with such earnestness, that he gives an air of probability to the improbable. But why is the candidate made a Viscount? Is he an Irish Peer, or the son of a Peer? He must be the latter, for one gathers that his father is dead. Why, too, is he sometimes called Lord Lancelot and sometimes Lord Oldacre? The play is announced to be by an M.P., but his name has not been vouchsafed. I heard several guesses made as to the author; but, as Mr. Wyndham has told me who wrote it, and, at the same time, asked me not to disclose the name, I cannot well be amongst the guessers. Curiously enough, none of the guesses which reached my ears was correct.

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—He, She, and the Earl.

He was a giddy, gilded youth,
The "scion" of a new-made Earl;
And she—well, 'twas her pride, in truth,
To be an honest English girl.

They met and wooed—nay, as 'twould seem,
They met and wooed and she was won;
And so they both dreamed "love's young dream,"
The "Fairy" and the Noble's son.

The twain were happy and content;
She *was*, and he appeared, sincere,
And e'en the Earl implied assent,
But vaguely, as became a Peer.

But he could not the facts endure,
When them he further understood;
"A maiden only good and pure,
Who earns an honest livelihood!"

"Go to!" he murmured, as he mused,
In moody pride, with knitted brow.
"How can I hope to be excused,
If I, an Earl, such things allow?"

"Go to!" yet once again he said,
As he put on his robes of state,
His coronet placed on his head,
And sat in family debate;

And talked of honour and of truth,
Until his soul was deeply stirr'd;
And then allowed his precious youth
To with dishonour break his word.

They talked, too, of the title new,
Which all to strengthen should essay;
Yet all the heir proceeds to do
Is but a dastard's part to play.

How well that part he played we know;
And, struck by his ingenuous way,
Of course, we're glad he'll aid besto
In making England's laws some day.

Yes, 'tis a pleasing thought, indeed,
This high-souled, steadfast, brilliant boy,
In thwarting what the land's decreed,
Will his maturer years employ!

Meanwhile, though, we congratulate
The English girl, who now is free
From what had been so dire a fate,
Had she a Countess lived to be!
She might have wholly wrecked her life,
Had Fate not taken thus her part.
Now, she may be a happy wife,
And proud of him who wins her heart.

The "damages" change not the case;
But as, 'mongst those from whom they come,
Oft lucre in love's stead they place,
'Twere well to take the proffered sum.

It does not, though, the baseness hide,
Nor mitigate our righteous blame
Of those who stooped to save their pride,
And broke their faith to guard their fame!

NOTES FROM PARIS.

RELEASE FROM SLAVERY OF THE RING.

We have all of us been to weddings; but until within the last fortnight none of us have been to the counter-weddings, or dismarriages as they are called here. That of the Marquis de Caux was a quiet affair, got through by attorney, and without any other striking feature than the *constatation* by a mayor, girt in a tri-coloured scarf, of the divorce decree against Patti, and the marginal insertion thereof on the leaf of the register on which the proclamation of the banns of matrimony between her and the Marquis de Caux was recorded. Patti was married in Clapham, and Mario and Grisi provided the wedding déjeuner at their villa. But numerous formalities were gone through in France, so that "the charm should be firm and good." M. de Caux, if he chooses, can again commit matrimony under advantageous circumstances. A wealthy and thrice-titled English dowager would have no objection to occupy the place which Patti vacated. I know also a rich American widow who would be glad to figure in the world of fashion as Marquise de Caux. She has two encumbrances in the shape of charming daughters, who are only ambitious of returning home (by which they mean going back to the United States), and finding husbands there. But it seems that the dismarried Marquis is satisfied to remain free. The *vie de garçon* which he has led since Patti broke away from him has been that of an intelligent epicurean and sceptic.

A dismarriage may be a gay affair. Last week there was a delightful one at the Mayoralty of a Paris arrondissement and the house of the *démariée* in whose favour the divorce was granted. She asked a small and brilliant party to celebrate the event by a dinner. The worshipful magistrate, after he had gone through all the necessary formalities, made a speech in which he congratulated the lady on getting rid of the yoke which had been imposed on her before she had reached the years of discretion, and hoped he would at the end of ten months or so be able to felicitate her on re-entering the matrimonial state with a husband of her choice. The dinner was singularly gay. A divorce judge proposed the health of the dismarried hostess, who made a sparkling and neatly-turned speech in answer. She complained of the imperfections of the Naquet law, which only suffered ladies who had been liberated from fetters imposed by parents and social conventions to realise

Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street Grosvenor-square.

their dearest wishes after a delay of ten months. Another toast was proposed by the gentleman whose wife prevented the courage of M. Naquet from flagging, but whose hopes the amendments of the Senate have dashed by striking out of his bill "divorce by mutual consent." This speaker was the very incarnation, if you can fancy such a thing, of a pyrotechnic fête, and though not young, was not ashamed to avow that he had *le cœur tendre*. He was for the fullest equal rights, and was of opinion that their denial placed husbands in the cruel predicament of either being gaolers or ridiculous. He did not see why *démariage* should be a cause of hostility between the *démariés*. On the contrary, it should be a reason for *la plus douce amitié*. All he regretted was that mutuality of consent was not allowed to remain in the Divorce Bill, and that one could not, without enmity or danger, get rid of a husband or wife as one did of a garment sent home from a shop which proved a misfit.

How was the fair *démariée* and hostess dressed? She had on a tunic of *feuille morte* brocade, trimmed with satin *rose crépuscule* and guipure lace. The skirt was *en traine*, and the autumnal russet and sunset glow were repeated in the ribbons and flounces, which gave fantastic elegance to the rich garment. Tea-roses, which bloom in early summer and last until November, were arranged in a bouquet, set fair in the centre of the bust. Some very fine rubies and diamonds adorned the head and neck of the triumphant lady, whose two beautiful children came into the drawing-room after dinner with a tutor. They had not been allowed to hear the toasts. Their presence was a proof that *tous les torts* had been on the side of the ex-husband, of whom, however, there was a fine portrait in the library—and in a permanent place there. He will not be able — which his ex-wife thought a pity—to regularise the position of the woman who enabled her to obtain the divorce. Patti will be able to wed any one, except the tenor whose name has figured in the law proceedings instituted by the Marquis de Caux. The divorce obtained by Madame de Bauffremont was also accompanied by congratulatory speech-making. As the Boulevard journals are all pious as well as gay, they will not, I imagine, devote much space to the *démariages* in high society. The Pope, who admits the severance of the nuptial tie in Belgium, where it is often accomplished by good Catholics, will not hear of it in France. Perhaps it is because the subjects of King Leopold do things in a sleepy way, whereas the French can do nothing without a stir and effervescence, which has wide-reaching effects, for evil or for good. What Belgian lady, on being released from slavery of the ring, would invent a *toilette d'occasion* of autumnal russet and sunset rose, and gather round her the brightest spirits of the day to celebrate the event?

A delicate question of etiquette remains yet to be solved by divorced parties. A separated husband has always been expected to wear mourning for his mother-in-law, and to attend her funeral as one of her family. A separated wife was expected to stay three months in black and unadorned merino garments after her father-in-law died. Not to have done so would have been regarded as a proof of hardness of heart and want of *savoir vivre*. Talleyrand always wore black shirt-studs when a relative of his wife died, even though all her family resided in England and in India. She was a *divorcée*, and long went in Paris under the name of Madame Grant. As she was a beauty, had not a good memory, and gave accounts of her origin which did not tally with each other, she was reputed to be a spy of the English Government. Her want of wit should have saved her from the imputation.

You must have heard lately of Les Petites Sœurs des Pauvres. I always had a notion that nothing spoils the appearance either of man or woman (I will not say of the miss in her teens) so much as to be always thinking of it. I am certain that I am right, since I have visited the Asylum of the Avenue de Bréteuil, kept by the Little Sisters. They are obliged to support the sisterhood and over two hundred aged men and women by mendicancy. Their beggary is no sham, and their benevolence is not of the kind which delights in sensations, and ventilates itself at public meetings, where evangelical noblemen and bishops are brought together to speak. It is astonishing what an amount of beauty their mendicancy, which is not of a degrading kind, has evolved among them. To begin with, if they were not born angels, they would not have entered the sisterhood to which they belong. Their daily tasks end by rendering the outer woman worthy of the inner woman. Such a deal of heart power is thrown into the eyes of the nun who makes it her business to beg for poor old doting waifs, that in course of time sensibility appears to make them its abode. The visage learns to plead, to implore, to so move to charity as to relax the pursestrings of the avaricious. It thanks with so much eloquence that the nun is welcome to hold out her hand again. How I regretted the other day, in going through the Avenue de Bréteuil, that I had not the skill of an Ary Scheffer to transfer my impressions to canvas. There was nothing in the nuns there in common with the ascetic sisters of Port Royal, of whom Philippe de Champagne was the limner. They had all a family likeness. But, as each had put forth her special gifts in trying to squeeze alms from hard bourgeois, there was also strong individuality. Some of them were uneducated, others simple-minded, but none of them vulgar. "Ce qui passe par le cœur n'est jamais vulgaire." There must be a mine of pity in the hearts of women who devote themselves to men and women who have fallen into a state of second childhood, and are no relations of theirs. The maternal sentiment is satisfied by those nuns who apply themselves to the education of the young. But there can be no motherly feeling for the crones and toothless gammers whose mouths go as if they were perpetually munching.

The Little Sisters go about in pairs. Each pair has either a big basket or a donkey-cart. The circuits of the different couples are often changed, so that the discipline and practice shall be the same for all. Crumbs fall in abundance to them from the tables of religious schools, and from those of opulent families in the noble Faubourg. But they would not be nearly enough

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were not appeals successfully made to the dames des halles, restaurants, and other sections of the population more free-thinking than clerical. When their aged charges have had their meal, the sisters can eat, but not till then; and they are bound to partake of the dishes they have set before their pensioners, and of nothing else. They have hardly any one who is not above seventy, and nearly all their *pauvre monde* are physically helpless, so that they must be their servants, and wash, make, and mend for them. The elder of two Sisters who died was weakened by the constant use of her needle and sewing-machine, and had no strength to resist cholera. Those fashionable beauties who aspire to be lovelier than nature made them would envy the Little Sisters their eloquent eyes were they to see them. As I was in the *parloir*, a Colonel entered, who wanted to place at their disposal crumbs that fell from an officers' mess which he had organised. He was very enthusiastic about their charity, spoke with military frankness and *brusquerie*, and showed in his talk that he remembered well his Catechism. A Little Sister—and what a pearl of loveliness, to be sure, she was—nearly sunk to the ground under the weight of his compliments. She tried to silence him by telling him that it would be sinful to listen to anything which would stimulate vanity. "You couldn't sin!" he cried; "and if you did, God would be too happy to forgive you. I know this, because we are made in His image, as the Catechism tells us; and I also know what I should do were a sinner like you up before me to be tried." "De grâce, de grâce, M. le Colonel." "God likes the truth, my sister, and I now tell no lie. He transfigures most people when they go to heaven; but He won't change you. He is too great an artist not to see that in your case there is no alteration to be made. *Le mieux* would be *l'ennemi du bien.*" The compliment was as merited as it was sincere. There was naturally a touch of gallantry in the Colonel's manner, but it was half-swamped by a feeling of veneration.

SPORTING NOTES.

THERE has been a good deal of betting on the Derby since the Houghton Meeting—a good deal, that is to say, as compared with recent seasons; but the whole amount of speculation during the last month has not been equal to that of a single week thirteen or fourteen years ago. I do not wonder that the bookmakers should be anxious to resuscitate winter betting on the Derby, for of late they have always had a great deal the best of the business; and, indeed, Iroquois, Shotover, and St. Blaise were never seriously mentioned in their respective years till after the Craven Meeting, and St. Gatien was a "rank" outsider during the winter and early spring. The favourite for next year is Paradox, by Sterling—Casuistry; but why this colt should stand at a shorter price than Melton, I fail entirely to understand. Paradox ran very "green" in the Middle Park Plate, and was never fairly in the race till they got into the Abingdon Bottom; but he was better up to his work when he started for the Dewhurst Plate, a fortnight later, and Porter had sharpened him up with several strong gallops in the interval. He won in a canter, but people who now declare that he is certain to win the Two Thousand and Derby must surely forget that Cora, who was second, was giving him 7 lb., and that Xaintrailles, who was third, was giving 4 lb., and what is still more to the purpose, that Cora was coughing, and that Xaintrailles seemed "all to pieces." I should say that prudent people will entirely ignore his form in this race when making their calculations for next year. Cora is not engaged in either Two Thousand or Derby, but is in the fillies' races, and if she "trains on" the One Thousand certainly looks a good thing for her. The Kingsclere stable has both Luminary and Paradox in Two Thousand and Derby; and in the Newmarket race I apprehend that Xaintrailles will be their most formidable opponent, while the entry will include Child of the Mist, Langwell, St. Helena, St. Honorat, and Risingham. People who fancy Xaintrailles for the Derby would do well not to forget that he is engaged in the Prix du Jockey Club (French Derby), which is run at Chantilly on the Sunday before the Epsom meeting, and his chance for the Derby would be seemingly prejudiced if he were started for that stake. Melton, by Master Kildare—Violet Melrose, represents, in my opinion, the best form of this year. Paradox may not have shown his true form in the Middle Park Plate, and Xaintrailles may not have been quite up to the mark, while it is certain that Cora's chance was pretty well extinguished by her being nearly knocked down just as they were starting; but, even after allowing for all excuses, it was a fine performance to win this race cleverly when carrying the full penalty, and Melton's subsequent form in the Criterion showed that his Middle Park victory was no fluke, for, although it is true that on the last occasion of his running he beat nothing very smart, yet he could not do more than walk away from the field. Melton is not an easy horse to train, but he is in the best possible hands, as everything that patience and skill can do for him is certain to be done. If he goes on well, people who back him at 11 to 1 must have the best of it, as he is not likely to start before the Derby, his only spring engagement being the Payne Stakes at the Second Newmarket Meeting, so he is sure to become a great public fancy. But superstitious people are not likely to support Lord Hastings's horse, as the winner of the Middle Park Plate has never yet succeeded in securing the Derby, although on so many occasions the great race has seemed a certainty, as in the cases of The Rake and Chamant, both of whom came to grief just before Epsom, while Peter and Macheath were disqualified by the death of their respective owners. Melton may, however, prove the exception to this rule. Luminary was recklessly over-raced in the summer, and it is just as likely as not that he may never recover his pristine excellence, so that nobody ought to think of backing him for the next five months. It is unfortunate that Mr. Gretton should not have entered the colt by Nuneham—Rebecca in any of the great races. His

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only engagement next season is the Breeders' Foal Stakes at the Kempton Park August Meeting. Domino, Necromancer, and King Monmouth were also omitted from all the "classic" stakes. Kingwood stands at the same price as Luminary in the betting; but although his form was very creditable, yet I cannot see how he can have a chance for the Derby while the three favourites are still to the fore. Sir George Chetwynd will, no doubt, run Kingwood for the Payne Stakes, as, in the probable absence of Melton, he would have only Massingham, Lonely, Eurasian, and Langwell to beat; but the "dark" contingent might furnish a formidable opponent in St. Honorat, who would have 8 lb. the best of the weights, unless, of course, he had previously won the Two Thousand. Dame Agnes, who has been quietly backed for the Derby to win more money than anything except the favourite, is unquestionably a very smart filly, and the Craven Stakes will be an exciting race if she and Cora both run. People who are now tumbling over each other's heels to take 7 to 1 about Paradox for the Derby, can only be backing him in full confidence that he will win the Two Thousand, but, even allowing for a victory in that race, it does not follow that he would become a flaming favourite for the Derby, as there would be Melton, Kingwood, and Dame Agnes still to be got rid of.

"High Toryism" is one of the articles of the simple creed of the *Sporting Times*, but although the Editor is no doubt a fine judge of "old port," I suspect it would considerably puzzle him to define precisely what he means by "High Toryism"—a shibboleth, which, as a matter of fact, expired without a struggle in 1867, after having languished in a doleful fashion since it received its death-blow in 1829. In the Hammond-Wood business, however, the *Sporting Times* has exhibited a wilful blindness and a limpet-like pertinacity quite worthy of Lord Eldon, the Duke of Newcastle, and our late revered Monarch, George III., three personages who may be selected as types of "High" Tories. The view of this affair taken by the editor has been supported by quibbling and twaddling arguments, and it would be paying them an extravagant compliment if one described them as sophistical. Last week the *Sporting Times* ridiculed Sir George Chetwynd for "the bold manner in which he penetrated into the bosoms of men, and then tells to the world their innermost secrets." Certainly, it would have been more in accordance with the fitness of things if Hammond or Wood had promptly written to contradict the £1,000 story, but Sir George Chetwynd's letter struck me as being particularly satisfactory, because, practically, it signified that he—a prominent member and ex-Steward of the Jockey Club—guaranteed that there was no foundation whatever for the allegation in question, and the Editor of the *Sporting Times* "provokes a smile" when he treats this letter with derision and contempt, for it is incredible that Sir George would make himself responsible for Wood without having carefully investigated the case. When the Editor of the *Sporting Times* shrugs his shoulders at the absurdity of Sir George Chetwynd "penetrating into the bosoms of men," he forgets that people would like to know how *he* was able to discover the "innermost secrets" of Hammond and Wood, if the imaginary transfer of £1,000 from the one to the other was a transaction to be buried in profound mystery. Certain it is that but for the statement in his paper of Oct. 25, nothing would ever have been heard of the matter; and it may not be amiss to inquire how he was led into so serious a blunder. The rigmarole in last Saturday's *Sporting Times* appears to mean, when construed into plain English, that Sir George has been imposed upon by the person who inspired his contradiction. I quite agree with the view of the *Sporting Times*, that Sir George's interpretation of Rule 49 is a strained one, or, as the Editor plainly puts it, "nonsense." It is necessary, in order to be in a position to impute fraud, to show that the money paid under such circumstances (*i.e.*, in any similar case) was given "corruptly," and how this ever could be proved it is difficult to conjecture, as only donor and recipient are likely to be cognisant of such an equivocal transaction. It reminds one of the story of the row between Lord Thurlow and Sir John Scott (Lord Eldon) after the marriage of the Duke of Sussex with Lady Augusta Murray, when it appeared that no prosecution of the parties concerned could take place, because the Royal Marriage Act made all persons present at a marriage guilty of felony; and as nobody could prove a marriage except a person present at it, there never could be any prosecution, because nobody present could be compelled to be a witness.

The state of the Turf is in many respects profoundly unsatisfactory, and it certainly would not be improved if it were to be understood that the owner of the winner of a great race merits nothing but praise for presenting a large sum to a crack jockey who had ridden a beaten favourite. If the Editor of the *Sporting Times* happened to be concerned in legal proceedings in which he expected to be successful, and if the issue were adverse, he would not be exactly delighted if he subsequently heard that his attorney had received a "gratification" from the successful opponent. The present might be "honestly given" and "honestly accepted," but, nevertheless, I think that it would not be a discovery of unalloyed pleasure even for Parson Adams or any other ingenuous Arcadian. I hope that the Stewards of the Jockey Club will issue some kind of general caution on the subject of presents to jockeys.

Warwick and Manchester must have proved a Moscow expedition to the majority of backers. The fields were enormous at both meetings, and at Warwick there were eighteen, fifteen, and twelve runners respectively for the paltry selling plates, which at Newmarket a month ago would have failed to fill. The "good things" were all ruthlessly upset, and horses which won when unbacked would be nowhere next day when trusted with thousands; the fact being that the fields were so large that, what with the chances of the start and the catastrophes of the race, it was foolish and absurd to attach any importance to the running. At Warwick, Greenwich won the Grendon Nursery on Tuesday from a field of seventeen, starting at 20 to 1. After this form he looked like winning the Studley Nursery on Wednesday, and he was favourite; but he did not get off as well as on the previous day, and could only get

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second to Miss Sheppard filly, who was merely backed for a trifle. The principal T.Y.C. handicap at Manchester was won by Dalmeny, who had not a 1,000 to 1 chance on public form. He was not backed for sixpence by his party, as not only had he run badly at Newmarket, but he had since been beaten off in a trial with Stockholm, in which, however, he was running out of his distance. There were no fewer than twenty-four runners for the principal Nursery, and Bird o' Freedom, who had been specially "kept" for the race, and who was backed for thousands, was "just" beaten by Oriental Girl, who was almost as good as favourite. The particularly "sharp" people "coupled" Bird o' Freedom with Broxbourne, who was supposed to be one of Charles Archer's "pots." Amalfi was plunged on for the De Trafford Handicap, but he was never in it; and, to the amazement of all and the consternation of his friends, the race was won by Brocken, on whom a small fortune has been lost this year, while here he "ran loose," like Dalmeny. Sweetbread was favourite for the Mile Cup, and Energy was well backed, but, I should think, only by the anserous, for it is difficult to understand how any rational being can now believe in him over this distance, and "Mr. Manton" is blundering grievously in persisting in running him out of his course. Corunna won cleverly, and I was glad of his success, as it is high time for Lord Hartington's unlucky colours to get a turn. I hope next year they will be to the fore in more important stakes. Prestonpans reappeared in the race, after an eighteen months' retirement, but I should think that his day had gone by, though, no doubt, the gullish herd will be ready to back him for next year's City and Suburban just as eagerly as they backed him for several handicaps during the past season. When writing last week of the Manchester Handicap I expressed the opinion that Keir was the pick of the lot. He won cleverly on Saturday, and started a better favourite than Corrie Roy did last year. I have always felt certain that Keir would win a good handicap before the season was over, and I stated my conviction on the subject several weeks ago, when referring to the sale of "Mr. Manton's" stud, when, it may be remembered, Keir was reserved at 1,000 gs. He had been carefully prepared for this race, and was thoroughly fit, for the first time this year. The confidence of his owner was strengthened by the fact that he had given satisfaction in a rough gallop with Thebais. Stockholm ran badly, and is probably stale; and Chislehurst was nowhere; he must be a very moderate horse. Highland Chief has apparently lost his form, and Quicklime has woefully deteriorated since the City and Suburban. Beauchamp ran a wretch, but will win a handicap some day when John Osborne is on his back. He is not to be sold with the rest of Mr. Jardine's racehorses next Monday. Sir Reuben again disappointed his friends. A *coup* had been intended with Blue Grass, who ran well. This horse has lost "the talent" many thousands during the last eight months.

THE SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND, the oldest of the Scottish Life Assurance Offices. Accumulated Funds, £8,500,000 (the largest of any Life Assurance Institution in the kingdom). SPECIAL NOTICE. Persons effecting participating Assurances before 31st December, 1884, on which one annual premium is paid will rank at next Division of Profits for a full year's Bonus over later entrants.

MAMMON.

EGYPT.

GOVERNMENT bases its hopes that the Great Powers will not turn a deaf ear to the proposals which are now submitted to them, upon two grounds:—1. That Prince Bismarck has of late shown himself better disposed to us than heretofore. 2. That France is so occupied in China that she will not wish to meddle in Egypt. Neither, however, can be greatly depended on. Bismarck being a German Minister, his main object is to prevent, on his Eastern frontier, Austria and Russia being too warm friends; and to pursue, on his Western frontier, the same policy with regard to us and France. He consequently alternately pats each of us on the back. As to France, I greatly doubt whether the fact that things are not going smoothly with her in China will lead her to leave us masters in Egypt. The proposals are, I believe, in the main identical with those made by us during the Congress. Lord Northbrook was sent to Egypt to report on facts, and not to elaborate theories. His plan for making two ends meet, by our assuming the financial obligation of bringing them together, would never have commanded assent, and is entirely put aside. Our contribution towards an equilibrium is, and remains, a promise to guarantee the new loan, provided it and its interest be made a preferential charge. There is no intention of pledging ourselves to remain in Egypt for any specified period as a *quid pro quo* for the bondholders giving up a portion of their interest. They will have to give it up, because the means to pay them in full do not exist. Mr. Gladstone's objection to our permanently remaining there is derived from the conviction that this would involve us in a sea of troubles, and weaken rather than strengthen the Empire. The sooner the bondholders bring their minds to realise that they have no friends in England, and that foreign Governments are merely using them as a plea for annoying us, the better it will be for them. No country is likely to go to war in order that these Shylocks may obtain their pound of flesh. Should the Powers decline our proposals, it is probable that our evacuation will be more speedy than it would otherwise have been.

THE PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.

The following letter from a correspondent at Derby is one of several communications which I have received with reference to the doings of this Association:—

> As a regular reader of your paper, I should be glad if you would kindly put the enclosed prospectus in your furnace and apply tests, and inform me if they result in bringing forth genuine gold—or, in other words, if the thing is a safe and honourable investment for the hard-earned cash of some steady men I know. I thought there was no Rt. Hon. Lord Byron, and Baron Profumo smells rather.

For the benefit of my readers who have not yet heard of this Provident Association, I may state that its name has recently been changed from the "Provident Association of England" to the above title, ostensibly to comply with some legal formality said to secure Lord Byron as a trustee. My correspondent is wrong in his surmise as to the non-existence of this nobleman, who is a young man of twenty-nine summers, with evidently more of

OPTIONS.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. JOHN ABBOTT & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C.

a turn for finance than for poetry. The Association professes to achieve its objects of "providing a safe and profitable employment of capital and small sums, and of enabling its members to acquire property, chiefly house property, to purchase their own house, and to provide for their children or families," by the means of bonds securing to the holder the amount of his bond at the end of a specified time, or earlier, upon the number of the bond being drawn in the ballot. The basis of the operations of the Company is curiously stated as "the cumulative power of compound interest," which is illustrated in the pamphlets distributed by the calculation of the late Mr. Francis Bailey of what would be realised on one penny invested at 5 per cent. compound interest at the birth of Christ. At the first annual meeting of the Association held on Sept. 3, the chairman, Baron Joseph Profumo, stated that during the four months since the Company had been registered, they had issued 1,755 bonds, or, in other words, opened 1,755 accounts with new members, representing a subscribed bond capital of £165,825, and equivalent, at the same rate of progress, to a grand total of nearly half-a-million sterling. Now, from an investigation which my excellent contemporary, the *Statist*, has made, it appears that on Sept. 17 the paid-up capital of the concern was only £2,465, represented by 483 shares, held by 167 persons in humble life. The Company has, moreover changed its name repeatedly—from the Landed Property Investment Company in 1877, to the National Provident Association in 1878, and the Provident Association of England in 1879. The paid-up capital of all these undertakings was very small, and the number of shareholders did not exceed thirteen in any case, while of the original subscribers and shareholders of the concern not any remain in the new Company but one, viz., Baron Profumo. The directors are Sir Francis Charles Knowles, Bart., Sir William Crosbie, Bart., Sir Richard Gethin, Bart., Viscount Hinton, Chevalier Maggiolini, and Baron Profumo (managing director), the three former of whom were directors of a series of very disastrous mining concerns started a few years back, and now nearly all defunct. I should like to know how the Association's funds are invested, what is their amount at present, and how they can realise compound interest if they are to confer such immediate benefits on the members as stated in the prospectus? I should also like to know what proportion of the compound interest is absorbed by directors' fees and agents' commission. I know nothing of Baron Profumo; but the repeated changes of the name of the undertaking are, to say the least of it, peculiar, and by no means indicate past success. In the absence of further information, I should certainly steer clear of the concern, notwithstanding compound interest and the ballot.

REFORMS IN AMERICAN RAILROAD MANAGEMENT.

Mr. Simon Sterne, of New York, has recently contributed some interesting letters to "*Bradstreet's*," suggesting reforms in American railroad management, which are of special value from the fact that he successfully conducted, on behalf of the Chamber of Commerce and the Board of Trade and Transportation of New York, the Railroad Investigation in the years 1879 and 1880. In order to cure the main evil—that of secrecy of direction, and the irresponsibility arising from it—Mr. Sterne suggests that American Railroad Companies desiring to list their securities on the London Stock Exchange, should be compelled to give full and elaborate reports on the condition, capitalisation, traffic, &c., of the roads, signed by their officers, who should be held criminally liable in case of need. He also considers a uniform system of keeping railway accounts as indispensable, so that no jugglery could be introduced into the book-keeping. A second reform recommended by the writer is the adoption, on the part of American Railways, of minority representation on the Board of Companies, a measure the execution of which, on the lines laid down by Mr. Sterne, appears to me to offer considerable difficulties. Mr. Sterne also refers to the mischief of the voting power not being in the hands of the real stockholders, but of large firms, in whose name the stock stands on the books of the Company. This has, however, to some extent been remedied by the legislation of New York in 1880, when a Bill was passed to prevent voting on shares or stock in railroad corporations by parties not the owners thereof. The Bill, however, refers to only one State, and, as I have on a former occasion contended, it is necessary that a system of registration of stock owned by British investors should be introduced, so as to prevent American rogues and adventurers from obtaining the control of the roads. Mr. Sterne hopes for the introduction of these reforms from the proposed Association for the Protection of English Interests in American Securities, the English committee of which ought, in his opinion, to be supplemented by an American Board of gentlemen of high standing, disconnected entirely from the manufacture and distribution of railway securities. Unfortunately, there is every reason to fear that several of the members of the English committee are such interested parties, and I am therefore by no means sanguine as to the results of its labours.

On the other hand, the more permanent difficulties to which Mr. Sterne draws attention, viz., the want of men up to European requirements for the position of chiefs of railway systems, the want of a higher standard of commercial honesty, and the unlimited power of construction of railways in the United States, are so deeply rooted, that he must be a sanguine man who will expect immediate reforms in this direction, even if the English shareholders' committee comes up to the mark. The first want, that of men intellectually and morally fully equipped to manage the large railroad systems, may in time be supplied. As regards the second point, Mr. Sterne remarks that dishonesty in the States does not produce the same disastrous results for the offender as in the older countries, and that, if a man defrauds another of, say, 50,000 dols., the latter soon discovers that he can devote his time better to making another 50,000 dols., than in running after his lost ones, and so drops the chase. The impunity with which great jobberies and robberies are committed in the States is certainly one of the worst evils, and one which should be

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sufficient for ever to deter the British investor, who has not the opportunities of recouping his losses so easily as his American cousin, from embarking his money in American Railroads. Mr. Sterne's hints, valuable as they are, do not provide much comfort for the unfortunate British investor in American Railroads.

TOUTING BY PRIVATE CIRCULAR.

The activity of that generally impudent swindler, the tout by private circular, is on the increase, judging from the numerous letters I receive complaining of the nuisance. I am told that the breakfast-tables of country parsons and other guileless victims of these enterprising gentry are strewn with these missives, and the fact that so many thousands are spent in postage and stationery tells the mournful tale that, after all the bitter experiences of late years, the British public still allows itself to be gulled. It is true, the devices of the brotherhood are of the most artful description. Who would, for instance, suspect of connivance with the gang the writer of a letter hailing from an obscure street in the suburbs of London, who states that, having had the offer of a good appointment abroad, and being anxious to secure it, he is compelled to realise some security at a price which "his brokers tell him, is a bargain to any one"? Yet there is little doubt but that he belongs to the set who seek to foist the worthless Westminster Improvement Commission Bonds upon the public. Among those actively engaged in the fray are Holdich Brothers & Co., of 42, Old Broad-street, London, E.C., who offer these bonds as "a grand purchase, not for to-day's profit, but for a fortune in the future." Then there is that generous benefactor of the investing public, Mr. Herbert Harrison, stock and share broker, of 18, Telegraph-street, E.C., who offers a few of these precious bonds, which he considers equal to a present value of £1,250, at £100 each. "The present demand for this security cannot," according to Mr. Harrison, "be supplied except from a few private sources, to which, by his perseverance, he has gained access." He recommends them "as a foundation for the fortune of children or a provision for the wants of age." This gentleman affects the emotional style, and his circulars are most heartrending contributions to financial literature. After expressing his hopes that the investing public would again place "their enormous savings of last dividends" in the securities to which he so especially "referred in his last," Mr. Harrison continues :—

> But no—no response comes from the pens of the laggards, who, I fear, are losing their present sudden opportunity and chance of augmenting their incomes and profits by their forgetfulness of the coming future for a present few weeks of pleasure and recreation. Many, many of you, my clients, must have large sums of money free from late profits still uninvested, to you one and all I repeat do not wait too long, and then have to rush in at inflated prices. Invest all your savings, and at once, in some of the few securities which I will now put before you, and all of which are, in my firm opinion, certain of still further enhancing your present incomes, and of late large profits.

Considering that the securities so warmly recommended are, besides Westminster Bonds, chiefly worthless mining shares, amongst which the Victoria Gold and Balkis prominently figure, not to forget the Horse Shoe and Nails Company, it will be apparent that Mr. Harrison's enthusiasm is of a very suspicious kind. Other investments puffed at this moment by the fraternity are the shares of the Self-propelling Motor Syndicate, to which extremely doubtful concern I drew attention on July 17. A correspondent sends me a circular from Arthur Cunningham & Co., of 37, Walbrook, who, "in consequence of the decease of a holder of a large number of shares in this Syndicate," have an opportunity of offering these shares at £5. 5s. for each fully-paid £5 share, for "the capital of the undertaking is so firmly held, that it would be impossible but for this opportunity to obtain any shares in it except at a high premium." This "decease of a large holder" is, however, a very old dodge. Mr. Geo. Budge, mining share dealer, of 9, Gracechurch-street, devotes a special circular to the reconstructed "Ecton Company." That gentleman holds forth as follows :—

> I am a servant of the public, and am in constant communication with capitalists of every class. I have been established in the City of London for over thirty years, and before that time I acquired considerable practical experience in the mining districts. I am, therefore, entitled to speak confidently upon all matters relating to the investment of capital in Stock Exchange securities. It is my *special business* to tell investors what to buy and what to avoid, to advise them how they can make money, and the right time to do it. . . . . The present price of the shares (remembering their wonderful prospects) is absolutely ridiculous, and if it were not for the prevailing misapprehension about some departments of the Stock Exchange, and the somewhat uncertain political situation, these shares would even now be £10 each, and the public eager buyers at the price.

As if the reason for the tardiness of the Stock Exchange in taking up these shares were not the fact that the prospects of the Company are as yet very much *en l'air*. Is it necessary to point out that all these assertions about certain fortunes and special opportunities for obtaining shares are only so many tricks by which certain men of the Budge stamp seek to entrap the unwary?

QUEER STORIES.

PERSONAL TO MR. GIMBLETT.

MR. GIMBLETT, the ex-detective, was seated one morning in his dingy little office over the furniture shop in the Waterloo-bridge-road, when his clerk brought in word that "a young person" wished to see him.

"Who is she?" inquired Mr. Gimblett.

"She says she will tell you her name herself. She has never been here before," said the clerk.

"Begging?" suggested Mr. Gimblett.

"I think not. She doesn't look that sort, and her manner is overbearing," was the reply.

"A *young* person, did you say?" remarked Mr. Gimblett.

"Yes, sir; young, and not bad-looking neither," said the clerk, who perhaps knew his chief's little weaknesses.

"I suppose you had better show her in," remarked Mr. Gimblett, with an air of supreme indifference. Nevertheless, when his clerk's back was turned, he ran his fingers through his hair, settled his cravat, and deftly rearranged the flowers in his button-hole.

The "young person" did not belie the clerk's favourable description—at least, in Mr. Gimblett's humble opinion.

PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS.—Our circular for November, now ready, contains particulars of several selections, paying from Five to Ten per Cent., in the safest and best paying class of securities, viz.:—Trust, Mortgage, and Investment Companies.—ABBOTT PAGE & Co., Stockbrokers, 42, Poultry, London, E.C.

Vanity Fair says:—"Mr. Benjamin is still the PRINCE OF ULSTER AND STALKING-COAT MAKERS." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

She was young, tall, had a good figure, and a pretty face. But what chiefly impressed Mr. Gimblett was the keen and penetrating glance of her dark eyes and the firmness of her mouth and chin. He instinctively guessed that he had before him a girl of unusual shrewdness and energy of character, while her calm self-possession testified to the strength of her nerves. She was very quietly yet becomingly dressed, and there was no attempt to disguise her station in life, which was evidently that of a superior sort of domestic servant.

"Pray be seated," said Mr. Gimblett, as she entered.

"You are Mr. Gimblett, I suppose?" said the visitor, taking possession of a chair, and drawing it up to the table. "My name is Martha Chale. My father used to be in the force with you."

"Oh, yes; I recollect," said Mr. Gimblett, slightly disappointed at this prelude, though he scarce knew why. "I knew your father very well. He was killed in that affair over Balham way. Very sad! very sad!"

"I didn't come to talk about my father," continued Martha Chale, in a cool, matter-of-fact tone. "He has been dead ten years and more. I only mentioned him as a sort of introduction."

"I understand," said Mr. Gimblett, surprised and amused at his visitor's tone and manner.

"I want to engage your services in a business way, and I'm quite ready to pay you," said Martha, producing an apparently well-filled purse, and placing it upon the table. "I'm not one of your extravagant sort, but I'm not mean neither. I know how to save, but I don't grudge spending."

"Excellent!" exclaimed Mr. Gimblett, with involuntary admiration.

"The fact is, I'm being watched by the police, and it's unpleasant," said Martha, abruptly.

"Naturally," acquiesced Mr. Gimblett.

"I've lost my situation for nothing, and now my footsteps are dogged night and day. I don't like it, and mother don't like it neither, and, what is more, I ain't going to stand it."

Martha Chale spoke with considerable asperity and vigour, and Mr. Gimblett could not help perceiving that the young woman was blessed with a temper of her own. Yet the ex-detective thought the flash of her eyes and the quick rush of colour to her cheeks became her wonderfully, while he rather admired, than otherwise, the decision of her tones.

"Quite right," he said benignly; "what is it all about?"

"Well, it is this: I've been living as upper housemaid for the last two years with Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer, of Park-crescent."

"One moment—Mortimer, Park-crescent," said Mr. Gimblett, as he made a note upon his blotting-pad.

"There has been a robbery there lately; some of Mrs. Mortimer's jewellery was stolen from a safe."

"Burglars?" inquired Mr. Gimblett.

"I know nothing about it," said Martha Chale, shrugging her shoulders. "The safe was opened by some one with a key, and the things abstracted. Nobody knows when it was done, except that the things were all right within a few days before the loss was discovered. That is the whole story. I was sent away."

"And none of the other servants?"

"No. Oh! I know why I was singled out. Mrs. Mortimer is mortal jealous of her husband, and she must needs take it into her head——"

"Pretty young women are dangerous in a house," interposed Mr. Gimblett, jocosely.

But from the manner in which this complimentary speech was received, the ex-detective judged that he had better not have uttered it. Martha Chale paused and fixed her dark eyes upon him with an expression of contemptuous astonishment. For once in his life Mr. Gimblett felt disconcerted, and became suddenly conscious of the fact that his hair was grey.

"I boxed his ears once for trying to bar the passage on the staircase, I know that," said Martha, impressively. "Missis hadn't no call to be jealous of me."

Mr. Gimblett did not trust himself to comment upon this remark, and his visitor proceeded.

"I suppose Mrs. Mortimer set the police on to me. Any way, I'm watched night and day, and I've had enough of it."

"I don't see what I can do for you," said Mr. Gimblett.

"You haven't heard yet," said the young woman, catching him up quickly. "Wait till I tell you."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Gimblett, mildly.

"I don't wish anybody any harm, but I want to protect myself. That is the reason I come to you instead of communicating what I know to the police."

"You said you didn't know anything about the robbery," said Mr. Gimblett, quickly.

"I meant, of course, that I had nothing to do with it myself. But I know who did it," rejoined Martha, sharply.

"Oh! I see. Pardon me."

Mollified by Mr. Gimblett's hasty apology, the young woman proceeded to reveal what she knew in her terse, matter-of-fact language, which her companion listened to with increasing respect.

"I daresay you are right," said Mr. Gimblett, when she had concluded her recital. "But it sounds strange. What sort of man is Mr. Mortimer?"

"He is younger than his wife. Married her for money, and gets precious little of it," was the significant answer.

"If you are right—of course, you are not *absolutely* sure," said Mr. Gimblett, quite humbly—"I have no doubt I can manage matters so that you won't be annoyed any longer."

"That is all I want. Mind you don't carry the matter any further," said Martha, rising from her chair. "If you won't take any money from me," she added, "I won't press it on you, because I daresay you will make him pay your expenses."

If Mr. Gimblett had required any further proof of his visitor's shrewdness, the last remark would have furnished it. As he rose to open the door for her he was seized with a sort of sudden nervousness which he had never before experienced. He took her hand in his with the deliberate intention of giving it a fatherly squeeze indicative of admiration, but upon meeting her gaze he abandoned his subtle design, while a faint tinge of colour came to his face. It was not until he had been alone for nearly five minutes that he completely recovered his equanimity, and then he felt unaccountably ashamed of himself.

However, his self-esteem survived the shock, and half-an-hour later he sallied forth with his usual calm and confident air and manner, to make a few inquiries on his own account about Martha Chale and her story. The latter, as far as regarded the robbery, he found perfectly correct, nor did there seem any reason to doubt that the girl was perfectly innocent of the affair. The police were watching her, it is true, but this was chiefly owing to the instructions of Mrs. Mortimer, and not because they had grounds for suspecting her. As a matter of fact, the jewels had been taken in a manner which left absolutely no clue to the perpetrators of the theft. For his personal satisfaction, Mr. Gimblett ascertained that Martha Chale bore an excellent character, and when out of a situation lived with her mother, a respectable woman, who had brought up a large family by her own exertions.

Fortified by these details, Mr. Gimblett resolved to have an interview with Mr. Mortimer without delay, for his sudden interest in Martha Chale prompted him to lose no time in earning her gratitude. He therefore took an early opportunity to pay Mr. Mortimer a visit at his club, thinking he was more likely to be able to see him alone there than at his own house. Mr. Mortimer looked a good deal surprised upon the detective's being ushered into the strangers' room at the Blenheim. He received him, however, civilly enough.

"Your card informs me that you are a detective officer," said Mr. Mortimer, who was a florid, overdressed, rather handsome man of forty, with a shifty glance and a weak chin.

"An *ex*-detective, sir, to be precise. I thought," added Mr. Gimblett, lowering his voice to a confidential whisper, "you would sooner I called upon you here than at your own house."

"It all depends on what you have come about," said Mr. Mortimer, with an uneasy laugh.

"It's in connection with the alleged robbery of jewels at your house," said Mr. Gimblett, with startling abruptness, looking him straight in the face.

Mr. Mortimer dropped his eyes to the carpet before the detective's gaze, either from sudden nervousness or from constitutional inability to meet a direct glance. He put his hands in his trouser pockets, and looking at the toes of his boots, merely nodded.

"The fact is, there is a young person who used to be in your service who seems to be unjustly suspected by the police—or by somebody," said Mr. Gimblett, in his most incisive tones. "She is being watched and inconvenienced, though she isn't the guilty party."

"You mean the girl Martha—Martha Chale, I suppose," hastily added Mr. Mortimer. "Well, I don't suspect her. My wife sent her away. I think it was devilish hard lines!"

"So it is. In fact it's persecution, and must be put a stop to."

"It isn't my fault," said Mr. Mortimer, sulkily. "I can't do anything in the matter."

"You will have to, sir, or else——"

"Or else what, sir? What the deuce do you mean?" cried Mr. Mortimer, blazing up.

"Well, sir, Miss Chale don't bear you any malice, but she does happen to recollect your starting off on a journey with a small valise on the evening of the 7th of July," said Mr. Gimblett, significantly. "It *might* be desirable to investigate that little trip. You were supposed to have gone to Birmingham on business, but——"

The ex-detective's remarks were interrupted by Mr. Mortimer suddenly turning round and making a tremendous rattling in the empty grate with the poker, apparently oblivious of the fact that there was no fire. But ere he effected this transparent manœuvre, Mr. Gimblett had remarked the guilty glow which had suffused his brow.

"It wouldn't do, of course, for Mrs. Mortimer to suspect," resumed Mr. Gimblett, quietly, as soon as he could make himself heard again.

"No, no. Come, out with it. Let us have no beating about the bush. What is it you want?" inquired Mr. Mortimer, dropping the poker, and fidgeting about the mantelshelf.

"Only a letter to the police-inspector, that I can deliver," said Mr. Gimblett, readily. "Nothing more than that."

Mr. Mortimer hurriedly seated himself at the nearest table, and took up a pen.

"What shall I say?" he inquired.

"Only that you have reason to know that Martha Chale is innocent of the robbery, and request that the police will cease to annoy her," said Mr. Gimblett, glibly.

"Reason to *believe*—not know," said Mr. Mortimer, commencing to write.

"*Know*," repeated Mr. Gimblett, emphatically.

"D——n it, then, have it your own way," exclaimed Mr. Mortimer, as he rapidly dashed off the note. "What shall I say, though, to the police, if they ask me what I mean?" he added, looking up.

"They won't, sir. I'll manage that," said Mr. Gimblett.

"And my wife needn't know anything about this, I suppose?" he continued.

"Which, sir? Oh! you mean the note to the police. No, sir; certainly not," said Mr. Gimblett.

"Very well. There you are then," said Mr. Mortimer, flinging the sheet of paper across the table.

"It's rather a delicate job, sir; may require a little oiling," said Mr. Gimblett, coughing behind his hand.

"How much?" demanded Mr. Mortimer, after an uneasy pause.

"Well, perhaps—perhaps a tenner."

Mr. Mortimer's only answer was to hand Mr. Gimblett a bank-note rather tremulously, and with this the interview ended. Mr. Gimblett bowed politely and took up his hat, while Mr. Mortimer opened the door to him, looking particularly sheepish and crestfallen.

Mr. Gimblett chuckled to himself when he got outside, and proceeded in the direction of Scotland-yard, having first securely stowed away the ten-pound note. Whether the "oiling" process extended beyond Mr. Gimblett himself is by no means clear. Suffice it to say that five minutes' chat with the inspector having charge of Mr. Mortimer's case, the production of the letter, and a few nudges and winks exchanged over a friendly glass seemed all that was necessary to show how the land lay. From that day forward Martha Chale ceased to be a suspected person, even as a matter of form, and the mystery of

the robbery was considered to be solved in a manner not altogether uncommon.

Mr. Gimblett was gallant enough to pay Martha Chale a visit at her mother's humble abode to report what he had done, and received the young woman's thanks, which were tendered without the least enthusiasm, rather to his disappointment. The ex-detective evinced an inclination to follow up the acquaintance thus auspiciously commenced, and ventured to call a second time when he happened to be passing soon afterwards. But on the latter occasion Martha's manner was so abrupt and inhospitable that he did not care to repeat the experiment, though he was surprised how very mildly he resented her treatment of him.

Shortly after this, Mr. Gimblett had to go over to Paris on business. "Missing persons traced" was one of the announcements upon his professional prospectus, and this branch afforded him plenty of employment. The supposed elopement of a publican's wife with a sprightly grocer's assistant was the cause of his visit to the French capital on this occasion, and in course of his inquiries in connection with this thrilling case, he picked up a little piece of information which recalled Martha Chale vividly to his recollection. Perhaps, if the truth were known, her image suggested itself to his imagination rather frequently; for there is no denying that for the first time in his life Mr. Gimblett found the gaieties of Paris decidedly depressing, and was constantly detecting fancied resemblances between casual passers-by and a certain young woman who had impressed him so much with her cleverness. But the trifling discovery he made in Paris suggested an uncomfortable suspicion as to whether Martha Chale's cleverness had not been rather too much for him. In other words, he began to have a disquieting idea that the young woman had made a cats-paw of him; and, what was worse, he learnt to doubt whether she was really as innocent of the disappearance of Mrs. Mortimer's jewels as she had pretended. Upon his return to England Mr. Gimblett made some inquiries which resulted in his paying Miss Martha another visit in a frame of mind which wavered between furious indignation and bitter disappointment. His perturbation was increased by a strange longing that he might after all have wronged her, and this charitable sentiment came uppermost when he met her face to face.

"Miss Chale," he said, as soon as he got an opportunity of speaking to her alone, "you remember the story you told me about Mr. Mortimer?"

"Yes; I do," was her calm reply.

"You declared you had seen in the valise he took away with him the jewels that were supposed to be stolen," proceeded Mr. Gimblett.

"I know I did; but it wasn't true," returned Martha, returning Mr. Gimblett's gaze almost defiantly.

"I know it wasn't true," retorted the ex-detective, unable to conceal his resentment. "I have discovered the mystery about Mr. Mortimer's little trip. I have had an interview with the lady."

"You seem to have taken a good deal of unnecessary trouble," said Martha, quite tartly. "I could have told you all about his goings on."

"Well, you made a fool of me anyhow!" exclaimed the nspector, more crestfallen than angry. "You might have gone to Mr. M. yourself; but neither you nor he would have known how to manage the police."

"That is why I came to you," said Martha, with a nod.

"Yes; I understand that. It was very clever of you, Miss. May I inquire your object?" demanded Mr. Gimblet, with ironical politeness.

"I was so closely watched that I couldn't aid him to escape," said Martha, for the first time looking slightly embarrassed.

"Him! Who?" inquired Mr. Gimblett, sharply.

"The party that did it. I was keeping company with him, and I was fool enough to—to believe in him. He came into the house once or twice when I was alone, but I don't know how he managed to take the things. The loss was discovered before he had time to get away, and he went into hiding—being new at it, I suppose!"

"I should think so," fiercely ejaculated Mr. Gimblett.

"He swore he wouldn't stir without me, and I began to fear he would do something desperate. I was afraid to go near him while the police were about, so I came to you."

"I see. And what became of him?" inquired Mr. Gimblett, his admiration for Martha's striking abilities for his own line of business overcoming even his resentment and jealousy.

"I packed him off," said Martha, laconically, "to America."

"Are you to follow?" asked Mr. Gimblett, with a sudden thumping at his heart.

"Not I. The man is a fool and a coward. I couldn't marry either one or the other," said Martha, in her matter-of-fact way. "Besides, I'm honest."

"I knew you were. I could have sworn it!" exclaimed Mr. Gimblett, in a tone which seemed to disconcert even the imperturbable Martha. "But, I say," he added, abruptly, "you never let a cur like that get away with so much swag."

"No; he'll be disappointed when he arrives over the water. He thinks he has it all, but it is upstairs," said Martha, with a short laugh.

"Bravo!" cried Mr. Gimblett, slapping his knee enthusiastically.

"I was going to ask you to contrive somehow to take the things back to the Mortimers," said Martha. "I don't like keeping 'em in the house any longer."

"Quite right. Leave everything to me. Do you know, Miss Martha," said Mr. Gimblett, becoming suddenly confidential, "that there's a reward offered which would do nicely to furnish a cottage for a newly-married couple."

"Then it will come in convenient," said Martha, quietly.

"It will, Martha, if you will only consent," cried Mr. Gimblett, suddenly seizing her hand. "I'm older than you, but we're suited for one another in every way. We should run well in double harness, my dear, both in business and domestic life."

"You was saying I've made a fool of you once," remarked Miss Martha, neither elated nor indignant, but simply matter-of-fact; "do you want me to do it again?"

Mr. Gimblett's only answer was to imprint a kiss on the substantial hand he held between his own. For a moment Martha Chale's dark eyes flashed furiously, and she looked inclined to box his ears. But she finally didn't.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—I have been imitating the moles and the dormice, and hybernating, to the best of my ability, since the cold weather came in. Until Saturday I never crossed the threshold, but then Maud haled me forth, as she wanted to do some commissions for a friend in the country. After the first five minutes, I rather enjoyed being out, but the fact is, that all these months of long-continued glorious weather have spoiled me for our normal condition of climate. Do you *shrink* in winter? I am positive that I do. My rings slip off my fingers, and my shoes and gloves feel appreciably looser; but that is the common fate of all. Cold contracts, as we are taught at school. But what I mean is, that I shrink in my feelings. I can never get up any enthusiasm in cold weather. All my emotions seem to be at a dead level, ready for freezing over. Even Maud is not quite so warm-hearted in winter as she is in summer. On Saturday she saw a horse mercilessly tied up with the bearing-rein, and exhibited none of her usual ferocity. She has been known to attack the coachman on such occasions, but this time she only sighed, and said "Poor, dear things!"

Town is marvellously full, and we saw a great number of pretty women, well dressed. Some of these were looking unusually well after their rural retirement. I think winter dress much more becoming to the majority of Englishwomen than the light tints and fabrics of summer garmenture. Deep-toned plush and rich furs seem to bring out the soft bloom on dainty cheeks. One of the beauties of society, whom we met in Bond-street, wore a sealskin coat that reached almost to the edge of her dark blue dress, and a sealskin bonnet, with blue and red feathers in it. The coat fitted her as closely and comfortably as if she had been the seal on which it grew.

Another pretty woman was in dark green, picked out with red in military fashion. She wore the most fascinating little hat you ever dreamed of; dark green felt, with the sweetest little brim edged with red plush, and trimmed with about half an ostrich, cut into "tips," all of them bending down as if they were trying to see her sparkling face. Hers is the sort of beauty that is asleep, as it were, until the owner speaks or smiles, and then every feature becomes illuminated with delicious light from within. This lady is also one of the stars of society. Her face always reminds me of a stained-glass window, the beauty of which depends on the light behind it.

How interesting the newspapers have been of late! If I were a novelist, I should carefully file the dailies of the last fortnight. Such romantic cases! And such family washing done in public! There is material enough to set up a whole army of fiction-mongers.

When papa read the letter that Miss Fortescue wrote to Lord Garmoyle, begging him to buy her no more jewels, and written in such a tender, womanly, sensible way, he used some unusually strong expressions. Lord Cairns would have been unhappy if he had heard them. "If I had a son," said papa, "and he had had the good luck and the good sense to secure a girl like that, I should be almost as proud of him as a son as I should be of her as a daughter."

Even Aunt Tabitha says that the man who is goose enough to throw away a stick like that deserves to pick up a crooked one before he gets out of the wood. Gerald was in court during the trial, and he tells me that the disappointment was intense among his brother barristers when it was found that Miss Finney was not to be "put in the box." When it was announced that she was to have the £10,000, an old man was heard to mutter, "Her price is above rubies." The ladies present were all making long necks to try to obtain a glimpse of the pretty plaintiff. Gerald said it was a good thing that she had had abundance of experience in being stared at, for she was a focus for all eyes, and that even the Judge himself glanced benignantly at her more than once.

Are not some of the letters in the *Queen* very amusing? It seems such an odd thing for ladies to write and ask what their butchers' bills ought to come to, or how many loaves they should have in a week, or how many tons of coal ought to be consumed in the year? Some of the answers to these curious questions must certainly be hoaxes. Don't you think so? For instance, "Doris" replied to some queries of the sort that she pays £40 a year in wages, and feeds her household of ten people and pays for some of the washing, out of £3. 10s. a week. That would be about 4s. 6d. for the food of each of the ten. I leave you to imagine what sort of provisions could be bought for that sum. But "Doris's" statement has evidently been accepted by some simple-minded young housekeeper, who innocently asks in this week's *Queen*, if Doris "dines late and has a meat lunch?" Now don't forget to look out next week for Doris's answer. If she really does manage to feed ten persons on the sum mentioned, I should like to peruse some of her bills of fare; but I don't absolutely yearn to be asked to dinner there.

We know a working man's wife who manages in the most wonderful way to give her husband and two children good and nutritious food on 19s. a week; but then she devotes two hours a day to the preparation of the meals, and knows where everything is to be bought cheapest. Her husband said to Maud one day, "Why, miss, she'll make a good dinner for the four of us, and a satisfying one, out of half a mutton chop, a bit of bacon, and a handful of flour."

And this reminds me of a thing I have often wanted to tell you. We discovered last winter that poor people do not care for soups unless they are quite thick; they like "summat to bite agin," and give clear soups the insulting name of "cat-lap." So remember this when your turn comes round to preside over that comfortable-looking caldron in the village soup-kitchen.

Papa says he fears this is going to be a very hard winter for the poor of England; and that the worse they are fed and housed, by so much the worse shall we have the cholera here in the spring. Fortunately, prices are low, but they will be likely to rise when the cold weather sets in in real earnest.

Have you seen the suggestions in TRUTH last week for the home-made competitive toys this year? Some seem to be most ingenious; for instance, the Lord Mayor's Peep-show, and the Highlander, to be cut out of paper, and arranged so that the performer's knuckles can be thrust into his tartan stockings, and look like his knees—he being made to dance a Scotch reel or Highland fling. How children would laugh over a performance of this kind, if well managed, and it seems simple enough.

"Sirod" sends a suggestion for a toy of such undiluted moral purpose, that even the exemplary Sandford and Merton would have resented it.

I do hope that there will be lots of toys for the poor little ones in the hospitals. It is one of the puzzles of life why children should suffer as they do—irresponsible, small creatures—for their parents' faults. But I don't like to think of it. It is too sad. So I turn to my budget of new music.

I must begin with a man's song that Charlie is learning, "One night came on a hurricane." The words are by William Pitt, and the music is by Ralph Betterton. Being nautical in style, it contains such expressions as "slew'd his quid." The words suggest amusingly the pity felt by sailors for landsmen when a storm is blowing, and tiles and chimney-pots are flying about their heads. It is published by Boosey.

Another man's song is called "The Iron Age," and is dedicated to Mr. Gladstone. It is written, and "partly composed," by Captain Morris, and belongs to the Jingo class of composition. Here is a specimen of the style:—

Our ships were wood, they 're iron now,
And iron-like each crew,
A navy fit to lick the world,
The world and her mother too.

There are some encore verses obligingly provided, and I see that the song has reached a second edition. It is published by Hays.

"The Musical Circle" is really a marvellous shilling's-worth. Fancy getting, for that sum, twenty-five songs,

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notes, words, and accompaniments complete; twenty solos for the piano, thirteen pieces of dance-music, six of violin music, and three arranged for the harmonium. Those who love the old songs will be glad to find in Vol. 5 several of the Irish melodies, "Kate Kearney," the "Bay of Biscay," and the "Irish Exile." Among the instrumental music is Chopin's "Funeral March," the "March of the Priests," from "Il Flauto Magico," and Schumann's charming "Little Wanderer." "The Musical Circle" is published by Vickers, 317, Strand.

"Love's Old, Sweet Song," by Molloy, is pretty, and not "sickly sentimental," as dear, old Nurse Barbara used to call some of the sighing and dying ditties.

'A Red, Red Rose" is charming to sing. The words, by' William Boosey, are above the average, and the music, by Henri Saxe, lends them pathos. It is a man's song, and should be sung only by the love-lorn, who would pour their doleful feelings into it. "The Maid of the Mill" is also a man's song, and is a tale of bereavement, sung chiefly in valse time, as is now the fashion. The composer is Stephen Adams, and the words are by Hamilton Aïdé, who makes his grey-haired lover say:—

> The earth has no such maidens now,
> Such mill-wheels turn not round.

This seems to verge rather dangerously close upon bathos; but perhaps the reference is merely to recent improvements in the machinery of mill-wheels.

All these are published by Boosey, and also "The River of Years," a distinctly delightful song. No one could cavil at the words nor the sentiment they express. They are written by Mike Beverley, and the beautiful music to which they are set is by Theo. Marzials. You will be enchanted with it, especially the last verse. And equally charming is "Happy Eyes," written by the late Mary Mark Lemon, and composed by Jules de Sivrai. The publishers are Patey & Willis.

"The Bread-Winner," written and composed by Cotsford Dick, is worthy of his reputation. It is a pathetic song, of the sort that brings tears to sensitive eyes. "A Shadow" is a setting of Adelaide Proctor's well-known words, composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan expressly for Madame Patey. You will like it immensely. It is very sad, but I know you like pathos, when not overdone.

I will tell you about the new waltzes next week.

I promised you I would ask Mrs. Marshall for the recipe for poularde à la crême, so we included an expedition to Mortimer-street in our Saturday's programme. We tried the dish on Monday, and found it a great success. Here is the recipe:—

Choose a good fat pullet, draw and cleanse it. Prepare a stuffing with half a pound of finely-chopped suet, half a pound of finely-chopped ham, half a pound of bread-crumbs, one ounce of herbs (thyme, parsley, bayleaf, marjoram, and basil), season to taste with pepper, salt, a little nutmeg, a pinch of sugar and cayenne; mix altogether with three raw yolks of eggs, arrange this stuffing in the crop of the pullet, which afterwards truss. Pour warm butter all over it, place it in the oven for about ten minutes, take it out and baste it all over again with warm butter, then cover it with browned bread-crumbs. Take a slice of the fat of bacon or ham, about one-eighth of an inch thick, sufficiently large to cover the whole of the breast. Slit the bacon through in two or three rows as closely as possible, in order to let the breast of the pullet become brown and the bacon get dry and crisp. Cook for about thirty-five minutes in a quick oven. Dish up and serve very hot with a good cream sauce, made as follows:—One pint and a half of veal or chicken stock mixed with three ounces of butter and three ounces of flour; when boiled and well skimmed, add half-a-pint of thick cream; reduce this by boiling to half the original quantity; season it with a little white pepper, salt, the juice of a lemon, and a little cayenne; pass through a sieve and serve it hot in a sauce-boat.

Tell me if it isn't ambrosia itself, or, at least, first cousin to it?—Your loving

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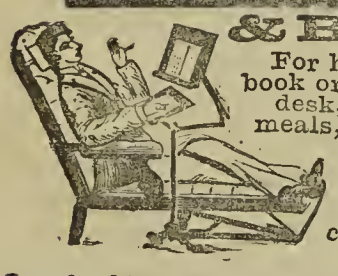

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BONIFACIUS WATER 1s. 6d. and 1s. per bottle.
Pure from the Spring, as supplied to **PRINCE BISMARK.**
Medical Press:—"Extremely beneficial in Gout and Rheumatic complaints, and gives relief in Gravel, Stone, Kidney Disease, Hæmorrhoids, Piles," &c.
HESSIAN BITTERWATER 1s. 1½d. per bottle. **THE QUEEN** of Aperient Waters, Effervescing Pleasant & Refreshing.
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BETHESDA WATER.
CURES DIABETES.
CURES KIDNEY DISEASE.
CURES DYSPEPSIA.

To be had of all Chemists, or from the
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Silver Medal Health Exhibition.

MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY.
Queen's Quality, for Household use and for the Weak and Aged.
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GRANT'S ORANGE COGNAC.
A fascinating liqueur of high quality, made with choice Brandy.
A fine appetiser; pleasant with aërated waters.

GRANT'S GINGER COGNAC.
A Stomachic of extra superior quality, made of the finest old Cognac.
Sold by all Wine Merchants, Hotels, &c.
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SOUPS,
PEAS, MUSHROOMS, and
MACEDONIA VEGETABLES
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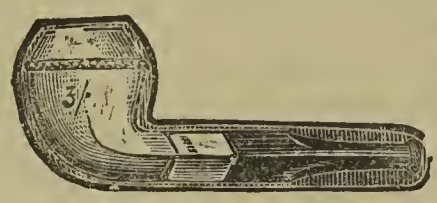

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.—HALL MARKED SILVER BRIAR PIPE in Leather covered Case, 3s., post free. A. W. ABRAHAMS, 29, Edgbaston-street, Birmingham, Manufacturer of every description of Tobacconists' Fancy Goods Wholesale. Illustrated Catalogue free.

DENTISTRY.—Dr. G. H. JONES will forward from his only address, 57, Great Russell-street, opposite the British Museum, a 64-page ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET, GRATIS and post free, with list of medals, diplomas, and awards at the great Exhibitions. *Christian Union* says:—"Before consulting a dentist the Pamphlet by Dr. G. H. Jones should be read by every one, to find where prize medal teeth and workmanship can be had at charges generally paid for the most inferior description of dentistry."

THE

BEST BLACK INK

KNOWN.

DRAPER'S INK (DICHROÏC).

When this Ink is used writing becomes a pleasure. May be had from all Stationers.

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Sole Manufacturers—BEWLEY & DRAPER, DUBLIN.

THE BURGLAR'S HORROR.

CLARKE'S PATENT

PYRAMID NIGHT LAMPS.

1s. Each, Sold Everywhere.

CAUTION.—TO PREVENT BURGLARIES.—A Pyramid Night Ligbt should be lighted in a front and hack room of every house, as soon as it is dark. Burglaries are more frequently perpetrated before hedtime than after. Housebreakers have the greatest dread of a light. The police recommend a Night Light as the best safeguard. Almost all burglaries may be prevented, and much *valuable property saved*, if this simple and inexpensive plan is adopted. The Pyramid Night Lights are much larger and give *three times the light* of the common night lights, and are therefore particularly adapted for this purpose.

PATENT PYRAMID NIGHT LIGHT WORKS, Child's Hill, London, N.W.

And 35, Ward Street, Newark, New Jersey, U.S.A.

"Haud ignarus mali miseris sucurrere disco."

NERVE, MIND, AND HEAD COMPLAINTS. SURPRISING CURE. A gentleman who suffered for years from nerve ailmeuts, melancholy, loss of sleep aud memory, faintings, palpitation, &c., has obtained a *perfect cure*, particulars of which will be seut *free* by H. M., Esq., 26, Marshal-street, Aberdeen.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS, FOR LIVER.

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COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS, FOR INDIGESTION.

PEPPER'S QUININE AND IRON TONIC.—Bottles, 32 doses, 4s. 6d. Sold by Chemists everywhere. There is no Tonic so certain in effect as Pepper's Quinine and Iron. Insist upon having it.

TARAXACUM AND PODOPHYLLIN.—This fluid combiuation is used instead of blue pill and calomel for the cure of dyspepsia, biliousness, and all symptoms of congestion of the liver, generally pain heueath the shoulders, headache, drowsiness, no appetite, furred tongue, disagreeable taste in the morning, giddiness, disturbance of the stomach, and general depression. It sets the sluggish liver in motion, very slightly acts on the bowels, giving a sense of health aud comfort within 24 hours. It is the safest medicine. Taraxacum and Podophyllin is made only by J. PEPPER, Bedford Laboratory, Loudon, whose name is ou every lahel. Bottles, 2s. 9d. Sold by all Chemists.

"SULPHOLINE LOTION."—An External Means of CURING SKIN DISEASES. There is scarcely any eruption hnt will yield to "Sulpholine" in a few days, and commence to fade away. Ordinary pimples, redness, hlotches, scurf, roughness, vanish as if hy magic; whilst old, enduring skin disorders, that have plagued the sufferers for years, however deeply rooted, "Sulpholine" will successfully attack them. It destroys the animalculæ which cause these unsightly, irritable affections, and always produces a clear, healthy skin. "Sulpholine" Lotion is sold by most Chemists. Bottles, 2s. 9d

Tikheel

cures Neuralgia, Tic and Toothache

NERVOUS AND SICK HEADACHE

TIKHEEL is not pretended to be a cure for every ache and pain, but a certain aud safe remedy for rapidly relieving and speedily curing TIC in the head, TIC iu the face, TIC in the Gums, NERVOUS & SICK HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE (even when proceeding from a decayed tooth rendering extractiou unnecessary). It also removes at once the Toothache to which Females are at times so peculiarly subject. Price 2s. 6d., of all Chemists, London: Savory & Moore, 143, New Bond-street, W.; Butler & Crispe, 4, Cheapside, E.C.; Edinburgh: Duncan Flockhart & Co. Belfast: Grattan & Co.; Paris: Roberts & Co., 5, Rue de la Paix. Do not be persuaded to "Try something else." PARCELS POST FREE for 2s. 9d. in Stamps, or P.O.O., from the Manufacturers, CLARKE, BLEASDALE, BELL, & CO., YORK.

A FACT WORTH KNOWING.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

BEECHAM'S PATENT PILLS. ST. HELENS LANCASHIRE

Are admitted by thousands to be worth above a guinea a hox, for Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as wind and pain at the stomach, sick headache, giddiness, fulness, and swelling after meals, dizziness and drowsiness, cold chills, flushings of heat, loss of appetite, shortness of breath, costiveness, scnrvy, blotches on the skin, disturbed sleep, frightful dreams, and all nervous and trembling sensatious, &c. The first dose will give relief iu twenty minutes. This is no fiction, for they have done it in thousauds of cases.

Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one box of these pills, and they will be acknowledged to be

Worth a Guinea a Box.

For females of all ages these pills are invaluable. No female should be without them. There is no medicine to be fouud to equal Beecham's Pills for removing any obstruction or irregularity of the system. If taken accordiag to the directious given with each box they will soou restore females of all ages to robust health.

For a weak stomach, impaired digestion, and all disorders of the liver, they act like "MAGIC," and a few doses will he found to work wonders upon the most important organs in the human machine. They strengthen the whole muscular system, restore the long-lost complexion, bring back the keen edge of appetite, and arouse into action the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "FACTS" admitted hy thonsands, embracing all classes of society, and one of the hest guarantees to the nervous and debilitated is

Beecham's Pills have the largest sale of any Patent Medicine in the world.

Full directions are given with each box.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND PATENT MEDICINE DEALERS.

LEATH & ROSS'S SPECIAL PREPARATIONS.

"Fair haud, smooth skin, how beautiful ye are."

AUROZINE (the New Remedy) Preserves the Hands, Skin, Lips, removing signs of cold and sea air, smooths, whitens, renders supple, and imparts healthy tint to the skin, frees the pores, is pleasant to use, colourless and not greasy. Highly serviceable in abrasions and for cracked or sore lips. Vegetable, not mineral. In bottles, 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d., 1s. 9d., 3s.

"Her teeth were pure as virgin ivory."

ANTISEPTIC TOOTH TINCTURE, or LIQUID DENTIFRICE, the best preparation for the Teeth and Gums, whitens the Teeth, preserves the Enamel, hardens the Gums, fixes the Teeth, and counteracts decay. In bottles, 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d.; post-free, 1s. 3d., 1s. 9d., and 2s. 9d.

"Its fragrancy and cleansing powers were seeu."

DORE'S TRANSPARENT SOAP is the Soap of the Day. It is perfect in purity and strength, thoroughly cleansing the skin, while free from soda. DORÉ'S TRANSPARENT SOAP preserves the natural hue aud benefits the skin. In boxes, 1s. and 1s. 6d., containing three cakes each.

"I breathe again, and freely court the hreeze."

GLYKALINE, THE APPROVED REMEDY FOR Colds, Coughs, and Catarrhs. Miss Melville, 40, Upper Mansell-street, Swansea, writes:—"My niece for the past five years has suffered from Hay Fever. GLYKALINE has done her much good. Hers was a stubborn case. I send this in common justice that others may find the benefit from GLYKALINE." Of this approved remedy, Mrs. Bruce (Lesarrach, Roscrea) says:—"It acted almost miraculously with me. In a bad case of bronchitis I was perfectly cured." GLYKALINE for Coughs and Colds is unprecedented. "Talon Rouge," in *Vanity Fair* says:—"This medicine has the valusble property of CURING cold in the head. BEFORE NIGHT I WAS PERFECTLY CURED. It is called GLYKALINE." This independent contributor hears witness to the healing properties of this remarkable specific. Price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.; post-free, 1s. 3d., 3s., and 4s. 9d. All Chemists.

"Balmy sleep gave sweet repose."

NEURALINE.—THE APPROVED SPECIFIC, Cures Tooth-ache, Neuralgia, and all Nerve Pains, Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, aud Face-Ache. Often acts instantaneously. In many cases a single application cures; in all cases relief. Writes Sir J. Matheson:—"Mr. Edgar, of Butt Lighthouse, Island of Lewis, N.B.—Mrs. Edgar cannot fully express her thanks to Lady Matheson for the NEURALINE. It proved THE MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY SHE HAD EVER APPLIED." All Chemists, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.; hy post 1s. 3d. and 3s.

"Grateful and good as dew on parched soil."

OZONISED OIL.—THE NEW PREPARATION FOR THE HAIR. Nourishes it, arrests decay, stimulates the growth. Not a dye and is easily applied. Confidently recommended. 1s., 1s. 6d., aud 2s. 9d.; post-free, 1s. 3d., 1s. 9d., and 3s.

"Essential curative, most welcome."

ODONTALGIC ESSENCE.—A Liquid Stopping for Decayed Teeth. Hardens and completely protects, gives security and ease, and aids mastication. Highly appreciated. 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.; post-free 1s. 3d. and 3s.

"Nature regained her normal powers."

PHOSPHO-MURIATE of QUININE.—A SPECIAL PREPARATION FOR GENERAL DEBILITY. This Specific renews the failiug system. Lassitude, Headache, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Excitemeut, and Depression disappear. It relieves Exhaustion and Brain-weariness. 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.; post-free 1s. 3d., 3s., and 4s. 9d.

"Insidious, uudermining foes, hegone!"

WORM POWDERS for Adults and Children. Parents should remember that the injurions effects caused hy Worms are very serious, not only to the physical system of childreu, but to their mental development. These WORM POWDERS remove Intestinal Worms of large and small size. Price 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. post-free.

"Remove the Cause, and the Effect shall cease."

PLAIN DIRECTIONS FOR COMMON COMPLAINTS, sent post-free by

LEATH & ROSS, HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS, 5, ST. PAUL'S; and 9, VERE STREET.

FIVE PER CENT. FIRST PREFERENCE SHARES.

THE SCARBOROUGH AND WHITBY RAILWAY COMPANY,

Completing a direct Coast Line between the Humber and the Tees.—Agreed to be worked by the North-Eastern Railway Company at 50 per cent. of the gross traffic, as per agreement referred to below.

SHARE CAPITAL.

Shares and Stock already issued and deferred to the First Preference Shares	£240,000
First Preference Five per cent. Shares (of which £40,000 are already subscribed)	160,000
Total share capital	£400,000

Issue at par of £120,000, being the balance of the above-mentioned First Preference Shares, in 12,000 shares of £10 each, ranking as a first charge (after Debenture stock) with priority over £240,000 of capital. Payable £2 per share on application, £2 per share on allotment, £2 per share on 1st January, 1885, and the remainder by calls not exceeding £2 per share at intervals of not less than three months, but the whole may be paid up at once, entitling the subscriber to receive interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum from the date of payment.

Until the completion of the railway, interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum is to be paid by the contractors upon the amount paid up.

DIRECTORS.

Arthur Marshall, Esq., 7, East India-avenue, E.C., and Highgate, London.
John Corner, Esq., Regent's Park, London, and Whitby.
Robert Forster, Esq., J.P., Mayor of Scarborough.

BANKERS:—National Provincial Bank of England, Limited, 112, Bishopsgate-street, E.C., and its branches; Capital and Counties Bank, Limited, 39, Threadneedle-street, E.C., and its branches; Royal Bank of Scotland, Edinburgh, and its branches; Messrs. Woodall, Hebden, & Co., Scarborough.

ENGINEERS:—Charles Douglas Fox, Esq., C.E.; Francis Fox, Esq., C.E.

SOLICITORS:—Messrs. Ashurst, Morris, Crisp, & Co., Old Jewry, London; Messrs. Turnbull, Graham, & Moody, Scarborough.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES:—William Cash, Esq., 90, Cannon-street, London.

PROSPECTUS.

THIS railway commences by a junction with the North-Eastern Railway at Scarborough, and terminates by a junction with the Whitby, Redcar, and Middlesborough Union Railway at Whitby, a distance of 20¾ miles. The shortest existing route is viâ Pickering, a journey of 43 miles.

Scarborough and Whitby, two of the most favourite and populous watering-places on the North-East Coast, will thus be connected by a direct and picturesque route, which will shorten the distance by at least 22 miles, and bring these important towns within 40 minutes' journey of each other. The new line, therefore, cannot fail to secure and develop the extensive traffic which already exists between these places. In the summer months they are thronged with visitors, and the excursion traffic alone will be large and profitable.

The scenery along the line is specially attractive, including Hayburn Wyke, Peak, Fylingdales, and Robin Hood's Bay.

The York and Scarborough line, which at present conveys most of the excursion and goods traffic from Durham, Newcastle, and the numerous towns in the North-Eastern counties, is the most profitable portion of the North-Eastern Railway, and a fair proportion of such traffic will pass over the Scarborough and Whitby Railway.

The line will afford valuable facilities for extending the well-known fisheries, which are so productive along this part of the North-East Coast. It will also open up and develop a fine agricultural and mineral district of over 200 square miles.

It will complete a direct coast line between the Humber and the Tees, and will bring the populous and important towns of the Cleveland district and the county of Durham into direct communication with Scarborough, Hull, and the South of Yorkshire, thus securing a large through traffic. The map enclosed with the prospectus shows that the shortest North-Eastern Railway route between Loftus and Scarborough is 60 miles viâ Pickering, whereas by the new line it will be reduced to 37 miles, and in connection with this it is deserving of notice that the Loftus district is very rich in iron, which it is expected will be developed rapidly before many years have elapsed.

It will be seen, therefore, that this railway possesses all the elements of success, viz., an extensive and hitherto undeveloped district; a short and convenient route connecting two important and populous centres; and the prospect of a large and remunerative through traffic in minerals, passengers and goods.

The full benefit of these advantages will be secured and greatly enhanced by the satisfactory agreement which (subject to statutory confirmation) has been entered into with the North-Eastern Railway Company for the working and maintenance of the line by them at a charge of 50 per cent. only of the gross receipts. This agreement further provides that the North-Eastern Railway Company shall fully develop both local and through traffic, thus whilst giving to the North-Eastern Company the use of the new railway, it secures to the Scarborough and Whitby Company all the advantages which will result from the line being worked and maintained in friendly co-operation by the North-Eastern Railway as a portion of their system, so that it cannot fail to be beneficial to both the contracting companies.

Extracts from the agreement before referred to accompany prospectus, and intending investors can inspect the original at the offices of the company.

The railway has been constructed by Messrs. John Waddell & Sons, contractors, of Edinburgh and London, under the superintendence of the company's engineers, Mr. Charles Douglas Fox and Mr. Francis Fox, by whose report, as printed below, it will be seen that the line will be ready for public traffic early in 1885.

The average traffic of the North-Eastern Railway exceeds £80 per mile per week, but if only £26 per mile per week is earned on the Scarborough and Whitby line, this will be sufficient to insure the payment of interest upon the debentures and the First Preference Shares. The latter will provide for the present floating or unsecured debt of the company, and will rank for dividend at the rate of £5 per cent. per annum, immediately after the debenture stock (which at present amounts to £80,000 only), and in priority to the whole existing share capital of the company, amounting to £240,000.

The value of First Preference Shares of a line thus worked by the North-Eastern Railway Company, and possessing the elements of success already referred to, can be readily appreciated. North-Eastern Four per Cent. Preferences stand at 111, and Midland Five per Cent. Preferences are quoted 136.

Interest at the rate of £5 per cent. is payable by the contractors upon the amounts paid up from time to time up to the date of the opening of the lane.

Prospectuses and forms of application may be obtained from the bankers and solicitors, and also of the secretary at the offices of the company; and the agreement with the North-Eastern Railway Company can be seen on application to the company's solicitors in London.

London, November, 1884.

Westminster, S.W., London, November 17, 1884.

To the Chairman and Directors of the Scarborough and Whitby Railway.

Gentlemen.—Since we last reported, the works of the railway have made very satisfactory progress. They are of the most substantial character, and designed for a heavy traffic.

The permanent way is now laid for a length of 18 miles out of a total of 20¾ miles.

The tunnel at Peak is completed and the permanent way laid through it.

The viaduct over the Esk, an important structure nearly 1,000 ft. in length and 120 ft. in height, is completed up to rail level, the permanent way laid over it, and locomotives are passing over it daily.

The station buildings are in course of construction.

We have every confidence that the railway will be completed and ready for traffic early in 1885, in accordance with the assurance we have received from Messrs. Waddoll & Sons, the contractors. We are, Gentlemen, yours faithfully.

CHARLES DOUGLAS FOX.
FRANCIS FOX.

SEVEN PER CENT. DEBENTURES.

THE FLORIDA LAND and MORTGAGE COMPANY, Limited.—SEVEN PER CENT. STERLING FIRST MORTGAGE DEBENTURES.—Secured as a first charge under deeds of trust on all the property of the Company. The whole Debenture Issue is £225,000, or about 2s. per acre on 2,300,000 acres of land.

TRUSTEES FOR THE DEBENTURE HOLDERS.

C. T. Murdoch, Esq., Banker (Ransom, Bouverie, & Co.), London.
H. J. B. Kendall, Esq., (Henry Kendall & Sons), London.
A. Crum Maclae, Esq., of Cathkin, solicitor, Glasgow.
J. A. Langerhuizen, Esq., Banker, Amsterdam.

SOLICITORS TO TRUSTEES—Messrs. Freshfields & Williams, London.

DIRECTORS IN ENGLAND.

SIR EDWARD J. REED, K.C.B., M.P., London, Chairman.
Edward Bishop, Esq., Director of the Coupon Agency, Limited.
A. Macnamara, Esq., Leighton Buzzard.
Charles W. Earle, Esq., Chairman of West India and Panama Telegraph Company, Limited.
James Grahame, Esq., C.A., Glasgow.

SOLICITORS TO THE COMPANY—Messrs. Hores & Pattisson, London.

Applications for Debentures at par can be made to Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, & Co., Bankers; or Messrs. Ransom, Bouverie, & Co., Bankers, London; Messrs. Grahames, Crum, & Speirs, Glasgow; or George J. Wood, Esq., W.S., 59, Frederick-street, Edinburgh, who have copies of the Articles of Association and Trust Deeds.

Office, 20 Bucklersbury, London, E.C.

A. S. COCHRANE & SONS,

STOCK & SHARE BROKERS,

110, CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Stocks or Shares Bought or Sold at Market Prices.

Speculative accounts opened from £1 per cent. cover.

Options granted at close market prices.

Clients giving a banker's reference or depositing Stocks or Shares are not required to pay any cover in advance.

Prospectus and Investment Circular, containing safe and reliable information to Investors or Speculators, forwarded post free.

Bird's Indiarubber Tyres for Carriage and Invalid Chair Wheels.

AS USED BY H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Perfect silence and luxurious comfort are attained by the use of Bird's Rubber Tyres, which can be fitted to any wheels. The unsightly Iron Flanges are also avoided. Bird's Rubber Tyres have now stood the test of the last 12 years and cannot be surpassed by any others for appearance, durability, ease, silence, and economy. Guaranteed not to come off the Wheels.

INDIARUBBER BREAK BLOCKS.

Grip the wheels perfectly, prevent all Jar or Strain on the Carriage, and are silent.

Prospectus free on application.

BIRD & Co., 11, Great Castle-street, Regent-street, London, W.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED,
HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.

Every description of Life Assurance and Annuity Business transacted.
Reversions Purchased.

The invested assets exceed Four Millions. Whole World Licenses granted to Seamen and others permanently engaged on board ship at an extra premium of £1 per cent. Limited licenses for voyages not extending beyond 33 degrees North Latitude 10s. per cent.

The last Annual and Valuation Reports can be obtained upon application to the Secretary.

LIFE ASSOCIATION OF SCOTLAND

Founded 1838 for Life Assurance and Annuities.

Funds £2,884,553
Annual Revenue £462,075

LOANS made on Freeholds, Leaseholds, and other securities, including Life Interests, and Absolute or Contingent Reversions. Loans upon Reversions are made at annual interest, or in consideration of a deferred charge.

London: 5, Lombard-street, and 123, Pall Mall.
Edinburgh: 82, Princes-street.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY (Established 1803).
1, Old Broad-street, E.C., and 22, Pall Mall, S.W.—Capital £1,600,000; Paid-up and Invested, £700,000. E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited)
No. 10, St. Swithin's-lane, London, E.C.

General Accidents.	Personal Injuries.
Railway Accidents.	Death by Accidents.

C. HARDING, Manager.

PERILS ABOUND ON EVERY SIDE!! The Railway Passengers' Assurance Company insures against Accidents of all kinds, on land or water, and has the Largest Invested Capital, the Largest Income, and pays yearly the Largest Amount of Compensation of any Accidental Assurance Company. Chairman, Harvie M. Farquhar, Esq. Apply to the Clerks at the Railway Stations, the Local Agents, or West-end Office, 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross; or at the Head Office, 64, Cornhill, London, E.C.

WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

LONDON AND COUNTY ADVANCE AND DISCOUNT COMPANY, Limited.—Cash advanced from £10 to £500, without preliminary fees or deductions for interest, for short or long periods, repayable by easy instalments, at moderate rates upon approved security. Bills discounted. Forms free. Offices, 57 and 58, Chancery-lane, W.C.—JOHN STONE Secretary.

MONEY.—UNION DEPOSIT BANK, No. 17, King William-street, Charing-cross, London, W.C.

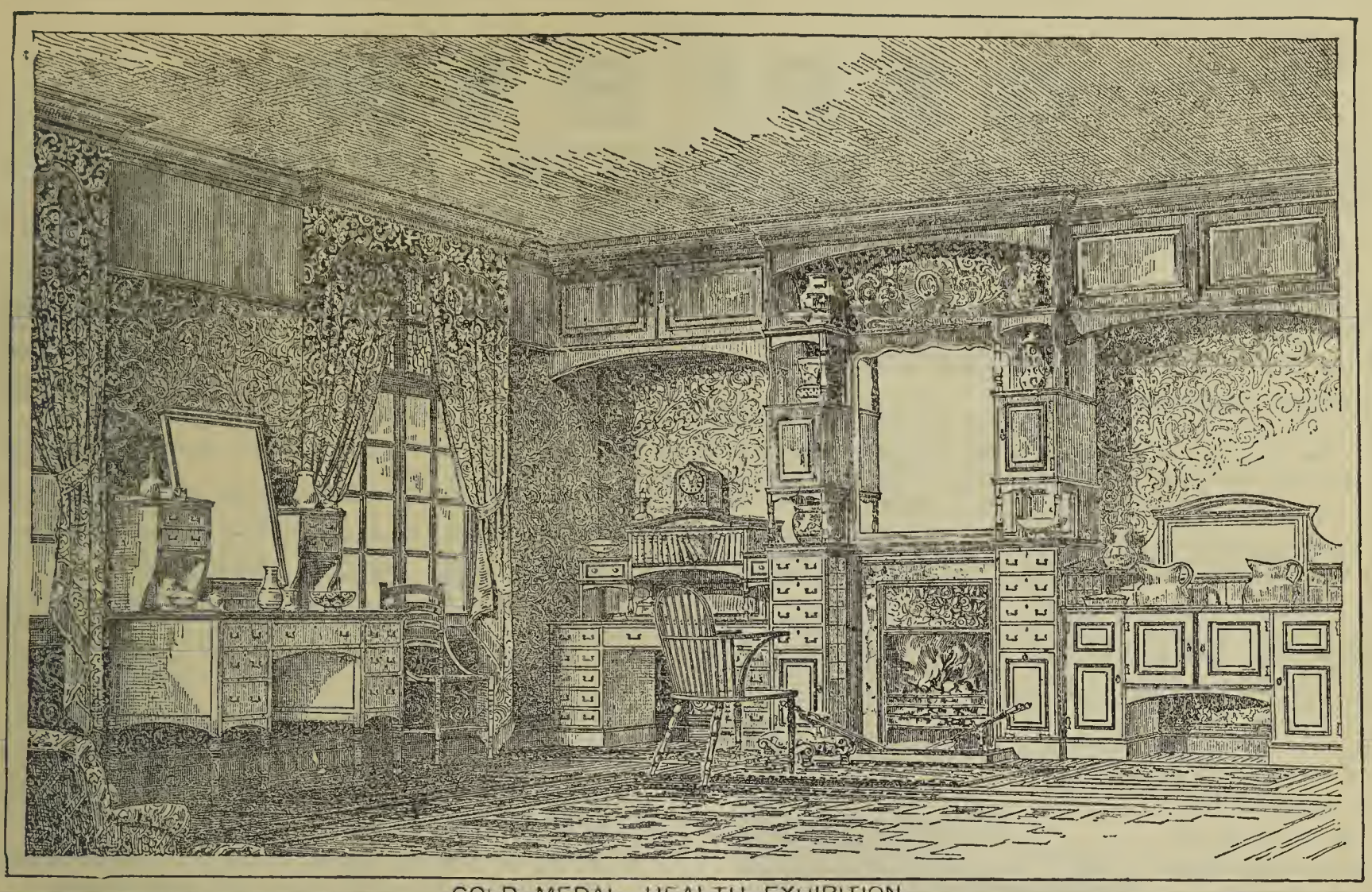
Established 1867.—Capital, £225,000; reserve, £120,000.

ADVANCES made without deductions, for short or long periods, in sums of £20 to £2,000, on personal security, furniture, stock-in-trade (without removal); also deeds, life policies, at 5 per cent., without mortgage expenses, from one to 10 years. Prospectus gratis, or post-free on application (personal visit preferred).

ROBERT P. HART, Manager.

N.B.—No fees. No sureties. First letter of applicant immediately attended to. Special terms for country loans. Distance no object. Easy repayments, and no genuine application refused. A gentleman sent from the bank to carry out all arrangements. Deposits received at three-and-a-half per cent.

CONSOLIDATED CREDIT AND MORTGAGE CORPORATION, Limited, 40, Great Tower-street, E.C. Advances £10 to £1,000. No delay. No fees. Personal application to the Secretary.



GOLD MEDAL, HEALTH EXHIBITION.

"FITMENTS" (Registered) From Designs by ROBERT W. EDIS, F.S.A., Now on View. ROOMS COMPLETELY FITTED. Health and Comfort with Economy. CARPETS of Special Design and Superior Quality. PAPER DECORATIONS for WALLS and CEILINGS.

THE BEST DESIGNS AND MOST FINISHED WORKMANSHIP AT THE LOWEST PRICES COMPATIBLE WITH THE HIGHEST QUALITY.

JACKSON & GRAHAM,

70 TO 86, OXFORD STREET.

£20.—TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.—A Pamphlet (80 psges), "How to open a shop respectably from £20 to £500.' Three stamps.—H. MYERS & Co., 109, Euston-road, London. Wholesale only.

THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION of OIL PAINTINGS by artists of the British and Foreign Schools is NOW OPEN, at THOMAS M'LEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket (next the Theatre).—Admission, including catalogue, 1s.

W. HILL & SON,

BISCUIT BAKERS TO THE QUEEN,

OF

60, BISHOPSGATE ST., and 3, ALBERT MANSIONS, VICTORIA ST.

HAVE OPENED A BRANCH ESTABLISHMENT AT

34 & 35, ALEXANDER ST., WESTBOURNE PARK,

AS A

HYGIENIC MODEL BAKERY.

TRADE MARK.

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT.

Particular attention has been paid in the Bakery to all Sanitary matters. The Ventilation is perfect. The Water is filtered by Johnson's Filter Press. The Bread is made by Pfleiderer's Dough Maker, and therefore untouched by hand. They have endeavoured to reproduce the old-fashioned Devonshire Bread, to which end the ovens are heated with wood only, thus a sweet nutty flavour is obtained, which is impossible in the ordinary bakers' coal oven.

MR. LAKEMAN, the well-known Government Inspector of Bakehouses, speaking of this bakery said:—"We found purity, cleanliness, excellence of manufacture, and all I say, as one interested in the welfare of his fellow-beings, is 'God speed to such producers!'"

PRESENT PRICES.

DEVONSHIRE BREAD 6d. per Quartern. Delivered, 6½d.

COUNTRY BREAD 5½d. per Quartern. Delivered, 6d.

W. HILL & SON'S CELEBRATED WHOLE MEAL BREAD, 4d. and 2d. per Loaf.

FAMILIES WAITED ON DAILY.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO LADIES.

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OUR PUZZLES.

RULES.

1. The sum of £2. 2s. will be given every week for the best Epigram, Conundrum, Lipogram, Bouts-Rimés, or whatever the announced subject of the competition for the week may be.

2. The Puzzle Editor reserves the right, however, of dividing the above sum between two or more competitors, or of withholding the prize, should exceptional circnmstances render such a course desirable.

The decision and award of the Puzzle Editor must be considered final and irrevocable, and, for obvious reasons, no appeal from his critical judgments can be entertained.

4. In every instance the Prize wil be given in money, subject to no condition whatever, except the publication of the winner's real name and address in this jonrnal.

5. Competitors will be allowed eight days for the composition and despatch of their efforts; but all such communications must, at the latest, be received at the Truth Office by the first post on Friday morning in the week succeeding the publication of the subject for competition.

6. Not more than one Prize will be given in a Quarter to the same competitor.

7. All New Contributors are Required to Forward with their First Answers their Real Names and Addresses for Registration; such names and addresses will not be published except in the case of Prize-winners.

8. The *nom-de-plume* chosen by competitors should not exceed 12, and must under no circumstances consist of more than 14 letters.

9. Competitors must on no account change the noms-de-plume they have once assumed.

10. On the announcement of the Prize-winner's *nom-de-plume*, the successfnl competitor must write and make formal application for the Prize, stating the address to which the cheque must be sent. Any competitor failing to do so within three months of winning the Prize will forfeit all claim to the same.

11. No communications can be received on post-cards, by telegraph, or by hand. They must all be sent by the time named above, in post letters addressed—

PUZZLE EDITOR OF "TRUTH," Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, S.W.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Let me specially recommend the readers of these Puzzle Pages to look at the "Entre Nous" referring to this year's Distribution of Toys to the Children in the Hospitals and Workhouses of London. The money is not coming in so quickly as could be wished, and if no girl or boy out of the 10,000 eagerly expectant children is to be disappointed this season, a large additional sum will be needed. With reference to the suggestiou of "Weeda," I have to say that she is mistaken in supposing the bigger of the dolls, and suoh toys as Rocking-horses, Pnppet Shows, &c., are given to individual children. These larger toys are presented to the Hospital anthorities, and are kept permanently in the wards for the recreation of their snccessive inmates. Small toys, all of which are of about the same valne, are given to the girls and boys as their own property. Thus, as "Weeda" will see, the large toys are actually required, and her suggestion that they should be raffled on the day of the public Exhibition cannot, therefore, very well be entertained. Competitors will please remember that Dec. 15 is the day for sending in their Home-Made Toys.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 301.

I have this week merely to decide to whom the prize for the best quotation from "Hamlet" on the state of affairs in the House of Lords some four weeks since shall be awarded. It must be remembered that the refcrence was to the condition of things in the Upper Chamber abont a month since. Many things have altered sinoe then. The best quotation, then, I consider to be that sent in by Katherine, Waterloo, Non Sequor, and Aquita, amongst whom the prize will accordingly be divided.

Prize Quotation from "Hamlet."

"Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well when our deep plots do fail; and that should teach us there's a divinity that shapes our cnds, rough-hew them how we will" (act 5, sc. 2).

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 302.

I must ask for a little more time to decide as to the rival merits of these cheap and easily-made Toys.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 305.

As the custom of sending Christmas-cards is still as prevalent as ever, it is thought that it will afford very general interest if a competition we have had in several past years is repeated; and the Prize of Two Guineas will, therefore, be offered for

The Best Original Four-lined Rhyming Verse, in any ordinary metre, suitable for a Christmas-card.

The competition is held thus early because the Specimen Verses will now be published early in December, and a chance will thus be given for the use of some of them during the coming Christmas season. The metre should not be too long, and it must be remembered that each line in the verse must rhyme with at least one other line.

Answers to Correspondents.

*** I wish to give special notice that unless the prizes for Competitions Nos. 291 and 298, won by Porpoise and Dhu, are claimed forthwith, they will become forfeited in accordance with our Rules.

*** The real name and address of "White Lily," winner of Prize No. 300, are Mrs. Mary E. White, 34, Langdon-park-road, Archway-road, Highgate, N.

British Lion.—I cannot trace the arrival of your "Hamlet" quotation at all. The address is duly given above.

Anon.—Yes; your quotation is very apt.

Jingo.—The mistake is inexplicable, I am sorry to say.

Chee.—You need not send more than one album to compete for the prize.

Offa and Malignant.—Many thanks for the Dancing Sailor, whioh will, I am sure, cause immense delight.

Il Sien.—I think that in the majority of editions the reading agrees with yours.

G. J. W.—It would depend whether it was apropos, and, as you say, "sufficiently good."

Emerald.—I see no objection to your title.

Janet.—The fact of their publication in our columns gives us the copyright. In that way they are protected. Still, of course, we should never let our position interfere with that of the authors'.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 303. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

ANAGRAM ON THE FIRST VERSE OF "THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER."

The following competitors have succeeded in discovering that the letters given a fortnight ago are those to be found in the following verse of "The Last Rose of Summer":—

"'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All its lovely companions,
Are faded and gone,"

viz., T. B. R., Bandbox, Cantab, Kerry Pippin, Bonnivard, Monkendons, G. S. W., Knaresborough, Red Rag, Browser, Spider, Summerdale, Il Sien, Virago, Crystal Palace, The Fat Dook, Alicujus, Cherry, Dora, A. N. P., Tim, Colin, Bogie, Tara, Bandbox, Bow-wow, Jane Eyre, Repealer, Esterel, Sclanidge, King Cole, Bramble, Angulus, Aichis.

The following are the Anagrams which the above competitors, having discovered the verse in question, proceeded to form out of the letters contained in it. Unless otherwise specified, *all* the said letters are used in the following verses or paragraphs:—

The model of Tom Moore's best songs is Anacreon; melodies, all fluent, floral—gay and plaintive.—Bow-wow.

May fear lest some common dishonour befall to poor England if Gladstone still live at ease.—Cantab.

Life so real, soft love so earnest is my common goal, and all departing left behind me not a soul (After Longfellow).—Monkendons.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

A bird (a lone one) comes home to tell us of spring, flies from all men at day, and loves late to sing.—Sclanidge.

Alas! on Tara's Hall, so soft, blest, ringing tone, no more may music fall, veiled deeps of melodone.—Tara.

Is not a calm or benevolent man allied to a fool, if he presents alms of mouey to idle sluggards?—Alicujus.

Of malten ale, sell Bass's Pale. . . . One never fails in Truth to find some good to clear a gloomy mind.—The Fat Dook.

One melody poetic to all brings gain. A heaven-stolen muse from men o'erlifts oft all sad loads.—Il Sien.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

O tell Adela I fear the November fogs cause all manner of street mishaps in gloomy old London.—Orchis.

The poet gives an allegorical summary of life's annals. All one set. Noon dreams. Doomed to flit.—Angulus.

And lo! of late some impotent Lords unseemly rave at a foe—Gladstone's looming Franchise Bill.—King Cole.

ON THE FRANCHISE BILL.

All cannot be fairly represented until females also get a vote. Man's mild, foolish moods go on.—Dora.

Glad of all; a most Royal Sovereign compliments all deeds of noble Montefiore — an enthusiast.—Bramble.

All night long lots of our mentally ablest men died of fever. Miasmata alone poisoned scores.—A. N. P.

Almost all Peers vote against Gladstone, Liberal leader of the Commons, mindful of yon noise.—Browser.

Toys, dolls, or games, etc., afford a mob of little lone ones in "Evelina" Hospital, grand amusement.—Crystal Palace.

[*Continued on next page.*

I, too, lost a bag on Friday, containing envelopes, three dolls, a small muffler, and some omelets.—SUMMERDALE.

1. Call me no fool, I pell'd so hard a fee to gain; so gentle Moore's my faultless bard, not met in vain. 2. No elf of gloom my faultless bard! Not all in vain, esteeméd Moore, I spell so hard a scent to gain. —BANDBOX.

A strong plague of cholera looms near; London is safe to-day. O tell blind men to move, as time flies. —JANE EYRE.

No, Peer, cast not still out sage Grand Old Man's Bill; as, in fine, a foll doom may safe over thee loom! —REPEALER.

Smile, O brave Gordon. Famed Gladstone coolly sleeps. It is full atonement for national shame.—KERRY PIPPIN.

1. A small boot may lame me, I find, upon rolling stone, large flat, old shoes, tied on feet, save corns. 2. Toll the bell for poor Miss Grey. I do feel stunned at sad loss of Nellie; mama cannot give a moan.—KNARESBOROUGH.

Full in front of a vain enemy Gladstone's shirt-collar looms big. O please do not let Madame see!—RED RAG.

Lo! see England possibly means to alleviate reflections made on most moral, faithful Gordon.—G. S. W.

Sol. Blunt and several old men are going immediately on foot to chase small parties of felons.—COLIN.

1. All Gladstone's Franchise movements gall solely a mean foe mad to open redistribution. Fool! 2. O, do let all loyal members of Parliament contend this session for a due means of legal voting. 3. Once for all, madam, let Gladstone give redistribution of seats, as men shall feel no monopoly.—ESTEREL.

Tennis is a fascinating, lively seasonable game for summer dear, old meet on field help tell——O! O! O! O!—CHERRY.

One face my dreamland fills, all fair, shines on me long; alas! it must be love, too deep, too strong.—MALIGNANT (who was unable to discover the verse the given letters were taken from).

If roseate morn and gloomy evening comprise the season, all false-toned must aid football (two "l's" omitted).—BONNIVARD.

A letter of Gordon has lately mentioned "Some provisions left so all of us calm and beaming" (an "l" and an "e" not used).—TIM.

All must feel football's an aid to [health] if roseate morn and gloomy evening comprise the season (the letters "lld" omitted, and the word "health" added).—BONNIVARD.

A point to note! Almost all illnesses ensue from a foolish neglect of very bad drainage (five letters not used—"d, l, m, m, o").—BOGIE.

Many select and fleet English mail steamers sail from London and Liverpool to Otago (the letters "o, f, w, s, b, e," not used).—SPIDER.

I rest upon the oold, bare stone; live in a distant land alone (48 letters only used out of 76).—VIRAGO.

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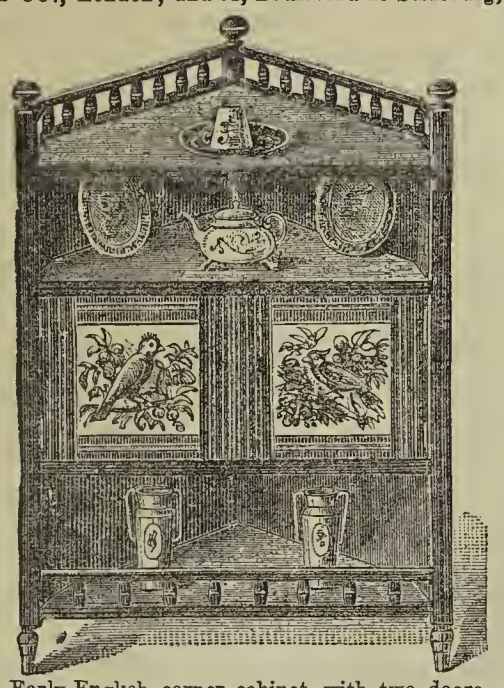

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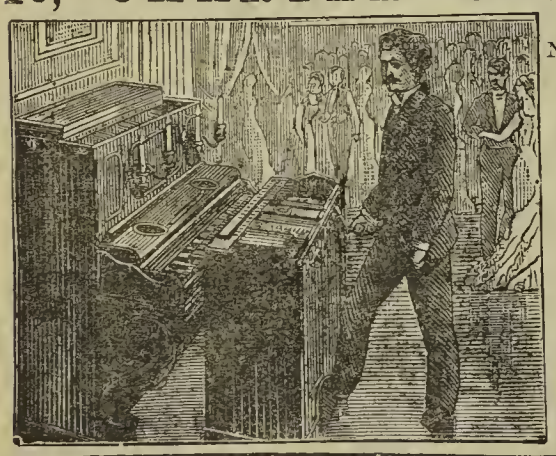

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· TRUTH ·

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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NOTICE.—A KEY to the Six full-paged Cartoons in "A WINTER WEALTHERIES"—the Christmas Number of TRUTH—will be found on page 872, of this week's issue.

ENTRE NOUS.

I HAVE received the following further subscriptions towards the Fund for Providing Toys for the poor children in the London Hospitals and Workhouses:—

Bag o' Bones, 5s.; M. D., 10s.; Howard Ellis, 5s.; Henry Chapman, £1; Felix Joseph, £2. 2s.; X. Y. Z., 1s.; Fredie and Percy, £2. 2s.; F. Gorringe, £5. 5s.; M. D. B., £1. 1s.; Quail, 10s.; E. F. and J. G. R., £5; Cranleigh, 10s.; Mrs. Rewley, £1. 1s.; L. Brinkman, £5; R. C., £1. 10s.; T. S. L., £1. 1s.; C. S. Hardy, £3. 3s.; Mortlake, 2s.; W. P., 2s. 6d.; Henry and Pussy, 10s.; G. F. H., 10s.; J. L., 10s.; Lina, £1; W. A. P., £1; George L. Lopes, £1; E. L. H., £3 (Dinner Fund, £2); J. Morison, £5. 5s.; A Contributor to the Puzzle Column, 2s. 6d.; M. E. R., £2. 2s.; E. D. M. L., 2s.; "Golden Days," £1. 5s. 4d. for the Dinner Fund.

I have also received a parcel of toys from Master Lewis Bonhote, and six dozen Christmas cards from Louisiana. In last week's list £2. 2s. from E. J. was wrongly given as 2s. 6d.

Owing to a printer's error, the number of the children expecting a toy at Christmas was last week made to be "1,100," instead of "11,000." The context, however, I trust, made the error apparent. The details of this number are as follows:—

London Hospitals and Charities	2,369
,, Workhouses	1,936
,, Workhouse Schools	5,474
,, ,, Infirmaries	1,046
Total	10,825

Her Majesty, having ceased to attend Whippingham Church, has lately caused one of the large rooms at Osborne to be fitted up as a private chapel. Sir Noel Paton, during his recent visit to Balmoral, received a commission from the Queen to paint an altar-piece for this chapel.

The *World* is entirely mistaken in stating that the Queen intends going to Cannes in March, for I am informed, on the best authority, that no such expedition is in contemplation. It is possible, however, as was mentioned in Truth a few weeks ago, that the Duchess of Albany may go to Cannes for a short time early in the spring; but her visit would be strictly private, and she would stay with Miss Percival at the Villa Nevada, the house in which the Duke died last March.

It was mentioned in Truth, a few months ago, that the Queen had commissioned Mr. Gourlay Steell, R.S.A., to paint a series of pictures of her favourite dogs. The pictures are five in number, and, having been completed, will be despatched from Edinburgh to Windsor Castle in the course of a few days. One is an oil painting representing her Majesty's collie, "Sailor," and a Scotch terrier. It is intended to fill a panel in the Queen's private sitting-room. The other large picture represents "Fern," another of her Majesty's collies, who is painted in company with a foxhound. There are three smaller designs, the first showing a group of four (collie, foxhound, pug, and dachshund); the second, a sledge-hound; and the third a couple of collies.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will arrive at Witley Court, on their visit to Lord and Lady Dudley, on Monday week, the 15th, and they will stay in Worcestershire till the following Friday, when they will proceed to Sandringham for Christmas. There will be only a small party at Witley to meet the Royal guests, and no ball will be given during their visit.

Their Royal Highnesses will receive a large party at Sandringham between Jan. 3 and 12, and there will be a variety of festivities to celebrate the coming of age of Prince Edward.

The Prince and Princess entertained the first of their regular series of winter parties at Sandringham last week, their guests including Prince Albert of Saxe-Altenburg, Maria Lady Ailesbury, the Duke of Roxburghe, Lord and Lady Rosebery, Count and Countess Festetics, Lord Fife, Sir Frederick Johnstone, Baron Ferdinand Rothschild, and Lady Charles Beresford. Nearly five hundred partridges were shot on Tuesday, and over two thousand head of pheasants, hares, and rabbits on Wednesday.

There were several large shooting-parties in Norfolk last week, besides that at Sandringham. Lord Leicester entertained his friends at Holkham, and Lord Hastings had a full house at Melton Constable. Mr. Green received a small party at Ken Hall, and the Prince of Wales went over from Sandringham and shot the home covers with him on Monday. Mr. Fountaine, the new Master of the West Norfolk Hunt, had a large party at Narford.

The Prince of Wales has intimated his intention of visiting the Smithfield Show next Monday. H.R.H. sends several animals from Sandringham, and the Queen, as usual, exhibits a number of beasts from her Windsor farm. The Duke of Richmond will preside at the dinner to Mr. Jacob Wilson, which takes place at Willis's Rooms on Monday evening. The fund for Mr. Wilson's testimonial now exceeds £3,000.

The papers announce that the birthday of the Crown Princess of Germany has been celebrated at Berlin in the customary way. It may be hoped that the festivities on this anniversary have not been disturbed, as they were last year, when, in consequence of a misunderstanding, the Princess announced her intention of at once starting for England, and it required the personal intervention of the Emperor and the exertion of all his strong influence to bring about a reconciliation. His Majesty has a sagacious aversion to washing dirty linen in public, and never forgives any Royal personage whose indiscretion causes a scandal. "Do nothing, say nothing; time will put everything to rights." This is his invariable answer when one member of his family comes to complain of another.

Madame de Kalomine's appeal against the dissolution of her marriage with the Grand Duke of Hesse is to be heard at Leipsic, on Friday week, before the Imperial Supreme Court.

The following items come to me from Algiers:—The Countess of Dunmore and family have taken the villa of the Comte de Richemont for the season. Sir Alexander and Lady Mackenzie are at the Villa Mesguich. Lady Sebright's pretty villa, "L'Olivage," is let for the season to Mr. James and Lady Charlotte Smith Barry. Mr. Arthur Smith Barry is expected shortly at his villa, "El Mufti." Lady Macfarren, Miss Leigh Smith, and several other residents have arrived at their villas. Prince Esterhazy has gone on a shooting expedition in the interior, accompanied by the well-known panther-killer, Bombonnel.

The Duke of Edinburgh gave a farewell smoking-concert to the officers of the Channel Squadron, at Gibraltar, on Saturday week, on board the *Minotaur*. The Duke took a prominent part in the entertainment, and himself officiated as conductor during the performance of a new "Toy Symphony."

This is the season in Dublin when society tries to combine the art of amusing itself with that of doing good to others. The value of a new idea was well illustrated in the success of a charitable entertainment last week. Instead of the time-honoured bazaar, a loan exhibition was held in the vicarage of St. Bartholomew's parish, Dublin. Several rooms were artistically decorated and furnished, according to various periods. Valuable furniture and old silver were exhibited by Lord Ardilaun, Mr. E. Guinness, &c., and concerts and readings throughout the week provided extra attractions. The popularity of the entertainment was no doubt due to the fact that it left no melancholy memorials for the charitable in the shape of the usual bazaar rubbish.

The annual Ascot Ball takes place to-morrow evening in the Grand Stand. All the houses in the neighbourhood have parties for this function, which is always a very smart affair.

A most successful concert in aid of St. Stephen's Church, Guernsey, was given by the ladies of the island, under the patronage of the Lieut.-Governor, Mrs. Sarel, and the Bailiff of Guernsey, at St. Julian's Hall, on Thursday last.

The Social Science Association will hold its annual congress—*i.e.*, outing—at Portsmouth next year, under the presidency of Baron Ferdinand Rothschild.

Lady Salisbury will give a grand ball at Hatfield House during the Christmas holidays, probably on New Year's Night.

Sir Stafford and Lady Northcote have been staying down in Norfolk for a few days, on a visit to their relative, Mr. F. W. Farren, at Worlingham Hall.

Lord and Lady Derby will receive numerous visitors at Knowsley during the approaching recess.

The Duke of Hamilton has been entertaining a shooting-party at Easton Park, his place in Suffolk.

Lord and Lady Londesborough have concluded their annual visit to Yorkshire, and are staying in town for a few days before going to their place near Lyndhurst for the winter.

The Lord Chamberlain's house in Grosvenor-place has been taken by Lord and Lady Kilmorey till Easter.

Considerable preparations are being made at Ripon to welcome Lord and Lady Ripon on their return from India. An address will, of course, be presented to the late Viceroy, and the programme includes a luncheon to about 800 people, a tea to the school-children and working classes, and a subscription ball.

Lord and Lady William Compton have gone down to Devonshire and Cornwall, to visit Lady Ashburton's estates in the vicinity of Kingsbridge and Callington.

Lady Cardwell is staying at the Imperial Hotel, Torquay, where she and Lord Cardwell think of spending a good part of the winter.

Lord and Lady Howe are entertaining a large party at Gopsall Hall, their place in Leicestershire.

I hear that Lord Dorchester, who has been lying seriously ill during the last fortnight at his house in Berkeley-square, is suffering from the effects of a chill, which he caught while shooting in Cheshire the other day.

The death of Colonel Sutton, of the Queen's Royal Body Guard, places an office ot £140 a year at her Majesty's disposal. The post carries with it apartments in St. James's Palace. Colonel Sutton, who died last week in

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his seventy-third year, was formerly secretary to the Carlton Club. He rose from the ranks, and was an officer of long and meritorious service.

Lady Hillyar, widow of Admiral Sir James Hillyar, who died last week at Plymouth, at the age of 86, is regretted throughout almost the entire Navy. The mother of two admirals and widow of another, she was devoted heart and soul to the "service." In her young days she used to accompany her husband on his voyages, and was fond of relating how she had entertained Nelson's captains at dinner after the Battle of Trafalgar. According to Lady Hillyar's last wish, she was carried to her grave by a detachment of men from H.M.S. *Cambridge*.

Although Sir Charles Freake has been dead for more than two months, his will has not yet been proved. He left something under two millions of money, all of which he made himself, having commenced life in the humblest position. The bulk of his vast property is to accumulate until his grandson, now a child, attains the age of twenty-five; the new baronet, Sir Thomas George Freake, succeeding to the comparatively small income of £17,000 per annum. This is tied up so tightly that any attempt to mortgage or forestall it amounts to a forfeiture—hence the weeping and wailing of various speculators who have dealt in *post-obits*. It is only a few years ago that the dignity of baronet was conferred on Sir Charles, an honour that followed immediately on a subscription of twenty thousand pounds to the Royal College of Music. Perhaps his son would be glad to cancel the obligation for a return of the contribution. It is strange how many self-made men leave foolish wills.

Two serious accidents took place in South Warwickshire last week during a day's shooting on the Alscot Park estate of Mr. West. The party were shooting the Shennington covers, when a labourer who was beating was shot in the back by Mr. J. Starkey, who was only a few paces off. The unfortunate victim was stooping down, and his body was hidden by brushwood. He is progressing favourably. A few minutes later Mr. Lucy, of Charlecote Park, fired at a rabbit, and one of the shots glanced off a tree, and, rebounding, struck Captain Alston, of Elmdon Hall, in the centre of the left eye, the sight being, of course, entirely destroyed, and the eye has since been removed. Mr. Lucy was greatly distressed at the terrible disaster, but not the slightest blame attaches to him. Captain Alston is High Sheriff of Warwickshire.

Lord Carlingford will have several shooting-parties at The Priory, Chewton Mendip, during the Christmas holidays.

Sir R. Williams-Bulkeley's steam-yacht *Carmen*, which has been fitting out at Dartmouth, will start for the West Indies early next month for a lengthened cruise. Baron Hill, the family place in Anglesey, will be shut up during its owner's absence.

Lord Francis Cecil, who recently purchased the racing cutter *Sleuthhound* from Lord Ailsa, has sent her to Gosport for a refit, before starting for the Mediterranean. She is to take part in the Nice regatta.

The Duke of Rutland, who is now at Cheveley Park, has taken practical steps at Newmarket to make the Stewards of the Jockey Club understand that they are not omnipotent even on the Heath, and that they cannot loftily override the privileges of the public. There has always been a right-of-way across the course; but this path has lately been blocked, much to the inconvenience of the inhabitants of Exning. The Duke, however, has checkmated the Jockey Club by placing a fence straight over the course, so that all gallops are stopped, and it is understood that the obstruction will not be removed until the old right-of-way is formally conceded.

It would seem that the feudal tenure of land is not quite extinct. The Hon. A. Egerton holds a farm from the Bridgewater Trustees, and, by the terms of his lease, he is bound to supply each year a man and a horse to the Worsley troop of Yeomanry. This farm is sub-let under the same conditions to one Wilson. But as Wilson did not provide the man and the horse this year he has been sued by Mr. Egerton in the Bolton County Court for £6.

Mr. Thomas Fitzwilliam has undertaken to hunt the Fitzwilliam (Milton) country till the end of the present season, when he will resign the mastership, unless the financial arrangements are placed on a satisfactory basis.

It is quite "on the cards" that the Queen's Staghounds may be given up before very long. There are great and increasing complaints from the farmers in the country of the losses which they suffer from the serious damage which is inflicted on their property by the followers of the Royal Hunt; and the regular incursion of the mob of loafers and roughs who attend the meets is becoming a dangerous nuisance. These matters have been "mentioned" to the Queen since her return to Windsor, and, as her Majesty has never regarded the Hunt with any great favour, it is probable that she will earn the gratitude of her neighbours round Windsor by deciding to abolish the hounds altogether. The sporting members of the Royal Family are not likely to attempt to uphold the Hunt, for of late years they have rarely patronised it.

The following story, the accuracy of which is vouched for by my informant, bears its own comment:—

Mr. John Clark, a wealthy manufacturer of Paisley, had leased from the proprietor, the Earl of Dunmore, the fishings and shootings of a certain island off the West of Scotland. The lessee himself shot but little, being an enthusiastic angler; but one day he proposed to shoot over the northern part of the island, a part he had previously left untouched. The keepers, who had been left on the estate by the proprietor, but who were in the pay of the lessee, dissuaded him from this, representing that the place was barren, and no game was to be found there. Subsequently a guest did shoot over that part of the island, and found game in abundance. I daresay many lessees of shootings have had similar experiences. But some time afterwards the noble landlord was rash enough to boast that, although he had let the shootings to a man named Clarke, the keepers nursed the game for him, and that he and a party had landed, unknown to the lessee, and shot 600 brace. Mr. Clarke contented himself with letting this Highland landlord know his candid opinion of such proceedings, communicated through his lawyers with Lord Dunmore's solicitors, and received an assurance that this raiding should not occur again.

The salmon-fishing in the Tweed closed for the season on Saturday night. The net-fishing was not remarkably successful this year, but the autumn angling has been exceedingly productive, and the river is now swarming

with fish. The best captures have been made on the Sprouston, Carham, and Hendersyde stretches—all of which have yielded splendid sport. The fishing on the Floors Castle water has scarcely been so good as usual, and the famous Birgham Dub has not been up to the mark. No salmon of exceptional weight have been taken.

Two new billiard records were established last week during the long match between Roberts and North. The latter made 132 from the red ball alone; and the champion accomplished one of the objects of his ambition by surpassing Cook's best on record "all round" break of 309, and then emphasised the performance by repeating it, the two efforts being 322 and 327 respectively.

Whether six-day "go-as-you-please" competitions will meet with more favour at the West than they did at the East-end remains to be seen, but in many respects the one concluded at the Aquarium on Saturday last was decidedly successful. Up to the time of Rowell's retirement, the competition between him and Littlewood produced a splendid contest, in the course of which the "record" suffered greatly; but when the plucky Cambridge man had to give in, under medical advice, much of the interest in the affair naturally ceased, for nothing could stop Littlewood securing a victory. However, though certain of his laurels, he put in a fine performance doing over 405 miles in the 72 hours allowed.

One of the chief football Association matches of the season, London *v.* Sheffield, took place at the Oval last Saturday, and resulted in a draw, one goal each. The prevalent roughness of this class of football was once more exemplified, one of the Londoners having his leg cut open by a kick below the knee, that was certainly, if an accident at all, the result of a most vicious and reckless style of play. The wound was so bad that it had to be sewn up. I venture to maintain that these "accidents" are by no means an indispensable feature of the game, and that those who cause them should be rigorously dealt with.

The Week, which is one of the most influential papers in Canada, sums up the dispute as to the Hanlan-Beach race, which has excited so much interest in this country, as follows:—"Hanlan is known to be a needy man, fond of money, given to gambling, and his only chance to make a considerable sum was to lose the race and lay against himself—a device which it is only too apparent he resorted to."

In an amusing article upon "Card-Sharping," in the *St. James's Gazette*, it is stated that Lord George Bentinck, when consulted by a man who suspected another of foul play, replied, "Back him." But surely Lord George never did anything of the kind. In Lord de Roos' trial for cheating at cards, one of the witnesses was asked whether he had suspected anything. "Yes," he answered. "And what did you do?" "Backed him."

The writer of the article explains the mode of cheating at écarté. This consists, he says, in putting four cards of the same suit together at the top of the pack, then placing seven over them, and reversing the cut either by making a "bridge," or by what is termed "sauter la coupe." This, however, is not the usual mode. All that a person without prejudices has to do, in order to ensure himself a good 10 per cent. advantage, is to watch the cards as they lie upon the table with their faces up, put them at the top of the pack, and not shuffle them. He thus knows some of the cards that his adversary has, and is certain that he has not others. Let me know where half-a-dozen cards are in pack each time that I am dealing, and I should require no other advantage to make sure of winning in the long run. The beauty of this scheme for cheating is, that it cannot be brought home to the person adopting it.

The writer of the article does not clearly explain the *modus operandi* in order to "sauter la coupe." It is done thus:—The operator replaces the cut fairly, but he leaves his little finger in the cut. He then also inserts his first finger in it, and places the two middle fingers at the bottom of the pack in such a way that the last joint of these two fingers lies parallel with the pack. Grasping the entire pack with the other hand, he pushes out the two middle fingers, as though he were opening his hand. This causes the lower section of the cards to revolve over the upper section until it hangs over it, when he withdraws the middle finger and the little finger from the cut. With a very little practice, this trick may be performed imperceptibly.

While American publishers are seemingly the dogs in the manger who prevent a book-copyright law of an international nature between their country and this being passed, it would appear from a recent injunction of a court in Boston, U.S.A., against a production there of a correct but unauthorised version of the "Private Secretary," on plaint of an exclusive assignee of Mr. Hawtrey, its author, that there is really no necessity for any dramatic international copyright law. The American common law of stage right fully protects all American assignees of unpublished manuscripts of English or French plays, and it even allows a partition of such assigned plays to particular localities within the States.

The latest catalogue of new books issued by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, of New York, includes Froude's "Carlyle," in two parts, at sevenpence halfpenny (fifteen cents) the volume; and Edmund Yates's "Memoirs," and Lucien Wolf's centennial biography of Sir Moses Montefiore at tenpence (twenty cents) each. The aggregate price at which these books are published in England is close upon five pounds.

Messrs. Braun & Co. have photographed 240 of the pictures of the National Gallery. These will only be procurable at 12s. each, or £144 for the set. In granting permission to Messrs. Braun & Co. to photograph, the Director of the National Gallery took no precautions to secure gratuitous sets for the National Museum, and it was only later on that the promise of a gratuitous set for the Gallery was obtained. The price of the photographs is so excessive that it is to be hoped that some English photographer will be granted the same privilege as these Germans, in order that it may be reduced by wholesome competition.

The average daily number of visitors to the Manchester Art Gallery is about 350. On Sunday, November 23, although the day was raw and foggy, the Gallery was open to the public from 2 p.m. to 9 p.m., and the visitors amounted to 7,047. The bulk of them consisted of artisans and small shopkeepers, with their wives and children.

Numerous paragraphs have lately appeared in the papers of what Macaulay would have termed "the puff-preliminary" sort, about a new book on Dickens, by Mr. George Dolby, who is described as "one who was very intimate with Dickens in private life, and who will be able to present a fresh side of his character." This is perfect rubbish, as Mr. Dolby was merely Dickens's agent and manager for the last series of his "readings" here, and in the United States, and on the subject of these readings there was more than enough in Forster's "Life." Mr. Dolby may have paid a few flying-visits to Gad's-hill; but he was never on really intimate terms with Dickens. About three years ago Mr. Dolby contemplated publishing all the letters which Dickens had written to him during their business connection; but he was stopped by an injunction which was granted by the Court of Chancery, on the application of Miss Hogarth, Dickens's legal representative. The book now announced is probably the substance of these letters put in narrative form, but whether Mr. Dolby himself has compiled the "Recollections," or whether he has got some literary assistant to do it for him, is more than I know, though people will certainly be disappointed if they expect anything new of special interest or importance.

The Syston Park library, belonging to Sir John Thorold, is to be sold next week. It contains a number of very rare books, splendidly bound, including numerous Elzevirs and Aldines. The gems of the collection are the Mazarin and Mayence Bibles. A copy of the former sold for 2,900 guineas at the Hanbury Park sale, and one of the latter for 780 guineas at Mr. Perkins' sale. There are also the four folios of Shakespeare (the first edition of 1623); and this is a finer copy than that for which Lady Burdett-Coutts paid £716 a few years ago. There are over 2,100 lots in the sale.

It was a happy thought of Mr. Barnett's friends to commemorate the picture exhibitions which he has organised in Whitechapel by a mosaic outside his church. Mr. Watts's picture of "Time, Death, and Judgment" has, on the whole, been very successfully reproduced, and the glittering colours have a wonderful effect amidst the surrounding dreariness.

The Fine Art Society have just published an excellent line engraving by Mr. Lumb Stocks, R.A., after Sir Frederick Leighton, "The Sister's Kiss." It is a treat to see a really first-class modern line engraving. As to the picture itself, it is very pretty; but if the little recipient of the kiss grows up as Brobdingnagian a man as the sister is a woman, his parents will make a little fortune by showing him.

Native Oysters.—Great Reduction in Price. Sweetings are supplying the Finest Native Oysters in barrels, 22s. 6d., half-barrels, 15s.—London, 158, Cheapside; Brighton, King's-road.

The renowned Bazilewski collection of old porcelain and furniture, which was to have been sold by auction in Paris, has been bought *en bloc* by the Russian Government for the bagatelle of £240,000 sterling!

Fritz Blumer, the Swiss pianist, made his mark at the Crystal Palace, last Saturday, in M. Saint-Saëns's Second Concerto. He had given the orchestra a taste of his quality at the rehearsal, and so they received him with applause when he sat down to play at the concert. "I rather prefer that to the applause of the audience," said he. "If you had played a little more often in England," replied a friend, "you would know that the applause of an English audience is worth having. We know a good pianist when we hear him, and a bad one." After the concert, M. Blumer remarked, "You are right; the applause of an English audience is worth something." The fact is, he got it. M. Blumer returns to Paris to play at the Cirque d'Hiver c^o ^certs, under Godart, the successor of Papa Pasdeloup.

The Browning entertainment last Friday night was more than usually depressing, even for Princes' Hall. The performance of "In a Balcony" only showed that, however hard it may be to read Mr. Browning's work, it is much more difficult to act it.

Miss Ewcretta Laurence appeared last week at a Gaiety *matinée* in the part of Adrienne Lecouvreur. She has made considerable progress since her previous appearance. The part is a most difficult one, and although Miss Laurence needs stage experience, she showed that she has considerable dramatic talent and has been well taught. Reading some of the criticisms on her, it struck me that they were hardly sufficiently appreciative. Her pathos was excellent, and in her last scene she really acted remarkably well.

There was rather a curious debate in the Cambridge Senate on Friday when the "Museums Syndicate" asked the University to vote £700 to purchase microscopes for the use of the science students. Science is certainly beginning to have its revenge for its long neglect at our seats of learning; for, as Mr. Oscar Browning pointed out with great force during the discussion, no one proposed to make the University pay for the undergraduates' books and maps, which are as much *arma scholastica* to historical students as a microscope is to a scientific student. It was subsequently alleged, however, that it would be impossible to conduct the examinations without additional microscopes. This was final, and even Mr. Browning withdrew his opposition.

It is rather curious to see how poorly represented the "great" public schools are in the Balliol scholarships, which are generally regarded as the most honourable thing of the kind at Oxford. Of the twelve boys elected last Thursday one came from Harrow and one from the Charterhouse, but all the others belong either to public schools of new foundation, such as Clifton, or to good old schools not generally counted amongst the public schools, like Blundell's school, Tiverton.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

A large and very handsome stained glass window has just been placed in the chapel of the Royal Hants County Hospital at Winchester, in memory of Sir William Heathcote, of Hursley, who was for many years M.P. for Oxford University.

It is proposed to build a new parish church for Portsea (Portsmouth), at a cost of £30,000, from plans by Mr. Blomfield. Subscriptions amounting to £6,000 have been promised for some time, and last Thursday, Canon Jacob, the vicar, announced that a layman, who did not wish his name to transpire, had offered to contribute £15,000 towards the work.

A Wycliffe Commemoration service is to be held in Bristol Cathedral during the last week in this month. The sermon will be preached by Bishop Ellicot.

Some voluminous correspondence has been going on in the *Church Times* for weeks on the vexed question of Anglican chants *versus* Gregorian. The controversy is something like that over the chameleon,—everything depends on the point of view from which you look at the matter. Some of the Gregorian Tones are absolutely offensive to a musical ear in their archaic clumsiness; others have a simple grandeur which makes them admirably adapted to congregational singing in unison. Some of the Anglican chants, on the other hand, are unspeakably feeble, and the best are most suited for cathedrals or highly trained choirs. There is no intelligible reason, however, why a service should be limited to either style of music. The most sensible course is a judicious combination of the two, such as may he heard in more than one London church.

A certain Mr. Cole, who has for many years been the superintendent of a Church of England Sunday-school in the north of London, recently married his deceased wife's sister. The local clergy thereupon refused to admit him to the Holy Communion, on the ground, I suppose, that he was a "notorious evil-liver"; and the Bishop of Bedford—"with great pain," of course—has endorsed the action of the clergy. Mr. Cole has replied to the letter by joining a Nonconformist congregation; an excellent example of the way in which the Established Church loses adherents.

I regret to hear that Canon Girdlestone is lying dangerously ill at Bristol from the effects of a cold which he caught during his recent visit to Sandringham, where he went to preach at the special request of the Prince of Wales.

Dean Law had long been in very infirm health, although he preserved his faculties to the last. He had for many years passed his time between Bournemouth and Gloucester, but a long period had elapsed since he had taken any part in the Cathedral service, and I believe, in fact, that he had not entered the building for several years. The Dean practically dispensed all the Church patronage of the Crown during Lord Palmerston's first Administration, for the Prime Minister left everything of this sort to Lord Shaftesbury, who did nothing without consulting Archdeacon Law, who might have been a bishop over and over again, but, like Dr. Vaughan, he had no desire for a mitre.

The Dean was a staunch Evangelical of the austere *Record* school, and he was exceedingly intolerant throughout his life. During his twenty-two years at Gloucester he did nothing whatever to improve the Cathedral services, nor was he in the least anxious to make it a centre of Church work. He possessed a large fortune, and was a very kind and charitable man. He was venerated as a saint by the Evangelicals, and was a more active leader of that party than even his friend Dean Close. He was prominently before the public about thirty years ago, when he instigated Mr. Ditcher's prosecution of Archdeacon Denison, who was Mr. Law's neighbour at Weston and his colleague at Wells. He was always a strong partisan, and entirely approved the "persecution" policy of the Church Association.

Superannuated and broken-down Bishops would do well to follow the example of the Archbishop of Dublin, who resigned his see last week. Dr. Trench has not only had the good sense to resign his bishopric when he feels that his health is unequal to the strain of performing its duties, but he has, with rare generosity, given up his retiring allowance of £2,500 a year. This unselfish liberality affords a striking contrast to the course pursued by various English Bishops, who, though hopelessly incapable of discharging their episcopal functions, cannot be persuaded to resign, even with the liberal pensions provided by law.

Special prayers, invoking the blessing of Providence upon particular campaigns, do not, as a rule, command my approbation, and I am certainly not disposed to make an exception in favour of the latest effort of the Archbishop of Canterbury on behalf of Lord Wolseley's expedition. It seems to me somewhat blasphemous to beseech the Almighty to "take into His own hand the cause" of soldiers who are endeavouring to crush out a rebellion against a corrupt and tyrannical Government. Again, it is scarcely the fact that we are "seeking always the deliverance of the oppressed, and the good of all mankind," or else we should be on the side of the Arabs against the Egyptians.

The diminution in the death-rate of the Indian Army has been a subject of self-gratulation on the part of the advisers of the sanitary improvements in barracks; the advocates of temperance also claim some share in the satisfactory change. It may be pointed out, however, that the short-service system must claim to exercise a most important influence on the percentage of deaths. Obviously the longer a man is subject to the trials of a tropical climate, the more likely will he be to break down.

Yet another grievance for the Marines. The colonel commanding at Plymouth has given out that for the future he will not sanction the marriage of any man who cannot show a couple of good-conduct badges and a balance of £5 in the savings bank. I think, however, that the Marines will have less reason to grumble at this step than the clerks of the London and Provincial Bank at the similar order

which I recently criticised. It is hardly too much to ask that a man shall have a five-pound note of his own before he starts as a husband and probable father. As for the good-conduct badges, it is a pity this qualification for matrimony cannot be extended beyond the Marines.

The building of a composite gun-vessel of a new type is to be at once commenced at Sheerness. She is to be called the *Swallow*, and will have a heavier armament than any other vessel of the same class, as it is proposed to equip her with eight 5-inch breech-loading guns, one 7-pounder gun, and two Gardner machine-guns. The estimated cost of the *Swallow* is nearly £50,000.

Much surprise is expressed in "service circles" that the Admiralty do not send out armour-plated vessels as flagships to the East Indies and the Cape, as there are no ships of this class on those stations.

The disclosures on board the *Cambridge*, the *Ganges*, and other ships make it pretty evident that the stewards' department in the Navy is in urgent need of thorough investigation and reform. It has been for a long time notorious that ships' stewards are exceedingly unpopular as a rule with the men, whom, there is good reason to believe, they systematically overcharge and defraud. The fact is that far too much reliance is placed upon the stewards' integrity. Their temptations are enormous, the facilities for abstracting stores and cheating their messmates being almost unlimited, and their pay, amounting to no more than one guinea a week, is disproportionately meagre. The Admiralty authorities have for years past refused to consider their grievances; but, perhaps, recent scandals may convince them that it would be more economical in the long run to pay better wages and employ a superior class of men.

Devonport tradespeople are greatly exercised over what they consider the unfair preference shown by ships' captains, in allowing only one representative of each trade to come on board ships returning from foreign service in order to canvass the crew for orders. Deputations have waited on the captain of the *Griffin* and other vessels, and the interference of Sir Houston Stewart, the Port-Admiral, has been invoked. It is, however, somewhat difficult to decide such a question in a manner acceptable to the tradesmen. If only a limited number are permitted to come on board, the rest will, of course, grumble; and, if the permission be extended to all, the deck of a man-of-war will be promptly converted into a kind of fair—a pandemonium of cheap-jacks. I cannot help thinking that the best way would be not to allow any tradesmen on board at all, but to leave the sailors to do their shopping on shore.

The ranting fanatics who are usually the "stars" of teetotal meetings will do well to take warning from the melancholy mishap which has befallen one Ballam, who is described as a "well-known temperance orator." In the course of an impassioned harangue which this person delivered at Dorchester he thought proper to describe a well-known brewer at Poole as a "wholesale murderer." The brewer entirely refused to regard the invective as "Pickwickian," and at once issued a writ claiming £1,000 damages for libel, with the result that last week Ballam sent him a full and abject apology, which has been published in all the local papers, and in addition he pays all the costs which have been incurred.

William Bridger, coachman to Captain Cruikshank, has been fined 2s. 6d. for not sending his child to school. His wife explained that she could not pay, "all through the Captain," who, she said, owes her husband £30 for wages, and has been away for seventeen weeks without sending any money. Captain Cruikshank is the Conservative candidate for Leicester. I would suggest to Mr. Picton, M.P., the sitting member, that he should send poor William Bridger the half-crown, to show that he has no ill-feeling against the Captain.

I am glad to see that the Birmingham authorities have determined to deal firmly with the question of public lotteries, to which I referred some weeks ago. At a meeting of magistrates, held last week, it was resolved that the law should be rigorously enforced against all persons breaking it, and that no exception should be made in favour of raffling at bazaars. This is but fair. Religious persons, indeed, ought to be proceeded against first, and fined the heaviest, simply because they claim to be exemplars to the whole community. The other day a bill was issued from one of the Birmingham churches, announcing an open raffle, the tickets being threepence each, and the prizes included bottles of wine and boxes of cigars.

Medical students who walk the hospitals benefit by the money which is subscribed towards these institutions. Why, then, should they reciprocate these advantages by organising riots at places of amusement? This they did at the Promenade Concerts, and Mr. Vaughan would have done well to show that such proceedings are not to be tolerated, by sending the ringleaders of the disturbance to prison for a few weeks. It is really a little too much that these bone-setters should provide themselves with "subjects" by breaking the bones of her Majesty's lieges.

During a recent affray between poachers and keepers on the estate of Mr. Finch, M.P., at Burley-on-the-Hill, one of the former was killed. At the coroner's inquest the verdict was justifiable homicide, and last week the county magistrates, sitting at Oakham Castle, arrived at a similar conclusion. I do not desire to impugn this decision, but it would be interesting to learn why on this particular occasion the magistrates should have adopted the unusual, if not unprecedented, course of sitting with closed doors, and refusing admission to the reporters? Sir William Harcourt would do well to admonish these "justices" against such equivocal arrangements.

How wonderfully polite the law is becoming! Lord Marcus Beresford, as I remarked last week, was begged not to trouble himself to enter the dock at the Old Bailey; and now I read that, at Birmingham, Mr. Chamberlain, when called as a witness in the police-court, was "invited to remain on the bench." Mr. Chamberlain, however, as might have been expected, set himself against this absurd practice of making distinctions between witnesses, and snubbed the magistrate severely by promptly going into

the witness-box. The law should be no respecter of persons, whether they are witnesses or prisoners.

The following is interesting :—

Adams *v.* Coleridge.

Sir,—It may interest your readers to cite the case of "Treloar *v.* Bigge," tried before Lord Chief Baron Kelly and a Special Jury, in the Court of Exchequer, on Nov. 27, 1873, Mr. Justice Day (then Mr. J. C. Day, Q.C.) being counsel for the plaintiff, the jury giving the plaintiff a verdict for the full amount claimed, with costs, and the judge non-suiting him. The case will be found reported, on appeal by the plaintiff, in the "Law Journal Reports," Exchequer 43, N.S., April 24, 1874.—We are, sir, your obedient servants,

Treloar & Sons.

Had Mr. Bernard Coleridge been put in the box, I believe that he would have stated that his letter to his sister was written on a Saturday, under the impression that her marriage was contemplated on the following Monday.

I notice that several of the papers have been following the lead of Mr. Justice Manisty and Mr. Justice Denman, and have been telling us that it is very wrong—"ill-advised" is their pretty little phrase—on the part of litigants to conduct their own cases. I really cannot agree with them. I know of too many instances to the contrary. We are told that a counsel takes a more calm and dispassionate view than does the litigant, and does not dwell in an irritating manner upon irrelevant points. On the other hand, I know that counsel often do not take the trouble to get up their brief, and that the brief suffers considerably in too many instances by filtration of its facts through the muddy brain of a solicitor's clerk. All that a litigant wants is to know the ordinary rules of procedure and of evidence, and to keep his head cool. If he can do this, he will be able to bring out his case clearly. And this is the most that any counsel can do for him. The only use of counsel is in the argument of points of law. These involve snares and pitfalls of which even counsel are not always aware, and upon which judges are apt to differ, and to express their differences with that personal acerbity which is the outward and visible sign of inward legal conviction.

Mr. Justice Denman is a curious example that when intellect does show signs of being hereditary, it always breaks out in the younger and not in the eldest son. Lord Denman is the member for Bridport of the House of Lords. Mr. Justice Denman is a judge of considerable power. Another notable instance of this superiority of the youngest son is that of the late Lord Justice Thesiger, who was one of the youngest and ablest judges on the Bench, while General Lord Chelmsford, his elder brother, is only famous for having suffered the greatest military disaster of any English general of this century.

The magistrates of Petworth, Sussex, have received a very well-deserved rebuke from Mr. Justice Hawkins for their very singular interpretation of the law for the protection of wild birds. A man named Gilham, and others, trapped a quantity of sparrows, and sent them in bags to the Swan Hotel, Pulborough, for a sparrow and starling shooting-match. The birds were placed under flower-pots by way of traps, and many of them were too exhausted to rise, in which case they were pulled or kicked to death. The magistrates, however, declined to convict, because the birds, having been trapped and placed in bags, were no longer wild birds within the meaning of the Act. Mr. Justice Grove and Mr. Justice Hawkins sent the case back to the magistrates; the latter judge remarking that he could not conceive how "four or five magistrates, sitting in conclave, could come to such a conclusion." He also hoped that "when the magistrates convicted they would pass an exemplary sentence on all who took part in the brutal sport," a hope in which, I should think, all humane people will heartily concur.

Annie Johnston, who was tried for the abduction of a child and sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment, will in a few months have completed her sentence. There is no doubt that she knows the whereabouts of the child, and it seems a pity that she cannot be confined until she discloses it. The child—Bessie Hearndon—is, I am told, about twelve years old, well-grown, and fairly good-looking. A reward should be offered for her discovery, and this should be made known in Belgium as well as at home.

On Saturday week, while a number of the Wellington College boys were out for a "paper-chase," they crossed a meadow in the occupation of a miller at Yateley, who suddenly appeared at his gate and fired a pistol at them, with the result that three were wounded, one rather seriously. One of the boys went to the mill to demand an explanation, but prudently retreated on being informed that "there is still another barrel left." It is presumed that the college authorities will bring the matter before the local magistrates. They certainly ought to do so.

The absurdity of the requirement at an inquest that the jury should actually see the dead body was once more very forcibly shown by a case last Saturday concerning the death of a small-pox patient. The jurymen—"respectable tradesmen," all "with families"—very naturally objected to exposing themselves to the risk, and viewed the body "under protest"—rather an inadequate protection against contagion, I am afraid. It really is time that this absurd practice was abolished.

An inquest took place last week on the body of George Hinde, at Retford. The Board of Guardians had boarded out George Hinde with Mr. Henry Ward, a market-gardener. The evidence went to show that Mr. Ward often beat and kicked the boy, and that Mrs. Ward struck him with a fire-shovel frequently; that he was sent out half-naked on cold days to weed; that he was lame with a hole in his toe, but was kept carrying buckets of water; that there were bruises on his hip and temple, and that "he was dying as he went about." Naturally he died, and the jury returned a verdict that death resulted from natural causes, but that they found that the child was systematically ill-treated; that such ill-treatment accelerated death; and that the foster-parents were deserving of severe censure.

Now, what I should be glad to know is this—Is this case of detestable cruelty to end here? What do scoundrels like these Wards care for severe censure? If, as the medical officer said, the child was suffering from a tubercular complaint, it is very evident that there not only is a

possibility, but a pretty strong certainty, that his death was accelerated, if not brought about, by ill-treatment. Guardians who board out children are bound, in every case, to prosecute wherever these children are ill-treated by those under whose charge they have been placed.

I commend the following to City reformers as an illustration of the present state of things under our divided system of metropolitan government. It is clipped from the newspaper report of last week's meeting of the Guardians of the Strand district:—

Mr. Hutchinson: I see my grumbling friend on the right wishes to speak, and I'd rather sit down and hear him.
Mr. Dart: I was not grumbling; and don't you take my name in vain.
Mr. Hutchinson: I didn't mention your name.
Mr. Dart: You would only throw dirt on it if you did.
Mr. Hutchinson (excitedly): I treat you with silent contempt.
Mr. Dart: You're a fool.
Mr. Hutchinson: And you're a dirty varmint, a stinking blackguard; and I'll clout you on the ear.

At the meeting of the Holborn Guardians last week, complaints were made about the vile quality of the bread supplied to the children at Mitcham schools, one guardian remarking that it was exactly like putty, and that no one who had not the inside of an ostrich could digest it. Several others were astonished to hear that, when they went to inspect the schools, they were not given the same bread at luncheon as that supplied to the children, but were provided with a superior quality from a shop in the village. It is a singular thing that guardians of the poor should understand so very little about the internal economy of the establishments they are supposed to manage. But I should have thought that even a Poor-Law Guardian would have known that, when making an official visit, he is not likely to be fed on workhouse diet.

It seems that a weakness for a good gorge is not confined to the Aldermen of South Britain. The Royal Convention of Scotch Burghs recently visited Dundee, and was entertained by the Corporation of Dundee to the tune of £480. Perhaps, as civic entertainments go, this is not a very extravagant figure. It is quite large enough, however, when viewed by the light of the fact that the town banking account was at the time overdrawn to the extent of £6,000. It appears that the expenditure was not actually illegal, inasmuch as the money came, not from the rates, but from other municipal funds. As, however, the town would have got the benefit of it if the money had not been spent in eating and drinking, I should think that the expenditure will not be any more blameless in the eyes of the ratepayers because the law winks at it.

The Metropolitan Board of Works divided the other day upon the important question whether it was desirable that the Fire Brigade should continue to take part in the Lord Mayor's Show. Some members thought the procession degrading to the firemen. In a sense, no doubt, it is; but, in the same sense, it is equally degrading to the Lord Mayor. I think the majority of the Board were right in voting for the procession. As long as the public continue to rejoice in the Show, there is no reason why the Lord Mayor should be denied such glory as is imparted by brass helmets and scarlet engines. Besides, a little of the glory is reflected on the Metropolitan Board itself.

It is to be hoped that Sir Charles Dilke will find a way to do something for the unfortunate inhabitants of Twickenham when—as they contemplate—they lay their grievances before him. The tide brings up a vast accumulation of sewage mud, which is deposited on the banks and shoals. The stream, lessened by the abstractions of the Water Companies, is unable to carry this mud away. It is the case of the wolf and the lamb, or rather of two wolves and a flock of lambs. The poor innocent Twickenham lambs used to live happy and healthy on the banks of what was called the silvery Thames. One wolf, arrayed in the garb of a Water Company, is, however, now taking away their land-water from above; and another wolf, in the form of a sewage engineer, is fouling the tidal water from below. And with what result? Mr. Meek, a gentleman who bought himself a house and garden close by the mud banks, died last week of typhoid fever.

The Conservators are doing all that they can by dredging and removing the mud, but I am afraid that their task is much like that of Mrs. Partington, who tried to keep the ocean out of her garden with a broom. There ought to be two locks, one at Isleworth and the other at Battersea, and below the latter the river should be enclosed in embankments.

Acting upon the suggestion I made last week, that authoritative contradiction should be given to some observations made by Mr. Lawrence at a meeting of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, Mr. Charles Todd, secretary to St. George's Hospital, writes:—

Sir,—With reference to a paragraph which has appeared in Truth, in connection with the meeting of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, on Saturday, the 22nd ult., where Mr. Lawrence is reported to have made certain statements on the subject of the outbreak of small-pox which has occurred at this hospital, will you allow me to say that Mr. Lawrence has since written to me on the subject to the effect that he is fully prepared to admit that the statement was made in error, begging leave unreservedly to withdraw it, and very much regretting that the imputation of such neglect should have been cast upon the hospital authorities?

No difficulty whatever has been experienced in obtaining the removal of patients attacked with small-pox from the hospital, and no nurses have died from that disease.

All nurses are, if necessary, revaccinated on engagement. To this rule, one exception only has occurred in the case of a probationer, who was not in sufficiently good health.

All the patients whose cases would permit have been revaccinated, as well as all the servants, and lymph with which to revaccinate them has been readily obtained.

No case of small-pox has broken out in the hospital since the 24th ultimo.

I have ascertained that Mr. Lawrence did not receive the information he communicated to the Metropolitan Asylums Board from any member of the Medical Staff of the Hospital.—I am, sir, your obedient servant, Charles L. Todd, Secretary.

St. George's Hospital, Hyde Park Corner, S.W., Dec. 2, 1884.

The two words, "if necessary" are a saving clause which I should have preferred not seeing in this contradiction. Again, it is admitted that revaccination was necessary in the case of the probationer, but was not performed on account of ill-health. This opens out a new question. Is a hospital justified in taking probationers in such a state of health that revaccination is not possible, although necessary? Are the authorities, medical or otherwise, right in bringing such a delicate person within scope of a fell disease?

Mr. Heritage writes to say that he was not paid £50 for procuring Lord Perth as a director, but that he provided him gratis.

I do not know whether the League to which a Brighton correspondent refers in the following communication is a swindle, but I think it probable that the result of becoming a member would more likely be to transfer half-a-crown from the pocket of the member to that of its promoter, than any reduction in the Income Tax :—

Sir,—Do you know anything of an "Anti-income-tax League?" Two men lately called on me, professing to be agents of such a league. With great volubility and a conspicuous absence of h's, they explained that professional gentlemen in general, and myself in particular, were the victims of gross injustice, which it was their philanthropic purpose to relieve. Of the constitution, or even existence, of the "League" they offered me no proofs whatever. By a frequent repetition of the question, "But what do you want me to do?" I gathered at length, out of a torrent of talk, that their object was to extort 2s. 6d. as "a subscription towards the support of the League," in return for which they offered me a sort of pamphlet, worth about 2d., which professed to give directions for filling up the income-tax returns. Judging from a book they showed me, the "League" had reaped a very respectable harvest of half-crowns in Brighton. I asked them to leave the pamphlet and call again. When they did so it was handed to them with an intimation that I was "busy." Is this "League" merely an impudent swindle or not?—Yours, &c. A. S.

Mr. Ernest Hart's suggestion for utilising the surplus from the "Healtheries" is certainly the best that has been made, and I am glad to hear that there is a good chance of its being—to some extent, at least—adopted. The preservation of the hygienic library is likely to be the turning-point of the whole business; for every one recognises that it would be absurd to disperse so valuable and unique a collection, and a collection of books must have a local habitation. It is here that Mr. Hart's suggestion comes in. The books would only be completely useful in connection with a hygienic laboratory such as he described, and a real Sanitary Institute might thus be formed, which would be of great advantage both as a centre for the many existing sanitary societies and to the many individuals—the 1,102 medical officers of health, for instance—who have to make a special study of sanitary science. It is a capital idea, and would put us abreast of France and Germany, who have just established institutions of a similar kind.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has done good work, but it rather lacks discretion. Thus, it seems to be tolerably clear that dishorned bulls are not only less capable of harm, but less inclined to violence than those which are permitted to retain their weapons of war. Yet the editor of the *Field* informs a correspondent that the chief objection to a general adoption of the practice is, that it is apt to lead to a conviction at the instance of this society.

What do you mean, Edmund, by a bullock being killed whole? Is it usual, except in Abyssinia, for steaks to be cut out of the living animal?

The sugar-refiners argue that the reduction in the price of sugar, owing to the French and German bounty sugar competing with cane sugar refined in England, is really not an advantage to the consumer, because the former, being made from beetroot, is not as sweetening as the latter. If this, however, be so, the dispute will work its own cure, for the consumer will soon realise the fact. When, however, they go on to assert that an import duty equal to the bounty would not affect the consumer, because this would only raise the price of sugar one farthing per pound, they talk nonsense. It must be obvious to all that if foreign Governments would kindly supply us with sugar gratis, we should be fools to decline to accept it on the ground that it is injurious to the interests of the sugar-refiners, because refiners exist for the benefit of the community, and not the community for the benefit of refiners.

Lord Derby very justly pointed out last week that until those in favour of Imperial Federation put forward their plan in a definite shape, there is not much use in discussing the question. We and our colonies live in harmony because it is to our mutual advantage to do so. If ever this mutual advantage disappears, our connection will cease. Canada, as a Canadian friend observed to me a few days ago, will join the United States whenever she can borrow more cheaply in New York than in London. Are we prepared to give up any portion of our paramount direction of the policy of the Empire? No. Are the colonies prepared to surrender any portion of their local independence? No. This being so, we shall do well to leave matters as they are. In any case, those who think otherwise are bound to explain in what manner they would give effect to a closer union.

Lord Randolph Churchill has vouchsafed to an interviewer of the *Pall Mall Gazette* an exposition of his political creed. He is in favour of equal electoral districts, but he would separate town and county by grouping all towns, except those which are purely agricultural. The object of this is, he says, not, as may be supposed, to secure Tory majorities in the counties, for he thinks that the agricultural labourers will be Radicals, but to give the Tories fair play in the towns, where the "best energies of the Church are nowadays spent." A Tory majority being secured by these urban energies, and by the Conservative artizan being separated from the Radical agricultural labourer, the Tory Government would establish elective and democratic local assemblies in the counties; it would raise the revenue to one hundred millions per annum by levying a duty on imports, which plan would be made palatable by reducing the existing duties on tea and tobacco. This vast revenue would be expended for the benefit of the working classes, for "we are not hampered by any imaginary dictates of political economy." On the Navy a large expenditure, spread over a number of years, would be incurred; and in Ireland the "Castle" would be reformed, and a large amount spent in public works.

Whether this strange hotch-potch of Chartism, Socialism, Protection, and financial heresy will ever be urged in Parliament I do not know; but I hardly think that its advocates are likely to bring the Conservatives into power with a view to its being carried into effect, without some more definite guarantee than Lord Randolph's belief in its virtues, for I doubt whether half-a-dozen Conservative members could be found to pledge themselves to vote for it; indeed, taken as a whole, I doubt whether half-a-dozen members—Conservatives, Liberals, or Radicals—would vote for it.

To all who Shoot or Travel.—Visit Ulster House, Conduit-street, and see B. Benjamin & Son's Specialties. Pamphlet on application.

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Goole's Depôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

Mr. Portman, M.P., makes a suggestion with regard to the composition of the Upper House which, although not entirely without merit, is not practical. He proposes that all Peers who have served in office, and all those who have been made Peers on account of distinguished services, should have seats in the Upper House, and that the others should only sit if they be elected by constituencies.

Such a plan would enable a Conservative Minister to make the Upper House as much of a Tory Club as it is now, either by making Peers, or by appointing Peers to office. Moreover, why should the country only have the choice between two Peers—both of whom, perhaps, are fools? As well might it be proposed that a constituency should only have the option, in choosing a member for the House of Commons, of men born in Belgravia or in Grosvenor-square.

Assuming that the country decides in favour of two Legislative Chambers, I would suggest the following plan for an Upper Chamber. It should be composed of the heads of the great religious sects, of the Judges of Appeal, of two representatives from the Chambers of Commerce, and of 100 members, chosen by large constituencies from amongst men who have been elected three times to the House of Commons. The members of this Upper House should not be allowed to form part of any Administration, nor to receive directly or indirectly any emolument from the State. They would have a suspensory veto, if there be a two-thirds majority against anything which has passed the House of Commons.

I am personally opposed to more than one Chamber. But an Upper Chamber composed as I suggest would be harmless, and might, perhaps, occasionally be useful.

In his speech to the Liberals at the Foreign Office on Monday, Mr. Gladstone said that he got on so well with Lord Salisbury during the Redistribution negotiations that he might say, in the words of Shakespeare, that it would have been difficult for a listener to decide which was the magistrate and which the thief. "Then one of them was a thief," murmured a Liberal M.P.

I doubt whether any better Reform Bill than that brought in by Mr. Gladstone could have passed the House of Commons, for this assembly is not ripe for equal electoral districts. It is a pity, however, that the disfranchising schedule was not extended to towns having 25,000 inhabitants. As a rule, these towns are decaying. I wonder, also, that some self-acting clause was not introduced, disfranchising all towns which, on a future census, show a less population than the 15,000 limit. It is to be regretted, too, that the Universities should still be allowed to elect representatives.

Although I am inclined to think that the Conservatives will benefit by splitting up the counties into one-member districts, a Radical, whose creed is equal electoral districts, can hardly raise his voice against this sub-division.

In view of the end attained, it will, perhaps, be said that the means are justified. In this I hardly agree. Taking the Conservatives into secret conclave, and treating the House of Lords as equal in power with the House of Commons, are acts pregnant with future danger. This can only be averted by Radicals insisting upon a candidate pledging himself to vote for the abolition of the Upper Chamber, and refusing to vote for all who decline to give this pledge.

It was amusing to observe the dismay of the doomed Members, as Mr. Gladstone unfolded his scheme They had hoped against hope, and when the decree went forth that the boroughs which they had nursed and clothed, and whose representatives they trusted to be for many a day, were to disappear, their anguish almost—not quite—brought tears of sympathy into my eyes.

Much regret—even amongst his political opponents—is expressed at Lord Randolph Churchill's determination to betake himself to India for a few months. I hear that the Conservative leaders have been exceedingly kind in their expressions of sympathy, and have urged him not to return before his health is entirely restored. One of them has suggested to him that a visit to Cashmere would be very agreeable.

The remarks of a portion of the press upon Lord Northbrook are by no means generous, for they imply that he is a man of the meanest capacity and of the smallest public spirit. This is hardly the case. Born to a very large fortune, he has devoted himself for years to the public service, and has, both at home and abroad, shown himself an able and indefatigable administrator. In India, where he succeeded Lord Mayo, he was an excellent Viceroy, whilst as the head of various departments at home his talents and his assiduity have always commanded respect. In his report upon Egypt, he faced the hard fact that if we choose to regard ourselves as responsible for the payment of sums to creditors which exceed the resources of the country, we must assume heavy financial liabilities, and it is not his fault that his colleagues decline to recognise that either we must assume these liabilities, or that we must not assume financial responsibility. As First Lord of the Admiralty he has done his best with the means at his disposal, and although our navy is not, perhaps, what it should be, it is in a more efficient condition than it was when he became its chief.

I hardly think that general assent would be given to the dictum that for every ironclad built by France we ought to build two. What we require is a good and efficient navy which will enable us to defend our possessions in time of war. To require that we should be in a position to blockade every harbour of our enemy is to ask too much. Nor, indeed, would much be gained by it, for the "free ships, free goods" of the Congress of Paris would, in the event of our engaging in war with a maritime Power, deprive us of all our carrying trade. Those, however, who advocate a large expenditure on the navy should not also be in favour of our increasing our vulnerable points, and of our wasting money on useless military operations. Had all the money which has been squandered in these operations during the last ten years been expended on ships, we should now have a navy able to cope with those of the entire world.

The *Times* has inaugurated a campaign in favour of a renewal of the Coercion Act. It urges that the dynamite explosion in Mr. Hussey's house shows that every one hostile to the National party would be killed and murdered in Ireland were it not for this Act. And yet it might with equal point be argued that, as the explosion took place under the Act, this is proof that it does not prevent such outrages.

One swallow does not make a summer. This isolated outrage, therefore, ought not to influence English public opinion in regard to a renewal of the Act. If Ireland and England are to live in harmony, Coercion Acts must not be the normal mode of governing the former. So long as the Act is in existence, the Irish will look upon the English as their natural enemies. Sound policy dictates that Lord Spencer should issue a proclamation announcing that the Act will no longer be put into operation. We should then have an opportunity to judge the results, whilst, if the Act be found necessary, it might again be enforced. Ireland, however, will never be well governed until it is governed in all local matters by its inhabitants. It may be that some stringent provisions against outrages are necessary, but if so, might not the plan inaugurated about the Redistribution Bill be followed, and Mr. Parnell and Mr. Healy be invited to discuss the matter in Downing-street?

If a man has been born and brought up in a soft, moist climate, where there is really neither summer nor winter, where the arbutus, the fuchsia, and the Mediterranean heath grow wild, the last place which he should think of emigrating to (especially if he is a pauper, with one or two aged parents, and a large family of small children whom he proposes to take with him) is the north-west of Canada, where the mercury in winter (which lasts half the year) is habitually an immense number of degrees below zero. Consequently I am not much surprised to learn that "over sixty families, who left Belmullet on the emigration free-ticket" for this frozen land, "have returned in great poverty and wretchedness."

When Lord Spencer, some eighteen months ago, made a viceregal progress to Connaught to see these poor creatures off the premises (carrying the babies to the boats, it may be remembered, and otherwise play-acting), there was a great blowing of trumpets by philanthropists, railway promoters, and others. But now it seems that the unfortunates (or at least the survivors) are back again. I sincerely hope that they may get into houses of some sort before the Franchise Bill becomes law. If they do, I apprehend there is little doubt that they will "vote agin the Government."

The truth is, that so long as there are other places to go to (and the habitable world is not yet filled up by any means), the North-west of Canada—indeed, I should be inclined to say Canada generally—is about the very worst spot that the intending emigrant (not a Laplander, Eskimo, or Polar bear) can possibly choose. The climate, to all natives of the temperate zone, is simply detestable. Then, besides the climate, there is this objection, that the colony (like all colonies more or less) is "a one-horse place," without that "go" and vigour which seem to be inseparable from independence. If emigrants want to prosper and make money, let them emigrate to the United States, and don't let them go even there unless they can take either a little money, or at least money's worth in the shape of a manual craft of some sort, with them. Moreover, let them be strong young men or women, who go alone, and do not send for their aged, sick, or helpless belongings until they find themselves settled and with work to their hands.

This emigration of pauper families is about the most heartless piece of cruelty that this age has hit upon. It was invented by land and railway speculators, and backed by closet philanthropists. It is an odious and brutal sham. I cannot for the life of me understand how any free-trader can be in favour of assisted emigration, when the "assistance" proceeds, not from the country which receives the emigrants, but from the country which sends them out. If a country wants more men, she knows how to attract them, and what sort to attract. They flow to her naturally, like corn or cotton. It is not for us to ship out to her people whom she does not want, and who are quite certain to come upon her rates almost as soon as they land, merely because we want to get rid of them.

It seems to be admitted that Major Fraser bought some years ago an estate in Skye, and that he has three successive times raised the rents of his crofters, until now, when other landowners are complaining of bad times, and making reductions to their tenants, he is pocketing 11 per cent. upon the price which he paid for the estate, whilst the crofters are reduced to the direst penury by these successive augmentations. With these facts before us, it must be admitted that the Skye crofters are amongst the most law-abiding of citizens, and that if steps be not speedily taken to deal legally with this Highland chieftain, it will not be surprising if the crofters take the law into their own hands.

The marines sent to Skye to do the landlords' dirty work, by overawing the crofters, appear to have been adapting themselves to the circumstances in a manner no less creditable than characteristic. Officers and men alike have been painfully impressed by the poverty and misery prevailing in the island, and have been getting up little subscriptions among themselves to relieve the more urgent cases of destitution. Needless to say, the crofters fully appreciate this unexpected kindness, and the marines will leave the island with the sincere regret of the poverty-stricken people.

It appears to me that the case of the Egyptian exiles at Ceylon is really a hard one. They pleaded guilty on the distinct understanding that if their property was confiscated they would receive an adequate allowance to support themselves and their families in exile. Two Governors of Ceylon have successively declared that their allowance is not adequate. But the Egyptian Government refuses to increase it. As the agreement was negotiated by Lord Dufferin, it seems to me that we are responsible for its being carried honestly into effect, all the more so as we are the masters of Egypt. We, however, are too much occupied in looking after the interests of bondholders to care whether these exiles have a proper allowance.

SCRUTATOR.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

UNLESS the weather improves, or trade takes to flourishing in mid-winter like a green bay-tree, it is to be feared that both plays and players will have a very rough time of it between this and Christmas. This is all the more disappointing in that just now there may be seen individual instances of skill on the stage such as would have made some stir under more favourable circumstances. The utter destitution of humorous invention and the baldness of our native wit were never better shown than by the sudden run upon "Hamlet" as a subject for burlesque, and on Mr. Wilson Barrett as an individual for caricature. On the night when "Hamlet" was produced as a managerial venture and with the scenic effects which Mr. George Godwin had been all the way to Denmark to discover, and with the new readings for which old folios had been ransacked, the enthusiastic lessee, out of the fulness of his heart, spoke unadvisedly of his youthful career. It was a very natural ebullition of feeling. Straightway the wags and wits of the day take to reducing their chaff to the veriest husk and grain-dust of nonsense. The joke in time becomes tedious, as all such forced jests must necessarily be. "Twenty-five years ago," said the unguarded Barrett. That was quite enough food for the humorists. On this one simple, innocent, and guileless statement half-a-dozen entertainments are instantly made. Mr. Yardley writes a burlesque on it for the Gaiety. Mr. J. Comyns Carr fits it into a farce at the Prince's. The music-halls feed on it in the slack season. Heaven only knows what will become of our brains when we find it the *pièce de résistance* of all the Christmas pantomimes. Now, I am, I hope, of an observant nature, and I notice that theatres are becoming more and more the repository for the jests of a very small section of society. They do not nowadays deal with general, but particular, matters of interest. If an actor cracks a joke at a club, it will sooner or later find its way to the stage, and therefore it ought not, I suppose, to astonish me when I see Mr. Beerbohm Tree, on the stage of the Prince's Theatre, alluding to "Charley Warner" and to "Wilson Barrett" just as if they were the particular and intimate friends of every human being in the audience, chaffing their peculiarities and eccentricities just as he might do at a friendly dinner-table or at a social gathering of his own intimates, and expecting that country cousins who come up for the Cattle Show will be familiar with what Miss Farren calls the "wheezes" of her estimable profession. The barrier between audience and actor is being broken down to such an extent that I fear the reaction will tell far more against the actor than the audience.

One of the grave misfortunes of this undesirable familiarity is a waste of what doctors call "tissue." I cannot, for instance, conceive the possibility of a breeder of sheep from Wiltshire, or a bluff agriculturist from Norfolk, understanding one point or idea in Mr. W. Yardley's burlesque, or Mr. Comyns Carr's farce on "Hamlet." The whole thing must be Greek, Hebrew, or Chaldaic to the honest man in search of an evening's amusement who is "up for the Cattle Show." Both plays are admirably written and excellently played. There are better lines in the Gaiety burlesque, and a truer sense of humour, than are found in nine-tenths of similar amusements; there is much clever writing in the farce at the Prince's. But, unless every one in the theatre knows that on a certain night Wilson Barrett made a certain speech about his youthful career, and unless every human being who pays for his seat is as familiar with the current jokes of Bohemia as are the Yardleys and Carrs of to-day, both farce and burlesque necessarily fall flat, and are tasteless to the majority. This is all the more to be regretted when we find such wasted talent expended on them. Miss Farren, as the ragged urchin who was kicked—or rather, according to the euphemistic parlance of the slang stage, "chucked out" of the Princess's gallery twenty-five years ago, gives us burlesque acting inimitable in its way. She is the street urchin to the very life. Every nod, every wink, every crouching movement, every impudent leer of the Strand Arab is imitated to the letter. In her song, "Chucked Out," we have at once the pathos and humour of the streets. Had this been given us in a good play in the days of old, it would have been quoted and treasured like a performance by Mrs. Keeley. It is a flash of genuine fun from an actress of never-ending resource. Equally admirable again, in its way, is Miss Farren's confidential scene with the ghost, capitally played by Mr. Shine, when the two sit together on the throne of Denmark and discuss Shakspeare's readings. Such acting as this is delightful to those behind the scenes, but it is caviare to those who have not an educated Bohemian palate. At a "professional matinée" it would all go with a roar, but plays and players exist for the general public as well as for themselves.

Again, it requires an education in theatrical club chaff to understand the whole point of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's performance in the "Hamlet" farce at the Prince's Theatre, but, once understood, how genuine and true to life it is! Mr. Tree represents—as does Miss Farren—a type of Cockney character. Miss Farren is the street boy pure and simple; Mr. Beerbohm Tree is the Middlesex artisan. He is supposed to be the kind of self-sufficient and dictatorial young man of the half-educated classes, whose brain has been turned by the stage, as is the intellect of his companions by politics. The mixture of Shakespeare with common everyday talk is funny enough to those who can appreciate the point of it, and nothing in its way could be better than Mr. Beerbohm Tree's rapid and incisive sketch of character. This gentleman has the great gift of losing his individuality in every character he represents. He is never the same person. In this instance, the man Tree is sunk in the stage-struck artisan. The absence of this supreme gift is—with all due deference to Lord Lytton—the prevailing fault of the acting of Miss Mary Anderson. She loses her individuality in no character she represents; Mr. Tree does in all. I take Mr. Tree, therefore, to be by far the more remarkable artist.

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"THE GREAT MOGUL."

To any Masher in search of an evening's amusement, I would strongly recommend a visit to the Comedy Theatre whilst this play is being performed. He will enjoy it as much as he is able to enjoy anything, and he will find himself surrounded by birds of his feather. It is called in the bills a *féerie orientale*, which means that the scene is laid in India. A musical extravaganza has always nonsense for its basis, but, in order to please, the nonsense must be bright, sparkling, and amusing, and the music must be catching and pretty. "The Great Mogul" is precisely the reverse of all this. The fun is heavy, the dialogue is heavy, and the music is heavy. The dresses, however, are gorgeous, and there are a vast number of young ladies, more or less arrayed, and more or less beautiful. The principal comic character is played by Mr. Arthur Roberts. He was a comic singer at the music-halls, but he has eschewed them for the stage. No sooner was his voice heard in the wings than there was an outburst of laughter. During the three long acts in which he disported himself, he never said one word or made one gesture without rapturous applause. Why, I hardly know, unless it was that his friends of the music-halls wished to recognise his condescension in deigning to tread the boards of a theatre, for I could not perceive the faintest atom of genuine comedy in anything that he did, beyond the assurance and the grimace of a music-hall pet. I presume that this was due to my stupidity, for the raptures of the musical virtuoso when listening to the notes of his favourite *prima donna*, are mild in comparison with the intense delight of the audience in the Comedy Theatre at the posturing, winking, and grimacing of their favourite. He wore a sort of egg on his head, and over this a turban. When he took off the latter and disclosed the egg, I do not think that I ever heard an audience laugh more, but when later on he applied a sponge to the egg, the audience outlaughed themselves. Miss Florence St. John plays the part of a snake-charmer. In one act, she lets a white mouse run along her well-shaped arm, in another she twists some snakes round her arms and neck. They are real snakes, and very sleepy. Artificial ones would be better, for they might be made to twine and twist. She has only one good song—something about dreaming; and that this is effective is more due to her contralto notes than to its own merit.

By the way, I should like to know when we are to reach the maximum charge for stalls. A manager is wise to get all that he can out of the public, for his business is to make money, and when he prates about elevating the tone of the stage, &c., he is simply advertising his wares. I merely ask the question, because stalls at this theatre, instead of being ten shillings, are ten and sixpence each, whilst this does not include a programme, which is charged for separately. I should prefer it were they eleven shillings, with the programme thrown in. It is not so much the sixpence that I grudge, as the bother of fishing about in one's pockets for it.

FORGERY AND USURY.

That a forged bill is frequently more valuable than a genuine one is an accepted truism in the money-lending world. If a young man is depraved enough to imitate his mother's signature, and it is worth anything, most usurers are knaves enough to discount the bill, though satisfied as to the real nature of the document. A parent may, and often does, allow his son to be made bankrupt rather than pay money to the disgraceful harpies who have assisted in his ruin. Imprisonment, however, is quite another matter, and a threatened charge of forgery is sufficient to extract a settlement from an ordinary father or mother. The action of Morley *versus* Harries, tried last week before Baron Huddleston, was an unusual one from the fact that the defendant repudiated a signature, thereby practically bearing testimony that her son had forged it. Repugnant as this course must have been to maternal instincts, it dealt a severe blow to the bill-discounting fraternity, and for this Mrs. Harries deserves the thanks of all who have children with borrowing proclivities. In summing up, the learned judge observed that the plaintiff must have known that the signature on the bill was a forgery, and that she must have hoped up to the last moment to get some terms out of the defendant, for whom, of course, verdict and judgment were unhesitatingly given. But it seems ridiculous that such a case should be terminated by the verdict of a special jury in the Queen's Bench instead of by a common jury at the Central Criminal Court.

The history of the people mixed up in this disgraceful matter is worth recounting as another example to those foolish youths who, despite what I am perpetually writing in these columns, persist in flying for what they think is assistance to those pests of London—the shady West-end usurers.

Mrs. Julia Marks, *alias* Mrs. Julia Morley, the plaintiff, is the wife of Samuel Victor Marks, who recently, and not for the first time, became bankrupt. By some mysterious process, contrived by lawyers of the same kidney as Marks, all the money that he had made out of the disreputable transactions in which he had been concerned appeared to belong to his wife. She, in fact, is a usurer in her own right, and lends money through her son-in-law and jackal, one Tudor Harris, who ostensibly carries on the business of a house-agent, at No. 4, Bruton-street. Marks, whose name used to be Hart, is not unknown at the police-courts, and he has in turn been a carriage-builder, horse-dealer, bill-discounter, and convict. At present he finds it conducive to his comfort to enjoy the profit derived from the money-lending business, leaving the risk and odium to his wife and son-in-law. Tudor Harris, too, has had experience in several branches of industry, and has been a carriage-dealer, an actor, and the proprietor of a flower shop at the West-end, presided over by his wife. These are the members of the gang into which Mr. G. C. Harries fell. For him there can be no excuse. He forged his mother's name to an acceptance; but, unless for the existence of such vampires as the Marks family, there would have been no possibility of the crime, as the document would have been worthless and unnegotiable. Tudor Harris, on his oath, stated that he gave £250 for a £300 bill at two months. The only person who could have denied or corroborated this was naturally absent from the trial, so that

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the assumption is that one hundred and twenty per cent. was the modest usurer's charge—a rate that in itself suggests an unusually speculative transaction. The action at law has decided that Mrs. Harries need not pay a bill she did not sign. But is this sufficient? Can no means be devised for the punishment of those who, trading on a mother's feelings, forced her in open court to stigmatise her own son as a criminal, and this, too, as the judge remarked, not for legitimate purposes, but to try and get some terms out of her. How far does this case differ from one of extortion recently tried at the Old Bailey, and which resulted in sentences of from ten years to penal servitude for life?

Money-lending prosecutions are seldom satisfactorily fought out. A couple of years ago a foolish borrower, named Morgan, prosecuted at Marlborough-street Arthur Snelling and David John Myers (both usurers) for conspiracy, and inciting him to execute a fraudulent deed. After one or two adjournments, Mr. Newton, the presiding magistrate, committed them for trial. Then Myers applied for a summons against Morgan and Snelling for conspiring to defraud *him*. Neither of them appeared to answer the complaint. Myers, therefore, had no need to stand his trial, and is now carrying on his business of money-lending as impudently as though nothing had occurred. Recently an ex-officer in the Coldstream Guards instituted proceedings against a whole army of financial agents, their lawyers and touts, alleging that he had been defrauded of many thousands of pounds. The preliminary inquiry lasted several months, and ended by the defendants being committed for trial. Subsequently the case was removed to the Queen's Bench, and when the time for hearing arrived, the counsel for the prosecution simply announced that he had no evidence to offer, and the matter dropped. This is toying with justice, but what is to be done? To every case that is made public, it is fair to presume that there are a dozen arranged privately by nervous parents and guardians. Some day, perhaps, a duped borrower, nerved to desperation, and his exasperated friends, will boldly prosecute an iniquitous money-lending gang to the end. But, in the meantime, I hope that the law will be set in motion by the Public Prosecutor. It was for the furtherance of justice that his office was established. Can he not take some steps towards ridding London of nuisances who incite and foster crime by purchasing from a son a bill forged on his widowed mother?

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—Cock-a-doodle-doo!

THE MARQUIS, *loq.*

"NOT long ago, I must confess,
We Tories seemed in such a mess,
That I had scarcely heart to try
To stop the Government's loud cry
Of Cock-a-doodle-doo!

"Look where I would, I'd lost the game
On which I'd staked both fate and fame.
The Rads had put me to the rout,
And I could hear their swelling shout
Of Cock-a-doodle-doo!

"Sir Stafford said, 'Oh! let's give in;
It's certain now we cannot win.
The Premier thinks so too, that's clear,
For in his speeches you can hear
His Cock-a-doodle-doo!'

"I thought the same, but for my part
I would not say I lost all heart,
So I replied 'Nay, stick to me,
And we shall even yet, you'll see,
Cry Cock-a-doodle-doo!'

"For I had seen the artful way
In which adepts at poker play;
And learned how brag alone may tend
To settle who shall in the end
Shout Cock-a-doodle-doo!

"So I resolved I'd not say die,
But also would on brag rely;
And see if I, too, by its aid
Could, spite the cards the Premier played,
Cry Cock-a-doodle-doo!

"All that has happened since you know,
And what it is to brag we owe!
How, thanks to that, and that alone,
We now in such a gleeful tone
Crow Cock-a-doodle-doo!

"I need not say the cards I had
Were all, without exception, bad;
That as to 'honours' I had none,
Although I'd boastfully begun
My Cock-a-doodle-doo!

"But soon, as you will be aware,
My bounce appeared to Gladstone scare;
On which, of course, I did my best
To keep it up, and with new zest
Cried 'Cock-a-doodle-doo!'

"Till he at last seemed quite unmanned,
And, though he had so fine a hand,
Revoked, and failed his trumps to play,
And ceased, in most uncalled-for way,
His Cock-a-doodle-doo!

"You know, too, how his words he ate,
And countermanded every threat,
Until his acts appeared to stun
Those Radicals who had begun
Their Cock-a-doodle-doo!

"They called on him, but all in vain,
His lead undaunted to maintain;
They begged him his best cards to play,
That they might once again essay
Their Cock-a-doodle-doo!

"But he, instead of doing so,
Gave up without another blow,
And went upon his knees in fear,
And promised I no more should hear
His Cock-a-doodle doo!

"'Tis true he now denies my claim,
And says I have not won the game—
Well, anyway, I'm quite content,
Since we, and not the Government,
Crow Cock-a-doodle-doo!

"What matters it what Liberals say,
I only know I've had my way!
However they twist words about,
They can't deny 'tis we who shout
Our Cock-a-doodle-doo!

"So let me give to Brag due praise.
'Tis Brag in politics that pays;
'Twas Brag upset the Premier's play,
'Tis thanks to Brag our Tory lay
Is Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE HEROINE OF THE HOUR.

MADAME CLOVIS HUGUES is the heroine of the hour. Nearly everybody is for her, from the Minister of the Interior to the Monarchical Duke, and from the Bourse Baron to the *petit boutiquier*. I told you when the Naquet Bill was voted, that agencies of the Tricoche et Cacolet sort would spring up like mushrooms in damp, warm weather, and try to make money by setting husbands and wives by the ears. My prophecy has come true. The private inquiry-office is the pest of the hour, and, through the medium of the *concierge* and the servants who meet to gossip in his lodge, a more dangerous pestilence than the cholera. Tricoche is generally a Hebrew, who, being repudiated by his brother Jews for impudent and persevering knavery, has turned a Catholic, and, under some Moral Order Administration or another, has entered into secret relations with the Prefecture of Police. He is brazen, subtle, and bold, and recruits his staff from Corsicans attached to that department, and employed as *agents de mœurs*—a clean name for a foul occupation—and *agents provocateurs*, a class, by the bye, which has risen again in importance under M. Ferry. These fellows were either trained to their business during the Empire, or are the sons of men who were professional *mouchards*. They are miserably paid by Government, when it employs them; but they make up for low salaries by levying blackmail on the class of women who are supposed to lead the gayest of gay lives, and on the Alphonses who prey upon them. They also blackmail those hogs who trade on the beauty of others, owners of *tripots*, card-sharpers, and men of fashion of the *dégommé* category, who are in leaguo with *garçons de jeux* in the aristocratic clubs. One of the most dreaded of these agencies is in the neighbourhood of the Rue Castiglione. It boasts of having on its staff police commissaries in most of the French watering-places. Not long ago, it was very near trumping up, on false evidence, a divorce-court charge against no less a personage than M. Waldeck-Rousseau. He had made himself disagreeable to the head of the agency, who wanted to be avenged, and who knew that anything he wanted to say against the Minister would at least have an air of probability, M. Waldeck-Rousseau being a bachelor, a beau, not yet middle-aged, and (young ladies still being locked up in France) attentive to the handsome wives of other men.

I told you how the house in which I live was, directly the Naquet Bill was voted, inundated with Tricoche et Cacolet circulars. They were followed up by a flood of anonymous letters to husbands, wives, and mothers-in-law, and filled with *crim. con.* denunciations. Proof of these was offered through X. Y. Z., poste restante. The poste restante never gives up a secret. It only knows the person to whom the letter in its safe keeping is addressed. A husband asking for a missive directed to his wife is sent about his business. Through the poste restante, X. Y. Z. may denounce and correspond without risk of being found out. In England there is not, and never was, a political police of the Rue de Jérusalem stamp. London private inquiry agencies have not the perfect machinery which Tricoche et Cacolet dispose of in France. You have not, either, the Bureau de Mœurs (at least, in its Parisian development) at Scotland-yard; and you are free from the *espionage* of the *concierge*, even in houses built in flats. Those printed rules which I saw hung up in the halls of Grosvenor and Morpeth-terrace Mansions, to act as a warning to the porter, are unknown in this country. Pipelet and Madame Pipelet were encouraged by every Government, from time immemorial, until Grévy succeeded MacMahon, to spy the tenants under them. A tradition has grown up by which M. Tricoche tries to profit. The landlord also, whether from a love of gossip or a desire not to have undesirable *locataires* in his house, encourages the janitor to furnish him with reports about them, often based on the tittle-tattle of the servants. "Des potins de concierge" has become a proverbial expression to designate low slander. From the time Grévy went to the Elysée until Naquet carried through his Bill, they were harmless, for here you never mind what evil you may hear whispered of your neighbour. But it's a different matter now that the *potins* may be, for Divorce Court purposes, transferred to the note-book of a Tricoche or a Cacolet. This is why Paul de Cassagnac and the clubs presided over by Royalist Dukes are behind Madame Clovis Hugues. *Vox populi* is with her, because it does not understand "the law's delay," and suspects that Morin was secretly encouraged by official big-wigs to persecute her, in order to lessen the electoral influence she acquired at Marseilles during the cholera outbreak. I dare say the suspicion is not wholly unfounded. There is also the interest inspired by the sensational, dramatic, and, for herself, perilous mode she took to wreak vengeance. She is at once the author of and grand actress in a tragedy which makes those in which Sarah Bernhardt has performed in Boulevard theatres seem tame. Who can be stirred by the mimic murderer in "Fédora" and "Nana Sahib" so long as "le Drame du Palais de Justice" has not been played out before an Assize Court? From time to time tragedy walks the public places here with spectacular environments, and it is for the nonce personified by Madame Clovis Hugues, who is a splendidly handsome woman, and is, indeed, formed by nature to play the part of *un ange de l'assassinat*. The theatre which she chose for the commission of her crime is also a point in her favour, when the deed is regarded from a dramatic point of view. There were dozens of robed advocates and policemen, and a group of judges and procurators, who had just donned their gowns, in the vestibule where she discharged her revolver. Morin reeled and dropped down at the foot of the Statue of Justice, and on a mosaic bearing the word "Justitia." The lady, who has a statuesque figure that lends itself to noble drapery, blazed away—as the Advocate-General will be sure to say—in the very sanctuary of the law. She says that had there been fifty bullets instead of five in the revolver, she could not have helped discharging them. Though she looked calm, she was violently excited—which, doubtless, was the reason that none of the legal gentlemen or constables near thought of rushing to disarm her.

In France there are anomalies which I am unable to

Iron Wine Bins.—The original makers. Medal and Five Awards, Sydney Exhibition, 1880. Farrow & Jackson, 16, Great Tower-street; 8, Haymarket, London. Illustrated Price Lists post free.

understand. For instance, no store is set upon "la vertu de la femme." If we have Mosaic ideas on this subject, the French, and, indeed, all Catholic countries save Ireland, have Pagan notions. Yet there is no people who make so much ado about it as the French. I have seen the prefect of a department in his official "toggery," the mayor of a commune girt with his tricolour scarf, the police commissary *idem*, a major with a battalion of soldiers behind him, the fire-brigade, the parochial (and, in one instance, diocesan) clergy, the nuns and Christian Brothers' Schools, and no end of eminent non-official people, walking for a couple of miles under a roasting sun to swell the triumph of a *rosière*. To prevent subsequent scandal it was arranged that directly she had received the rose, crown, and the gold watch and sum of money attached to this prize of purity, she was to be married. The notorious unfaithfulness of Marie Antoinette to Louis Seize was treated as a crime by men who had burned incense before the Dubarry, and afterwards were too great friends with Mesdames Tallien and Josephine Beauharnais. Clovis Hugues and his wife are a model couple. But she is simply virtuous because it is her nature to be so; for neither he nor she believes in marriage as a sacrament, and they admit the matrimonial theory of Reclus. This eminent geographer married his daughter at Lausanne, without the aid of either priest or civil officer, to a young man in whom she had faith. It was distinctly stipulated that, should they not suit, there was to be no row made if one or the other proposed to take a fresh departure with somebody else. One might, therefore, imagine that the slanders of Morin would not affect Madame Hugues. Yet they troubled her infinitely more than they would have done many ladies who have received nuptial benedictions in churches. Considerations of worldly interest could not have affected her, since impurity (unless in the case of a *rosière*) more often triumphs, and has, from time immemorial, triumphed, than purity in the official world here. One of the most powerful women of the hour is one who was paid by the late Emperor so much a month to play the part of Delilah to Grévy, Jules Favre, and other prominent Republicans, and to make sure, through her wiles, of the fidelity of Baron Hausmann and other leading Bonapartists. That she did so has not been a secret for the last fourteen years; and now Ambassadors and Ambassadresses have to go to her dinners and invite her to theirs. Madame Ferry is white as ermine; Madame Brisson would appear to more advantage, her life being immaculate, if she lived in a glass house. So would Mesdames Tirard and De Freycinet. But I must not incur the charge of designating by a process of elimination, and so shall not, therefore, name any other lady of spotless fame. However, I may add that the snow-flakes are obliged to keep queer company, and to be very civil to erring sisters who are above the reach of Tricoche simply because they have not a rag of character to lose. The sensitiveness of Madame Hugues shows astounding naïveté. If she were a woman to trade on her unquestionable beauty, her husband might be to-day a Cabinet Minister.

Madame de Rute (Letitia Marie Bonaparte Wyse Ratazzi) has again appeared on the horizon with a daughter of fourteen, quite grown up and as beautiful as a Hebe. The mother still defies time. She wears white satin dresses in the evening, and her skin can bear the juxtaposition of the pearls which her cousin, the late Emperor, gave her as a wedding present. She is the prototype in comeliness, grace, and literary talent of Lady Blessington in her Gore House days, and, I suppose, like that remarkable woman, owes her prolonged power to charm and her blue eyes to the Green Isle to which she half belongs. The presence of the tall, slender, and very lovely daughter only adds another grace to the mother, whose husband pays her as much attention as if he were *en liaison* with her. He was for some time the Secretary-General of the Sagasta Cabinet, is still a Deputy, and may soon turn up at Madrid with a portfolio under his arm. Roma Isabella Ratazzi is what the country folks in Ireland call a nice, modest slip of a girl. She has a harmonious figure, soft and easy manners, with a touch of maidenly reserve; eyes as black as sloes, a prettily celestial nose and cheeks, and chin and lips as perfectly modelled as those of Madame Récamier. On her account her mother does not keep open house for literary and artistic people to anything like the extent she did when she rented the Duke of Aquilas' house in the Avenue de Bois de Boulogne.

SPORTING NOTES.

THE political grapes have become sour to Mr. James Lowther during the last three weeks. A prophet of evil, he preaches only mortification and despair to those of his Tory friends who find time to listen to his dismal and incoherent moanings, so it must have been peculiarly refreshing to him to find himself at the annual dinner of the York Gimcrack Club, a festival at which there could be no allusion to the perfidy and imbecility of Lord Salisbury and the responsible leaders of the party, or to the inconceivable villainy of Mr. Gladstone and his supporters. The tide flowed the other way with a vengeance, for, in his discourse on the state of the Turf, Mr. Lowther left Pangloss standing still. He was manifestly bound to make the best of things, inasmuch as for several years past he has been one of the most active members of the Jockey Club, and may not unreasonably be held to be, in a large measure, responsible for the manifold blunderings of that body. Mr. Lowther, both at St. Stephen's and at Newmarket, represents precisely the kind of October Club Toryism which Mr. Croker had in his mind when he wrote in the *Quarterly Review* that "a few more drops of Eldonine, and we should have had the People's Charter," and that Mr. Disraeli was thinking about when he denounced the Conservative party as "a body who have betrayed their trust more from ignorance than from design, yet clearly a body of individuals totally unequal to the exigencies of the epoch, and, indeed, unconscious of its real character." If the electors of

I certainly recommend Mr. & Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most just and liberal purchasers of Cast-off Clothes, Jewellery, and every description of property. They punctually keep appointments, and remit P.O.O. for articles per return.

Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street Grosvenor-square.

Lincolnshire had scoured the country from Cape Wrath to Lizard Point, they would not have found a gentleman more entirely suitable for the seat of the late Mr. Christopher than their present representative. Mr. Lowther surveyed every department of the Turf, and found all things in a thoroughly healthy and flourishing condition. The horses never were better, and roguery is unknown. It is melancholy and ludicrous to find a really shrewd man indulging in such extravagant illusions; but what can one expect? Mr. Lowther, when Steward of the Jockey Club, might, had he been so disposed, have played the part of Hercules in the Augean Stables; but he preferred to squat with stolid listlessness among the yearly-increasing accumulations of dirt and rubbish, and, like his colleagues, regarded with marked disfavour any one who deigned to meddle with these undesirable surroundings. The paramount and absorbing object of the Jockey Club is to get as much money as possible out of Newmarket and its meetings, and the members are keen enough in everything that tends to this end. But there is a bigoted hostility to all reforms, however moderate and however obviously necessary; in fact, the rulers of the turf are the most determined enemies to every species of salutary change, so that any improvement must be forced upon them, as it has ever been, from without. The government of the Jockey Club is a dull despotism, largely impregnated by favouritism and jobbery, and it would be difficult to say whether the members are more unsatisfactory in their legislation or in their judicial capacity.

Mr. Lowther went into the question of penalties in Breeders' Stakes at inordinate length; but it is a flagrant fact that the original decision of the Stewards of the Jockey Club was entirely opposed to the Rules of Racing, and it was a proof of the levity with which business is conducted by the Newmarket divan, that, after some months had elapsed, it was found necessary to alter the rule bearing on the subject, as by no bedevilment could the interpretation which the Stewards had put upon it be sustained. It is, of course, obvious that it is hard upon owners that their horses should have to carry penalties for sums of money which do not go into their own pockets, and owners certainly ought to have the first claim on the consideration of the Jockey Club. But the remedy is in their own hands, for they can refuse to meddle with yearlings which are heavily engaged in these stakes, or they can, at comparatively trifling expense, checkmate the breeder by striking out any animals engaged, when the minor forfeit is declared. Mr. Lowther spoke very sensibly on the subject of gate-money meetings, and, indeed, his views are precisely those which have been maintained in Truth for several years past. The old shibboleth of "free sport" and "free people" is sickly, spurious, canting nonsense, for the less "the people" concern themselves with racing the better; inasmuch as betting is the aim, end, and final cause of "the love of sport" of ninety-nine people out of every hundred. Mr. Lowther pointed, and very justly, to Epsom as a meeting where the returns are enormous, while the amount given to the races is miserably small; but nobody knows better than himself that things are conducted on precisely the same system at Newmarket, where most of the money added to stakes comes out of the pockets of owners, and very little from the coffers of the Jockey Club, although its revenues have so largely increased during the last ten years.

There are now a great number of rich stakes, but the value of the old "classic" races is steadily diminishing. The Derby this year was worth £1,025 less than in 1881, the Leger £1,150 less, the Two Thousand £2,000, the One Thousand £1,750, and the Oaks fell £625. The Middle Park Plate, which is by far the most valuable two-year-old stake, was worth this year £2,815, or £200 less than in 1882, and £240 more than last season; but ten years ago the race was worth £3,340. The Whitsuntide Plate at Manchester (£2,000) is next in value, and then come the July Stakes at Newmarket and the New Stakes at Ascot. It seems to me that the authorities at Ascot would do well, with so much money at their disposal, to establish a really valuable two-year-old stake. I would suggest a race with Middle Park Plate conditions, and, at least, £1,000 added. They keep well in the van with their stakes for older horses, but they have certainly fallen behind in the two-year-old events, for the New Stakes was only £1,331 last season. The Manchester Cup has, for several years past, been the most valuable handicap in the Calendar. It was worth £2,520, this year, and next came the Lincoln Handicap, with £1,734, and then the Cambridgeshire, with £1,457, or £560 less than in 1881; and fourth is the City and Suburban. The Great Foal Stakes at Newmarket was worth £1,003, or £950 less than in 1881; and the Great Yorkshire Stakes fell from £1,285 to £767.

Last week the first bets on the Two Thousand were laid. Paradox, Luminary, and Xaintrailles were backed together, in the first instance against the field, and subsequently a trifle less than 6 to 5 was taken. If these animals "winter" well the backer must have the best of this transaction, as they unquestionably represent by far the smartest public form in the race, for nobody will think seriously of St. Helena, Child of the Mist, or Langwell while the selected trio are on their legs. As to the "dark" lot, I have some reason to believe that St. Honorat will be found deficient in stamina, and as Clairvaux was in this respect a long way behind Thebais, so St. Honorat will be found inferior to Clairvaux. Melton is not engaged, but I hear that Lord Hastings may find a good substitute for his "crack" in Chapel Royal, brother to Gordon, who cost 720 gs. at last year's sale of the Blankney yearlings. Lord Ilchester's brother to Althotas, who cost 1,000 gs. out of the same team, is also a promising colt. The market on the Derby is very limited, and the odds offered are preposterously short. It shows that there are plenty of geese about when one reads of 13 to 2 being "asked for" about Paradox more than six months before the race is run; and it is even more remarkable to hear of 100 to 7 being freely taken about Kingwood, a quite second-rate animal, whose price, in the days when there was a genuine market, would have been 40 to 1. The winter betting of the last few years has been, almost invariably, so satisfactory for

The Granville Hotel, Ramsgate.—This palatial establishment is famous for its excellent cuisine, perfect system of baths and moderate charges. Present terms from 10s. 6d. per day for board, apartments, and attendance. The Granville Band plays during Table d'Hôte.

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those bookmakers who commenced operations early, that it is wonderful that backers can be found to meddle with the Derby, for it can only be associated in their minds with a sense of defeat, discomfiture, and disgust. No rational being will venture a sixpence on the Two Thousand till after the Craven week, and the Derby ought to be left alone till after the Second Spring Meeting.

The Duke of Westminster has had the misfortune to lose the filly by Hermit, dam by Kettledrum, out of Haricot, for which 2,000 gs. was paid at the sale of the Yardley yearlings last July. She had been heavily engaged, and was entered only the other day for the One Thousand, the Nassau Stakes, and other races.

It is a pity that "Pavo" did not take the trouble to read the conditions under which Lord Falmouth's race-horses were sold before denouncing the vendor for having acted *ultra vires* in announcing that the horses bought at his sale "will be struck out of their engagements at the time prescribed, to save discount or minor forfeit, unless a purchaser gives notice in time of his wish to leave a horse in any particular race, in which case he will become liable for half the stake or forfeit." Lord Falmouth is thoroughly practical in all his proceedings, and being a first-rate man of business, it was to the last degree improbable that he would put himself in the wrong in such a matter. Lord Falmouth's right to act thus is, in fact, certainly beyond dispute, as he is fully justified by the conditions, which were printed at the top of the catalogue of his sale. Apart from Lord Exeter's conditions, he is protected by Rule 47. It was only natural that Lord Falmouth should act cautiously in this business, for when his race-horses changed hands he was liable for forfeits to the amount of nearly £10,000.

Last month the first yearling race ever run in America came off at Gallatin, and it is stated by the New York *Spirit of the Times* that the contest "excited more interest than any event (outside the Presidential election) for many years." The race was run over a quarter of a mile; and there were six starters, of which an outsider, Tom Prince, by Longfellow, won cleverly. He is described as a very handsome and decidedly promising colt, but he is engaged in very few stakes. The race (the Mulberry Stakes) was a private sweepstakes between eight subscribers, each of whom contributed five bottles of the finest champagne. The subscribers were the principal breeders of Sumner County, and the race arose out of a friendly discussion as to the merits of their respective yearlings.

Mr. P. Lorillard's horses have won stakes to the value of £16,700 during the past season. His best winner was Wanda, a two-year-old by Mortemer, who secured eight races worth over £7,000. She started thirteen times, was first eight times, second three times, and unplaced twice. Aranza, who won the Great Eastern Handicap in 1882, started twenty-three times, and won nine races worth over £1,500. She was second six times. Among the other winners (twenty-three in number) were Pontiac and Comanche.

Mr. Lorillard has put Iroquois to the stud, and intends next season to send him some of his finest mares, most of which have been breeding to Mortemer during the last three years. Great expectations are entertained of Iroquois as a sire, and he has every chance, for he has enjoyed a long recuperative rest since he was turned out of training. Pizarro, by Adventurer—Milliner, is another new sire. He represents the fine strain of the late Mr. King, the breeder of Apology. Mr. Lorillard's breeding stud at Rancocas consists of five sires and seventy-one mares, of which thirteen were imported from Europe. Last season there were forty-seven foals, of which twenty-five were by Mortemer, whose exportation the French have good reason to deplore.

Riding Habits.—Specialty of John Redfern & Sons. Ladies' Tailors by Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 26, Conduit-street, London, W. Also at Cowes, Paris, and New York.

MAMMON.

EGYPT.

WHETHER the Great Powers will agree to our proposals in regard to Egyptian finance remains to be seen. That the separate Domain and Daira Administrations should be done away with, and these debts absorbed respectively into the Preferred and the Unified Debts, is sound financial policy; the objections to the entire scheme, however, are:—1, that the pernicious folly of interest on debt coming before administrative charges is still maintained; 2, that we have to guarantee interest on five millions; 3, that we are charged with the payment of a portion of the armed force which admittedly replaces an Egyptian army. It will be the duty of those who object to the British taxpayer being charged with expenditure for the benefit of Egyptian bondholders, 1, to divide the House of Commons against the English guarantee; and 2, to obtain explicit assurances from the Government that the policy of almost immediate withdrawal, which Mr. Gladstone has again and again pledged himself to, will be carried into effect notwithstanding this guarantee. Putting the cost of the expedition to the Soudan at seven millions, we shall have spent in Egypt eleven and a half millions. To this we shall have to add about £200,000 per annum so long as our army remains there, whilst it is within the range of possibilities that we may have to pay the interest which we guarantee on the new loan. This is the result of Lord Beaconsfield's boasted purchase of the Suez Canal Shares, and unless Ministers make up their minds to cut the loss by leaving Egypt to the Egyptians, we shall most undoubtedly have to incur further liabilities.

The *Times* and other newspapers which advocate our permanently remaining in Egypt assume that it is to our advantage to do so. On this assumption, all their arguments are correct. Mr. Gladstone, however, has always held that we should be losers by accepting Egypt as a free gift, and every year that we remain there will prove still more conclusively that this view is the correct one. If so, why should we continue to spend money there? So long as we remain, we shall have to pay either directly or indirectly for the administration of the country, because

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we cannot levy an amount of taxation which we regard as improper, and legitimate taxes do not produce enough to pay administrative expenses and interest on the debt. The entire trouble arises from the financial heresy that payment of interest on debt ought to come before payment of administrative expenditure. This is as absurd as it would be to say that payment of a fixed dividend upon the shares of a railway Company ought to come before the cost of running trains and maintaining the line. Ministers are in the position of a man who goes on renewing a bill at usurious interest rather than face the obligation to meet it; or rather, to put it more accurately, of a man who bolsters up a bankrupt friend by endorsing his bills, rather than letting the friend go through the Bankruptcy Court and make a clean start.

GREECE.

Greece is about to bring out a new loan, in order to place the currency on a sound footing. The loan is, therefore, a legitimate and proper one, provided that she can pay interest on it. Inclusive of the new loan she will have to meet the public annual charge in round numbers of 25,000,000 of drachmas. For this, taxes amounting to over 30,000,000 drachmas per annum are pledged. But I confess that I pay little attention to special hypothecations for the interest on loans, because the first charge upon the revenues of the country must be cost of administration, without which there would be no country and no taxes. The initial questions, therefore, are whether Greece can raise enough money annually to meet her costs of administration and interest on her debt; and whether the country is in so prosperous a condition that she can do this without crippling herself? Let us, therefore, look to facts and figures:—

The revenue of 1884, estimated at 86,122,950, owing to the failure of the crops, and cholera in France and Italy, has fallen short by 1,760,000, and the total expenditure has amounted to 85,850,000. The revenue of 1885, as estimated, will be 85,641,537 drachmas, and the total expenditure will be 85,000,990, thus showing a surplus of 640,547 for the year 1885. Is the revenue too large for the resources of the country? I think not.

1st. The savings of the people have already absorbed more than three-fourths of the public debt.

2nd. The population is constantly increasing, and it now exceeds 2,000,000 of inhabitants.

3rd. The public revenue has increased from 45,808,442 in 1879, to 86,122,950 in 1884.

4th. The trade of the country (exports and imports) has increased from 88,118,126 in 1858, to 243,000,000 in 1883.

5th. The customs have increased from 15,820,000 in 1879, to 23,500,000 in 1884.

6th. The country has been developed by the railroads and roads, which have been made by the State.

Greece is peopled by an energetic and intelligent race, and it, fortunately, in Mr. Tricoupis, the present Prime Minister, has one of the ablest of modern financiers. He is popular, and the Greeks thoroughly trust in him. They can pay, and they will pay. If they continue, and there is no reason why they should not, to make the same progress as they have in the last ten years, their present indebtedness will be a mere flea-bite in comparison with their resources. Why their 5 per cent. stock should be issued so low as 68½ is a mystery to me. I am aware of no investment returning so high an interest which presents the same security. I know that personally I have profited by Greek loans. I bought Independence Loan at 80; it rose to 90, whilst the other remained at 70. So I sold the first with a profit of 10 per cent., and reinvested the proceeds of the sale in the other Loan at 70. It may be that I have a prejudice in favour of Greece; but even if I have, I hardly think that it would lead me to believe dollars (to use the American phrase) in her solvency unless I were convinced of it by facts and figures. I would rather—assuming that the prices were equal—hold Greek Bonds than the Bonds of either Spain, Italy, Austria, Hungary, or Russia. The latter countries are more or less insolvent, and a collapse is only prevented either by reckless borrowing, by financial trickery, or by crippling taxation. Greece pays her way now, and, to my thinking, she will, before many years are over, become the commercial and financial centre of Eastern Europe.

A WORD OF WARNING.

When the mania for Indian gold-mining set in, the British investor, heedless of warnings, hurried to pour his savings into the pockets of the unscrupulous promoters of these concerns. Then came the utter collapse of the Companies so recklessly started, and for a time Indian gold-mines got into utter discredit. It is curious to find that just when things are about as bad as they can be, and the necessity becomes paramount for the jobbers and Company-promoters that things should take a turn, reports of favourable crushings at the Mysore Gold Mine come to the rescue. The opportunity is, of course, pounced upon by the fraternity. Not only the Mysore, but every other Indian gold-mine is puffed to the skies; and abandoned mines, whence not a particle of gold was ever extracted, are to be re-started. New Companies are also contemplated, such as the New Mysore Gold Company, registered last week with a capital of £100,000, under auspices strongly flavouring of the "promoter" *pur et simple*. One of the advertising concerns specially engaged in puffing Indian and Transvaal gold-mines, the Stock and Share Auction and Advance Company, refers to gold-mines in one of its last circulars as follows:—"Baloghot, Mysore, Nundydroogs, Oregums, Nine Reefs, &c., are all as good as another, and perhaps better!! except that one has got machinery and money, and another, machinery and no money." I fancy that the end of it all will be that the shareholders in these concerns will have "no machinery and no money," and that the crushings at the Mysore Gold Mine will eventually result in crushing the British investor. For it is not at all unlikely that this guileless personage, utterly oblivious of recent bitter experience, will "throw good money after bad."

Profitable Investments.—Our circular for December, now ready, contains particulars of several selections, paying from Five to Ten per Cent., in the safest and best paying class of securities, viz.:—Trust, Mortgage, and Investment Companies.—Abbott Page & Co., Stockbrokers, 42, Poultry, London, E.C.

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C.

THE SECOND CHAPTER IN A MINING ENTERPRISE.

The South African Syndicate, of which Lord Robert Montagu was chairman, has not been a success. And the same may be said of the Balkis Company, registered in June, 1883, and originally promoted by that Syndicate. On Friday last a general meeting of shareholders of the Balkis Company was held, and the wirepullers were evidently very angry with Lord Robert Montagu for putting some rather inconvenient questions to the Chairman (Mr. G. S. Mockford). That gentleman retorted that the 92,525 shares which the noble lord holds in the Company "had come to him very cheaply." It further transpired that, by an extraordinary piece of financial juggling, the Balkis Company has acquired the whole of the depreciated shares of the South African Syndicate, which have thus been converted into 732,800 equally-depreciated Balkis shares of £1 each. The Company, notwithstanding its issued capital of a million sterling, is, however, not flush of cash, so they have divided their Graskop property into eight sections, with a view to a little more Company-promoting. The Balkis Company will work only the first section, while the second and third are to be worked by mining engineers against a share of some 30 per cent. of the profits. These engineers will, in their turn, promote sub-Companies, and, if things go as the directors of the parent concern fondly hope, a happy little family will be generated. The wealth of gold of the Graskop property is, of course, stated as fabulous, and the chairman has, by some process known best to himself, arrived at an estimate of £200,000 per annum as the yield of four sections, or half the Graskop property. Under these circumstances, it is somewhat surprising to find that the shares are as yet at so heavy a discount, notwithstanding their monstrous puffing; but then it is really somewhat difficult to take these gigantic paper operations *au sérieux*. It is evident that "shares have come very cheaply" not only to Lord Robert, but to a good many of the holders and wirepullers. The process, however, of saddling the investor with them will I fancy, be rather difficult. At any rate, this second chapter in a Transvaal gold mining enterprise is likely to furnish some very strange passages.

WABASH.

Matters are by no means encouraging for the unlucky British investor in this Road. Jay Gould and his creatures stick to it like leeches, and are unfortunately backed up by the so-called administrators of justice in the States. I have already said that I consider it indispensable that the receivers appointed at the instance of the astute Gould should be removed. But when the Central Trust Company of New York, as trustee of the General Mortgage Bonds, applied to the Court for the removal of those notorious agents of Jay Gould, Solon Humphrey and Thomas E. Tutt, and the appointment of other receivers, the application was somewhat indignantly refused, on the extraordinary plea that they were acting under the orders of the Court, and therefore were competent to protect the interests of all concerned. That this happy pair will, in the first instance, protect the interests of their employer and patron, ought, however, to have suggested itself to the judge, perhaps, as forcibly as it has done to the representatives of the General Mortgage Bondholders, and it is absurd for him to plead the offended dignity of the Court when equity and justice are at stake. Although appointed by the Court, Messrs. Humphreys and Tutt are no fit persons to retain the control of the Road in their hands, and the sooner they are sent about their business the better for the Road and the bondholders.

"Liberty" Art Fabrics.—Original designs for Curtains, Chintz, Upholstery and Furniture Stuffs. Patterns post-free Regent-st., W.

QUEER STORIES.

A CHOLERA STORY.

YOUNG Harry Gayplant and his uncle and guardian, Mr. Sears, did not agree very well, which was not remarkable, considering how different they were in character and disposition. Harry was the gayest of gay medical students, one of those jolly, careless young fellows who work little and spend much. Mr. Sears, on the other hand, was a staid, austere old bachelor, whom a youth of poverty had taught habits of industry, economy, and self-restraint. His constant aim was to impart these valuable qualities to his nephew, and his constant complaint that he never could succeed in doing so. Indeed, as Harry grew older, he became more and more lazy, extravagant, and self-indulgent, and further and further estranged from his somewhat Puritanic old uncle.

Mr. Sears had been, in his way, extremely kind to Master Harry. While the youth was still a child, his parents died. The father, by his will, appointed Mr. Sears his son's guardian, which, as he had left nothing to maintain the child, amounted simply to a request to provide for him. Yet Mr. Sears, without hesitation or complaint, undertook the trust, and, though at the time far from being a wealthy man, he spared no expense in fitting young Harry for life. He had him educated at one of the best schools in London, and, when the time came, allowed him to choose freely his profession. Harry chose medicine, and went to Bartholomew's, where, however, he made little progress in his studies.

If Harry had been older and more thoughtful, he would have appreciated his uncle's kindness and generosity towards him, and have overlooked the little faults of temper that occasionally showed themselves. But, with the selfishness of youth, he did just the opposite. He was not a bad-hearted fellow, but, like nearly all boys, he accepted kindnesses as his right, and resented any interference with his wishes as oppression. Even when he knew his uncle's strictures to be perfectly justified—as when he reproved him for his idleness or his irregular habits—he could not help bearing him some ill-feeling on their account. So it happened that by the time Harry was twenty, the relations between him and his uncle were continually and chronically strained.

Harry had come to regard the condition of affairs as intolerable, and was devising expedients for escaping from his uncle's roof, when a happy event freed him. One morning,

The Belgrave Laundry, 194 & 196, Ebury-street, Belgravia A laundry for high-class families.

at breakfast, Mr. Sears informed him that he (Mr. Sears) had accepted a valuable appointment, which necessitated his permanent residence in Paris, and asked him if he could pursue his education as well there as in London. Harry would have liked very well to have gone to Paris alone. He had heard many stories of the gay life students led there, and had thought more than once of trying to join in it. But to go with his uncle to watch over him was a different thing. London and freedom were better than Paris and oppression. So he assured Mr. Sears that the state of medical education in France was simply deplorable, and that to go there would merely be to throw away his time. As the old gentleman knew nothing about Parisian medicine, and entertained a terrific opinion of Parisian morals, he was not sorry that Harry desired to remain at home.

When Master Harry was left to his own devices, they turned out to be anything but good. The influence which had so long restrained him being removed, he plunged headlong into all sorts of dissipation. His uncle had given him a liberal allowance, but he soon found it quite inadequate for his wants, and, not being a very backward youth, he did not hesitate to make further demands from time to time upon the old gentleman's purse. These were never left unanswered, but always with the letter of remittance came a note of remonstrance; and as the demands became more frequent, the former grew shorter and the latter longer. At length, instead of a cheque, Harry, in reply to a request for money, received a peremptory order to appear without delay in Paris.

As long as Harry was at a distance from his uncle he cared little for his remonstrances or anger, but when face to face with him it was very different. In fact, he feared Mr. Sears, and anticipated with little pleasure an angry interview with him. He endeavoured, therefore, to escape from a visit to Paris. He pleaded the interruption to his studies, the break it would cause in his attendance at lectures, and did not hesitate to declare that it would throw him back a whole year in his progress to his diploma. To all this Mr. Sears was deaf. He knew as well as Harry himself the fear in which the latter held him, and as he had now decided to call upon the young student to reform or be prepared to provide for himself, he felt he would be sacrificing the chance of success his new policy offered, to initiate it in anything but the most effective manner. So his only reply to Harry's remonstrance was a curt letter to the effect that if he did not appear in Paris before the middle of November, he might cease to communicate with his uncle altogether. Matters thus being brought to an issue, Harry saw that there was nothing left but to obey, so, with the best heart he could summon, he packed up his portmanteau and started for France.

When he arrived at his uncle's house, Mr. Sears was at home, and received his prodigal nephew with a cold, but not unkindly, welcome. He made no reference to the business which had brought Harry to Paris, and the student felt anything but inclined to introduce the subject himself. They talked in a constrained way about matters of little importance until dinner was announced; and it was only after dinner was over, and they were left together over their wine, that Mr. Sears referred to what must have been occupying both their minds all the time.

"You have got rid of a good deal of money lately," he said, quietly. "I was looking over your account, and find that, since I came to Paris—just a year now—you have spent, over and above your class and hospital fees, exactly three hundred and fifty pounds. That's not bad for a medical student."

"I am afraid it is true, sir," answered Harry, humbly; "but I intend to reform."

"You have told me so half-a-dozen times before."

"Yes, but this time I mean it."

"Indeed!" replied Mr. Sears, in a slightly sarcastic tone. "I imagined you always meant it."

Harry hung his head in silence; he felt he had made a mistake.

"This time," continued his uncle after a long pause, "whether you mean it or not, I intend to aid your resolve. Any debts you have I will pay, and then I will allow you just one hundred pounds a year to live upon. If you want to spend more, you can earn it. I must leave you now, as I have some work to attend to. You can return to England the day after to-morrow. To-morrow you can supply me with a list of your debts."

Without another word Mr. Sears rose and withdrew to his study, leaving his nephew to ponder over the new prospect before him.

The student's thoughts were none of the pleasantest. It was clear that his uncle had now finally made up his mind, and nobody knew better than Harry that once his uncle's mind was made up, nothing on earth could change it. So the magnificent Mr. Gayplant saw all his magnificence disappearing before him. He who used to be the greatest swell at "Bart's," who used to astonish other "medicals" by his extravagance, who used to be able to give delightful little suppers to professional and theatrical friends, was to live henceforth on a paltry two pounds a week! Why, it would do little more than pay his tailor's bill! Last year, besides the three hundred and fifty his uncle gave him, he had managed to get into debt for over another hundred. This he would, of course, get rid of now, and for a time he would be able to get along pretty well on credit. But that couldn't last long. People would soon find out the true state of his affairs. No; there was absolutely nothing for it but to cut down the expenditure. He could no longer fill his rooms at night with the wits of the Hospital and the heroes of the music-hall. No longer could he, night after night, show his splendid "get-up" in the theatre, or bewilder the barmaids with his small talk. No; the prospect before him was one of dull monotony and insipidity, of economy and study. Life had lost its attraction for him.

One feeling, however, was very strong in his mind, and that was resentment towards his uncle. It was he who had done him this grievous injury. It was he who had reduced him from his high estate to the level of an ordinary "medical;" who had made it necessary for him to give up pleasure and live laborious nights and days. If his uncle had only cared, he might have long remained the envy of the hospital and a credit to his relations; but he didn't. He had degraded him; and a desire for revenge for the wrong filled Harry's mind.

Vanity Fair says:—"Mr. Benjamin is still the Prince of Ulster and Stalking-Coat Makers." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

Next day the distressed youth drew out a list of his debts. He had not much difficulty in doing this. Even had his memory been worse than it was, he had been so frequently reminded of most of them of late that he could scarcely have failed to recall them. Having completed this work, he had still several hours to spare before his uncle returned home. These he devoted to the discovery of some means of taking revenge on the old gentleman for his treatment of him.

His difficulty was to hit upon a scheme which would be at once sufficient, not too severe, and not likely to be discovered—a task far from easy. But while lounging about the streets, the sight of a chemist's shop suggested an idea. The cholera was in Paris. When he was in London, its arrival there was expected, and a fellow-student of his had visited a foreign sailor who had died of something resembling it. Harry and some others had played off a trick on this student. Having manufactured a tasteless potion which, they knew, would produce effects resembling cholera symptoms, they administered it secretly to their victim, and he, to this day, was convinced that he had received the disease from that foreign sailor. Harry was resolved to play off the same trick on his uncle. It was just the kind of revenge he desired. It would give the victim a great fright, while it would do him no permanent harm.

Harry remembered the components of the draught, and going into the chemist's he wrote a prescription for it, and had it compounded. Pocketing the phial, he marched home, thinking out a safe means of administering the potion.

This soon presented itself. Mr. Sears was a man of very regular habits. He seldom drank anything but port at dinner, and he invariably disposed of just half a bottle. Every alternate day he left out of his cellar one bottle to be put into his decanter, of which he drank exactly half that night, while the remainder was kept over for next day's dinner. This, Harry remembered, was one of his "half-bottle days"—in other words, the decanter had been filled the day before. It was there standing on the sideboard of the dining-room, and entirely at Harry's disposal. It was the easiest thing in the world for him to slip into it the contents of the little phial he had obtained at the druggist's, and the chances of discovery were *nil*.

He therefore did so, and was sitting at the fire reading a book in the most innocent manner, when Mr. Sears came home. The two had spoken little since the previous night; each was too much occupied with his own thoughts. The old gentleman at once asked Harry for the list of debts. When he received it, he glanced at the sum total, and then, without uttering a word, put it in his pocket.

Nothing further was said or done until dinner was announced. As he sat down at the table, Harry noticed, with some trepidation, that the port decanter, instead of being placed, as usual, on the table, still remained on the sideboard, and that the half-bottle of claret, which was usually produced for his own delectation, was also absent. While he was wondering what this could mean, his uncle noticed his eye glancing at the port decanter.

"Oh, Harry," he said, with a pleasant little smile, "I'm not going to touch that."

Harry felt a cold sweat breaking out on his forehead and his hair rising rapidly on end. Had his little trick been discovered? Could any of the servants have seen him? He tried to reply to his uncle, but his throat was so dry with excitement that he could scarcely make a sound. With a strenuous effort, he managed to gasp out, "Oh, really!"

Mr. Sears did not notice his perturbation, but, after a little pause, he spoke again, still smiling pleasantly.

"Yes, Harry," he said, "it will probably be a long time before you and I dine together again, and so I'm determined we will have a little jollification to-night. I'll drop my port, and we'll discuss a bottle of champagne together."

Harry was greatly relieved by this explanation, yet it did not delight him. It was not that he did not appreciate champagne. On the contrary, he liked it very much—perhaps a little too much. Still, just then he would have preferred the usual claret. The fact was, he did not altogether relish the prospect of some accident showing that the wine had been tampered with, which, as long as it remained unconsumed, was possible. He would willingly have foregone the "little jollification" his uncle promised him, to have seen the last glass of the drugged port safely down his relative's throat.

However, as the champagne warmed his heart, his feelings towards Mr. Sears softened, and when the old gentleman had talked to him in a kindly way—about boys being boys, wild lads turning out the best men, and so on—his resentment towards him almost disappeared. By the time they rose from the table, Harry was glad the port had not been drunk, and was devising means of preventing its ever being consumed.

He was to leave for England the next day. When he came down in the morning, he brought his travelling flask with him, and, saying it was empty, with his uncle's permission, he filled it with the port from the decanter. So changed were his feelings since the previous night that it now afforded him more pleasure to prevent his revenge than it then gave him to plan it.

As he sat down to breakfast he noticed that his uncle was in very depressed spirits, and looked far from well. During the meal the old gentleman was extremely silent. In reply to his nephew's inquiry as to his health, he answered merely that he felt a little sickish. On looking closely at him, the student could not help thinking that he was worse than he admitted.

As Mr. Sears bade Harry farewell, he took his hand in his and looked him full in the face.

"Harry," he said in a sad, earnest tone, "don't go away with the idea that I wish to be harsh to you. God knows I love you like a son, and what I have done has been done with great pain to myself, and only because I knew it was for your good. You may resent it now; but you'll yet come to see it was the kindest thing I ever did for you. I never before felt so sorry at parting from you. I am an old man, and am at present anything but well; and, some way or other, I have a presentiment that I shall never see you again. Of course, it is only an old man's foolish fancy, but I cannot get rid of it. If it should prove true, I hope you will think kindly of me, Harry; and remember, my boy, that you have your

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Roper Frères' 1st Quality medium dry. Of all Wine Merchants

poor old uncle's blessing. Good-bye, lad, good-bye, and God bless you."

As the old man uttered these words, he turned his face away. Harry felt it was to hide the tears that were filling his eyes.

This was quite a new experience to the student. He had often before seen his uncle in anger and in disdain, but never in tears. The youth was, as has been said, not a bad-hearted fellow. He was just like most other lads, a little thoughtless and selfish, but at bottom sound and true. And now the unusual sight of his hard old uncle's love and emotion moved him greatly. As he drove away to the station, he thanked Heaven fervently for the little accident which enabled him to repent in time of his shabby revenge.

All the way to England he kept thinking about his uncle's tears. He looked back over his relations with him, and saw them for the first time in their true light—all kindness on one side, all ingratitude on the other. He felt utterly ashamed of himself, and vowed to reform. He would, he resolved, be the temptations what they might, obey Mr. Sears's wishes, and live the life of a man. He would give up all the dissipations he had been addicted to. He would work as man never worked before. He would take his diploma with honours, and win for himself a distinguished position in his profession. Instead of being his poor old uncle's shame and disgrace, he would before long be his pride and boast.

The next morning after his return to London he set out for Bartholomew's in a different frame of mind than ever previously had animated him on that journey. All his resolves were fresh before him, and influenced his every act. His gay and dissolute "chums," who hurried up to welcome him back, received a cold reception, and the lecturers were astonished to find their most attentive and not least intelligent hearer in the whilom mad Hal Gayplant.

When he returned home that evening, determined to devote a few hours to study, he found a letter awaiting him. It was from Paris, and written in a hand he did not know. With a peculiar nervous feeling which he could not account for he tore it open. It was from his uncle's most intimate friend in the French capital, and ran as follows :—

Dear Sir,—I need hardly say it is with the greatest pain that I write to inform you of your uncle's sudden death. He died this afternoon a few hours after your departure. Several doctors were in attendance, but their efforts were of no avail. The general belief among them was that his disease was cholera, but one of them strongly denied this, and maintained that some of the most invariable symptoms of that disorder were absent, and that his death was due to collapse, brought on by fear of that disease. You will, however, agree with me that your uncle was not a man likely to die of fright.

When he was taken ill I wished to telegraph to you at Calais to return, but he would not permit me; he was afraid you might catch the contagion from him. For the same reason he made me promise not to inform you of his death until he was buried. I have just now seen that done, and as he told me you were his sole heir, I write to you that you may come over and claim his property here without delay.

Accept my sympathy in your sudden and grievous affliction, and believe me, your sincere friend, Walter Brown.

When Harry ceased reading he sat motionless, with a face ashen pale.

"Heaven help me," he thought. "What an escape! If he had taken the port that night, could I ever have been sure I was not his murderer?"

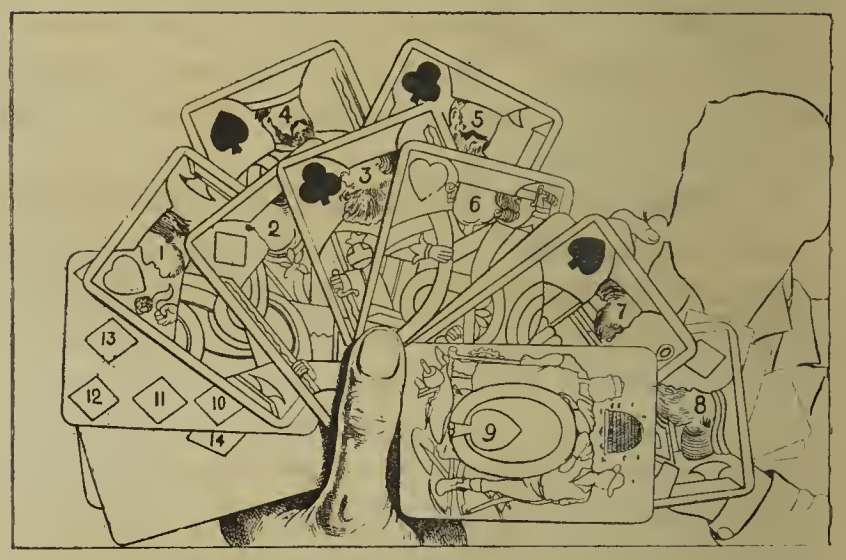
Spectacles scientifically adapted to assist & strengthen the weakest sights by Mr. Laurance, F.S.S., Oculist Optician, 1a, Old Bond-st.

KEY TO THE CARTOONS

IN

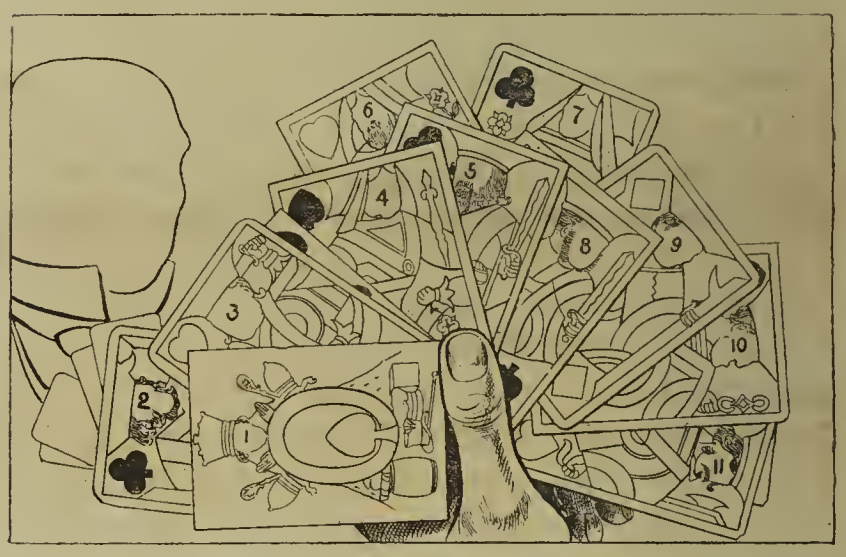
"A WINTER WEALTHERIES"

("Truth" Christmas Number, 1884).



THE GLADSTONE HAND.

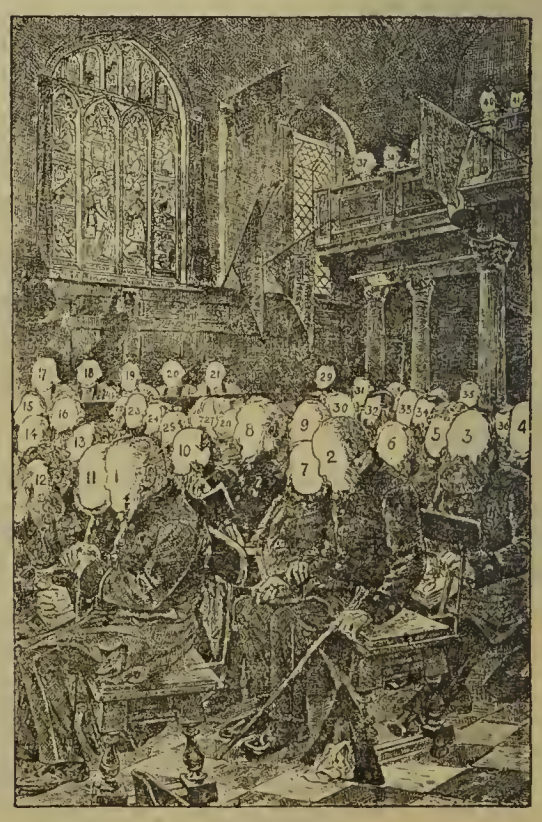
1. Sir Wm. Harcourt
2. Mr. Chamberlain
3. Earl Spencer
4. Lord Hartington
5. Mr. Trevelyan
6. Earl Granville
7. Sir Chas. Dilke
8. Mr. Childers
9. Vox Populi
10. Mr. Mundella
11. Sir Henry James
12. The late Prof. Fawcett
13. Earl of Derby
14. Lord Northbrook



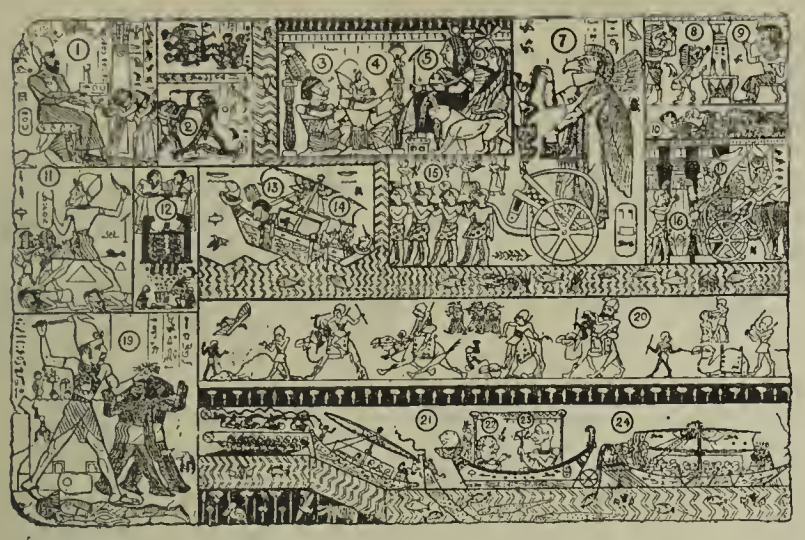
THE CHURCHILL HAND.

1. Divine Right
2. Lord Brabourne
3. Mr. Bradlaugh
4. The Queen
5. Marquis of Salisbury
6. Sir Stafford Northcote
7. (Women's Rights) Miss Lydia Becker
8. Duke of Richmond
9. Duke of Portland
10. Mr. James Lowther
11. Mr. Ashmead Bartlett

1. Duke of Richmond
2. Lord Cranbrook
3. Marquis of Salisbury
4. Lord Bramwell
5. Duke of Hamilton
6. Lord Brabourne
7. Earl of Carnarvon
8. Earl Cairns
9. Marquis of Waterford
10. Duke of Buckingham
11. Duke of Beaufort
12. Earl Lytton
13. Earl of Dunraven
14. Earl of Derby
15. Earl of Rosebery
16. Earl Granville
17. Archbishop of Canterbury
18. Archbishop of York
19. Bishop of Peterborough
20. Bishop of Carlisle
21. Bishop of Oxford
22. Lord Tennyson
23. Lord Coleridge
24. Earl Fortescue
25. Lord Houghton
26. Lord Northbrook
27. Lord Sherbrooke
28. Duke of Argyll
29. Lord Wolseley
30. Earl of Shaftesbury
31. Duke of Westminster
32. Lord Chelmsford
33. Duke of Portland
34. Lord Rowton
35. Lord Napier of Magdala
36. Duke of Norfolk
37. Mr. John Bright
38. Mr. Chamberlain
39. Sir Charles Dilke
40. Mr. Ashmead Bartlett
41. Lord Churchill



THE LAST MUSTER.



AN EGYPTIAN RELIC.

1. The Khedive of Egypt } Egyptian
2. The Madhi } troubles
3. Lord Wolseley } Despatch of
4. Lord Northbrook } Lords W. and
5. The Queen } N. to Egypt
6. Princess Beatrice
7. Mr. Gladstone
8. Prince Bismarck } Break up of the
9. Earl Granville } Conference
10. Geese hissing
11. Lord Northbrook and the Coupon
12. Bondholders squeezing the Fellaheen
13. Lord Wolseley } On the way to
14. Lord Northbrook } Egypt
15. Mr. Gladstone's reception in Edinburgh
16. Reception of Sir S. Northcote in Edinburgh
17. Sir Stafford Northcote } In Mid-
18. Lord John Manners } lothian
19. Gen. Gordon in Khartoum smashing the Madhi
20. The Expedition to Khartoum—Camel Corps and Highlanders
21. Hauling Boats up Nile Cataract
22. Lord Charles Beresford
23. Lord Wolseley
24. Nile Boat

THE NEW "A" AND "W. O." BUILDINGS.

1. Mr. Henry Chaplin
2. German Emperor
3. Emperor of Russia
4. Emperor of Austria
5. Miss Alice Barnett
6. Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt
7. Marquis of Salisbury
8. Franchise Bill
9. Lord Coleridge
10. Mr. Ruskin
11. Mr. Gladstone
12. Mr. A. Bartlett
13. Mr. Biggar
14. Mr. Warton
15. Mr. G. A. Sala
16. Mr. Oscar Wilde
17. Mr. Edmund Yates
18. Mr. Toole
19. Lord R. Churchill
20. Sir Stafford Northcote
21. Duke of Richmond
22. Sir Robert Carden
23. Mr. W. H. Smith
24. Miss Ellen Terry
25. Mr. Henry Irving
26. Lord Henry Lennox
27. Cardinal Manning
28. Gen. Owen Williams
29. Col. Burnaby
30. Duke of Cambridge
31. Marquis of Salisbury
32. Sir Stafford Northcote
33. Mr. G. pickling Lord R. C

A ROYAL PROCESSION.

1. Mr. A. Tennyson as Alfred the Great
2. Mr. Gladstone as William the Conqueror
3. Mrs. Gladstone as wife of the Conqueror
4. Duke of Hamilton as William Rufus
5. Miss E. Terry as Queen of Henry I.
6. Mr. Irving as Henry I.
7. Mr. Justice Stephen as King Stephen
8. Lord Henry Lennox as Henry II.
9. Sir Richard Wallace as Richard I.
10. Sir John Bennett as King John
11. Mr. Chaplin as Henry III.
12. Princess of Wales as Queen of Edward I.
13. Prince of Wales as Edward I.
14. Mr. A. Sullivan as Minstrel *temp.* Edward I.
15. Lord E. Cavendish as Edward II.
16. Gen. Sir E. Hamley as Edward III.
17. Sir R. Cross as Richard II.
18. Mrs. Kendal as Lady *temp.* Richard II.
19. Sir Henry Thompson as Henry IV.
20. Miss Fortescue as Queen of Henry IV.
21. Sir Henry Hawkins as Henry V.
22. Sir Henry James as Henry VI.
23. Mrs. Wheeler as Lady *temp.* Henry VI.
24. Mr. Edward Clarke as Edward IV.
25. Lady Castlereagh as Lady *temp.* Edward IV.
26.
27. Mr. Biggar as Richard III.
28. Duke of Richard as Henry VII.
29. Miss K. Vaughan as Katherine of Aragon
30. Mr. Val Prinsep, R.A., as Henry VIII.
31. Mrs. Langtry as Anne Boleyn
32. Card. Manning as Cardinal Wolsey
33. Prince Albert Victor as Edwd. VI.
34. Bishop of Liverpool as Cranmer
35. Baroness Burdett-Coutts as Queen Elizabeth
36. A. B. C. Bartlett-Burdett-Coutts as Earl of Essex, or Sir Christopher Hutton, or Sir Walter Raleigh, &c., &c.
37. Miss Mary Anderson as Mary Queen of Scots
38. Mr. James Lowther as James I.
39. Archbishop of Canterbury as Laud
40. Sir Charles Dilke as Charles I.
41. John Bright as Oliver Cromwell
42. Lord Chas. Beresford as Charles II.
43. Mr. James Stansfeld as James II.
44. Earl Dudley as William III.
45. Countess Dudley as Mary
46. Lord R. Churchill as Duke of Marlborough
47. Princess Beatrice as Queen Anne
48. Mr. George Lewis as George I.
49. Duke of Cambridge as George II.
50. Mr. G. A. Sala as George III.
51. Sir Geo. Wombwell as George IV.
52. Sir Wm. Harcourt as William IV.
53. Mr. Alderman Fowler as Beefeater
54. Mr. Augustus Lumley as Herald and M.C.
55. Scotch Pipers.

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GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—Madeline has been staying with us for a few days, having a most important reason for visiting town. She is engaged to be married, and is now busy about her trousseau. You know what a languid, slow, and inert being she is, never speaking quickly, but dropping out her syllables slowly and separately, and moving with the utmost deliberation. Well, dear, her *fiancé* is precisely the opposite of all this. He is an Irishman of the most vivacious and impetuous sort, all life and animation, and only able to keep quiet when he has Madeline to look at. He dined with us one evening, and we all went to a play together. His intense admiration for his betrothed almost verges on the grotesque. He sits staring at her and heaving huge sighs until, at last, Madeline drawls out in her slow, quiet way, "Ralph, dear, you are extremely amusing." He never gets in the least annoyed or vexed, but talks to some one for a little while, and then relapses again into the devotional frame of mind. If the old proverb be true that says—

> Happy 's the wooing
> That's not long a-doing,

they ought to have a blissful life before them; they have known each other just three weeks. I told Madeline that she had not acted, in this matter, with her usual deliberation, and she replied that she really could not help herself. Captain Beaudesir had been so frightfully impetuous in his love-making that she foresaw endless trouble if she should refuse him. Consequently, the easiest thing to do was to accept him.

She declares that when he asked her to marry him she made one or two attempts to reject his offer; but before she had the words out he raged about the room in such a tempest of feeling that she was afraid to go on. She is certain that half the ornaments would have been broken if she had not said "Yes." I can imagine that her slow remarks must have been excessively provoking under the circumstances.

When Madeline is out of the room he makes her the only subject of his conversation. You might fancy that this would be rather monotonous, but it isn't. He really makes us laugh heartily. So exaggerated are his rhapsodies that his lady-love laughs as much as we do, when we tell her what he has said. You remember her pretty nose?

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Well, he asked Maud if she had ever seen any other nose "so musically modulated"? Maud wanted to know if he was quoting Swinburne—which is synonymous, in her idea, with talking high-sounding nonsense. Then, one evening, he asked me if I had ever observed how Tim, our sweet terrier, adored her, always going and lying on her dress. I had not the heart to tell him that it was because the skirt she wears in the evening is plush, and that Tim loves its sumptuous softness. It was also rather trying to my gravity to hear him expatiate on Madeline's "wealth of superb hair." I suppose he will find it out for himself before long, that the greater part of it grew on some one else's head.

They are to be married on the 19th. The wedding-dress is lovely. The whole of the skirt is white Limerick lace, in three deep flounces, over a foundation of white satin. It is just a little bit trained at the back. The bodice and back drapery are of plain white velvet, the former being pointed in front and at the back, and very much cut away upon the hips. From under this point come short, full paniers of the velvet, which provide the fulness for the back. There is no train to the velvet. Madeline says she cannot see the *raison d'être* of a train to a wedding-gown unless the bride is of very mature years and wants to dress as a dowager. *She* means to dance in this very dress, and is having it constructed quite as much with a view to that amusement as with reference to her wedding-day.

The going-away dress is awfully pretty. It is from Worth's, in Bond-street, and is, in colouring, just like a robin-redbreast. The material is cloth, of a greyish brown, very soft and warm and light. The waistcoat, collar, and cuffs (fancy a robin with cuffs!) are in a shade of orange-red, precisely the tint of the little birdie's breast. The draping is simply perfect. Each fold has its reason. There is nothing irrelevant or eccentric. Small longitudinal pleats down the front and back furnish the fulness of the polonaise, which is caught high on the hips. The skirt is velvet, matching the cloth in colour.

The mantle which is to be worn with this is magnificent. The material is a golden brown brocade, with a design of large leaves raised upon it in a darker shade. The back is arranged in thick, outstanding pleats, let in at the waist. The bodice part is trimmed with an exquisite embroidery of beads—garnet, gold, and brown—and the dolman-shaped sleeves are one mass of similar embroidery, edged with deep chenille fringe, the strands of which are brown, tipped with beads like those I have just described.

The price is *only* forty-five guineas! But, as her Ralph is a rich man, Madeline feels she may as well have a decent trousseau. Wealthy persons being notoriously parsimonious as a rule, she thinks she had better lay in a good stock of clothes now she has the chance.

It is a shame, however, for her to talk like that, for he is a generous fellow, and has made very handsome settlements. I fancy that she sometimes pretends to disparage him in order to hide a real affection for him, to which she thinks, perhaps, it would be ridiculous to confess upon so very short an acquaintance.

One of her evening frocks is such a perfect duck that I must tell you about it. It is also very original. She bought a long Turkish towel somewhere, the ends of which are widely embroidered in delicious colours. She has had the two ends placed lengthwise up the front of the skirt, with a quantity of tea-tinted lace quilled up between them. A flounce of old gold satin runs round the edge of the skirt, and is much puffed, showing its lining of velvet of the same colour. The bodice, paniers, and drapery, are of old gold satin.

I promised last week to tell you of some new waltzes. "Going to Market," by Charles Godfrey, Bandmaster of the Royal Horse Guards, is, as one might expect, quite perfect to dance to. "A Maid of Kent," by Caroline Lowthian, is good. Both of these are founded on songs by Louis Diehl, and both are published by Boosey. So is "True Hearts," by Claude Mirel, the music being so charming that it is quite a sin to have given it such a hideous title-page. "Never Forgotten," by Franz Tieg, is another delightful waltz. It is published by Mills & Sons. You will also like "Orange-blossoms," by Leonard Remfry (Music Publishing Agency), and "The Rose of England" (Pitman), another composition that is disfigured by a truly frightful front-page.

I forgot to mention in my last letter two charming songs by Miss Elizabeth Philp. One is "The Song of the Galley Slaves" (Mills & Co.). The words are written by Miss Braddon, and were suggested by a passage in Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables." The other is "At Rest," a song in quite a different style. These words are by William Boosey, and Boosey is the publisher. Gluck's "Gavotte in F," transcribed by Jules de Sivrai (Patey, Willis, & Co.), will delight lovers of good music. "Sonate Romantique" (Jeffreys), by Eugen Woycke, is very clever, but by no means so full of feeling and melody as his "Sonate Dramatique." It is difficult music, presenting a good study for those who recognise that to overcome difficulties successfully is the only true road to proficiency.

Very, very different in style is a fantasia by Arthur Henry Brown (Pitman), on the old air, "O, dear, what can the Matter be?" The variations are of the old-fashioned order, in which the quaint old melody rings out now in the treble, then sounds clear under the left hand, while the right flies up and down the piano like a white bird, and anon is taken up by both, turn about. The title-page is adorned by a piece of architecture, under which appears the mysterious legend:—

> Let clans and families all join the dead,
> This ancient house shall never want a head.*

Does it mean the "ancient house" of Brown?

I am sending you the latest published volume of the "Eminent Women Series" (W. H. Allen & Co.). It deals with the life of Harriet Martineau, and is written by Mrs. Fenwick Miller. It is a very interesting book. Many persons will read with avidity the details of her extraordinary cure by mesmerism. The most delightful page in the volume is where we see the subject of the biography reflected back from Charlotte Brontë's perception of her. It makes the rest of the book seem, by contrast, cold, analytical, and severely critical. The warmth of appreciation shown by the one great writer to the other makes one love both women. The story of Miss Martineau's dear little farm of two acres is a pleasant one, and so is the account of the generous conduct recorded on page 198 of a literary gentleman then and now connected with the *Daily News*.

The afternoon teas at Humphreys' Hall have been very pleasant. They were instituted by the Bread Reform League, with a view of raising a fund for providing penny breakfasts for poor Board-school children. Visitors thus felt that while they were enjoying a cup of excellent tea, they were also benefiting these unfortunate little beings, who are expected to learn their lessons and be bright and sharp over them while suffering the pangs of hunger and cold. I hope most heartily that the undertaking may be thoroughly successful.

Apropos to the little ones, Lady Constance Howard is helping Madame Portugal to get up a ball at Willis's Rooms in aid of the funds of the orphanage at Auteuil. Deserted or fatherless children are received there and apprenticed to trades. The ball is fixed for the 15th. There is a long list of patrons and patronesses, and no doubt it will be an excellent dance.

I am so glad you liked the *poularde à la crême*. I felt sure you would. With us it has become an institution. Papa now says that we may take another course of lessons, if we like, and he will pay for them. We think of doing so, for at the Mortimer-street School of Cookery there is none of the saucepan cleaning and frying-pan scrubbing that disgusted so many pupils at other schools of the kind. This is just the weather for appreciating good soups, so here is an excellent one; the quantity is for ten persons:—

Roast a pound of chestnuts. When ready to peel, take them off the fire and peel them; then put them into a saucepan with two

* *P.S.*—I have just accidentally discovered that the house in question presents the outlines of a very horrible and ogreish human head when it is held sideways. But what has this conundrum to do with the music?

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pints of water, a little salt, two lumps of sugar, and a small piece of butter. Let the whole boil over a brisk fire. When the chestnuts are thoroughly cooked, drain them and pass them through a sieve. Then add the contents of the saucepan to the *purée*, also two spoonfuls of tomato *purée*, and heat up the whole. When about to serve, put in some tiny pieces of fried bread and a bit of butter.

Are you not longing for some skating? I am.—Good-bye, dear, your loving cousin, MADGE.

CARLTON WHISKEY.

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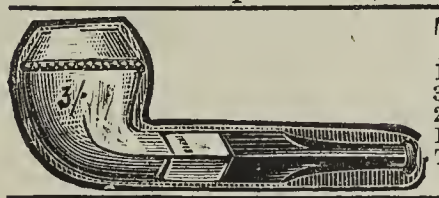

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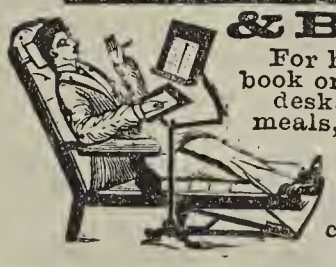

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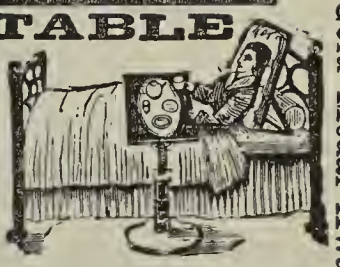

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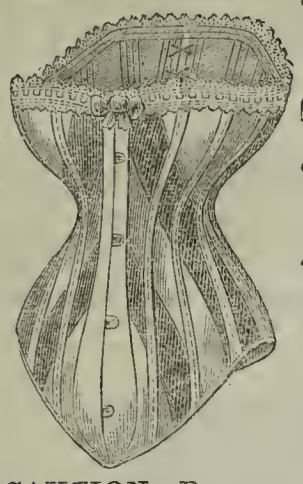

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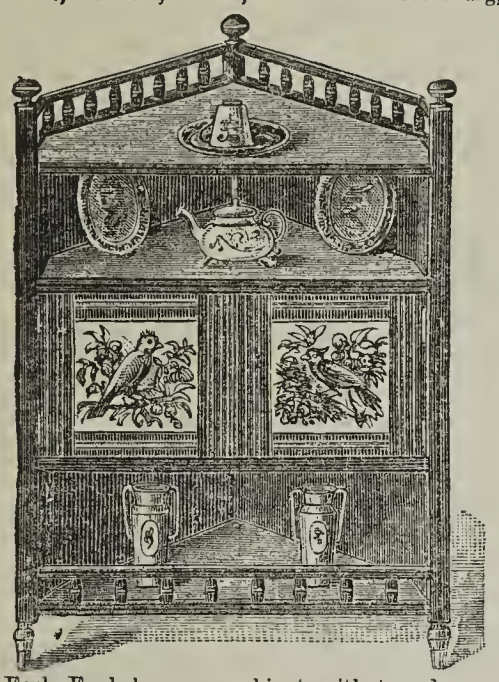


Early-English corner cabinet, with two doors, and nicely decorated, 1ft. 10in. wide, 3ft. 5in. high ..... **£2 : 12 : 6.**

CHINA.

MAPLE & CO. have the largest assortment of BARBOTINE, Tunisian, Hungarian, Doulton, Doulton Faïence, Silicon Doulton, and Doulton Impasto WARES, also in Worcester, Coalport, Dresden, Sèvres, Chinese, Japanese, and Crown Derby China.—MAPLE & CO.

MAPLE & CO.—FURNITURE.

MAPLE & CO.—CATALOGUES FREE.

MAPLE & CO., Upholsterers by Special Appointment to Her Majesty. The largest FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT in the world. Acres of Show-rooms for the display of every possible description of household requisites.—Tottenham-court-road, London. Established 45 years.

THE SPECIMEN ROOMS at Messrs. MAPLE & CO.'S are good examples of HIGH-CLASS DECORATIVE FURNISHING, carried out in perfect taste, without extravagant expenditure. Every one about to furnish, or re-arrange their residences, should by all means inspect those apartments.

MAPLE & CO.—BEDSTEADS.

MAPLE & CO. have a SPECIAL DEPARTMENT for IRON and BRASS four-post BEDSTEADS, CRIBS, and COTS, specially adapted for Mosquito Curtains, used in India, Australia, and the Colonies. Price for Full-size Bedsteads varying from 25s. to 80 guineas. Shippers and Colonial visitors are invited to inspect this varied Stock, the largest in England, before deciding elsewhere. Ten thousand bedsteads to select from.—MAPLE & CO., Export Furnishing Warehouses, Tottenham-court-road, London.

MAPLE & CO.—CRETONNES.

EXTRAORDINARY IMPORTATION.

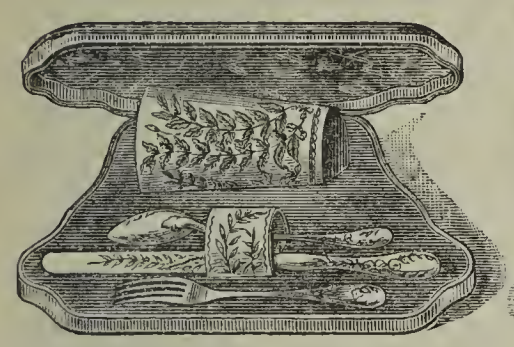
CRETONNES. — MAPLE & CO. have great pleasure in stating that they have on show the most magnificent selection ever seen of fast-wearing CRETONNES on extra strong and serviceable tissues. — MAPLE & CO., Tottenham-court-road, London.

MAPLE & CO.—CRETONNES.—The Blocks for the reprinting of the fine old French Cretonnes having been now re-engraved. MAPLE & CO. are receiving the finest goods ever offered. The cloths upon which these are printed are of superior quality; the colours can also be guaranteed. The designs are exclusively engaged to MAPLE & CO.

MAPLE & CO.—CURTAINS.

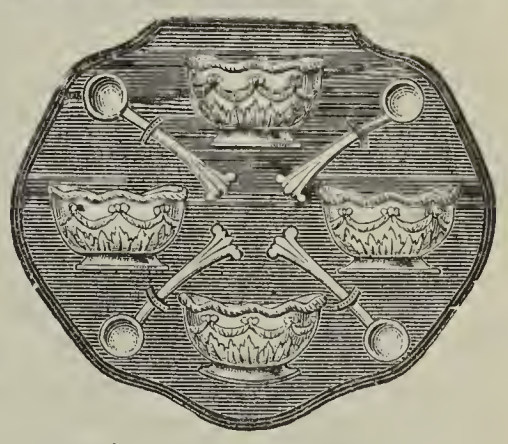
MAPLE & CO.—CURTAINS.—The most wonderful improvements have been made within the last few years in the manufacture and colouring of Covering fabrics. The artistic effect which some of these goods, even at 3s. 2d. per yard, double width, give is extraordinary. The principal factories for the production being in France, MAPLE & CO. have established a house in Paris, whereby they see all the new designs, and are enabled to reserve them exclusively for their customers' selection.—MAPLE & CO., London.

SILVER PRESENTS.



Sterling Silver Christening Presents. £8. 8s.; £6. 10s.; £5; £4. 4s.; £3; £2; £1. 1s.

Richly Cut Glass Jug and Two Cups, Sterling Silver Mounts, £4. 15s.

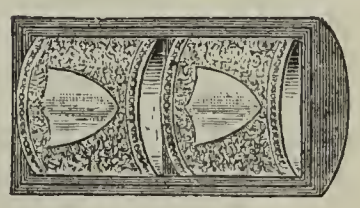


Four Sterling Silver Salt Cellars and Spoons, in Cases, £8; £7; £5. 5s.; £4; £2. 12s. 6d.

Sterling Silver Mustard Pot and Muffineers in Case, £8; £6; £4. 10s.; £3.

STERLING SILVER NOVELTIES IN CASES.
ELECTRO SILVER PLATE, HEAVIEST PLATING.
SPOONS AND FORKS. TABLE KNIVES.

Tea and Coffee Services, full size. Sterling Silver, £50; £40; £35; £30. Heaviest Plating, £22; £18. 18s; £15; £12; £10. 10s.



Sterling Silver Napkin Rings, Two in case, £2. 15s.; £2. 2s.; £1. 10s.

MAPPIN & WEBB

MANSION HOUSE BUILDINGS, E.C.
OXFORD STREET, W., LONDON.

MANUFACTORY, SHEFFIELD. CATALOGUES FREE.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY (Established 1803).
1, Old Broad-street, E.C., and 22, Pall Mall, S.W.—Capital £1,600,000; Paid-up and Invested, £700,000. E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited)
No. 10, St. Swithin's-lane, London, E.C.
General Accidents. | Personal Injnries.
Railway Accidents. | Death by Accidents.
C. HARDING, Manager.

LIFE ASSOCIATION OF SCOTLAND
Founded 1838 for Life Assurance and Annnities.
Funds £2,884,553
Annual Revenue..... £462,075
LOANS made on Freebolds, Leaseholds, and other securities, including Life Interests, and Absolnte or Contingent Reversions. Loans npon Reversions are made at annual interest, or in consideration of a deferred charge.
London: 5, Lombard-street, and 123, Pall Mall.
Edinbnrgh: 82, Princes-street.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED,
HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.
Every description of Life Assnrance and Annuity Business transacted.
Reversions Purchased.
The invested assets exceed Four Millions. Whole World Licenses granted to Seamen and others permanently engaged on board ship at an extra premium of £1 per cent. Limited licenses for voyages not extending beyond 33 degrees North Latitnde 10s. per cent.
The last Annnal and Valuation Reports can be obtained upon application to the Secretary.

TO MANITOBA.
LUXURIOUS TRAVELLING. MAGNIFICENT SCENERY.
PURE AIR AND FINE SPORT. THE MOST EXPEDITIOUS AND CHEAPEST ROUTE TO THE NORTH-WEST.
☞ In press, a handsomely illustrated tourist guide: "From Quebec to the Rocky Mountains." Apply early for one. Sent free on application to
ALEXANDER BEGG, 83, Cannon-street, London.

The completion of
THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
(which is the ONLY DIRECT route to the Canadian North-West) to the summit of the Rocky Mountains, has thrown open to settlement some of the finest Agricultural Lands in Manitoba and the North-West, of which the Dominion Government offer 160 ACRES FREE.
Parties interested should not fail to send for the new Pamphlets and Maps just published by the Company, sent by post, free of charge, as well as the terms on which the Railway Company dispose of their lands. Address, personally or by letter,
ALEXANDER BEGG, G. E. Agent, 83, Cannon-street, London, England,
To whom all communications relating to the country, the land, emigration and passenger business of the Company should be solely addressed.

MESSRS. H. HALFORD & CO., Stock and Share Brokers, 2, Royal Exchange Avenne, London, E.C. Daily Closing Price List and market report on application. Speculative accounts opened on terms to be ascertained. Special business in "Options" at close Market Prices. No "Differences."

THE NEW MYSORE GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.—Capital £100,000, in shares of £1 each, issued at 5s. for the fully paid £1 share. This Company is formed to acquire the mining rights over 200 acres of the Mysore Gold Fields, the reefs of which are identical with those which traverse the lands of the Mysore Gold Mining Company. Prospectuses on application to the Secretary, 32, St. Swithin's-lane, London, E.C.

A. S. COCHRANE & SONS,
STOCK & SHARE BROKERS,
110, CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Stocks or Shares Bought or Sold at Markct Prices.
Speculative accounts opened from £1 per cent. cover.
Options granted at close market prices.
Clients giving a banker's reference or depositing Stocks or Shares are not required to pay any cover in advance.
Prospectus and Investment Circular, containing safe and reliable information to Investors or Speculators, forwarded post free.

SYNDICATES formed for operating in STOCKS and SHARES. Large and small sums combined and carefully operated as a whole for about 30 days. Profits divided pro rata at close.
Opinions of those who have profited by
GOODSON & CO.'S SYNDICATES.
Enclosed please find cheque to join your next Syndicatc, and hope it may be as successful as the last.—Letter No. 1247 B.
I enclose cheque value £ for new Syndicate, also receipt for the last, with thanks.—Letter No. 1288 B.
Herewith find cheque for Shares in your next Syndicato; I am truly pleased at the way your business is conducted and the results.—Letter No. 1270 B.
The originals of these letters, with some hundreds of a similar kind, may be seen on application to GOODSON & CO., Stock and Share Brokers, Devonshire-chambers, Bishopsgate-street, London, E.C. Explanatory Circular post free.

ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT

Purely Vegetable, Perfectly Harmless, Will reduce from two to five pounds per week: acts on the food in the stomach, preventing its conversion into Fat. Sold by Chemists. Send stamp for pamphlet.
Botanic Medicine Co.,
3 New Oxford-street,
London, W.C.

FIVE PER CENT. GREEK LOAN of 1884, for £6,800,000 Sterling, or Fcs. 170,000,000, in Bonds of £20, or Fcs. 500 each. Issued in Certificates of £20, £100, and £200.
Authorised by the Law of the 4th/16th January, 1884, and Sanctioned by the King under the same date. The Bonds are repayable at par not later than the 1st July, 1921, by means of Drawings, which will take place on the 1st June and 1st December of each year, at the offices of the Comptoir d'Escompte de Paris, in Paris. The Governmeut reserves to itself the right of redeeming the Bonds at par even earlier.
Messrs. C. I. HAMBRO & SON offer for Public Subscription Bonds of the above Loan for £4,400,000 nominal Capital, £2,400,000 being retained at present by the Government.
These Bouds, as well as the Interest Coupons, are also payable in French money at the exchange of 25 Francs per £ sterling, and will be furnished with Half-yearly Coupons, payable on the 1st January and 1st July, at the office of Messrs. C. I. HAMBRO & SON, in London, and the Comptoir d'Escompte, in Paris; the first Coupon will be payable on the 1st July, 1885.
The interest, as well as the Drawn Bonds of this Loan, are guaranteed free from all taxes.
The Loan is raised principally for the purpose of redeeming the Forced Currency, and partly for defraying the cost of Railways in the interior of the Country.
Subscriptions will also be received in Paris, by the Comptoir d'Escompte de Paris, and the Société Générale; and in Greece, at the Offices of the Banque Nationale de Grèce, and the Banque de Constantinople.
The price of subscription is £68½ for each £100 Stock, payable as follows:—

£5	on Application.
15	,, Allotment.
20	,, 15 January, 1885.
20	,, 16 Febrnary, ,,
8 10	,, 16 March, ,,
£68 10	

Allottees will have the option of paying up in full on allotment, or any subsequent day, under discount at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum. Subscribers paying in full on allotmeut will receive at once definite Bonds. The failure to pay any instalment when due, renders all previous payments liable to forfeiture.
Scrip Certificates will be issued to Allottees, and will be exchanged for Bonds as soon as practicable after payment of the final instalment.
Applications for these Bonds in London are to be made to Messrs. C. I. Hambro & Son, in the annexed form, and to be accompanied by a deposit of five per cent. on the amount applied for. In case the allotment should not require the whole of the amount deposited, the surplus will be returned; and if the deposit be insufficient for the first instalment on the amount allotted, the balance required is to be paid forthwith.
In case of no allotment being made, the deposit will be returned.
Subscriptions will be received on Thursday, the 4th December, 1884.
70, Old Broad-street, 29*th November*, 1884.

Extract from the Law of the 4th/16th January, 1884, which will be inserted in the Bonds.
Art. 2.—The undermentioned State Revenues are specially assigned as security for the present Loan, viz.:—
1.—The surplus of the Customs receipts of the Piræus, of Athens, Patras, Syra, Catacolo, Calamata, Cephalonia, Zante, and Corfu, of the Stamp Duty, the Land Annuities and Plantations, and of the Duty on the Consumption of Tobacco, after deduction of tbe sums necessary for the service of the Loans previously contracted, and guaranteed by those same Revenues in accordance with the Law.
2.—Tbe total receipts of Customs of Volo, Yagasi, and Arta.
The Hellenic Government declares that, according to the Official Returns, the total amount of the above-mentioned surplus and Revenues, assigned as a guarantee of the Loan under the present Agreement, exceeds Dr. 15,000,000 per annum.
In case the said Revenues, assigned as a guarantee, should in any half-year not be sufficient for the payment of the Interest and Sinkiug Fund, the Hellenic Government undertakes to make up the deficiency in due time.
The above-mentioned Revenues shall not be used for any other State engagement, or in compensation for Treasury Bonds or other State Securities. To this effect, as well as for everythiug concerning the total and timely deposit of the above-mentioned receipts, the Government Collectors, appointed for the purpose, shall be held personally responsible.
Art. 3.—The Revenues assigned as a guarantee, shall, as they are collected, be paid over to the Establishments in Greece of the Bank of Constantinople and of the Bank of Epiro-Thessaly.
Art. 4.—The interest aud the Sinking Fund of the present Loan shall not be liable to any duty or stoppage. The present Agreement, as well as any Deed refrrring to it, shall by right be exempt from any Stamp Duty.

Form of Application.

5% GREEK LOAN OF 1884.
For £6,800,000 Sterling, or Fcs. 170,000,000. ISSUE OF £4,400,000.

To Messrs. C. I. Hambro & Son, London,
... .request that you will allot to .....£..... .....say.....
Pounds nominal Capital of the above Stock, on which.....enclose the required deposit of Five per cent. or £.....and.....agree to accept that amount, or any less sum that may be allotted to....., and to pay the balance of such allotment, according to the conditions of your Prospectns of the 29th November, 1884.
Name at full leugth.....
Address .....
Date .....

SEVEN PER CENT. DEBENTURES.
THE FLORIDA LAND and MORTGAGE COMPANY, Limited.—SEVEN PER CENT. STERLING FIRST MORTGAGE DEBENTURES.—Secured as a first charge under deeds of trust on all the property of the Company. The whole Debenture Issue is £225,000, or about 2s. per acre on 2,300,000 acres of land.
TRUSTEES FOR THE DEBENTURE HOLDERS.
C. T. Murdoch, Esq., Banker (Ransom, Bouverie, & Co.), London.
H. J. B. Kendall, Esq., (Henry Kendall & Sons), Loudon.
A. Crum Maclae, Esq., of Cathkin, solicitor, Glasgow.
J. A. Langerhuizen, Esq., Banker, Amsterdam.
Solicitors to Trustees—Messrs. Freshfields & Williams, London.
DIRECTORS IN ENGLAND.
Sir EDWARD J. REED, K.C.B., M.P., London, Cbairman.
Edward Bishop, Esq., Director of the Coupon Agency, Limited.
A. Macnamara, Esq., Leighton Buzzard.
Charles W. Earle, Esq., Chairman of West India and Panama Telegraph Company, Limited.
James Grahame, Esq., C.A., Glasgow.
Solicitors to the Company—Messrs. Hores & Pattisson, London.
Applications for Debentures at par can be made to Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, & Co., Bankers; or Messrs. Ransom, Bouverie, & Co., Bankers, London; Messrs. Grahames, Crum, & Speirs, Glasgow; or George J. Wood, Esq., W.S., 59, Frederick-street, Edinburgh, who have copies of the Articles of Association and Trust Deeds.
Office, 20 Bucklersbury, London, E.C.

CONSOLIDATED CREDIT AND MORTGAGE CORPORATION, Limited, 40, Great Tower-street, E.C. Advances £10 to £1,000. No delay. No fees. Personal application to the Secretary.

LONDON AND COUNTY ADVANCE AND DISCOUNT COMPANY, Limited.—Cash advanced from £10 to £500, without preliminary fees or dednctions for interest, for short or long periods, repayable by easy instalments, at moderate rates upon approved security. Bills discounted. Forms free. Offices, 57 and 58, Chancery-lane, W.C.—JOHN STONE Secretary.

SPECIAL ATTENTION is called to the following points based on the reports.—RESERVES of over TWENTY MILLION DOLLARS WORTH of ORE ARE IN SIGHT, and ready to be taken away. The MINE HAS BEEN WORKED for ABOUT 50 YEARS, and has retnrned in profits upwards of 10,000,000 dollars, and it is estimated 15,000,000 tons of Ore rcmain. The machinery now in course of preparation will, it is ostimatcd, increase the output to such an cxtent as to give over £100 per ccnt. per annum on the capital of the Company. Furthermorc, the vendor, who has just roturned from the mine, is so confident of the ccrtainty of largo profits, that he prefers to receive the whole amount of the purchase moncy in shares in the Company, taking no payment whatever in cash. He GUARANTEES DIVIDENDS AT THE RATE OF 20 PER CENT. PER ANNUM, thus securing the return of the entire capital within five years.

LA TRINIDAD, Lim., Sonora, Mexico.

Incorporated under thc Companies Acts, 1862 to 1880, whereby the liability of Shareholdcrs is absolutely limited to the amount of their Shares.

Capital £500,000, in 100,000 Shares of £5 each.

Issue of 12,000 Shares of £5 each.

This Issue is solely to provide Working Capital, New Machincry, &c., no cash being rcquired for the acquisition of tho Mine, Plant, &c., the Vendor accepting the full amount in Shares. Payment as follows:—20s. on Application, 20s. on Allotment, and the remainder as required, in calls not exceeding 20s. each, at intervals of not less than one month. In the event of no Allotment being made, amounts paid on application for Shares will be returned in full. The Vendor guarantees that the Company shall pay Dividends at the rate of 20 pcr cent. per annum for Five Ycars, from date of Allotment of Shares, on the Capital, depositing 40,000 fully-paid Sharcs (£200,000) in thc hands of the Directors to cover the guarantec.

DIRECTORS.

Stewart Pixley, Esq. (Messrs. Pixlcy and Abell), 27, Old Broad-street, London, E.C.

John Viret Gooch, Esq., M. Inst. C.E., Cooper's-hill, Bracknell, Berks.

George Forman, Esq., 1, Upper Phillimore-place, Kensington, London, W.

Robert Ewing, Esq. (late of Messrs. Finlay, Muir, & Co., Calcutta and Bombay), Burton Grange, Cheshunt, Herts.

*Jamcs Thomas Browne, Esq., 9, St. Luke's-road, Westbournc-park, London, W.

*Will, after allotment of Shares, join the Board.

BANKERS.

Messrs. Robarts, Lubbock, & Co., Lombard-street, London, E.C.

SOLICITORS—Messrs. Wild, Browne, & Wild, Ironmonger-lane, London, E.C.

BROKER—W. H. Bishop, Esq., 1, Royal Exchange-buildings, London, E.C., and Stock Exchange.

SECRETARY—Mr. Edmund Harvey.

Registered Offices—8, Old Jewry, London, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

THIS Company is formed to acquire thc cclebrated mining property known as "La Trinidad," situate in the Statc of Sonora, in the Rcpublic of Mexico.

The mine has been in active operation for about 50 ycars. The profits are stated to have exceeded £2,000,000.

LA TRINIDAD consists of a group of fivc claims, in all about 12,000 feet on the run of the lodcs. The lode is stated to average 360 feet in width.

The property has been acquircd in consequence of the death of the late proprietor.

It appears that no less than $20,000,000 worth of Ore stands above the prcsent workings, and form that amount of Rcservcs; while the lowcr workings are even still richer, giving the impression that this great body of silvcr goes down to an interminable depth.

Although the present machinery is defective, yct a profit of $30,000 per month has been madc, while 50 per cent. of the silvcr has been wasted, and the whole of the valuable copper.

The new machinery is guarantced to treat 300 tons pcr day. Estimatcd annual net profit, £568,000.

The purchase money has been fixed at £440,000, payable in fully paid-up sharcs of the Company, and the vendor undertakes to dcfray all expenses up to allotment under contract, dated the 24th November, 1884, madc botwcen J. T. Browne, J. C. Kemp van Ee, and E. Harvey, on behalf of thc Company, scheduling a proposal dated 11th September, 1884, and acceptances thereof dated respectively 17th September, 1884, forming a contract between Madame Alsua and J. T. Browne for the acquisition of the purchased property. The directors believo that the above are the only contracts required to be specified by the Companies Act, 1867, but to avoid any qnestion any further compliance therewith shall be deemed to have been waived.

Full Prospectuses and forms of application may be had at the bankers, brokers, solicitors, or at the offices of the Company.

THE ENGLISH ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN BOND AND SHARE HOLDERS (Limited).—Capital £250,000, in 25,000 shares of £10 each, of which the first issue shall be 12,500 sharcs. Deposit, £1 per share on application.

TRUSTEES.

The Right Hon. the Earl Cairns.
The Right Hon. the Earl of Onslow.
Richard B. Martin, Esq., M.P.

DIRECTORS.

Sir T. D. Forsyth, C.B., K.C.S.I., Director East Indian Railway Company.

Captain Douglas Galton, R.E., C.B., F.R.S., formerly of the Railway Department of the Board of Trade.

J. H. Hutchinson, Esq., Member of thc London Stock Exchange Committee.

Joseph Price, Esq , formerly Secretary Chicago and Alton Railroad, and General Manager Great Western of Canada.

Thomas Reynolds, Esq., Messrs. Reynolds, Carter, & Reynolds, American merchants.

S. R. Scott, Esq., Member (and late Chairman) of the London Stock Exchange Committee.

With power to add to their number.

SOLICITORS.—Messrs. Bompas, Bischoff, Dodgson, & Coxe.

BANKERS.—Messrs. Martin & Co., 68, Lombard-street, London, E.C.

SECRETARY (*pro tem.*).—Mr. R. H. Granville.

TEMPORARY OFFICES.—10, Tokenhouse-yard, London, E.C.

This Association is formed for the purpose of representing and protecting the interests of holders of American secnrities in Great Britain and Ireland by uniting such holders under one organisation.

The holdings by British investors of Bonds and Shares in the joint-stock enterprises of the United States have enormously increased of late years, until it is estimated that not less than £150,000,000 of nominal sterling value are now held in this country. The total amount of the issues of American Securities included in the Official List of the London Stock Exchange is £370,000,000.

Ownership of Shares under the existing system consists in the possession of certificates bearing a proprietor's namc on the face, with blank form of transfers endorsed thereon to any future proprietors.

The general practice is for purchasers to hold the certificates, for a time at least, and often for long periods, in the uame of a former proprietor, chiefly for the reason that the office of the Company is in a distant couutry and the risk and trouble of transmission are considerable.

One important result is that in some States neither the holders nor the persons in whose names the certificates were first made out have any legal power of voting, as the voter has to make affidavit that he owns the shares for which he stands registered, the practical influence of the real owners is therefore entirely lost.

There is also great danger of fraud to the public and to Banking Institutions in the fact that share certificates remain without verification for long periods.

This Association, by affording a ready and cheap means of transfer and registratiou in connection with the various companies, will enable proprietors to exercise all their rights and influence in the management of the various undertakings, and will ensure frequent verification.

An illustration of the working of the proposed system is afforded by the fact that, during the present year, the London Committee of Shareholders of the New York, Ontario, and Western Railway have, by arrangements with the Company, brought about the registration of 249,181 shares in 733 names, of European shareholders, of which only seven names of real owners were previously on the books of the Company. It is needless to point out that while in this case about a quarter of a million of shares were floating about the world without being represented at general meetings of the Company, it was in the power of the executive to enter on any course they pleased, without regard to the wishes of the proprietors, who were virtually unknown.

The Association will endeavour to make arrangements with all leading Companies in the United States similar to that existing with the above-named Company, which has now a settled transfer agency in London.

If, however, any of the Companies should decline to establish a transfer agency under this Association, it will be one part of its duty to procure registration in the owners' names, or that of the Trustees of this Association, at a small charge; also to collect dividends payable in the United States.

It will be also the duty of the Association to obtain from the Committee of the Stock Exchange a quotation for its own shares when allotted, and that Committee will, it is believed, be ready at all times to facilitate the work of the Association by recognising and giving quotation to the certificates of undertakings with the ticket of the Association attached.

The Association will endeavonr to obtain such improved regulations or legislatiou as may place the management of American railways more within the knowledge and legitimate control of the proprietors, and with this object will be prepared to co-operate with proprietors in the United States or elsewhere.

The Association may also, when investigation and united action are desirable, on a requisition from parties interested in any undertaking, call meetings of proprietors with a view to combination, and would be prepared to associate with a sub-Committee of its Directors, parties largely interested. No special action will be taken regarding any railway without first consulting the Shareholders directly interested.

It will be a special object of the Association to procure for the benefit of its Shareholders from American Companies and otherwise, by cable or mail, early information, such as trsffic returns, net revenue statements, supplies of annual reports, maps, and all particulars that may be useful and necessary to Bond and Shareholders in American Railways resident in the United Kingdom, and to establish an Agency in New York to aid in this object.

Offices will be opened in a central position in the City of London, at which Shareholders of the Association will be supplied with all obtainable statistics, which may aid them in forming a judgment as to the position and prospects of the various undertakings, and the Association will maintain from time to time such correspondence with reliable authorities in the United States as shall enable them to afford this aid. Subscribers, other than Shareholders, will be entitled to the advantage of reading-room, information, &c., on payment of a moderate annual subscription.

The capital of the Company will be £250,000, in 25,000 shares of £10 each, the first issue shall be 12,500 shares, of which £1 per share will be payable on application. Any further call will depend upon the requirements of the Association, and two months' notice of any call will be given.

Messrs. Martin & Co., 68, Lombard-street, London, E.C., are authorised to receive applications for shares; but, with a view to create a numerous proprietary, no one will be entitled to hold more than 100 shares, except on original allotment, thus preventing any undue influence in the future management of the Association.

Any sum received in excess of the number allotted will be returned in full to applicants, and should no allotment be made, the deposit will be returned without any deduction.

The Directors believe that the business of the Association might be managed so as to yield a large return on the capital from Registration Fees and otherwise; but as it is their object to render the advantages of the Association available to the Shareholders and the public at the smallest possible cost, they propose to limit the rate of dividend to 7½ per cent. per annum, and to reduce charges from time to time should a larger return on the capital employed, in their opinion, justify such a step, giving such preferential advantage to the Shareholders of this Association as may hereafter be determined.

The Articles of Association may be seen at the office of the Solicitors. Full Prospectus and Forms of Application for shares may bo obtained at this office, 10, Tokenhouse-yard, London, E.C.

1st December, 1884.

MONEY.—UNION DEPOSIT BANK, No. 17, King William-street, Charing-cross, London, W.C.

Established 1867.—Capital, £225,000; reserve, £120.000.

ADVANCES made without deductions, for short or long periods, in sums of £20 to £2,000, on personal security, furnitnre, stock-in-trade (without removal); also deeds, life policies, at 5 per cent., without mortgage expenses, from one to 10 years. Prospectus gratis, or post-free on application (personal visit preferred).

ROBERT P. HART, Manager.

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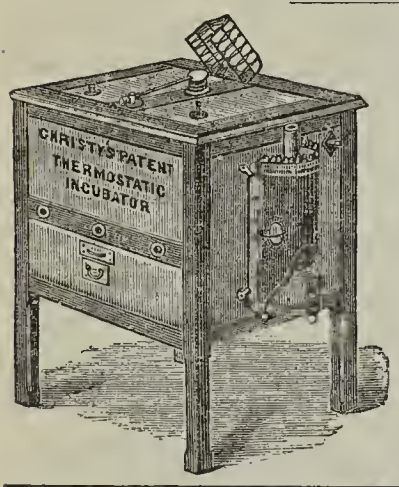

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OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 301.—PRIZE QUOTATION ON HOUSE OF LORDS FROM "HAMLET."

	s.	d.
Katherine (No application yet received)	10	6
Waterloo (West Larder, Esq., care of J. W. Davis & Son, Strand-street, Grimsby)	10	6
Non Sequor (No application yet received)	10	6
Aquila (No application yet received)	10	6

SPECIAL NOTICE.

In answer to E. M. De La R., Annie, and several other correspondents, I think it better to state thus publicly that all Toys, new or old, purchased or home-made, intended for the Truth Toy Exhibition and Distribution, should be sent, carriage paid, to Truth Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, Westminster, S.W., on or before the 15th inst. Competitors for the Special Prize of Fifteen Guineas will please to specially note this date. They may send in their models or other competing Toys as soon as they please, but they should not arrive later than the 15th. In answer to Juno, it may be stated that bought dolls are eligible for the Prize Competition if dressed by the competitor who sends them in. So, too, a Scrap-book that is bought and then filled with pictures will be admissible to the competition

I may add that the need of further subscriptions to the Toy Fund is most pressing. Unless a large additional sum is received, it is inevitable that many of the eagerly expectant children—eagerly expectant on the strength of last year's happy experience—must be disappointed this Christmas. It is distressing even to think of such a bitter disappointment, but I repeat it cannot be prevented unless the Subscription List is made at least as large as it was last December.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 302.

As, from letters I have received, it seems certain that we shall have specimens of some of the Cheap Home-made Toys suggested in these columns on the 20th ult. sent in for the Toy Exhibition, it is thought fairer to postpone the adjudication in this competition until the Special Home-made Toy one is also decided.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 303.

All who discovered that the letters given in this Competition made up the first stanza of "The Last Rose of Summer" did very well, I consider; and to the three names published last week I have now to add those of Nil, Estrella, and Non Timeo. But this discovery, clever as it was, only constituted a portion of the given exercise of skill, and the Prize has to be given to that one of the above competitors who best succeeded in making a verse or prose paragraph out of the letters in question. I may say at once, that all who contrived to make such an elaborate Anagrsm at all deserve much commendation for having performed so difficult a feat; whilst the following merit special mention for the way in which they accomplished it, viz., Bow-wow, Cantab, Monkendons, Sclanidge, Tara, Alicujus, The Fat Dook, Il Sien, Orchis, Dora, A. N. P., Crystal Palace, Angulus, Summerdale, Bandbox, Jane Eyre, Kerry, Pippin, Knaresborough, G. S. W., Non Timeo, Esterel, Malignant, King Cole, Browser, Repealer, Colin, and Bramble. The Prize I award to Bow-wow, who, with the seventy-six letters in the first verse of "The Last Rose of Summer," constructs this apropos sentence:—

The model of Tom Moore's best songs is Anacreon; melodies all fluent, floral, gay, and plaintive.

Will Bow-wow please, therefore, make formal application forthe Two Guineas?

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 306.

In compliance with the wishes of several correspondents, the Two Guinea Prize is this week offered for the

Best Suggestions for the Word and Three Scenes of an Original Charade, such as can be Easily Got-up and Acted in any Ordinary Household.

The word must evidently be a two-syllabled one, as the three scenes imply, two of them being to bring in the first and second syllables; the third for the presentation of the whole word. A competitor will be allowed to use 150 words in all in suggesting and describing his scenes, &c., but, if he can do so with a less number, so much the better. What is specially wanted is novelty and originality in the suggestion of the scenes, and useful advice in carrying them out effectively. The word chosen for the charade must be a two-syllabled one, or an accepted compound word, each part of which is a monosyllabic word; and let me repeat, that origiual scenes are wanted—some new departure from the scenes at fairs, and railway-stations, and gipsy-encampments, and in shops, with which we have all been familiar from childhood's days.

Answers to Correspondents.

*** As the Rules are omitted this week, it may be stated that all Puzzle letters must be addressed the Puzzle Editor, Truth Buildings, Carterot-street, Queen Anne's Gate, London, S.W., on or before the first post on Friday, the 12th inst.

*** Many answers are unavoidably postponed until next week.

Repealer.—The allowance you ask shall certainly be made with pleasure.

A Preston.—Your verses, "A Trip in a Troopship," are unfortunately too long for publication.

Bandbox and Tara.—Your correction was duly noted.

Rita.—The limit was 24 lines.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 304. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

WORDS FOR A DRAWING-ROOM SONG.

*** I wish to state at once my regret that I cannot publish more of the "Specimen" Drawing-Room Songs I have received. I have at least a score of others which are quite as deserving of publication as those here printed, and I shall make an effort to include some of them, if possible, in subsequent numbers of Truth. In any case, I shall, next week, so far act in an exceptional way as to publish the *noms-de-plume* of those whose songs would have been published this week had I had the requisite space. Next week, also, a list of all those who sent in songs will be printed.—The Puzzle Editor.

Where the south wind hovers dreaming,
While the dewdrops still are gleaming,
And the blush-rose smiles through tears,
Down the turf-walks, ribbon-bordered,
'Neath the beech-trees straitly ordered,
In my dreams my love appears.

And the sweetbriar springs to meet her,
And the lily bends to greet her—
Herself the flower of all,
As a daisy faintly flushing,
As a rosebud softly blushing,
As an iris royally tall.

O my love, my love Valeria!
On the slopes of far Algeris,
'Neath the passionate southern sky,
With the palms your death-watch keeping,
There I laid you, coldly sleeping,
While I wake and cannot die.

Where the idle west wind bloweth,
And the rose her petals stroweth,
There I linger long and late;
For the lily wan with weeping,
Like a maid for sorrow sleeping,
Bids me still in patience wait. Hela.

THE SPIRIT OF TEA.

When from my hissing samovar
The opalescent mists arise,
I feel the luminousness afar
Of unseen yet magnetic eyes.

But as I sip the amber tea
That fills my study with a scent,
Whose subtle perfume brings to me
The languors of the Orient,

Then with clairvoyant eyes I see,
Stretching in beauty far away—
Across the sunrise and the sea,
The flower-lands of fair Cathay.

And there, beneath the fervid blue
Of splendent skies', unclouded calm,
A rose-clad cottage of bamboo
Nestles beside a silent palm;

And there, I think, perhaps she lies,
Whose unseen eyes I feel afar;
Whene'er the opal mists arise,
From out my hissing samovar.

ENVOY.

O spirit! whom my soul perceives
This wise, through wreaths of opal mist;
I whisper to thy fragrant leaves,
Without thee I could not exist.

Gerardus van Dam.

LOVE'S CALENDAR.

"Alice! sweet Alice! the bloom 's on the may,
The spring-time has come, and I love you so dearly;
Come out in the orchard, I've something to say,
While the birds are all singing so sweetly and clearly."

But Alice was coy, and Lubin was shy;
When he asked, "Did she love him?" she curtsied, and said,
With a laugh on her lips and a gleam in her eye,
"I'll answer you that when the roses are red."

"Alice! sweet Alice! the red roses blow,
The summer has come, and I love you so dearly;
Come out in the garden, and answer me now,
While the nightingale singeth so sweetly and clearly."

But Alice was coy, and Lubin was shy;
When he pressed for an answer, she only look'd down,
With a half mind to laugh, and a half mind to cry,
Said, "I'll answer you that when the leaves are brown."

"Alice! sweet Alice! the dead leaves are brown,
The autumn is here, and I love you so dearly;
Now, surely at last I may call you mine own,
For the nightingale's gone and the linnet singa cheerly."

Then Alice looked up with a tear in her eye,
And Lubin he smiled and forgot to be shy,
And he bent down to hear, while she whispered him low,
"I'll answer you that 'neath the green mistletoe."

Cantaris.

CONTRASTS.

The Severn sea was all aglow,
And from the Tors above
Came woodland music murmuring low,
And perfume sweet as love.
White seabirds touched the shining spray
With sunlit wings unfurled,
And calm the level radiance lay
O'er all that western world.
But shadows of our heart's despair
Fell dark on land and sea;
The summer air was cold with care
To my young love and me.

Now wrapt in gloom are sea and sky,
And cold the Severn shores;
The wailing ghosts of years gone by
Flit round yon lonely Tors,
Where summer waters rippled clear
A storm-swept torrent flows,
And leafless woods lie white and drear
Beneath their Yuletide snows.

But happiness, with cloudless ray,
Shines clear on land and sea;
The wintry day is fair as May
To my old love and me. Sir P. Felis.

Do you remember one summer night
When we wandered late on the long, white sand?
Look out, now, in the fading light,
You can see it gleaming from where you stand.

Do you remember the words we said,
And the long, sweet silence that fell between?
Have you never a tear for the past that is dead,
Never a sigh for what might have been?

Never again shall I wander down
Where the light waves break in your little bay,
But here in the cold, hard heart of the town
I hear their music night and day.

Do you remember that other night—
That night we parted beside the sea,
When the waves were breaking wild and white,
And the sea birds screaming drearily?

Do you remember how, o'er and o'er,
We vowed that tho' years might come and go,
We should be faithful for evermore,
In joy or sorrow, in weal or woe?

Never again, ah, woe is me!
In summer twilight or wind and rain,
Shall we stand together beside the sea,
Never again! ah, never again! Gorn.

CHANGE.

I saw a snow-drop peeping
Out of its lowly bed,
Where long it had been sleeping,
Till wintry winds had fled;
Its cheeks were pale, but mine aglow,
For Spring had come her charms to show.

I heard a skylark singing,
Soaring in cloudless blue;
Nature beneath was bringing
Her flowers of every hue;
Beauty and music everywhere,
For Summer's smiles had banish'd care.

Strong sunburnt men were reaping
The crops of golden grain;
And maidens' hearts were beating
With grateful joy again;
For Autumn, in rich garments drest,
From Heaven had come, and earth had blest.

Now Winter's winds are whirling
Discomforts all around;
And wither'd leaves are curling
In mockery o'er the ground.
Of changes strange, sunshine and shade,
The years of earthly life are made. Dnalwor.

THE KNIGHT'S FAREWELL.

If life were but a lottery,
And not our own for making;
If hearts, like worthless pottery,
Were only fit for breaking;

Then, lady sweet, oh! lady sweet,
For winning or for losing,
I'd cast my heart at thy dear feet,
If but for thy amusing.

If woman's love were won by sighs,
And vows, and wild emotion;
By woeful looks and pleading eyes,
And spaniel-like devotion;

Then, lady fair, oh! lady fair,
By thy dear side I'd linger;
And deem it heaven thy smile to share,
And bliss to kiss thy finger.

But life is ours to make or mar,
And love that's worth the having,
Is won by other merits far
Than sighs, and tears, and raving.

Then, lady dear, oh! lady dear,
For all the love I bear thee;
I leave thee other hearts to sear,
And from my own I tear thee.

Tom Nissed.

THE MAIDEN AUNT TO HER NIECE.

Ah, yes! I am old and lonely,
And the fire has left my eye;
I live in the dead past only,
In the light of the days gone by.
Sunset approaches—the shadows grow long,
Life's day is drawing to evensong.

Yet, when a hushed world is sleeping,
In bright dreams I am young again;
And swiftly my feet are flying,
To the sounds of a joyous strain;
With wild, floating tresses, I queen it there,
As in the dead days, when my face was fair.

When these thin, grey locks were glancing
In the sun—living waves of gold—
And these tired, dim eyes were dancing,
With mischief and mirth untold.
And there was one lover, but let that go,
The night draweth near—it is better so.

Well, I have no wish to linger,
For I have grown weary, love;
And a shadowy solemn finger,
Seems ever to point above!
There true balm awaiteth the wounded breast,
After the fret and the fever—rest. Orchis.

"Turbid run the waters, mother!
The sky is overcast;
We must cheer up one another,
While storm and darkness last.

Soon will pass away this weather,
The waters will run clear;
And we two will watch together
The sunshine reappear."

Thus spoke a child-like maiden,
Whose heart was very light;
Her mother's heart was laden
With grief concealed from sight.

But she smiled upon her daughter
With dimly beaming eye;
And clear became the water,
And cloudless grew the sky.

That young maiden life's deep sorrow
Had not begun to know;
But she tasted, on the morrow,
The bitterness of woe.

For her mother lay enshrouded,
Stretched out upon her bier;
But the sky was all unclouded,
And the waters ran all clear. Gypsy.

THE SISTERS.

Three are cold as the winter snow,
One is kind as the summer sun;
In three bosoms thistles blow,
Lilies hide in the heart of one.

Thistles nodding with painted plumes
Challenge high to the wind and rain;
Lilies hiding their paly blooms,
Fragrance-filling the leafy plain.

Three have lovers proper and tall,
Lords and squires are louting low;
One loves dearly, and that is all—
Men will be wayward and women be woe.

Three are flouting—on them they fawn;
One would die for a look or a word;
He has eyes that are blind to dawn,
Pulse that never its music stirred.

Three are wedded, and rule their lords;
He were bold who would say them nay;
One is weeping; for love accords
Joy to his foes, to his friends dismay.

Three are matrons, haughty and hale;
Lusty children have blessed their bed;
One is done with blessing and bale—
Death is rocking his darling's head. Ynys.

THE ANGEL FLOW'RS.

The lilies in the garden grew,
So wondrous tall and fair;
Kiss'd by the sun, wash'd by the dew,
Their perfume fill'd the air.

The children laugh'd in happy glee
All through the summer hours;
They loved the lilies' purity,
And call'd them "Angel Flow'rs."

The night wind in his strength arose,
The lilies shook with fear;
And when the storm had reach'd its close,
They stood no longer there.

The children ran with eager feet,
Their tears fell like the show'rs,
To see the lilies once so sweet—
Their broken "Angel Flowr's."

There linger'd one when all the rest
Had turn'd again to play;
The crush'd buds gleam'd upon her breast
When she in slumber lay.

Their sweet scent rose upon the night
With fatal, magic pow'rs;
The maiden and her lilies white
Were with the "Angel Flow'rs."

Janet.

Draw in your chair, old matey,
Let's think on "days of yore,"
When you were hardly eighty,
And I not eighty-four.

It seems so strange to clasp your hand,
That once was plump and fair;
Old Time has hidden in his sand
The dimples that were there.

But we are still together, dear,
Some memories may pain,
Yet fireside dreams like these can cheer,
Our hearts made young again.

We need not think in sorrow
On aught we've done through life;
The past to-day, to-morrow,
Are just the same, old wife.

The great Almighty Power that took
Those children from our side,
Through all our trials us ne'er forsook,
So we'll in faith abide.

Aye, we are still together, dear,
Some memories may pain;
But happy dreams like these must cheer
Our hearts made young again.

Crystal Palace.

Come, haste thee from the land of strangers,
Its golden grains let others find,
For well I know the doubts and dangers,
With wealth before, and love behind.
No heart with Plutus ever dallies
But Venus mourns it where it falls.
Come, when the cowslips gild the valleys!
Come, when the birds sing madrigals!

Alack, you must be strangely smitten
To go in search of gold so far,
For there are golden things in Britain,
And love can teach us what they are.
The sun sheds gold on leafy alleys,
On simple flowers round cottage walls.
Come, when the cowslips gild the valleys!
Come, when the birds sing madrigals!

Oh, vain to think that now, or ever,
Love builds his nest from gold alone!
Great Mammon may be king, but never
Can homely hearts support his throne.
The dearest home where young Love dallies
Is not where brawling Mammon calls—
Come back when cowslips gild the valleys;
Come back when birds sing madrigals!

River Parret.

COME BACK.

Come back! the clouds move heavy, slow with rain,
The sea which parts us seems less blue than black;
The whole world lies within a rim of pain:
Come back, dear love, come back!

Come back! my nights with haggard dreams are dull,
Or tired with hours that all soft slumbers lack;
With the old grace and passions beautiful,
Come back, dear love, come back!

Come back! my days fold up their charmful scroll
All noble things go fast to piteous wrack.
Oh, how that stately head! like mine own soul,
Come back, dear love, come back!

Come back! our hearts were once so brave and sweet;
Our mutual hopes made an enchanted track
Even of the common pavement of the street—
Come back, dear love, come back!

Come back! youth ends so soon—so soon grows old;
Ah, listen to me! Like the storm-spent rack,
Life fades, and heart-beats stop in death's still cold;
Come back, dear love, come back!

Come back! across the wild sea spaces blown,
With speedy sails that neither turn nor tack;
Steadfast and sweet, and evermore my own,
Come back, dear love, come back! Ern.

Only the sound of a distant bell
Breaks on the midnight air,
As I wander down to the Fairy dell,
To meet my loved one there.

Only the sound of his manly tread,
As he comes with a welcome bright,
Scaring the hare from its fern-made bed,
In the midst of that summer night.

Only the sound of my throbbing heart,
As I promise to be his wife;
And joyfully say to him as we part,
"I soon shall be yours for life."

Only the sound of a marriage peal
Echoing down the aisle,
Tells me I'm his for woe or weal,
And brightens my face with a smile.

Only the sound of a last farewell,
Breathed from his dying bed,
Causes my heart with grief to swell,
For I know that his spirit hath fled.

Only the sound of a funeral strain,
Played on an organ grand,
Tells me we never shall meet again,
Except in the Better Land. Doctor.

What shall I sing to thee
Now the sun is brightly beaming?
Shall a joyous note
On the soft air float,
Like the hopes young love is dreaming,
Dreaming, but ne'er may see?

What shall I sing to thee
Now the summer day is dying?
Shall I fill the air
With a wild despair,
Or sigh like the night breeze sighing
Over the distant sea?

What shall I sing to thee
Now the moon is rising slowly?
Shall a melting theme,
Like the happy dream
Of a sleeper pure and holy,
Murmur what love can be?

What shall I sing to thee
Now the night is o'er us creeping?
Shall my song proclaim
Still thy love the same,
Not dead; but a moment sleeping,
Sleeping, to wake for me? Hookwood.

Her eyes looked lovingly in mine,
Her smile upon me beamed,
Our hands so closely we entwine—
Alas! I only dreamed.

Her lips met mine in long embrace,
So sweet our converse seemed,
And now that form I cannot trace,
Because I only dreamed.

We wandered o'er the grassy lea,
With song all nature teemed;
And none so happy were as we,
But, ah! I only dreamed.

We quarrelled, too, as lovers will,
But love was soon redeemed;
Our union, then, was stronger still—
Alas! I only dreamed.

Awaking from that mocking sleep,
The tears my cheeks down-streamed,
For all was far too real, too deep—
And yet 'twas only dreamed.

* * * * *

But, darling, after seeing you,
Within my heart I deemed
It certain, some day, to come true,
What once I only dreamed.

Malignant.

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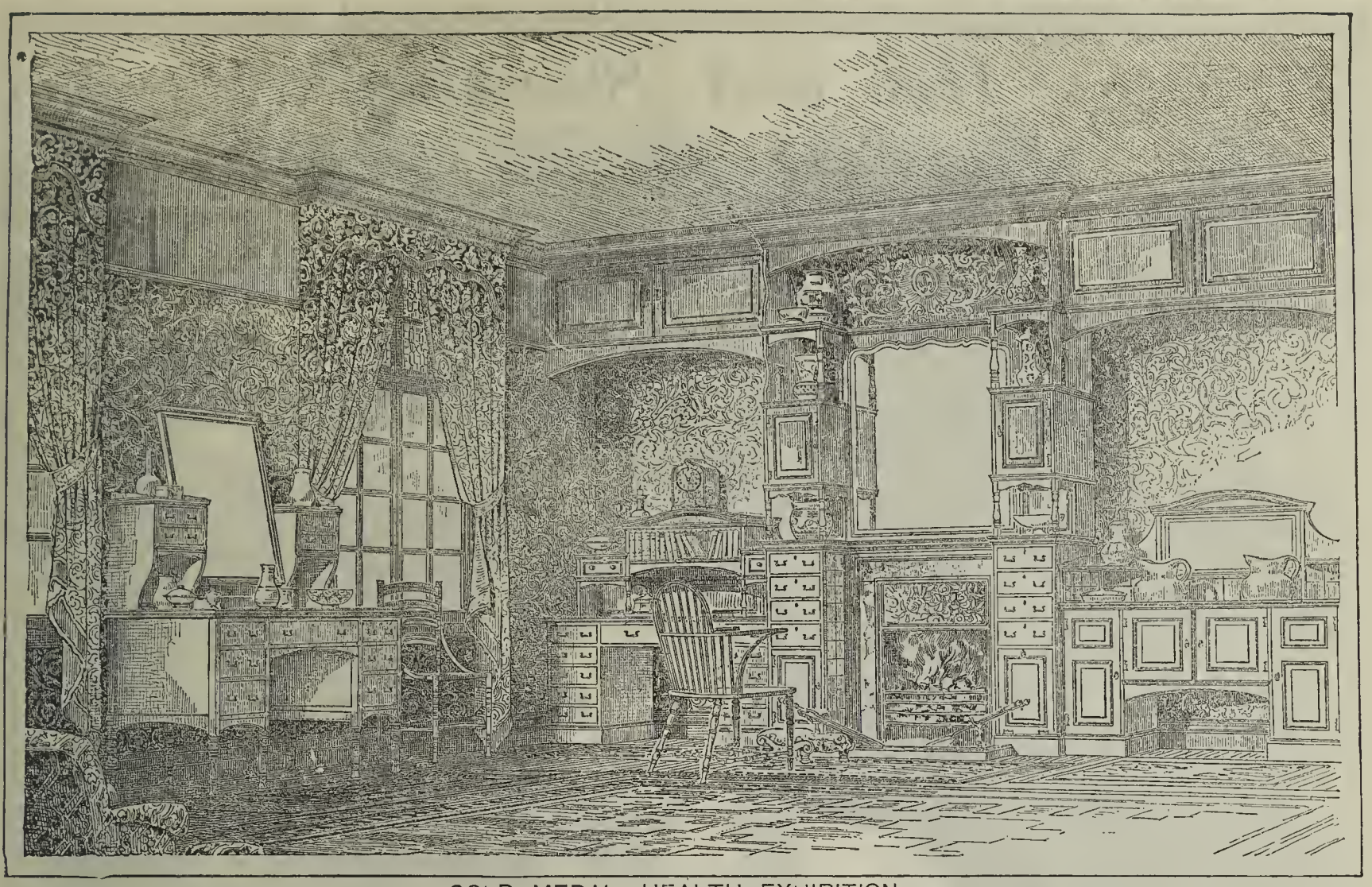

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• TRUTH •

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No. 415. Vol. XVI. Thursday, December 11, 1884. Price Sixpence.

ENTRE NOUS.

I HAVE much pleasure in announcing that the Home-made and other Toys which are to be distributed amongst the children of the Hospitals and Workhouses of London will be publicly exhibited, as on two previous occasions, in the large Banqueting Hall of Limmer's Hotel, Conduit-street, Regent-street, W., on Friday and Saturday, the 19th and 20th inst., between the hours of 10 a.m. and 5.30 p.m.

I have received eight thousand new sixpences for distribution among the Workhouse children from the same generous and anonymous donor who last year forwarded me five thousand similar coins for a like purpose. The following is the letter that accompanied the gift:—

Dear Sir,—From the kind way in which you acceded to my request last year, I feel emboldened to encroach again upon your courtesy, and ask you to distribute for me amongst the poor children in the Workhouses and Workhouse Schools of London, during the coming Christmastide, the eight thousand sixpences which accompany this.

It was a matter of regret to me that the sum forwarded to you last year was not enough for all to participate in it, but I trust that the present amount will be sufficient.

It is to be hoped that the authorities, who then declined to allow the children under their care to receive their mites, will "muse on the too small number of their joys," and so far relax their rules as to allow them to become the possessors of a coin of the realm once at least during the year.

I again tender you my most sincere thanks in anticipation of your kind acceptance of this task, and beg to remain, yours truly,

London, Dec. 3, 1884. A Friend.

The following is one of many letters I have received respecting the toys:—

Dear Sir,—The children—over fifty in number—are looking forward to the distribution of toys at Christmas with great glee. If any one could see how their faces brighten at the mention of the toys, they would never grudge them the pleasure.

On Saint Andrew's Day they had each some sweets and dolls, &c., given them. It would have done you and your subscribers good to hear those who were here last Christmas tell the others that on Christmas Day they would receive some more.

Thanking you and your subscribers for their efforts to make the poor sufferers feel happy,—I am, yours sincerely,

D. M. Forbes, Medical Superintendent.

Shoreditch Infirmary, Hoxton-street, N., Dec. 5, 1884.

I have this week also received the following amounts:—

Ruth, 10s.; J. Cross, £1; C. A. C., £5; Rev. J. Mottram, £2. 2s.; Fay Ellis, 5s.; D. M., 10s.; Sandy, 2s.; Arthur Wolff, £1. 1s.; G. B., £5. 5s.; Three Sidholme Smallies, 12s.; J. M. D., £1. 1s.; H. S. P., 10s.; E. P. S., £1. 1s.; E. M. A. K., 5s.; Violet, 10s.; A. F. G., 5s.; Little Billee, 5s.; R. D. Commans, 5s.; D. J. A. G., £2. 2s.; Daisy, 2s.; J. R. R., £2. 2s.; F. J. S., £5; L. E. R., £5. 5s.; L. P. A., £1. 1s.; W. L., 5s.; Mrs. D., 2s. 6d.; Lady Hunt, £5; A. J. C., £5; Mrs. Knowles Binns, £2. 2s.; Four Little Scorpions, 4s.; Five Little Girls, 2s. 6d.; W. R. C., £1. 1s.; H. H., 2s. 6d.; E. P., £2; Hector Toler, £5; Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Whitehead, £1. 10s.; Eddy and Baby, 10s. 6d.; Polly, £1. 1s.; C. M. Wakefield, £1; Mrs. William Waring, £1. 1s.: R., £1; Aimée, 5s.; George Bolton, £1. 1s.; An Englishwoman (Denver), £2. 2s.; Leo, £3; H. M. G., £1; P. C. T., 10s. I also received 10s. from M. D., 5s. from Miss Ada, 10s. 6d. from Eddy and Baby, and 5s. from W. L., towards the Dinner Fund.

J. R. R. has sent some books for distribution, E. K. and E. A. W. some new toys, Messrs. Phillips Bros. a large quantity of their Christmas cards, and Miss Rose Fryer four scrap-books.

The Queen has been invited by the Prince and Princess of Wales to go to Sandringham from the 6th of January to the 9th for the festivities in honour of Prince Edward's coming of age. I hear, however, that her Majesty has decided to decline the invitation; but the party at the Hall will include Princess Beatrice, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duke of Cambridge, and other members of the Royal family. The Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Denmark and Prince and Princess William of Prussia are also expected to come to England for this anniversary, which, however, will not, according to present arrangements, be celebrated by any general public rejoicings.

It is announced in the newspapers that "according to reports from Cannes, preparations are about to be commenced there for the reception of the Queen and the Duchess of Albany." This is pure fiction, for the Queen has no more idea of going to Cannes than to St. Petersburg. The Riviera resorts are not full this winter, and this story of the Queen's intention to visit Cannes is merely a bait thrown out to attract English and American visitors.

The Duchess of Albany, who is now at Claremont, will pass Christmas at Osborne with the Queen; and, early in the New Year, she will probably go to Arolsen, on a visit to her parents, the Prince and Princess of Waldeck and Pyrmont.

On Friday and Saturday last the Prince of Wales had his annual "shoot" with Sir Henry James, on the extensive and well-stocked preserves at Pluckley, Kent. The party included the Duke of St. Albans, Lord Hartington, Lord Carrington, Lord de Grey, Sir William Hart-Dyke, and Mr. Henry Chaplin, and abundant sport was obtained, the covers having been expressly reserved for the Royal visit.

The Princess of Wales comes up this week from Sandringham to join the Prince at Marlborough House, when they are going on a visit to the Queen at Windsor Castle.

It appears that the Duke of Cumberland has come into another goodly fortune, in a singularly unexpected manner. The Duke of Brunswick left to him his villa at Heitzing, with all its contents, and on opening a certain iron safe on the premises, coins, notes, and stock were found to the value of £100,000.

Never has there been such a dull season in Dublin as the present, nor one which threatens such danger of "rusting with a vile repose" to the social talents of the Celt. In former days a series of festivities were held at the Chief Secretary's Lodge at this time. There were also

social gatherings at the Viceregal Lodge, and the prospect in the near future of Christmas dances. The new official system of all work and no play finds little favour in society. A warning might very usefully be taken from the proverbially evil effects on the typical youth who illustrates the system.

Hunting men in the neighbourhood of Dublin have been having a good time lately with the Meath, Kildare, and Ward Union hounds. In Meath, Lord and Lady Fingall have been foremost in the field, and many visitors have been staying at Killeen Castle to enjoy the sport.

The Queen has appointed Colonel F. Baring Adjutant of her Majesty's Body Guard in succession to the late Colonel Sutton Baring.

Lord Ripon will be entertained at dinner by the Leeds Liberal Club on Jan. 28 or 29.

The Wiltshire County Ball will take place next Tuesday at Salisbury. The Chippenham Ball, which is the great "society" function of North Wilts, is fixed for Tuesday, January 13.

On Twelfth Night the Lady Mayoress intends to give a juvenile dress ball at the Mansion House.

The Cornwall County Ball is fixed for the 13th inst., at Truro.

Lord and Lady Wilton arrived at Melton Mowbray last Tuesday, and will reside at Egerton Lodge for some time to come. The church bells have usually been rung in honour of Lord Wilton's arrival, but this was not done last week, by his special request. I regret to hear that his Lordship's health causes the greatest anxiety, and his condition is indeed most critical.

The Duke and Duchess of St. Albans, who have been entertaining a succession of small parties at Bestwood during the last six weeks, are coming up to town next week for a few days, and then return to Notts for the winter, as they do not intend to go abroad this year.

Lord and Lady Bute have left Chiswick for Dumfries House, Ayrshire, where they intend to remain till after Christmas. They last week attended a Requiem Mass, which was held in Cumnock Roman Catholic Church on the anniversary of the death of Lord Howard of Glossop, the father of Lady Bute.

The Duke of Beaufort is suffering from a very sharp attack of gout at Badminton. He went out hunting on Friday week, before he had entirely recovered from a former attack, and unluckily riding a very restive horse, the exertion has brought back the gout with increased severity.

Lord and Lady Bradford have been entertaining a large party at Weston Park, their place in Shropshire.

The Duke of Marlborough has been entertaining a large shooting-party at Blenheim, this being the first time the place has been opened to company since the death of the late Duke.

The Duke and Duchess of Richmond have been entertaining a small party at Goodwood since their return from Scotland, including Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar and the Duke and Duchess of Wellington. The bazaar, which is held at Chichester every year by the Duchess and her daughters, on behalf of the Lavant Home, an excellent institution which was established by her Grace, is fixed for next Wednesday, the day of the annual Cattle Show.

Lord Yarborough received a large shooting-party last week at Brocklesby Park.

The Duke of Rutland, who has nearly recovered from his recent accident, will be able to leave Cheveley for Belvoir in the course of next week, and he will receive a large family party at the Castle during the Christmas holidays.

Admiral Sir Houston and Lady Stewart came up to their residence in London on Thursday from Mount Edgcumbe, where they had been staying since leaving the Admiralty House at Devonport. Sir Houston Stewart has been asked to contest Devonport in the Liberal interest at the general election, but he has declined, which is to be regretted, as he would certainly have been returned, and he would be a valuable addition to the House of Commons. I understand that Sir Houston Stewart is to be appointed to the Admiralty Board on the first vacancy for which he is eligible.

The announcement of Lord Scarbrough's death can cause no surprise, as he had been in wretched health for a long time past. He was a good sportsman of the old-fashioned type, and at Sandbeck he kept a large and choice breeding stud. Lord Scarbrough succeeded to the titles which he bore in 1856, on the death of his cousin, but he did not come into Rufford Abbey, the splendid family seat on the borders of Sherwood Forest, which was bequeathed, with an estate of near £40,000 a year, by the eighth earl to the late Mr. Henry Savile.

Count Pahlen, who died recently at Cannes, at the age of ninety-six, was formerly well known in English society, and was a constant guest at Devonshire House, the Royal Cottage, and at Lady Jersey's, for nearly twenty years after he first came to this country with the Emperor Alexander in 1814. He afterwards went to Paris, where his brother was Ambassador for many years, and thence to Italy; and while residing at Venice in 1838 he was summoned back to Russia by the Emperor Nicholas. But he did not long remain in his native country; and, on his second visit to England, he was again a *persona grata* at Stafford House, Devonshire House, and other "Mont Blancs" of the social struggle. The Count was at one time a renowned whist-player, and once, when passing through Berlin on his way to Russia, he won £20,000 from Prince John Lichtenstein at a single sitting. He was on most intimate terms with Talleyrand, Pozzo di Borgo, and Montrond.

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There is great excitement in the American colony in Paris on account of the betrothal of Miss Evelyn Mackay to Don Ferdinando Colonna, Prince of Galatro, who belongs to the branch of the Stigliano Colonnas. The young man is good-looking, and about twenty-seven years of age.

The son of a clergyman in Dorsetshire eloped a few days ago with a cousin residing in his father's parish, and the couple were married in the chapel of the neighbouring workhouse. The reverend sire vented his fury by having his son's two ponies and favourite dogs shot. He must be a ferocious savage, and entirely unfit to administer a parish.

Lord Kilcoursie, who unsuccessfully contested West Somerset last February in the Liberal interest, is to be entertained by his supporters at a banquet, which is to take place at Taunton on January 21, when he will be presented with his portrait, which has been painted by Mr. F. Holl, R.A.

Mr. Digby Collins, who is one of the most "rampagious" Tories in the West of England, provoked a perfect tornado of protests at the dinner of the Callington Agricultural Society, last Thursday, by calmly expressing his opinion that "the farmer must take off his coat and work in earnest if he desired to get along." The subsequent speakers considered that it was a most preposterous and unreasonable notion that farmers should be expected to do more than their share, in order merely that landlords might receive their full rents, calculated on far too high a scale. I think so too.

Lord Churston has sold the extensive estates of Trevelgue and Tregustic, in North Cornwall, to Mr. Tangye, of Birmingham, who recently purchased from Mr. Pendarves-Vivian, M.P., the beautiful residential domain of Glendorgel, in the same district.

There has been an extensive felling of trees on the Duke of Buccleuch's Boughton estate in Northants, which includes some of the finest woods in the Midland counties. At the recent sale very high prices were realised for the timber, two ash trees going for £81.

A tremendous row occurred at the Newport Agricultural Show the other day; the judges were severely censured, and the referee was hooted out of the ring. The ill-feeling arose in consequence of the champion prizes having been awarded to shorthorns instead of to Herefords; and, indeed, the verdict was an extraordinary one, and greatly surprised the shorthorn breeders who were present. Afterwards the points of the animals over which the dispute arose were measured, and the Hereford proved the superior—a discovery which did not tend to restore peace. The decision was certainly unjust, for it was not fair judging on the merits of the respective animals.

The "co-operative" yacht *Tyburnia* made a bold and lucky escape from under the nose of the Customs' authorities at Madeira, with whom some slight difficulty had arisen, owing to an alleged breach of the quarantine regulations. She sailed in the night, and, though threatened with destruction by a steamer, and fired at several times by the fort, she got away unharmed and triumphant.

The difficulties of the Old Surrey Hunt have been settled, thanks mainly to the intervention of Mr. Leveson-Gower, and Mr. E. Byron, the master, has withdrawn his resignation.

Necromancer, who was one of the smartest two-year-olds of last season, has been purchased from his joint owners, Mr. Matthew Dawson and Mr. Quartermaine East, for £2,500 by Mr. Baird, and he is not to be trained at Danebury, but at Newmarket, in the Bedford Lodge stables, where, no doubt, the remainder of his new owner's stud will be removed at an early date.

The two "cracks" of Mr. Granville Farquhar's small stud of hunters were bought at Tattersall's last week for Lord Hopetoun for 700 gs.

One of the largest salmon ever known to have been taken from a European river was netted a few days ago in the Tay, near the mouth of the Almond, a few miles above Perth. The weight was estimated at about 80 lb. The fish was 5 ft. in length and 2 ft. 5 in. in girth. It was a male, fresh run, and in splendid condition. It was returned to the river, having been captured in the course of the operations which are being carried on to provide for the annual stocking of the Hatcheries at Stormontfield and Dupplin, which have been very successful this season.

The trial eights at both 'Varsities took place last Saturday. At Oxford the crews were exceptionally heavy, though both strokes, curiously enough, were light men. Balfour, who stroked the winning boat, scaled but 10st. 8lb. his rival, W. S. Unwin, being only a pound more. J. H. Ware, the well-known weight-putter, with 14 st. 7½ lb., was the heaviest man in either boat, G. F. Hornby, 14 st. 3 lb., running him, however, very close. The two Cantab. strokes touched the beam at 10st. 7lb., so that light strokes seem to be the fashion at both Universities.

A collection of fans was sold last month at Madrid, when one of ivory, painted by Watteau, which formerly belonged to the Princess Adelaide of Savoy, fetched £150. A fan, painted by Boucher, sold for £190; and another, painted by Lebrun for the Duchess of Medina-Celi, went for £90.

The Bristol Fine Arts Exhibtion, which closed last week, after having been open for three months, has proved a great success, and instead of the guarantors being called upon to make up a deficiency, there will be a surplus of about £2,000, which is to go to the Bristol University College. The number of visitors between 2 p.m. and 9 p.m. on the last Sunday was 15,523.

A dramatic critic writes me as follows:—

Those misguided journalists who waste their time and patience on the department of a newspaper that professes to tell the public in the morning what happened at a playhouse overnight, must be accustomed by this time to the cheap and gratuitous impertinences that have found a new advocate in Lord Lytton. To say that an actor is praised because he stands a supper, or that an actress is belittled because she cannot invite the "hungry critics," is the kind of silly libel that is easily uttered and is not worth contradicting. A public writer must be desperately hungry, indeed, voluntarily to associate himself with the sublime vanity that is apparently inseparable from theatrical banquets; but there are times when courtesy forbids the refusal of an invitation to welcome a coming or to speed a parting guest. All this Lord Lytton knows perfectly well. He is familiar with the artistic gatherings

and assemblies in Paris, Vienna, Berlin, New York, and the other great capitals of the world; and he knows perfectly well that the journalists of London who speed Henry Irving, or who welcome Edwin Booth, do no more than their brethren of the pen are accustomed to do if they would not appear churlish or exclusive. I read in the public prints that this same conscientious Lord Lytton, who cannot credit a public journalist who differs from him with a grain of honesty, made an overlengthy speech at one of the numerous Irving banquets to commemorate the run of the "Merchant of Venice," has been repeatedly the guest of Mr. Wilson Barrett, who has recently accepted one of his plays, and is constantly to be found at the receptions of Miss Mary Anderson. Why, then, is he to be credited with all the virtues because he emerges from his baronial exclusiveness to applaud Irving, to extol Barrett, and to bespatter Miss Anderson with praise, whilst I, a humble journalist, am to be sneered at for opinions equally sincere and conscientious? He admires Miss Mary Andersou—I don't. He gives his reasons for his enthusiasm—I for my distrust. Let us agree to differ. But if I were to turn round and accuse Lord Lytton of veuality, because he drinks tea in Miss Andersou's Kensington home, he would probably think me exceedingly foolish, or wanting in the taste and good-breeding ou which, doubtless, his lordship prides himself. We expect such charges from an obscure pamphleteer or from a scurrilous scribe, but uot from Bulwer Lyttou's son iu the learned columns of the "Nineteenth Century." For my own part, although I have never had the honour of an invitation to Knebworth to hear a reading of the famous play that has been offered in turn to Irving, Warner, Hollingshead, and Wilson Barrett, I shall appear unbiassed and unprejudiced at the first representation, and shall hope to praise it heartily and generously, though I positively detest chickeu, abominate theatrical banquets, and their scratch-backing, after-supper speeches, and, alas! am getting far too gouty for the dryest of dry champagne.

The *Saturday* Reviewers should look up their French. In the course of a very unfavourable review of "Max O'Rell's" new book, a sentence is quoted to the effect that the Englishman looks on his wife as merely an "associée de sa raison sociale," to which the reviewer adds, in parenthesis, "whatever this means." Evidently the writer neither knew that "raison sociale" was the French for "firm," nor took the trouble of consulting the dictionary.

Max O'Rell's" morals may be as low as the *Saturday* makes out, but it is really too bad to blame him for not bringing down his French to the level of the reviewer's comprehension.

Mr. Kinglake is engaged on the last chapter of the concluding volume of his "History of the Crimean War." Twenty-two years will have elapsed between the publication of the first volume and the last.

I see that Messrs. Spiers & Pond have started what they call a "glee dinner" at the Criterion. The idea is a good one, and ought to prove popular. It is a kind of Evans (in its best days) *redivivus*, the only difference being that the experiment is being tried with dinners instead of suppers.

Mr. Robert Buchanan's new drama, "Constance," has been a complete failure at New York, and was withdrawn from Wallack's Theatre after a few nights. Mr. Pinero's "Lords and Commons" has also failed to please the American public.

The annual performances of the Windsor Strollers have attracted large audiences to the little theatre at Windsor. The pieces were "Married in Haste" and "Box and Cox." In the latter, "Mr. S. Whitehead" particularly distinguished himself. This is the stage name of Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane, who has long been known as one of the best of amateurs.

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On Sunday last the new Islington Hall in Manchester was packed with an audience of working-men to listen to Mr. Thomas Hughes, Q.C. Quite a thousand artisans paid the greatest attention while Mr. Hughes lectured on "The Poet as Preacher." The lecture was preceded by an hour's good music.

It would be well if every temperance reformer, and every fanatic for "Lord's Day Observance" would read the speech of the Bishop of Peterborough at the recent meeting of a branch of the Church of England Temperance Society. Said Dr. Magee :—

> Let them picture to themselves an artisan, with his wife and children, walking out on Sunday four or five miles in London, seeing all along the closed shops, dull and uninteresting, and only two places open—the one the public-house, where he could have a seat and welcome, and the other the church, where he could not always have a seat and welcome. Let them close public-houses, if they thought it right and necessary, but let them for pity's sake provide for those in whose face they shut the only places they were accustomed to look upon as places of resort and amusement, something else and something better.

What the "something better" should be, the Bishop states clearly enough — "healthy recreation, innocent, elevating amusements, and open spaces in the great towns." It is a most hopeful sign to find the clergy of every rank uniting in this movement.

It really does seem most absurd and unreasonable that the Westminster Play should be suspended for this year in consequence of the death of the Duke of Albany. The late Duke was in no special way associated with Westminster School, and even if he had been most closely connected with it, nine months have elapsed since his death, so that there would be nothing unseemly if things went on as usual. If the precedents of this year are to be followed whenever a member of the Royal Family dies, it is probable that a great deal of social disturbance may be anticipated, for, according to the usual averages, such a calamity may be looked for about once in every eighteen months.

One of the usual announcements appeared last week of an approaching vacancy in a Bible clerkship at Queen's, Oxford. The duties of a Bible clerk, says the notice, are to keep the roll of attendance in chapel, and to say grace before and after dinner in hall. The qualifications are that a candidate must be "needy, but deserving," and must possess good eyesight. Surely it is time that educational endowments were altogether freed from these invidious conditions. Saying grace in hall is, perhaps, a small matter, though it might just as well be done by the chaplains, who are well paid for what they do. But keeping the chapel-roll is, in the nature of things, an obnoxious duty to put upon an undergraduate, unless it be performed by all in turn. At most colleges it is considered proper work for the porter or his deputy. It is little wonder that snobbery flourishes at the Universities, when the statutes of colleges set the example of affixing a stigma to poverty.

The Duke of Norfolk presided last week at a meeting at St. George's Club, Savile-row, for the purpose of reconstructing a Roman Catholic Club on new and improved principles, and a committee was appointed, including a good many leading Catholic laymen, to consider the details of the scheme. At the first meeting

of the committee, which was presided over by Lord Clifford, various suggestions were examined at length, and it was finally resolved that if five hundred Catholics were forthcoming who would take shares to the amount of £10,000, and pay an annual subscription of six guineas, the club should be reconstituted. This is at least a businesslike proposal, and the question whether a Catholic Club can live in London will now be decided by the simple law of supply and demand.

The inhabitants of Portsmouth hardly appreciate the distinction of receiving both the Social Science Congress and the Church Congress in the same year. It appears that a guarantee fund of £900 is demanded for the former society, and that £3,000 is required for the latter, of which last sum, however, £1,100 has already been promised. A number of self-advertising Low Churchmen considerably interrupted the harmony of the meeting which was called last week by the Mayor (a Nonconformist) to consider whether the Church Congress should be invited. One reverend "brawler" alluded to the members of the Congress as "Secret Society men, Romanists, Ritualists," and "men whose hands had dabbled in the filth of the Confessional," and one of his supporters described the Congress as "the shape of the devil on a sandwich."

Portsmouth, it seems, will shortly be blessed with a "Protestant Institute," conducted on a co-operative basis, and combining religious and commercial objects on the soundest principles. A meeting of the promoters was held last week, at which the foundation of the Institute was compared to the slinging of the stone in the hand of David, and the announcement was made that the Institute would not only do a good work, but pay a clear five per cent. It was also stated that a good profit could be made on the valuable site which had been secured. After this, six hundred shares of the eleven hundred unsubscribed for were taken up with pious fervour. Promiscuous abuse of the Bishops and High Churchmen was also indulged in, and the meeting closed with prayer—I presume for dividends.

Canon Girdlestone's death places a residentiary stall at Bristol at the disposal of the Lord Chancellor. It is worth £750 a year. The late Canon also held the vicarage of Olveston, which is worth about £900 a year, and is in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of Bristol. This living used often to be held *in commendam* by the Bishop of Bristol, whose see was the poorest one in the country. Sydney Smith described it as "a miserably lean and ill-fed piece of preferment."

The late Canon was for many years one of the most prominent and one of the most practically useful of clergymen in the Church of England, and he was as busy and active as ever down to within a few weeks of his death. He was quite as staunch an Evangelical as his neighbour, the late Dean Law, and was certainly not less hostile to the High Church party. It is only two years ago that the late Canon successfully exerted his influence to prevent Mr. Randall, of Clifton, from preaching in Bristol Cathedral, on the occasion of the Colston Festival, a manifestation of intolerance which provoked much ill-feeling. The Canon first came into public notice in 1850, as the Evangelical champion at the National Society meetings, when he successfully opposed several of Archdeacon Denison's schemes. His ardour in this cause elicited the warm approbation of Lord John Russell, who would have rewarded him with high preferment if he had remained in office, and it was mainly owing to Lord John's representations that Lord Cranworth gave him a stall at Bristol in 1854.

He is a great loss to Bristol, for he was always ready to assist in every good work, and he took an active part in the management of many of the charitable and educational institutions of the city, while at the cathedral he has been paramount. He also took great interest in political affairs, and was a stout Liberal.

Canon Girdlestone will, however, be best remembered for his great and successful exertions on behalf of the agricultural labourers of Devonshire; and his work in this direction was the more meritorious, inasmuch as he "put his hand to the plough" long before the welfare of this class had become a burning question. He once told me that when he went to Halberton, in 1862 (a living in North Devon, which was held by Sydney Smith—who, however, was non-resident), he was literally appalled at the abject misery in which the labourers lived. They were so wretchedly paid that they were more than half starved. The men's wages were never more than eight shillings a week, while women received sevenpence or eightpence a day, when they worked. In addition, there was a daily allowance of rough cider (one to two quarts), and there was the privilege of being supplied by the farmer with "grist" corn at a fixed price. The cottages were mere pigsties, and the sanitary arrangements were practically nil. Butcher's meat was unknown among the labourers, whose best food was skim-milk, cheese, or potatoes and cabbage, with a bit of bacon on Sundays. The farmers, having refused to ameliorate the condition of these "serfs," the intrepid vicar rebuked them from the pulpit, and told them that they cared far less for their labourers than for their cattle, and he wrote a letter to the *Times* giving a graphic account of the state of matters. He afterwards had a fight on parochial affairs with his vestry of selfish farmers, which ended in a suit in the Queen's Bench, with the result that he gained the day, and his opponents had to pay nearly £2,000 in costs. He was abused and worried in the most unscrupulous fashion for several years, but persevered steadily in his plans, and before he left Halberton he had sent away some 600 men (many with families) to Yorkshire, Lancashire, and other northern counties, where they

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Goode's Depôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

Pfungst's Extra Quality Champagnes can be obtained in London at the House of Commons Restaurant, Bristol Hotel and Restaurant, Claridge's Hotel, Café Verrey, Grand Hotel, Woods' Hotel, First Avenue Hotel, Great Eastern Railway Hotel (Liverpool-street), Holborn Restaurant, Palmerston Restaurant, Stock Exchange Restaurant (Mabey's), Queen Anne's Restaurant (Cheapside), Magog Restaurant (Cheapside), Anchor Restaurant (Cheapside), City Restaurant (Milk-street), London Tavern, (Fenchurch-street), Salutation Restaurant (Newgate-street), Krehl's Restaurant (Coleman-street), The Oriental Restaurant (Rood-lane) Royal Forest Hotel (Chingford), Ship and Trafalgar (Greenwich), Star and Garter (Richmond), &c., &c.

found plenty of work at trebled wages. He carried out, in fact, a great work most admirably and thoroughly, in spite of a steady and most violent opposition.

There seems to be a little storm brewing in the quiet parish of St Cosmus and St. Damian in the Blean, near Canterbury. The vicar, Mr. G. W. Temple, has been absent (on the plea of ill-health, it is said) from his duties for the last three years, during which time another clergyman has done the work to the satisfaction of the parishioners. The tithes of the parish amount to some £600 a year, exclusive of various fees and privileges, which, of course, the vicar pockets, while he pays the clergyman who does the work the sum of £150 a year. Some person in the parish, recently it is said returned from Australia, objects to paying the tithe to the vicar, on the ground that if the parish work can be done, and well done, by a clergyman for one hundred and fifty, then there is no need for the parishioners to pay six hundred a year to enable the worthy vicar to live at a pleasant seaside resort; or if, as he says, the parishioners are to be bled to the tune of six hundred a year, let them pay this sum to the man who does the work, and leave out of their consideration the vicar at the seaside. He furthermore suggests that if the parishioners and landowners are to be compelled to contribute to the support of the clergyman, they surely should have the power of choosing their minister, and also the power of dismissing him when they find he does not suit. How much this logic will avail him when Mr. G. W. Webb, of Sittingbourne, who collects the vicar's tithes, distrains upon his goods and chattels, I cannot say, but the action he is taking is an undoubted "sign of the times."

The Bishop of Manchester and Canon Hole are among the Oxford "Select" Preachers for next year.

Why, Edmund, do you speak of Salisbury Cathedral as "the local cathedral?" Cockneyism cannot go further. What should you say were an American to speak of London as "the local capital?"

The Rev. Phillips Brooks, of Boston, the famous American preacher, whose sermons excited so much attention in London last year, is coming back to England in the spring, and during his visit he will preach twice at Cambridge before the University.

At last week's session of the Aberdeen Free Presbytery a discussion took place on "Prevalent Vices," and a resolution was passed strongly condemning "promiscuous balls and dancing assemblies," and earnestly enjoining on "ministers, office-bearers, and heads of families within the bounds" to "keep themselves free from the frivolity, pollution, and other evils connected with such things," and "carefully to guard against any appearance of conformity to the world." The reverend proposer of this motion denounced balls and dancing parties as "promiscuous gatherings of people of both sexes for indulging in sprngs and flings and artistic circles, and unseemly close-bosomed whirlings."

Screens, with tea-cup shelf on each fold, from 21s. A large variety of screens in Japanese leather paper, needlework, stained glass, and hand-painted in all sizes and styles.—C. Hindley & Sons, 290 to 294, Oxford-street, London.

The health of our troops in India is, I hear, unusually bad for the season of the year. For instance, the 1st Batt. Manchester Regt. (96th) stationed at Mooltan, has no less than 240 men in hospital.

It is much to be regretted that Lord Wolseley should have offered a reward of £100 to the battalion of the Nile expedition "which makes the quickest time, with the fewest accidents, between Sarras and Debbeh." Lord Wolseley has already done a good deal to venalise military success by accepting a large sum of money and a peerage in return for services of the most ordinary description, and he apparently judges the soldiers of his little army by his own standard, as being men more likely to be influenced by the prospect of earning hard cash than by barren glory.

Some little time ago an announcement was published to the effect that our soldiers in Egypt would be only too glad to get any magazines or periodicals which the benevolent at home might feel disposed to send out to them. To this appeal the firm of Cassell & Company replied by sending to the War Office, and undertaking to provide gratuitously a large parcel of publications for the use of the troops. Cynics might possibly suggest that this would have been an excellent advertisement for the worthy firm, but, whether their motives were disinterested or not, there can be no doubt that their offering would have been more than acceptable on the Nile. The Quartermaster-General, however, sent a curt missive to the effect that "there was no opportunity for forwarding the parcel, and that, under any circumstances, it should not be sent to the War Office." Evidently the good man considered that Messrs. Cassell & Co. had been guilty of unwarrantable impertinence in presuming to address him at all.

It was announced in Truth several months ago that the Duke of Edinburgh would probably succeed Lord John Hay in the command of the Mediterranean Squadron, and I understand that the appointment of H.R.H. to this coveted berth has now been definitely settled. Lord John Hay ought to have retired long ago, according to the regulations, but his term has presumably been extended in order that the post might be kept open for the Duke.

The ward-room officers of the *Minotaur* entertained the Duke of Edinburgh, on Tuesday evening last, to a farewell dinner; and on Wednesday the Duke left Portsmouth for London, after bidding good-bye to the officers and crew of his ship. He was accompanied to Portsmouth station by Admirals Hornby and Herbert and a large number of naval officers.

On the occasion of Admiral Coote being promoted, when at Hong-kong, to be a full admiral, his ship's company presented an admiral's flag to him, which he was blamed by the present Board of Admiralty for accepting. Am I too sanguine in supposing that their lordships will express the same disapprobation at the recent demonstrations on board the *Minotaur*, on the occasion of the Duke of Edinburgh hauling his flag down?

The voyage of the *Agamemnon* to Gibraltar appears to have proved conclusively that the worst that has been said about the ship is substant true, and that the

official statements in defence of her were quite unfounded. We were told that it was only when going at a high speed that she failed to answer her helm satisfactorily; twelve knots, if I remember rightly, being the limit suggested. The truth seems to be, however, that on her first voyage, eight knots was about the highest speed at which the ship could be worked satisfactorily, and that above that point her movements were beyond calculation or control. Even the Admiralty can hardly maintain that eight knots is a high speed for a first-class ironclad.

Applications have been received by the Admiralty from several important sea-port towns to raise brigades of Naval Volunteers, but the necessary permission has not yet been granted. As the annual cost of a Volunteer would be about 30s. per annum, with a capitation grant, whilst that of a second class Naval Reserve man is from £4 to £6 per annum, the former ought certainly to be encouraged. Besides, the Volunteer is instantly available for coast defence, while the Naval Reserve man may probably not be in England at the critical moment.

The Royal Naval Volunteers, which were raised in 1873 for the protection of the commercial harbours and the coasts of the United Kingdom, have steadily and quietly increased in efficiency, in spite of every discouragement from the Admiralty. A capitation grant has over and over again been refused to them, and the burden of raising and maintaining the various batteries has been cheerfully borne by individual members. Is it not, therefore, time that something was done to help those who have done so much to help themselves?

What do "my Lords" of the Admiralty understand by the term "reserve"? We are informed in the columns of the daily papers that "H.M.S. *Dryad*, wooden sloop, which recently returned from the East Indies station, having been condemned as unfit for further service, has been removed from the steam basin at Sheerness Dockyard and towed to Chatham, to be placed with the dismasted vessels of the fourth division of the Medway Steam Reserve." A steam reserve recruited from condemned ships does not seem likely to prove of very material support to our Navy in the hour of emergency. We have heard a good deal about the Royal Navy lately; would it not be as well that we should hear something about the Royal Naval Reserve?

Can the hard times of which we have heard so much of late have had a disastrous effect upon the finances of the United Service Institution? To judge from the exterior of the building belonging to that body, one would imagine that bankruptcy had set its fatal seal upon the whole concern. The front in Whitehall Yard is as white as painted stucco can be, but the back is as grimy, dirty, and dilapidated as a common lodging-house. At its best, the United Service Institution does not boast a very imposing habitation, but its premises might, at least, be kept in better order.

The new Lord Mayor has begun his year of office very sensibly, by declining altogether to countenance "State attendances" at church with "State luncheons" afterward at the Mansion House. The Lord Mayor, as Mr. Nottage very truly remarks, is one of the hardest-worked men in London, and it certainly seems unfair that he should be expected to lose his day of rest by lending himself out as a Sunday show to draw people to church and swell the collections.

It appears that each newly-elected alderman is presented by the Corporation with a number of law books, costing about £100, in order to educate him in his magisterial functions. In addition to this, he is given the statutes at the close of each parliamentary session, and has them elaborately bound at the expense of the City. A large number of the volumes comprising the law library are hopelessly obsolete and useless, a fact which may partly account for the frequent eccentricity of aldermanic decisions. But to spend £100 where £10 would serve equally well is but characteristic of the City Fathers.

The Commissioners of Sewers have been more than once suspected lately of a tendency to perpetrate outrageous jobs, and there certainly seems ground to fear that, in advocating the construction of a new diagonal street in the neighbourhood of Billingsgate, they are actuated by other motives than pure zeal for the welfare and convenience of their fellow-citizens. The street, it appears, will cost £75,000, and one Commissioner, who has been most strenuous in his support of the scheme, has sent in a claim for compensation to the amount of £38,000. Several other members, too, have sent in claims for smaller amounts, and the whole project has a curious resemblance to a scheme of relief for the Commissioners themselves. I should have less difficulty in believing in the purity of these gentlemen's motives had they had the discretion to refrain from voting on a question so closely affecting their own interests.

At the Portsmouth Town Council last week, it was proposed to spend £25 of the ratepayers' money in providing an extra row of links for the mayoral chain of office. The only reason for this was that on each link of the chain is inscribed the name of the Mayor for the year, and, the existing links being all taken up, there was no space whereon to engrave the names of the present and future incumbents of the office. An amendment was moved that the Town Council should raise the £25 by subscription among themselves, but this was defeated. It certainly appears to me that if gentlemen care for this species of immortality, they ought to pay the bill themselves, instead of gratifying their foolish vanity at the expense of the ratepayers.

The small borough of Wilton is managed by an unreformed Corporation which has been scheduled under the Municipal Corporations Bill of 1883, and will, therefore, be very shortly replaced by an elective Municipal Council. This being so, it seems to have occurred to the present Corporation that it was eminently advisable for them to make hay while the sun shines, and with that laudable object an apparently innocent proposal has been made, that the leasehold property of the town should be enfranchised to the present lessees; in other words, that they should be permitted to purchase it at a valuation based on the rental. The only drawbacks to this precious scheme are, that out of ten leases granted by the Corporation, six are

held by members of that body, two by their relations, and only two by outsiders, and that, without any exception, the properties are let at a very small fraction of their real value. Thus, in one case the actual rent received by the Corporation is £4. 9s. 6d., while the estimate of the Poor-Law Assessors is £30. 1s.; in another, the rent is 10s., as compared with £18; and in a third, £7. 9s. 3d., the Assessors' valuation being £54. I am not surprised that an indignation meeting has been held in Wilton to protest against the proceedings of this ingenuous Corporation, and it is to be hoped that vigorous steps will be taken to put a stop to what looks suspiciously like a fraudulent misappropriation of trust property.

For the meanest description of snobbishness commend me to some of the members of the Liverpool Council Chamber. At a discussion the other day about granting a site for a memorial to the late William Simpson, one magnifico objected, on the ground that the late gentleman was only a purveyor of sweets, confectionery, and cheap buns. Another remarked that if memorials were to be erected to "such men," Liverpool would not be able to hold them. He need have no fear. I hardly think Liverpool abounds with many "such men" who perform charitable actions in such a quiet, unostentatious manner as the late purveyor of sweets and cheap buns performed his.

In speaking of sweets, I am reminded that one result of the depression of trade in Paris is that even the leading confectioners and purveyors of sweetmeats are unable to keep their heads above water. Last winter Reinhardt, who succeeded the celebrated Siraudin in the Rue de la Paix, was compelled to put up his shutters, and now Charbonnel's firm has failed for £30,000. People in Paris, it seems, no longer have money to waste on expensive bon-bons. I would recommend to the purveyors of these sweets large sales and small profits. At Siraudin's, a pound of bon-bons, worth about two francs, in a basket worth, perhaps, three francs, used to be valued at a napoleon.

Mr. Mundella's excellent speech last Saturday afternoon ought to dispose once and for all of the talk about the pauperising effect of giving starving children a good dinner Self-supporting penny dinners are all very well in their way, but, as Mr. Mundella said, it is a much more pressing duty to give dinners to school children who would otherwise have none at all, than to give to the rest a better pennyworth than they would otherwise get for their penny. Of course, there are some objections to free dinners; but, in this imperfect world, what is there of which the same may not be said? It is all a question of choosing between the lesser of two evils. The croakers say it is a less evil to leave the children to starve than to weaken "parental responsibility;" the rest of us say that it is better to run that risk, in order to raise the rising generation. Mr. Mundella, as Minister of Education, is naturally on our side; and, indeed, unless we are prepared to give up compulsory education, the question scarcely admits of argument, for every one is now beginning to see the absurdity of trying to cram children's heads when their stomachs are empty.

Native Oysters.—Great Reduction in Price. Sweetings are supplying the Finest Native Oysters in barrels, 22s. 6d., half-barrels, 15s.—London, 158, Cheapside; Brighton, King's-road.

Although it is rather late in the day, I am glad to see that the Local Government Board has instituted an inquiry into the sale of Staple and Barnard's Inns. The "ancients" of Staple Inn have disposed of the property to Messrs. Trollope for £80,000, which means some £7,000 apiece, as there are only eleven "ancients" left; and they have also divided the plate and pictures in equal shares. Barnard's Inn is to be wound up on the tontine principle—that is to say, its "ancients" will cease to dine in hall or elect to vacancies, and will divide the rents between them until only one "ancient" is left, when the inn will become his absolute property. This arrangement is doubtless very satisfactory to those who make it, but more or less iniquitous from the public's point of view.

If all that I hear be correct, the Dean of Hereford has good reason to regret that the evidence on which he was recently committed was not made public, as, to say the least, it was most inconclusive. If this be so, although I hold that money might be better employed than in maintaining deaneries, I think that this Dean is entitled to sympathy.

On Saturday last no less than five courts suffered from the absence of judges. The Privy Council had to finish a part-heard case without its full complement, owing to the Lord Chancellor having a cold. The Chancery Appeal Court had to sit with two judges instead of three, and only take interlocutory appeals because Lord Justice Baggallay had ridden in a hansom and got shaken. The Common Law Appeal Court could not sit at all, as Lord Justice Cotton was ill. The Probate Court was closed because Sir James Hannen was about to undergo an operation. One of the Chancery Courts was shut because Vice-Chancellor Bacon was ailing. The County Court Judges are now placed on the Commissions of Assize. Why should they not be placed on the rota for the High Court and be made "devils" for the ordinary judges, and paid accordingly, when the Law's delay is thus aggravated by the infirmities of its ministers?

The appearance of suitors in their own cases, against which some of the judges have uttered protests, is likely to become common so long as solicitors are not allowed to appear. In hundreds of instances, were this permitted, suitors would be not only pecuniarily the gainers, but their cases would probably be better stated. There are a certain number of counsel who are men of superior ability, and who would be employed in matters of great importance; but in small matters it is absurd that the old-fashioned nonsense of a suitor explaining his case to a solicitor, and this solicitor explaining it in a brief to a counsel, should continue. Counsel themselves would be gainers were the distinction between them and solicitors abrogated. A firm would then probably consist of a partnership between a counsel and a solicitor, the former taking the "in court" business and the latter the "out court" business, as is the case in America.

Dr. Carter Moffat's Ammoniaphone, for strengthening and improving the voice and relieving Asthma, Bronchitis, and various pulmonary affections. The Ammoniaphone will last a lifetime. Send for the "History of the Ammoniaphone," post free. Dr. Carter Moffat's Ammoniaphone, price 21s., from C. B. Harness, the Medical Battery Company, 205, Regent-street, London, W.

I have received a letter from Mr. W. Bagot Harte, informing me that he has been instructed by Captain Cruikshank to issue a writ against me for "lible," and requesting me to send him the name of my solicitor. With this request I have complied, although I hardly see how an extract from a report of legal proceedings can be either a lible or a libel. The case to which I alluded last week is thus reported in the *Essex Weekly News*:—

Upon the application of Mr. C. Shelley (School Attendance Officer), William Bridger, coachman to Captain Cruikshank, East Horndon, was fined 2s. 6d., including costs, for not sending his child to school. Defendant's wife appeared, and said she had been unable to send the child to school, as "the Captain" had not sent her husband his money, and she could not pay the fine as she had no money.—Supt. Dobson: She is not in a position to pay, for they had a distress in for rent last Saturday, and they had to borrow money then.—Defendant's wife: That was all through the Captain.—Mr. Lescher: Are there wages owing to you?—The Wife: Yes.—Mr. Lescher: For how long?—I cannot say; he sends a little now and then, but he does not send it quarterly. He owes us over £30. He has gone 17 weeks without sending any quarter's money.—Mr. Lescher: How can you live without wages?—The Wife: We have to live how we can, and we have to borrow where we can.—Mr. Lescher: It is a disgraceful shame.—The Chairman: We will give you a month to pay in.—Mr. Lescher: Why don't your husband leave for another situation?—The Wife: We don't like to leave.—Mr. Lescher: I should have left long ago.

The other day a curious case came before Mr. Justice Chitty, which, as far as I have seen, has not been reported in any of the papers. A gentleman called Pound left a will by which he bequeathed his entire property to his wife, Mrs. Pound. A gentleman called Jackson also left a will by which the lady who was known as Mrs. Jackson became his sole legatee. Pound and Jackson eventually turned out to be one and the same person, and the question arose as to who was entitled to his property. The technical points of the case were not of general interest; but it seems a most extraordinary thing that a man could not only lead a completely dual existence undetected, but that he should almost deceive himself into believing that he was two different persons.

A Scotch lawyer writes:—

Dear Sir,—I am sure that the public feel indebted to you for bringing before their notice the case of Annie Johnston, who abducted the girl Hearndon. I do not know how the law of England stands, but in Scotland she would be brought up before the Court of Session on the expiry of her sentence from the Criminal Court, and would be committed to prison until her poor victim was produced. Now, it seems strange that such a diabolical crime can be perpetrated at the cost of a few months' imprisonment. If the child is not delivered up, surely Johnston might be committed to prison again for contempt of court until the child was delivered up. I trust, sir, that having taken up the case you will not let it drop, and should the law be powerless, the sooner it is amended the better. I enclose my card, and remain, yours truly, J. H. T.

I am really surprised that more attention is not paid to this case. It is admitted that Mrs. Johnston abducted the girl. This being so, of course she must know where the girl is, and most assuredly she ought—if the law can compass it—to be detained in prison until she gives the required information.

Edward Lake, 17, who was convicted at Middlesex Sessions, on Friday, of firing a loaded pistol several times at a train on the Great Northern Railway, is decidedly a lucky young man. Had he succeeded in killing a passenger, I apprehend that the law would have had no difficulty in adjudging his crime to be murder. If this be so, the offence he actually committed is practically indistinguishable from an attempt to murder. The Assistant Judge, however, not only considered that four months' hard labour was a sufficient punishment, but even expressed a hope that the severity of the sentence would deter the prisoner and others from their "mischievous propensity." Considering that Lake has been repeatedly convicted, and was described as "a desperate character" and "a terror to his neighbourhood," I think the Judge was a little sanguine. Lake evidently thought so too, for he left the dock laughing.

According to Mr. Justice Hawkins and Mr. Justice Smith, a Railway Company has a perfect right to deposit a passenger in an uncovered shed, miscalled a railway station, and, having contrived that he should miss his train, leave him there for hours with no consolation but a refreshment-stall, whose staple attractions are jam-tarts and soda-water. This is, no doubt, good law, but it is very doubtful justice. Railway Companies are monopolists, and the public are obliged to travel by their roads, having no other means of conveyance, and have no choice but to acquiesce in the so-called contract which is completed by the purchase of a ticket. This being so, it seems very hard that while the unfortunate passenger is bound and fettered by all sorts of bye-laws and regulations, the Company can run trains up to time or a couple of hours late, precisely according to its own sweet will.

Until Friday last William Formston was the oldest servant in the employ of the Great Western Railway Company. On Friday morning, however, Formston, who was eighty-two years of age, was crossing the line at Saltney, near Chester, where he was employed, when an express train approached, and, before he could get out of the way, it killed him. The account of his death makes it pretty clear that the primary cause of the accident was the old man's infirmity. I should like to know how many men of four-score years and upwards the Great Western Railway Company daily exposes to such risks as that by which Mr. Formston met his death, and also whether it is the practice of this Company to superannuate their servants at any time within the first century of their service.

Mr. McCoan has given notice that he will call attention to the questionable practices resorted to by certain insurance companies which work chiefly among the poor. There can be no doubt that the present system of infant insurance needs looking into. Mr. Hacker, Coroner for Devonshire, says:—

Cases similar to the following are the common experience of most coroners. Child a few months old dies; no doctor has ever seen the child, until after death, when he is called in and asked to give a certificate. Child found to be emaciated, but not actually starved; been fed on biscuits and other artificial and indigestible food instead of milk. Mother and father say they did not know the child was so ill, or should have taken it to the doctor. No proof that child died from actual neglect, but every reason to suppose that child would have lived had it been more carefully brought up. During the inquiry it is discovered that the child's life is insured by the parents, and that one of their other children died in infancy in a similar manner.

Mr. Hacker asserts that infant mortality is much greater than it ought to be, and that this system is largely

The Granville Hotel, Ramsgate.—This palatial establishment is famous for its excellent cuisine, perfect system of baths and moderate charges. Present terms from 10s. 6d. per day for board, apartments, and attendance. The Granville Band plays during Table d'Hôte.

Sanitary Inspection.—Fee, 2 Guineas. Improvement works undertaken. The Sanitary Engineering Co., 115, Victoria-st., Westminster.

responsible for it; and he thinks an Act should be passed to "abolish the scandals resulting from baby insurance." I venture to think so too. One of the coroners of the Metropolitan district once told me that people would be aghast were they to know the number of cases in which children are killed by their mothers overlying them, and that he had no doubt that the overlying was deliberate in three cases out of four, although it was impossible to prove it.

I have received several letters from medical students protesting against their being supposed to have had anything to do with the Promenade Concert disturbances because persons chose to shout "Guys to the rescue." One student writes:—

> You can easily see why every disturbance is put down to medical students. Most people other than medical students would injure their position in life or be immediately dismissed from their place of business if they were discovered as being the cause of a riot; they therefore evade exposure by shouting out the name of a hospital, and, if caught, by giving fictitious names, and possibly calling themselves medical students.

Another student writes:—

> The ringleaders at Covent Garden were not medical students at all. One admitted before the magistrate that he was a pork-butcher's assistant, another that he was a merchant's clerk, and another, who described himself as a gentleman, owned that he was not a medical student, and did not know any, although he had called out "Guys to the rescue!"

Persons in want of medical assistance will do well to steer clear of a certain Dr. Burns, whose scale of charges was the subject of some comment at the Islington Coroner's Court the other day. One of his patients was an old lady 81 years of age, who lately died of paralysis. The nephew went to see the doctor, who, however, had some doubt whether he should be able to give a certificate; but, being desirous to "save the scandal' of an inquest, he suggested a consultation with another medical man, whose fee would be £5, whilst his own charges would be "trifling." Of course, every one is entitled to place his own value on his services, and Dr. Burns considered his performance worth £30. The old lady's nephew, however, thought this looked very much like an attempt to extort "hush money" to "save the scandal" of an inquest. I wonder how many people will disagree with him.

A correspondent writes from Paris:—

> I should like to warn your Continental readers against having any dealings with a person who advertises as "Librarian," from 59, Tonsley-hill, Wandsworth, in the *Standard* and other papers, offering to supply your journal and other weeklies at reduced rates. The subscriptions once paid, no papers are sent, and redress is almost impossible. R. H. S.

My correspondent may be interested to hear that the authorities of Scotland-yard have their detective eye upon this gentleman, and they will doubtless be glad of information.

I think that the convict Bayard has certainly a stronger claim on the sympathies of the Parisian public than Madame Clovis Hugues. It appears that refractory prisoners are still kept in order in France by various devices which amount more or less to torture. Bayard was strapped to a bar, and a warder played on his bare chest for over an hour with a powerful fire-hose. The prisoner had been previously kept for four days in a stooping position by means of an ingenious arrangement of chains. In return for these little attentions M. Bayard killed a warder, and has just been sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude. Charles Reade once took a hint from Zola. Here is a chance for Zola to return the compliment.

Here is a story for Mr. Hopwood and the Anti-Vaccination Society. A lady living near Wellington College had an infant to be vaccinated, and, being anxious that the vaccine matter should be pure, was informed by the doctor that he had some from a grandchild of the Premier. "I could not think of such a thing," said the lady, "all our family are and have been good Conservatives, and I cannot allow the taint of Mr. Gladstone to be introduced into a child of mine."

Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the proprietor of the *New York Herald*, has just originated another enterprise by founding in that city a "Mutual News Company," with a capital of half a million of dollars, and he has been joined by Mr. George Jones, of the *New York Times*. The shares are to be held only by publishers of newspapers, periodicals, and books, so that they may be virtually their own expressmen; and the business of the Company is to be the furnishing news to dealers, in opposition to the old "American News Company," of which complaint has been made as to its monopolistic character.

The Parliamentary atmosphere would seem to be conducive to longevity from the career of the late Charles Ross, who died last week after an almost continuous employment for sixty-four years in the press galleries of the old and new Houses of Commons, during thirty of which years he was chief of the Parliamentary staff of the *Times*. Inasmuch as he began in George Canning's era, his impressions of the men of his time must have been invaluable to the fecund class of "Memoir"-makers who distress the librarians.

I see that Mr. R. Chamberlain says that he is prepared to vote an annuity to the eldest son of the Prince of Wales. I am afraid, therefore, that his Radicalism is but skin-deep, and the Radicals of Finsbury will do well to educate him up to their standard. In annuities, allowances, &c., the Royal Family now cost the country about one million sterling. A thing may be good in itself, and yet it may be purchased at too dear a rate. The Royal Family must be regarded as a unit. If the amount annually paid to them is in excess of requirements, it should not be increased. Before, therefore, more money is voted, there ought to be an official declaration that all which they receive for maintaining their position is expended, as evidently it was not intended that one member of the family should have large unexpended accumulations, and another member come upon the nation for money.

Before Lord Randolph Churchill's departure to India, a reconciliation took place between him and Mr. Chamberlain, and both amicably shook hands. I am glad that this example has been followed by their adherents at Birmingham; for all the police-court revelations in regard to the employment of roughs at a public meeting in that town have the proverbial objection to both sides of washing dirty linen in public. What really happened is obvious: The Conservatives called a public meeting; the Liberals determined

to go to the meeting; on this the Conservatives tried to convert their public meeting into a Conservative meeting, and enrolled stalwart Conservatives to "maintain order." The result of all this was a row, as occasionally happens at political gatherings, when it is not exactly understood whether the meeting is one of an entire community, or of one political section of a community.

The good people who show such a laudable desire to get rid of our surplus population by shipping it off to the colonies should really take a little trouble to ascertain what becomes of it on reaching its destination. Mr. J. E. Pell writes from Toronto to complain that Canada is now becoming over-run with emigrants, without a dollar in their pockets, and for whom there is no chance of finding employment. I am sorry I cannot find space for the whole of Mr. Pell's complaint, but the following extract is convincing enough:—

> Last week, among others, I had a family, very respectable in appearance, consisting of the mother, a widow; one son, with his wife and child; two daughters, young women grown up; and two other young men, a son and nephew. They arrived here on Wednesday, and on Thursday came to me for means to pay for their night's lodging. Of course, they will not be allowed to starve —Toronto people are too charitable for that—and yet to get such a family as that through the winter will be a costly affair. Our great trouble is really to know what to do with a respectable class of English people, mostly bookkeepers, clerks, &c. Last year, from January 20 to the present date of that year, the St. George's Society had relieved 794 cases; this year, in the same time, they have relieved 1,423 cases. You will therefore understand that a very great strain is being put upon our resources.

It is lucky that "Toronto people are too charitable" to let their unwelcome visitors starve, but even charity may wax cold when too severe a strain is placed upon it.

I observe that the Government has, quite unnecessarily, made another Irish grievance. It is announced that the settlement of the new electoral boundaries in Ireland is to be entrusted to the Ordnance Survey Department. Now, the Irish Ordnance Survey Department is, rightly or wrongly, not credited with absolute impartiality between the two Irish parties. There have been grave complaints as to rating in boroughs, and in Ulster, in the counties; and certainly it is a remarkable fact that so many Catholics in the Northern province should be rated just a shilling or two below the £12 which confers the vote. Moreover, the solicitor to the Department is Mr. George Bolton, who is not exactly a *persona grata* to the Nationalists. Surely, it would be better that, as in this country, the boundaries should be settled by a Commission appointed for the purpose, and upon which all parties should be represented. There are some parts of Ireland which might very easily be gerrymandered by a man of Mr. Bolton's ability.

The Conservatives are moving apace. Colonel Campbell Walker, who contemplated standing as a Conservative candidate for the disfranchised borough of Worthing, has written to the chairman of his committee informing him that the Conservatives have "missed an opportunity in not over-trumping their adversaries' lead," by adopting the principle of manhood franchise, and providing for the direct representation of India and of our Colonies.

I certainly recommend Mr. & Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most just and liberal purchasers of Cast-off Clothes, Jewellery, and every description of property. They punctually keep appointments, and remit P.O.O. for articles per return.

Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, who loses his seat for Calne by the Redistribution Bill, will be the Liberal candidate for the new Chippenham division of North Wilts. He will be opposed by Lord Arthur Somerset.

We may object to the means by which the Seats Bill was brought into existence. But now that the egg is hatched, as practical persons, we must look alone to its quality. On the whole, it is a good egg. The scheme is not a perfect one. It would have been better had the number of the members of the House of Commons not been increased; had the line of disfranchisement been drawn higher, and had the Universities been disfranchisd; but the Bill is an immense step towards perfection, and I think that Liberals and Radicals will be wise if they accept it in its entirety, without endeavouring to alter it, for if once alterations commence, we cannot be sure that some may not be introduced which will tell against us.

I do not myself see how a Radical, who is in favour of equal electoral districts, can logically oppose the one-member system in counties and in large towns. If it be asserted that the one-member constituencies will send local men to Parliament, it can only be because the constituencies prefer them; and if they do prefer them, they have a perfect right to give effect to their preferences.

Mr. Courtney will not be likely to convince the world of the merits of proportional representation. His argument was that, if, in a town with three representative wards, a Liberal is returned in each by a small majority, the minority in all three would be greater than the majorities in two, and consequently that they ought to have a member. But even if his scheme were adopted, it is possible to conceive that there might be a minority of three thousand entertaining some particular view in four hundred constituencies, and in this case above a million of voters would be without representation.

The fact is that the only scheme of minority representation which holds water is that of Mr. Hare, and yet there are so many objections to it, that probably not half-a-dozen persons could be found to vote for it in the House of Commons.

An opinion which does not command a majority in any one electoral district in the country is not ripe for representation. Its advocates should endeavour to gain converts, and if they everywhere fail to obtain a sufficient number to secure to them a representative, they ought not to have one. This is the simple common sense of the question.

Another objection urged against the one-member constituencies is that they will not return "statesmen." But do, as a rule, double-barrelled constituencies do this? There are certainly as many capable legislators in the present Parliament who sit for one-member constituencies as amongst those who sit for constituencies returning two or three members. A pretty thing, indeed, it would be if all members were statesmen! A dozen are enough for any

Vanity Fair says:—"Mr. Benjamin is still the Prince of Ulster and Stalking-Coat Makers." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

Parliament. All other members only require to be men of plain common sense.

A Seats Bill is all very well, but I would suggest that it is a little absurd to give constituencies a right to elect a member to sit in the House of Commons, and not to provide him with a seat. The present room was built when the majority of members rarely attended Parliament. Probably, the members who are elected under the new system will be more regular in their attendance, and will be inclined to take a more active part in the business. Would it not, therefore, be well to provide sitting accommodation for them before they arrive at Westminster? Nothing would be more easy than to build a room, with as good acoustic qualities as the present one, in which every member would have his seat.

There is little difference between those who demand the abolition of the hereditary Upper House and Lord Rosebery, who demands the abolition of the hereditary right to sit in it. When, however, Lord Rosebery says that the House of Lords could not be abolished without a revolution, because the Peers would not vote their own political extinction, he exaggerates. If such a measure were to pass the House of Commons, it is probable that it would be thrown out in the Lords, but if it were passed a second time after an election, the Lords would hardly venture upon throwing it out again. Were they, however, to threaten to do so, they would be brought to reason by the menace of a creation of Peers *ad hoc*. It is ridiculous to suppose that 500 Peers would be able to withstand the will of the nation. No political institution has any other basis than the national will.

No one would think of interfering with existing titles. If a family likes to put before the name of its head, from generation to generation, the word Duke, Marquis, Earl, or Baron, there is no reason why any one should interfere with this harmless fad. The only difference between "Lord" and "Sir" is that "Lord" is a word of four letters and "Sir" of three letters, and were any one to wish to be habitually addressed by his dependants by a word of a dozen letters, no harm would be done by gratifying him. For my part, I should be perfectly willing to address a shoeblack as "Your Highness," if I thought that this would add to his happiness.

After the Christmas vacation, Government will, no doubt, in accordance with a pledge made to Mr. Parnell last session, bring in a Bill reducing considerably the sum which each candidate has to pay to the returning officer.

As the Government is prepared to expend a considerable sum in increasing the strength of our naval defences, it is to be presumed that this increase was necessary for our safety; and if this be so, we cannot complain of the outlay. I am glad, however, that they have not allowed themselves to be carried away by the shrieks of panic-mongers, and that the contemplated expenditure is not—all things considered—an excessive one. I would, however, suggest that a good navy is of more vital importance than a new Admiralty, and that the million which it is proposed to expend on the latter should be deferred to a more convenient season.

The Admiralty proposals as to torpedo-boats are far from satisfactory. It is intended to build thirty in three years. Germany will have 150 of these boats in a few months, and Russia already possesses 120. Moreover, the type of boat which is favoured by the Admiralty is by no means the swiftest or the most powerful. It is, besides, a flagrant fact that our torpedo factories at Woolwich are utterly inadequate.

Instead of squandering millions in building unwieldy "monsters," it would be more to the purpose if the Admiralty were to use all dispatch in providing a number of comparatively small, swift cruisers. For the protection of our commerce we require vessels of the *Esmeralda* class, as heavily armed, and as speedy as that vessel.

If we spend our money on one thing, we cannot spend it on another, for our resources are not unlimited. This naval outlay ought to bring home to our Jingoes that we can neither increase the responsibilities of Empire, nor lay out, every year or two, a few millions on every African chief for whom Mr. Forster feels sympathy. Let us, by all means, have coaling-stations where they are required; let us build the number of iron-clads, cruisers, and torpedo-boats which will ensure us against any successful attack; and let us tell our Colonies that so long as they wish to remain component parts of our Empire, we shall not separate ourselves from them. But here our responsibilities and our liabilities ought to stop. We must annex no new country, we must be dominant in no country which is not within the limits of our Empire, we must interfere nowhere in matters which do not regard us, and our soldiers must not "maintain order" in foreign lands. Our policy must essentially be a defensive policy, and if only we do not meddle with others, others will not meddle with us. Afghanistan, Cyprus, Zululand, Egypt, and the Transvaal have cost us in the last few years more than would have been required to make ourselves absolutely safe from all attack. And what have we gained by our expenditure? Nothing but trouble and worry, whilst those who urged us to engage in this career of folly now use the fact that we have engaged in it as a plea for continuing in the same course.

It seems by no means improbable that if we insist upon fighting for Mr. Forster's *protégé*, Montisoa, in Bechuanaland, we shall also have to fight with the Cape Colonists, for Mr. Upington, the Cape Premier, has gone out of his way to eulogize the persons who have squatted in the land which Montisoa calls his. But what care our Jingoes for this? They would find a special pleasure in spending a few millions in coercing our Colonists, in order to prove to Australia, Canada, New Zealand, and all other territories over which the British flag waves, that we are prepared to fight them all if they venture to disagree with our mode of treating local questions in their vicinity.

Great stress is laid upon there having been large meetings at Cape Town to protest against Mr. Upington's policy. Of course there have, for his policy was hotly contested at the last election. It obtained, however, the majority.

We perpetually hear of communications going on between the Mahdi and persons at Dongola. I do not enter into the question of whether it would be advisable, as the *Times* suggests, to establish a strong, independent, and solvent State, holding the entire valley of the Nile from Khartoum downwards, because the Khartoum expedition was approved of by Parliament on the pledge that we should rescue and retire. But, as this latter is our policy, as Lord Wolseley cannot reach Khartoum much before March, and as the expenditure each day on the expedition is enormous, may we not hope that at length—as I have again and again suggested—some attempt will be made to make peace with the Mahdi upon the basis of our recognition of the independence of the Soudan up to Wady-Halfa on condition of his allowing Gordon, his garrison, and all who hold with him to withdraw from Khartoum?

I was talking the other day to a gentleman, who has been brought into closer relations with the adherents of the Mahdi than any other European. He told me that the only difficulty in coming to such an arrangement is that the Mahdi has little confidence in us since our massacres in the vicinity of Suakim, and is as much puzzled by our policy as many are at home; but that if he can be convinced that we mean fairly to him, he would willingly treat on these terms. The Soudanese, he told me, are not anxious to occupy Suakim, and would leave it to Egypt. It is, however, doubtful whether it would not be better tactics to leave this port to the Soudanese, who would thus be brought into relations with civilisation, instead of being isolated from it.

SCRUTATOR.

SPIRIT "CIRCLES."

I RECENTLY called attention to the attempt of one Eglington to make money by the old slate trick, which led to the conviction of Slade as a rogue and a vagabond. From an article in *Light*, I gather that this Eglington is one of those humbugs who profess to bring disembodied spirits into "circles." I really had supposed that the jugglery of these "manifestations" had been so often and so thoroughly exposed, that no sane human being would be found either to believe in, or to take part in, such impudent trash. It would seem, however, that I was mistaken, and that—for a consideration, I suppose—Eglington will not only provide old men, young men, Oriental men, and beauteous ladies from the spirit world, but that he finds dupes endowed with faith.

Light gives a narrative of one of these *séances*. There were six persons present. The door was locked. Eglington marched up and down, then threw himself on a sofa. The first spirit was a young man, the second a "lovely female." The lovely female, on being requested, reappeared with a child. The "two angelic figures" were clad in snow-white raiment, and formed "a group of beauty which will long remain in the memory of those privileged to witness it." Then came a tall, dignified male figure, who shook hands. He was followed by "Daisy," a lady with a black face. "Daisy" was succeeded by a woman of sixty. "Are you my mother?" asked one of the spectators, and the old lady bowed several times. The next spirit was a male figure, holding up his drapery by his mouth. This male talked much, which "suggested to the mind of Mrs. M. that our visitor might be the control of Miss F. J. Theobald." Miss Theobald's "control" was followed by a powerfully-built, broad-shouldered male figure, with a dark, Oriental face. He grasped a chair and flourished it several times over his head; before he withdrew a curtain was partially lifted, revealing a tall, white form in an inner room. On its being remarked, the "well-known voice of 'Joey' —a ghost weak in his grammar—responded from behind the curtain, 'that was me.'"

In all this, it will be seen that there is nothing new. There is the usual circle of credulous dolts, the usual medium who makes a business of being one, and the usual ghosts, all of whom were, no doubt, personated by the medium or by some associate. It really is wasting time to point out that, where trickery is possible, the probabilities are more in favour of trickery than of ghosts.

There is not one single instance on record of any "materialized" inhabitant of the other world having made its appearance under conditions which would be requisite in order to prove the simplest action to the satisfaction of a jury. The medium is always a person who derives a profit from his trade; in most cases he or she has been sooner or later exposed as an impudent swindler. The *séance* takes place in a darkened room, which lends itself to deception. The witnesses are credulous persons; indeed, a condition of success is that they should be credulous. How, then, is it that knaves still find it possible to extort money by this sorry jugglery? Because there are always a considerable number of persons who, whilst they are utterly incapable of weighing evidence or of discerning fraud, are as ready to believe anything which has a supernatural flavour as the most debased savage who ever grovelled at the feet of a medicine-man on the banks of the Niger. Take, for instance, that humbug, Irving Bishop. The man was able to do what any one with a little practice can do—to follow the involuntary muscular action of a person with whom he might be in contact, and who was concentrating his thoughts upon a certain object. Had he explained his *modus operandi*, he would have attracted little attention. But when he announced that he had a mysterious power, and perspired and wriggled over his trick as though possessed by a familiar spirit, he induced crowds to pay to see his trick, and would probably still attract them, had he not been so thoroughly exposed that the veriest dolts became ashamed to profess belief in his supernatural powers. The only way, therefore, to deal with humbugs of the Bishop or Eglington type is to expose them as they come up, and this is far more effectual than wasting time in discussing the possibility of phenomena which, in reality, have never occurred. Every one who makes claim to produce phenomena beyond what are generally recognised as the limits of natural laws is bound to produce them in the presence of men trained in investigation, or to accept the verdict of common sense, which is that he is a knave, a cheat, and a humbug.

A friend of mine tells me that he went to witness the slate-writing at Mr. Eglington's house. He was told that the seer only operated before three persons at once,

and he and two others paid half-a-guinea each to enter the magician's den. They each had a slate, and on these replies were written to questions put by them, whilst the performer wriggled and writhed as though he were going into convulsions. The answers were ludicrously inaccurate, and whenever the question was one not likely to be understood by the seer, it was a game of cross-questions and crooked answers. "If the writing was due to the intervention of a spirit, all that I can say," observed my friend, "is, that all Maskelyne's tricks must be the result of the same intervention, for they are far more complicated and more difficult to discover." Evidently Mr. Ray Lankester, whose intervention put an end to the Slade swindle, ought to pay a visit to Mr. Eglington. If a fortune-teller who robs silly people of their pence by pretending to communicate with the other world is lodged in prison, those who rob people of their half-sovereigns by the same pretensions ought to be dealt with in the same manner.

PARSON AND PUBLICAN.

The Rev. W. Barker, rector of Marylebone, described by a beer-selling orator at an indignation meeting as a friend of Mr. Gladstone and a teetotaller, seems to have sadly ruffled the alcoholic dovecotes of Marylebone. He declared at a meeting that part of his parish was inhabited by Irish, that there were a good many public-houses in that quarter, that the people spent their earnings mostly in drink, and consequently that the publicans got rich whilst the poor-rates increased. The above statements are so obviously true of dozens of London parishes, Marylebone included, that I should have expected them to be received as platitudes, even by beersellers. Not at all. The beersellers rose as one man. They called a meeting, denied the rector's statements, said they were virtuous—although they did like cakes and ale—and told the rector that his conduct was contrary to the Christian religion. One lively beerseller so far forgot himself as to imply that for every temperance speech the rector of Marylebone received a *quid pro quo*. Why not? Nothing, as far as their (the publicans') experience of life goes, can be done without a glass of ale. The rector didn't take drink—"argal," he took money. Dogberry himself could not have reasoned better.

All this is very funny, no doubt; and the only question that arises is, how in the world the beerseller could have been such a (never mind what) as to question round facts which every one knows to be true. There *are* a good many public-houses in Marylebone—they *do* make a good deal of money. There *are* a good many Irish, and they *do* get very drunk—the poor-rates *are* high in consequence, &c. The fact is, had the rector stuck to these generalities he would have been perfectly invulnerable, and no one in Marylebone, except, perhaps, the people who drink, could have wagged a tongue against "the friend of Mr. Gladstone." Unfortunately, he went into figures, and local figures too, and any one who does this is sure to be contradicted. He said that there were seven public-houses in Marylebone taking between them, he believed, £70,000 per annum. This must, indeed, have made the beersellers' mouth, not exactly water, but at all events feel most desperately beery.

This El Dorado of drink sketched by a teetotaller seems to have surpassed the publican's brightest dreams. In short, he intimated that it was far too good to be true. It is, however, curious and instructive, that while each publican rose and denied the statement as absurd, and said that it was intended in some way to be injurious to his calling, not one gave figures in refutation of the rector's. "Verily the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." The rector's figures may or may not be accurate, but his main statements are only too true, and the publican, when he is reminded of this, would cut a more telling figure if he stood far off (from the rector of Marylebone), and smote upon his breast, instead of thanking God that he is not as other men. Some "other men" seem quite ready to return the compliment.

THE CROKER-DISRAELI SQUABBLE.

The publication of the Croker Papers has led to a great deal of speculation as to the reasons which induced Mr. Disraeli to gibbet Mr. Croker in "Coningsby." At present there is merely a vague notion that Mr. Disraeli resented the neglect with which, it is alleged, he had been treated by Mr. Croker. I think that it is in my power to throw light on this matter, and I may add that my information is derived from a person, now dead, who was in a position to be thoroughly acquainted with Mr. Croker's proceedings. When the Whigs went out of office in 1841, Mr. Disraeli was feverishly eager to obtain a place, and his friend, Lord Lyndhurst, promised to do his best to aid him, but he was not a *persona grata* to the Prime Minister, and Sir Robert Peel, in addition to an inherent prejudice against a man who had not been to either a public school or a university, was rather disposed to regard the Member for Shrewsbury as a mountebank, and, indeed, he disliked, distrusted, and despised him. I was told, however, that Lord Lyndhurst managed to overcome Sir Robert's repugnance, and a post was provided for his protégé. A Lordship of the Admiralty was, my informant believed, the place which would then have satisfied Mr. Disraeli's modest ambition; but no sooner had the Chancellor left Whitehall-gardens than Mr. Croker arrived on one of his almost hourly visits, and he spoke of Mr. Disraeli in such terms that Sir Robert revoked his promise, and the place was given to somebody else. Lord Lyndhurst no doubt told who had "upset the coach," with the result that "Coningsby" was written in the course of the next two years.

The fact is that Mr. Croker was the best friend that Mr. Disraeli ever had in his life; for if he had been muzzled by a subordinate post in Sir Robert Peel's Administration the whole course of his career would have been changed, and he certainly would never have led the Tory party, nor would he ever have been Prime Minister. Mr. Disraeli paid almost servile court to "our Sir Robert" for three years, and then, finding that there was nothing to be hoped for from that quarter, he commenced to attack him; and in 1846, under the ponderous patronage of Lord George Bentinck, he gave life and soul to the Protectionists, whose furious animosity (aided by the utter

Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street Grosvenor-square.

Riding Habits.—Specialty of John Redfern & Sons. Ladies' Tailors by Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 26, Conduit-street, London, W. Also at Cowes, Paris, and New York

unscrupulousness of the Whigs) turned out the Ministry in five months. If Mr. Disraeli had been one of the "band of janissaries," Sir Robert Peel would have remained in office, and the whole current of public affairs and of English parties would have been entirely altered. Mr. Croker little knew how momentous and enduring were to be the results of his interference.

In the course of Sir Robert Peel's speech on the third reading of the Corn Bill, in May, 1846, he remarked that, considering the opinion which Mr. Disraeli had expressed of his political life, "it is surprising that in 1841, after a thirty years' experience of my public career, he should have been prepared to give me his confidence. It is still more surprising that he should have been ready—as I think he was—to unite his fortune with mine in office." Mr. Jennings has apparently failed to discover anything relating to the transaction of 1841 among Mr. Croker's papers, and Lord Lyndhurst carefully burnt all his papers; but an examination of the prodigious collection of letters and papers which was left by Lord Beaconsfield may produce valuable results, and there may very likely be some information on the subject in the later and unpublished portion of Mr. Charles Greville's journal. I think that there can be no doubt whatever that Mr. Disraeli's malignant rage against Mr. Croker was produced by the knowledge that he was indebted to him for his exclusion from office in 1841.

CONCERTS.

There are not quite so many concerts as I should have expected at this season, London being undoubtedly very full, and the people who wish to give concerts confessedly very numerous. Berlioz's "Faust" at the Albert Hall again, and Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" at the Crystal Palace, are amongst the more important events. I should not wonder if we were on the eve of a Berlioz epidemic. The public now seems to require the stimulus of a "neglected genius." Have we not had Schubert's unearthed symphonies spoken of in the same breath with Beethoven's by enthusiasts whose zeal outran their discretion? Schumann was, years ago, put forward to eclipse Mendelssohn; Wagner, recently, to eclipse everybody; Liszt to eclipse himself; and now up comes Berlioz, as it were, from the grave, and a small knot of enthusiasts are apparently bent upon pushing his claims—and quite right too. Berlioz is a great master of orchestration, a mighty manipulator of tone, but ideas?—aye, there's the rub! I call him a great "impressionist," that's the new word, I believe, but the impressions are so vast, turbid, and indefinite, that, with all his perfection of "vehicle," they seldom come to a satisfactory *expression*—a gem excepted, of course, here and there, like Mephisto's serenade, the "Danse des Sylphes," and the famous "Ride to H——." I am aware that this is rank heresy, and that in a little time, probably, all the papers will be extolling the immortal Berlioz as a master of melody and lucid form. Now, with very similar orchestral aims, Wagner *is* a master of lucid form and fertile in melody—"*à plusiers étages*," as Liszt once said to me; but Berlioz is *not*. He does not possess his thoughts and emotions—his thoughts and emotions possess him—this is not a compliment, as every actor, as well as every musician, knows; it merely means want of *self-control*. But, as Berlioz is one of the most powerful of the revolutionary art-personalities in this revolutionary age, by all means let us hear more of him. As yet we have heard far too little—in England, at least.

I looked in the other day at the Steinway Hall, where the Austrian Club Band was too literally tuning up. I can't quite make out the *raison d'être* of the Austrian Club Band. It is simply a good *biergarten* band turned loose in England. But Englishmen travel abroad now a good deal, and they hear this sort of thing at Dresden, Berlin, Leipsic, and Vienna, with good lager-beer to sip, and those atrocious black cigars with straws in them to smoke, which, with other little incidents of climate and *entourage*, give a special zest to Strauss's dance music. But at the Steinway Hall there was only Strauss, Edward and John Strauss, and other festive German composers who try to write like those idols of Terpsichore. I beg pardon; there *was* something more. Would there had been something less! There was not only a "biano-blaying," as Hans Breitmann has it, but there was "singing" by a German lady who would sing Italian, which she *could not* pronounce; and, besides this, there was a comic buffo Italian gentleman who *could* pronounce Italian, which, however, the large proportion of the audience evidently did not understand—at least, they looked very grave and sad, so at last did the poor Italian buffo, who began in fine feather, but seemed gradually quite to lose heart, his gesticulations becoming feebler, and his merry quips and cranks dying on his lips until he retired, bowing and thankful even for the faint salvos which greeted his exercise in the unknown tongue. This sort of mixed and muddled programme is always a mistake. Let the Austrians stick to Strauss, and they may possibly pick up a few engagements at garden parties and "at homes" next year, unless those Hungarian Bands happen to be too much about again.

The Monday and Saturday Populars are keeping up their audiences as usual. I do not much care for Marie Fromm—a pupil, I believe, of Madame Schumann; indeed, evidently so, for she crouches over the keyboard, and *picks* and *pounces* at her notes just like Madame Schumann. I suppose the pupils of these great people cannot help this sort of mimicry. All Liszt's pupils wave and flourish their hands and toss their heads just because Liszt's hair happens to be long and his enormous fingers ubiquitous. Marie Fromm's only merit is that she reminds one in style of Madame Schumann, but, although her intention is good, her digital articulation is not clear, nor is she always accurate—*so* accurate, I mean, as we expect a star pianiste to be. No one except Hallé, perhaps, is accurate. Bülow is *almost*, but not Rubinstein; nor is accuracy the highest merit; still it *is* a merit, and one usually looked for in the absence of genius, and one, let me add, which genius is no better for being without. Mdme. Norman Néruda still holds the post of first violin; but I thought the easy Mozart quartet a little carelessly rendered. Excellent players are apt to make light of what is so simple and familiar. I am bound, however, to say that

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Mdme. Norman Néruda was not to blame. She is never less than painstaking, and, as a rule, not less than brilliant,

I was much pleased with a string quartet by Miss Rosalind Ellicot, at Mr. Burnett and Ridley Prentice's concert. The work is flowing and melodic throughout, and contains a very striking little scherzo.

I had the good fortune to stray into the Princes' Hall, seeing outside the announcement that Mdlle. Kleeberg was giving a pianoforte recital. Truly, this is an age of pianoforte competition. Mdlle. Kleeberg, who has been playing lately at the Monday Populars, has achieved the difficult task of standing out like a bright particular star from the Milky Way of meritorious pianists. I soon perceived that Princes' Hall was filled with an extremely critical audience. I was struck with the number of well-known professionals and musical amateurs present. She began very properly with preludes and suites by Bach and Handel, which she played in perfect taste; too fast, of course, for the "old style," but the moderns, accustomed to the railroad and telegraph, could hardly tolerate the pace of Handel even were Handel himself to beat time. Mdlle. Kleeberg has "qualities," but not "mannerisms." Her greatest quality is an absolute faith in her composer. She evidently plays him exactly as she fancies he meant to be played—without a trick, or an exaggeration, or a touch of self-assertion. She seems to believe that a completely unsensational, accurate, delicate, and thoughtful reading of a Beethoven sonata will *do*—and, certainly, it *did*. The Sonata in C major, like most of Beethoven's sonatas, is something like "Hamlet"—every one has his own idea of how it ought to be played—but I think Mdlle. Kleeberg could hardly have improved on her rendering of it. She sacrificed nothing to *technique*, yet her cleanness and purity of touch forced itself upon the hearer very much as Millais's occasional painting of details forces itself upon the eye—that is, when he happens to have time to cover the canvas. I never heard anything finer than Mdlle. Kleeberg's shake in the last movement—the musical ripple of it haunts my ears still! In her *bravura* pieces, by Raff, Liszt, and Chopin, she surprised an audience accustomed to Bülow and Rubinstein by her facility and a certain rejoicing ease of execution. But, if I must criticise, I might say that Mdlle. is more at home, or, at least, in sympathy, with the less sensational pieces of Schumann, Mendelssohn, and Chopin, than in the terrific sentimentalities, the wild midnight and moonlight phantasies of Liszt. There is absolutely nothing of the demon or angel about her; she is simply of the best human kind; well skilled, full of sensibility, and perfectly normal in brain and balanced in sentiment. That is Mdlle. Kleeberg. And that being so, she is naturally confident in her composer, confident in herself, and not at all anxious about her audience; in short, an artiste "au bout des ongles"—ay, to the very finger tips.

I am sorry if it be true that the loss on the Parsifal Festivals has been about £300. On both occasions the Albert Hall looked very full. I suppose, however, that, after all, the Wagnerites could not be got to *pay* in sufficient numbers; still, £300 worth of paper and enthusiasm is rather an expensive luxury.

The talk of all musical circles is the incredible want of dignity displayed by Von Bülow, who, in the large hall of the Conservatoire at Berlin, in the presence of several Royalties, actually read out an adverse newspaper-criticism upon himself to the vast audience assembled. Well, well, my dear Von Bülow, no one is a greater admirer of you than I am; I think, too, that newspaper-criticism, even adverse, if competent and able, has a certain value, but it cannot be worth so much as you think; why, therefore, spend your time and risk your character in the vain attempt to immortalise the penny-a-liners of this world?

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—Heroes or Murderers?

(The Latest Phase of the *Mignonette* Case.)

ONE thing we notice which is well, at least,
The ill-judged fêting of the men has ceased;
Nor do they pose as heroes any more,
By virtue of a crime they should deplore.

'Twas but at best a horrid morbid craze
Which led the crowd to thus these men upraise;
And now 'tis well, we say, this stage is past,
And that their crime is really seen at last.

For 'twas a crime, regard it how we may,
To take a weak, defenceless life away;
A crime, too, that is yet more cowardly rendered
By those excuses glibly for it tendered.

"For think," urge some, "the boy was well-nigh dead,
Too weak to use his arm or raise his head.
Yes," they go on, "scarce able to exist,
And far too feeble even to resist!"

Too feeble to resist! Then what of those
Who such a victim for destruction chose?
What of their sense of justice? we would say,
What of their English instinct of fair play?

What will their brother sailors think of it?
Will they, we'd ask, such arguments admit?
Will they maintain it was not harshly wrong,
To sacrifice the weak to save the strong?

If so, then British Tars have changed indeed
From those old days and deeds of which we read;
When helplessness was in itself a plea
Which vainly urged on them could never be.

In those good times, the fact that one was weak
Was quite enough to Jack's best aid bespeak;
And the defenceless safely might depend
On finding in the British Tar a friend.

Nor can we think a change has taken place,
Because of this one sad and ghastly case;
No, we prefer to hope our sailors still,
In direst straits, their duty would fulfil.

Yes, though grim Death himself were close at hand,
We think they'd listen to Fairplay's demand,
And let the weakest with the strongest share
The one last chance which yet their lives might spare.

'Tis for *not* doing this that we so blame
Those men who now from Justice mercy claim.
Had they but acted fairly, not one word
Of censure had we then 'gainst them preferr'd.

No word of ours should have condemned the course
To which want forced them as a last resource;
Torture like theirs is past description far,
Nor dare we settle what its limits are.

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No, 'tis not what they did we censure thus—
Their fearful straits we need not here discuss:
The righteous punishment for which we plead
Is for the craven way they did the deed.

In this the fault lies, and to it condone—
As some have shown themselves unduly prone—
Would be to strike a dangerous blow, we hold,
At what we ought to value more than gold.

'Twould be, in sooth, to say that mere brute force
To men in peril should dictate their course,
And that, when common danger threatens all,
It is the weakest *must* go to the wall!

'Twould mean that what we now hold very dear,
The traits we worship, instincts we revere,
Should all henceforward be adjudged but vain,
That in their place base selfishness might reign!

Thus 'twas we saw with such supreme dismay,
The people's feeling but the other day,
Which led them into heroes false to turn,
Men whose proceedings all true hearts should spurn.

And thus it is with pleasure now we see
The change so marked there since has come to be,
Which heroes makes of murderers no more,
Nor deifies the deeds all should deplore.

'Tis well, we say, that it has come at length,
And that the Law has shown, with all its strength,
'Tis useless in a British Court to try
A cowardly homicide to justify.

Nor need we press for punishment on those
Who, howsoe'er their legal case may close,
Must carry in their breasts the fearful thought
Of that grim deed which on the seas they wrought.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE FUTURE LADY MACBETH.

AN American speculator is extremely anxious to get Mdme. Clovis Hugues to sign an engagement with him to play Lady Macbeth in the United States and different European cities, when she is acquitted. I have no doubt that she would, in that character, be one of the greatest successes of the age. She is Siddonsish in air, aspect, and possibly disposition; has lived in an atmosphere of poetry and fine art, and has a natural bent for *le style noble*. With very little teaching she would make a first-rate tragedy-Queen, and probably the finest Lady Macbeth that ever trod the boards of a theatre since Mrs. Siddons retired from the stage. Her voice accords with her person. It is strong, deep, and musical. Latterly, she was rather stout for perfect beauty. But it may be expected that seven weeks in a House of Detention will render her more slim. Being a sculptress, she has an eye for picturesque attitudes. Her arms are finely shaped, and though she is not a coquettish woman, she thinks it a pity to hide them. She often wears high dresses, with gauze or lace sleeves, which only slightly veil them. As I can't waste pity on such a wretch as Morin, and as I never yet saw a tolerable Lady Macbeth, I sincerely hope Mdme. Clovis Hugues will be acquitted and accept the offer of the American speculator.

All the ladies are tooth-and-nail partisans of the heroine of the Palais de Justice drama. An Equal Rights Association has congratulated her on the excellence of her aim. One of its members, M. Jules Allix, made, in the closing years of the Empire, a discovery relative to "the sympathising power of snails," which were then the rage for a season in the fashionable world. You put one snail at the end of a long suite of rooms, and another crawling creature of its species was then placed at the other end. Some nonsense, worthy of thought-reading adepts, was evolved from *les escargots sympathiques*. The scientific explanation is that the snail has olfactory nerves of intense keenness, which enable it to scent at great distances a vegetable that it likes to feed on. The Equal Rights Association, while insisting on all the liberties claimed by George Sand, were eloquent about Madame Clovis Hugues' defence of her honour. There are persons who laugh at them for this. Their inconsistency, however, is more real than apparent. I think they are in the case of Nell Gwynne's servant, who did not mind his fair employer being a minx, and the world knowing that she was one, but would not stand being called a minx's footman.

I had a conversation to-day with a Spanish statesman, which I recommend to the attention of Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Sir John Bennett. I asked him how things were going on in Madrid. "So, so. Nothing was possible for any length of time; not even the present Monarchy." "Not even? And to what are you going to give a turn next?" "Possibly to Isabella. She is popular, and may do to stop a gap." "Does she intrigue?" "Not much; but things conspire for her. She is just now in high dudgeon at not getting the money which was promised to her, and has gone off to nurse her anger at Seville." I asked whether the Infanta Isabella (Countess Girgenti) was not liked, and was not a superior woman? "She is very much disliked by those who approach her, because her great amusement is to turn them into ridicule behind their backs. She can't help exercising her wit at their expense. As to her superiority, it is wholly artistic. She is not thoughtful or a deep observer, and only notices surface qualities. But she can talk on almost any subject for awhile, even when she does not understand it. Her mother used to be a quiz, but she was good-hearted, if satirical, and age and adversity have taken the sting out of her tongue. She was turned out of Spain because a Marshal, who had a weakness for her, discovered that she ridiculed him in his absence. The best member of the family is the King. But there is some fatality attached to the Throne which undermines the intellect of those who occupy it for some years. I suppose Providence has set its face against hereditary despotism, and has so arranged things that a King in prosperous circumstances cannot have any intellect to speak of. Alphonso was reared in adversity, and brought up as any ordinary cadet. He was a singularly bright lad when he came back to Spain, and well-intentioned. But there has been an arrest of development and a stultifying action on him since. He wants heart-heat to carry away the people, and

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has no ideas which would, on public occasions, enable him to improvise a happy saying. Even the theatrical part of the Royal business is no longer gone through by him well." I said: "What is there in the Spanish Throne which withers up intellect and heart?" "It is not the Spanish Throne only; it is all Thrones, and, indeed, all high hereditary positions which are kept up by large fortunes. My youth has been spent, as you know, among the chief families of Spain, Italy, and France, and I have been close to most Thrones in the world. I cannot think of a Royal family that I know in which I have not observed degeneration. The Emperor of Brazil is an exception. But his life has been spent in slaying giants of all kinds, which he was obliged to slay, and his Court is the most unconventional and homely place imaginable. His daughter and heiress, the Princess Imperial, is on a lower level than her father, and her children are poor weeds. The Austrian Archdukes have *tastes*, but there is not a brain among them that can generate a thought. King Humbert has fine spurts of feeling, and has so often had to try and gain popularity in cities inimical to the House of Savoy, that whatever qualities he may be endowed with have not lain idle. But in the Royal Houses of Saxony, Sweden, Holland, Belgium, and Bavaria, you hardly find anything above second-rate dilettantism. Science is played with, but its principles are not understood." I instanced the brother of the Empress of Austria, who is a distinguished oculist. "Not so distinguished as you think. He is rather a seeker after pathological curiosities of the eye. He has astonishing dexterity and firmness of hand, and a good memory, but is at sea in a new case. However, he should not be strictly classed as a Royal scientist. The Max *in* Bavaria family are poor, and they were all country-bred. The young people have—such are the ways of the house—brought themselves up amid dogs, horses, stablemen, or any other class to which they were attracted. The Empress of Austria learned English from the stablemen, and Theodore first studied eye-diseases on a horse and some old dogs with a farrier. Our greatest grandees are numskulls; but as they have no combativeness in them, they pass for being amiable, and put up with being robbed, which makes those of lower rank about them acquiesce in their privileges. The Roman nobility, unless of recent date, are no better; and we know that the expensive hats sold in the Faubourg St. Germain are much less in circumference than those of the same price that are sold in the Quartier Latin."

SPORTING NOTES.

THE most remarkable feature of the latter part of the racing season was the great and continued successes of the popular colours of "Mr. Manton," whose luck turned from the hour of the rupture with Captain Machell. "Mr. Manton," moreover, won large stakes at Leicester, Liverpool, and Manchester, especially over Keir, for whom the commission was practically unlimited. "Mr. Manton," besides, was particularly fortunate in getting rid of Bedford Lodge on good terms, and also in obtaining high prices for a number of horses which had been pretty well "played out," and it must have been by a special and direct intervention of Providence on behalf of the "all scarlet" that there was no bid for Keir when he was put up at 1,000 gs. I hear that Thebais is to be kept in training for another year, and her handsome and very smart brother, Clairvaux, will not be sent to the stud unless it is found impossible to give him a preparation. Corrie Roy also may be seen out again. She has not yet got over her race in the Manchester Cup, when, it will be remembered, she was actually attempting to give Florence 35 lb. It was his race with Abbot at Manchester in 1880 which "settled" Isonomy. "Mr. Manton's" two-year-olds, with the exception of Grecian Bride, have turned out hopeless failures, and the 1,050 gs. Lucebit and the 1,000 gs. Queen Marian colt have both been weeded out of the stud. "Mr. Manton" will not, therefore, be strong in three-year-olds next season, but I hear that there are some very promising yearlings in the stable—as, indeed, there well may be, considering the choice collection of brood mares which Mr. Crawfurd left behind him. The Bedford Cottage division have experienced a truly smashing year, and it may be doubted whether any "betting" stable ever before encountered so prolonged a series of reverses. They lost heavily on the Two Thousand and One Thousand, and the winnings over Harvester in the Derby were all swallowed up by Queen Adelaide, who led them still deeper into the mire at Ascot and at Goodwood, and a great deal of money was lost over her at Doncaster. After her running at Derby she seems a bad bargain at 3,000 gs., if, indeed, any such price was really paid for her; but she is no doubt all to pieces, and a winter's rest may perhaps restore her to her past form, in which case Captain Machell will probably go for a Hunt Cup coup with her; but it will not be easy to win a great stake over this mare, as she is the sort of beast which is sure to be sedulously "followed" with dismal pertinacity by "the talent." Queen Adelaide was a first favourite for no fewer than four races this year (including the Derby), and she was very freely backed for three other races; and she has won nothing! It is a melancholy fact that this mare has been grossly "messed about" from the hour when she won the July Stakes, and it is a positive aggravation that Captain Machell should have managed her, as of all men he ought surely to be acquainted with the peculiarities of Hermit and his stock.

Although we hear so much about the enormously increased value of stakes, yet there is a great falling off, not merely in the nominal gains of the winning owners, but also in the amounts won by the winning horses. Busybody is not only the most successful three-year-old of the season, but also is absolutely at the top of the list of winners, and yet her gains amount to only £6,400, the value of the One Thousand and Oaks—a sum which, however, would have been more than doubled if she could have started fit and well for the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, and the Leger, both of which races she would certainly have won. The second three-year-old is Lambkin, who won three races worth £5,300; and then comes St. Gatien, with four victories, and half the Derby, amounting altogether to £4,900; while Scot Free (two races) has £4,800, and Cherry (three races) is close behind him. By the way, it is not easy to

understand why this filly was not started for the One Thousand, instead of (or in addition to) Sandiway. There must have been egregious blundering in the trial which made her out to be considerably inferior to the Duke of Westminster's filly. Harvester won two races, in addition to his half of the Derby—the whole amounting to £4,000. Cambusmore won four races, worth £3,850; and, by the way, his owner now desires to sell him for £2,000. Sandiway won three races, worth £3,250, the most valuable being the Coronation Stakes at Ascot, in which she brought the gullish herd to grief by defeating Queen Adelaide, who ought not to have been favourite, for she looked wretchedly stale and jaded. Of older horses, Florence heads the list (second of the whole lot) with five races, worth £5,400, in addition to which she won the Baden Grand Prix, which, so far as I can remember, was worth nearly £3,000. Florence's most remunerative English victory was her first, in the Manchester Cup, for which handicap she was my sole selection. Energy is next to Florence, with four races, worth £4,200, and this score would have been increased considerably but for the desperate fatuity which induced "Mr. Manton" and Captain Machell to withdraw him from the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, which was a certainty for him. Tristan, who has now been relegated to the Chamant Stud, won £3,500 by the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot, and half the Champion Stakes. Prism won four races, worth £2,950; and St. Simon, with the same number of wins, is credited with £2,800. The report that the Duke of Portland's "crack" has been turned out of training, with a view to his immediate retirement to the stud, is incorrect, and if all goes well we may look forward to seeing him and St. Gatien meet each other in next year's Ascot Cup, and I hope that the Duc de Castries may send over Little Duck for that event. Of two-year-olds, Melton won three races, worth £4,900; and next is Luminary, with four, worth £3,500; and then comes Cora, with £3,400 for three victories. This filly is the great two-year-old success of the season, for she cost only £200 gs. at last year's Beenham sale, and if she trains on, the One Thousand, at least, looks a certainty for her. Lonely won £2,800, and, of all the high-priced yearlings of Mr. Chaplin's 1883 lot, she has so far been the only really good bargain. She then cost Lord Cadogan 530 gs. The 1,600 gs. sister to Queen Adelaide walked away with a Maiden Plate on the day before the Cesarewitch, and will, no doubt, pay her way; and the 2,000 gs. Rosy Morn (bought as a foal by Mr. Chaplin from Mr. Carew Gibson for 430 gs.) won the Woodcote Stakes, and would probably have developed into a really good horse if, unluckily, he had not turned roarer. The 1,250 gs. brother to Althotas is still dark, but the 1,500 gs. half-brother (by Rosicrucian) to Pero Gomez is a doleful failure—like everything else out of Salamanca since Vasco di Gama. The next two-year-old winners to Lonely are Necromancer and St. Helena, each of which won over £2,600.

It is somewhat remarkable that last week, at the sale of Mr. Jardine's racehorses, nobody could be found to bid 500 gs. for Shrewsbury, who, considering his breeding (Brown Bread—Voyageuse), must surely be well worth the money for stud purposes. Shrewsbury was bred by Mr. Eyke, and at the sale of his yearlings in 1880, Mr. Jardine paid 2,000 gs. for him; at the same time he bought the colt by Brown Bread—Hygeia for 1,800 gs. They proved woeful investments, for the only stake won by Shrewsbury in four seasons was the Newmarket Derby of 1882, which was worth £637; while the Hygeia colt never won anything. Newton, who last week won the Great Tom Stakes at Lincoln, was bought by Porter, for the Duke of Westminster, for 1,200 gs.—well within his value; and Springbok, who won the Shrewsbury Cup, was not dear at 500 gs. to Count E. Batthyany, who has sent him to Hungary, and intends to run him at Buda-Pesth next year. Acrostic, who was bred by Lord Scarbrough, cost the late Mr. F. Gretton 1,050 gs. at Doncaster in 1881, and at the sale of that gentleman's stud, in January, 1883, Mr. Jardine paid 1,400 gs. for him. He has turned out a good bargain, having won the Royal Hunt Cup and several other handicaps. Mr. Crest gave 750 gs. for him.

The only important sporting event of last week was the sudden death of Macgregor, which certainly was a most disastrous loss for Mr. Howett, who has been singularly unfortunate with his breeding stud. Macgregor, as a sire, was a failure, for the only horse by him which has shown good form is Scot Free, and so far there is no reason whatever for regarding *him* as a first-class animal. Macgregor was decidedly a "sensation" horse, and he has been fortunate in the season of his death, for if he had deceased three months ago, the sporting papers would scarcely have discussed at such prodigious length on his career. Macgregor won the Two Thousand "all the way," but it is a fact beyond dispute that in that race Kingcraft (the favourite) was thoroughly well "chopped" at the start, and he never got fairly into his stride until the race, to all practical purposes, was over. It has always been thought that Mr. Merry lost the Derby by running Macgregor at Bath, and the course which he adopted was certainly most utterly idiotic, and might have qualified him for Earlswood; but the fact is that Mr. Merry was very "dour" on the subject of this horse. It was known to him at a very early date that Macgregor was considerably inferior to Sunshine and to Sunlight, and a tremendous coup had been arranged by Mr. Merry in his private mind; but, when the affair was still simmering, he, as ill-luck would have it, passed an evening in Glasgow, and enjoyed what the Rev. Bute Crawley termed "a wet night," in the course of which a *very* "canny," and not too scrupulous, Glaswegian managed to extract invaluable information respecting the merits of his friend's two-year-old, which he afterwards turned to most profitable account; in fact, "the cream of the market" for the Two Thousand and Derby was well skimmed long before the owner had invested a farthing. If Sunshine had gone on well, Mr. Merry, nevertheless, would have played "the great game" in a rare fashion during the spring of 1870.

After the Derby of that year, it was thought that nothing could surprise people; but, really and truly, the Oaks was a far more "sensational" race; although in all the notices of Macgregor there has not probably been a single allusion to the infinitely more astonishing collapse of Hester, who, within an hour of the race, was backed in three hands for £20,000. The mare was poisoned, and so thoroughly, that she was not only ruined for racing, but she proved worthless at the stud. General Peel was

most anxious that Joseph Dawson should take proceedings against the instigators of this atrocious outrage, for he considered that there was sufficient circumstantial evidence to have supported a verdict in a criminal proceeding. But Dawson was one of the most generous, easy, and placable of men, and he let the matter rest, with the result that two years later a determined and all but successful attempt was made to "nobble" Prince Charlie by the agents of the gang who had instigated the poisoning of Hester. If Prince Charlie had been beaten for the Two Thousand, the miscreants who were concerned in this infamy would, in the phrase of the Eastern fable, have found that in beating the jungle for a deer, they had stumbled on a tiger; for on this occasion General Peel had insisted on taking the matter into his own hands, and I know that he had it in his power to expose all the hidden springs of motion, and, moreover, that he was resolved to do so in the event of its turning out that the horse had been seriously injured by the Craven Week affair.

MAMMON.

EGYPT.

IT is sincerely to be hoped that the Great Powers will absolutely decline our proposals in regard to Egypt, for in this case we shall, in all probability, clear out of the country, bag and baggage, so soon as Gordon is relieved. In Egypt there is one man—the Khedive—who wishes us to remain; in Europe there are only a few English Jingoes and a few cosmopolitan usurers. When we went there, we expressly pledged ourselves to derive no benefit from our expedition, and Mr. Gladstone has, again and again, renewed this pledge. Our stay there has been a curse alike to ourselves and to the Egyptians. The government of the country is no better, the burthens are greater, whilst the cordiality which existed between ourselves and France has disappeared. Our folly has cost us about ten millions. We should be losers were we to take Egypt. Whether that country be independent, or under a European control, or in the possession of one of the Continental Great Powers, ought to be a matter of absolute indifference to us, for we can close the Mediterranean route to India so long as we are masters in the Red Sea. We are like babies who, having the clean end of the stick, want also to grasp the dirty end. Our course has been as absurd as if we were to insist upon establishing a Protectorate over Morocco, and upon paying all the debts of that country, in order to hold the Straits of Gibraltar.

Mr. Gladstone has had several opportunities of carrying out his own policy and leaving Egypt, but he has failed to profit by them, owing to hesitation at the last moment. He will soon have another, and this will be when Gordon is brought back from Khartoum. But, in order to carry out the policy of evacuation, he must submit proposals to Europe very different from those which were either suggested at the Conference, or which are suggested now. Their basis must be that neither we, nor any other Power, must exercise supremacy on the banks of the Nile, and that neither we, nor any other Power, must act upon the financial heresy that payment of interest to foreign bondholders can be a charge on a country ranking before costs of administration and of defence. Our object should be to secure the neutralisation of Egypt, leaving its Government to the Egyptians, and neutralisation of the Canal under some sort of European control. With regard to the debt, the Law of Liquidation ought to be so far modified as to make interest on the Bonds dependent upon the margin over administrative expenditure. This might be done by imposing an export tax on native produce, and applying it to the payment of this interest. Egypt produces more than she consumes. The excess is exported. A tax, therefore, on exports would be an annual standard of the amount of interest which she can pay to her creditors, and its collection would not involve interference in domestic matters. If necessary, it could be collected at the few export ports by an international commission.

TURKEY.

The Sick Man is on his very last legs. The Turkish Empire was a financial expression. It existed by borrowing. Being unable to do this, it falls to pieces. The Governors of the provinces have been ordered to send all coin that they can screw out of the inhabitants to Constantinople; nothing is to be retained for local expenses. The army is on the verge of revolt, owing to not being paid; the civil employés are starving; the wretched people are harried by tax-gatherers and by brigands. Albania is in rebellion. Macedonia is a hell on earth. Under these circumstances, the wisdom of purchasing Turkish Bonds is questionable. I expect that a decree will soon go forth that, as necessity knows no law, the hypothecated taxes must be paid into the Imperial Treasury, and their proceeds will be devoted to administrative expenditure.

GRAND TRUNK.

Of all the "rigs" on the Stock Exchange perhaps the most unjustifiable was that which sent the various securities of this Company up to a ridiculous value. The ordinary Stock of the Company is absolutely worthless, and the same may be said of the Third Preference Stock. The following is a careful estimate of what is likely, under the most favourable circumstances, to be the result of the working of the present half year. Allowing £67,000 for the traffics of each of the remaining five weeks, and adding them to the traffics already published, the traffics for the half year will amount to £1,846,275, which, at a working rate of 74 per cent. is equal to £480,000. To this must be added £11,200 from International Bridge, £14,350 from Chicago and Grand Trunk, £10,000 interest on capital temporarily employed, £6,000 interest on Wellington, Grey, & Bruce—total, £521,550. Deducting £400,800 interest on bonded debt, and £104,000 on Guaranteed Stock, there will remain for distribution £16,750, which will pay about 1 per cent. on the Preference Stock.

John Shaw, Share Broker, Wardrobe-chambers, Queen Victoria-st. deals at tape prices at an inclusive commission of one-sixteenth. Four tapes in office. Telephone 1578. Buys and sells stocks for delivery at one-eighth, and pays cash if desired.

Profitable Investments.—Our circular for December, now ready, contains particulars of several selections, paying from Five to Ten per Cent., in the safest and best paying class of securities, viz.:—Trust, Mortgage, and Investment Companies.—Abbott Page & Co., Stockbrokers, 42, Poultry, London, E.C.

THE MONTANA COMPANY.

This Anglo-American mining concern was ushered into the world at the commencement of last year with even more than the usual flourish of trumpets, and certain fortunes were promised to the British investor. Mr. John Darlington's report on the mine was exceedingly favourable, and testified to the existence of 150,000 tons of good milling ore, a statement which was also embodied in the prospectus. On the strength of this report the Joint-Stock Association of London succeeded in foisting the property on the new Company at the enormous price of £500,000, although the vendor had been prepared to accept little more than half this sum. The prodigious profit thus realised is supposed to have gone into the pockets of the astute promoters of which that association is composed. Just for one year—from April, 1883, to March, 1884—the yield of ore remained fairly satisfactory, although falling from 80 to 50 dollars per ton of ore, but since the latter date it has declined to 9·34 and 11·86 dollars in August and September respectively, a rate which leaves a considerable loss on mining operations. The tale which two of the directors, Messrs. N. Story-Maskelyne, M.P., and J. R. Armitage, who have recently returned from a visit to the mine, had to tell the meeting of shareholders, discloses a degree of negligence, fraud, and mismanagement which, even in these times of startling disclosures, is not often met with. The Company had been defrauded in almost every direction. Supplies and machinery had been paid for far above their value, large amounts of mercury, amalgam, and retorted metal had been stolen, and the Company were even cheated in the bullion, as the return of silver and gold from the melters in New York was 4½ per cent. to 5 per cent., and of silver 13 per cent. to 14 per cent., under the assays made at the mine. It is surprising that the directors should not have found out at an earlier period that the Company was being robbed in this disgraceful manner, but it is even more astonishing that the thieves should not have been discovered and called to account. The chairman, Mr. Story-Maskelyne, admitted that the manager, whom he had engaged, had not done his duty, and it is to be hoped that the committee of shareholders which has been appointed will look closely into that gentleman's conduct; but the discrepancy between Mr. Darlington's report and that of Mr. Hamilton Smith, jun., ought to form an even more important branch of the investigation. When the latter gentleman, whose experience and standing as a mining expert are beyond doubt, states that he only obtained assays of 3·48 dols. to 2·57 dols. per ton, where Mr. Darlington certified to 296·66 dols. and 289 26 dols., it is evident that there was something totally wrong about the first report, which led the British investor to embark his money in this American mining enterprise.

THE GÜLCHER ELECTRIC-LIGHT COMPANY.

Whatever may be the ultimate fate of this Company, which is one of the unfortunate concerns owing their existence to the electric-light mania of 1882, it is satisfactory to find that a considerable improvement in the Company's position has been brought about by what may be called the "Shareholders' Board" of the Company. In September, 1883, the old directors, who had thoroughly mismanaged the undertaking, were turned out and new directors were appointed from amongst the shareholders. As Mr. Daniel de Castro, the chairman, stated at the general meeting held last Thursday, the new Board found the Company in a deplorable condition. The balance in the bank was £57, there were no assets to collect, the liabilities exceeded £20,000, and there was a bill of sale for over £11,000 over their property. The directors very wisely took the principal *bonâ-fide* shareholders into their confidence, and, through the very substantial help these gentlemen afforded, they succeeded in pulling the concern, to a great extent, out of the mess. A close investigation of the circumstances connected with the promotion of the Company appears to have disclosed no small amount of jobbery, for the Shareholders' Board recovered no less than £70,000 of the purchase-money, which was supposed to have gone into the pockets of the inventor, Mr. Gülcher, but which had in reality found its way into the pockets of our ubiquitous friend, the promoter. It is, indeed, cheering to find that, in this instance, the operation of making that iniquitous person disgorge has been carried out successfully. The case of this Company is remarkable in another way. The old Board had very ill-advisedly, in addition to the Gülcher patents, bought the "Crookes" incandescent lamp at the enormous price of £35,000 before its practical value had even been tested—in fact, they had bought "a lamp in a poke," and a very bad one of its kind it turned out to be. According to the directors, every aid has been given to Mr. Henry Crookes, as superintendent of the incandescent lamp department, and who is the son of the inventor of the lamp, to enable him to turn out a marketable article; but notwithstanding that £4,065 has been spent upon this department alone, Mr. Crookes has never been able to produce a good lamp, and the directors see no prospects of his ever manufacturing a marketable article. The Board, therefore, very naturally invited the patentee to return to the Company at least half his purchase-money and to take back his patents, to do which, however, that gentleman absolutely refused. The Board consequently brought an action against him for the return of the whole of the purchase-money, while his action against the Company for a receiver and manager is also pending. It will thus be seen that the difficulties of the Company are by no means over, but the Shareholders' Board deserve every credit for having taken the bull by the horns, and their conduct contrasts very favourably with the disgraceful mismanagement indulged in by the old Board.

AN EXTRAORDINARY INVESTMENT.

My recent article, "Touting by Private Circular," has brought me the following communication from Cardiff:—

Dear "Truth,"—Judging from the remarks which you have made from time to time on the prospectuses sent you, I infer that you have been exceptionally unfortunate. I mean that you have had no really nice ones. Now I, on the other hand, have had

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C.

The Scottish Widows' Fund, the oldest of the Scottish Life Assurance Offices. Accumulated Funds, £8,500,000 (the largest of any Life Assurance Institution in the kingdom). Special Notice. Persons effecting participating Assurances before 31st December, 1884, on which one annual premium is paid will rank at next Division of Profits for a full year's Bonus over later entrants.

several, but the enclosed is far and away the best, and feeling very generous to-day, I send it you. I do not know who John Lenn & Co., Limited, are, but it is evident that those who take advantage of their circular will owe them a debt of gratitude difficult to repay.
A Subscriber.

It is quite probable that some of the "nicest" circulars of the touting fraternity do not always come under my notice, but then it is even more than probable that the address of Truth is about the last to which they would direct their interesting missives. The circular which my correspondent encloses is a paraphrase of the prospectus of "La Trinidad (Limited)," a Mexican silver-mining venture recently launched; and the authors of the interesting document are John Lenn & Co. (Limited), of 4 and 5, Grocers' Hall-court, styling themselves Bankers and Stock and Share dealers. The circular is headed "An extraordinary investment," and gives such positive information about this new enterprise, that I should say John Lenn & Co. must be on very intimate terms with the promoter. The prospectus advertised in the newspapers bristles with the most romantic statements as to the wealth and prospects of the mine, but it is nothing compared with this precious circular. The following is a specimen:—"After careful and minute investigation of the details, we not only believe that the 20 per cent. per annum guaranteed will be earned by the Company, but we are confident and feel certain that within a few months not less than £113 per cent. per annum will be forthcoming." One of Lenn & Co.'s most trusted agents has personally inspected the properties, and for that reason they "say with confidence that the supply of the precious metal (silver) is simply inexhaustible. Imagine £2,000,000 in profits extracted from what is termed a mere sample of one thousand feet, and try to imagine from this what must be contained in the whole twelve thousand feet, especially when it is remembered that the lode is three hundred and sixty feet wide. It is simply *quarrying* silver." These philanthropists, however, omit to state that the guarantee of the twenty per cent. dividend per annum for five years, given by the vendor, consists of £200,000 of his vendor shares, and would be absolutely worthless in case the mine were to be unsuccessful. As to the profits of £2,000,000, which are stated to have been made during the last fifty years, I should be content to see the accounts of the last decade. The vendor of the concern is a Mr. John Thomas Browne, who has made a contract with a Madame Alsua. From the unusual statement in the prospectus, "that the contracts mentioned in it are believed by the directors to be the only contracts required to be specified by the Companies Act, 1867, but that, to avoid any questions, any further compliance therewith shall be deemed to have been waived," the inference might be drawn that there are other contracts in existence which it is inconvenient to disclose. I wonder how much Madame Alsua, or any other original owner, really gets out of the purchase-money of £440,000, payable in shares? Probably John Lenn & Co., who know so much about the property, could enlighten us on the subject. They are offering the shares at a discount of 2s. 6d. to those who pay up in full at once. Considering that "they have ascertained that the dividends cannot possibly be less than £113 per cent. per annum, and are confident that they will be no less even than £140 per cent., it is, indeed, an unheard-of act of generosity to offer these shares to the public at all. But, then, Messrs. Forman and Gooch, two of the directors of "La Trinidad," and Mr. J. T. Browne, the vendor, are also directors of certain unproductive Cornish Mining ventures, such as the East Wheel Rose, Old Sheperds, Duchy Peru, &c., which have often been similarly puffed, but which do not pay any dividends, and so, perhaps, after all, the £140 per cent. profit is not quite so certain as John Lenn & Co. would have the British investor believe.

"Liberty" Arabian Furniture and Decoration. A new Sketch-book post-free. Liberty & Co., Chesham House. Regent-street, W

QUEER STORIES.

WHO WERE THEY?

WE had not long been settled at Hilton Vicarage when we became acquainted with the Jervoises, who lived in a small house close by the Vicarage gates. They had taken it on a yearly lease, some years before our arrival in the parish, but had so thoroughly settled down into it that I think the village would have been as much astonished by their flitting as if the church steeple had suddenly started off for a constitutional. He was a singularly handsome, *bien conservé* man of forty, or thereabouts; she, a slight, graceful invalid of thirty, perhaps, but of so fair and delicate a complexion that her age was not easily fixed. They lived very quietly, though there seemed to be no lack of money; certainly not when it was a question of relieving any real distress in the neighbourhood.

When they first came there had been, doubtless, plenty of guesses as to their origin, but by the time Frank and I took possession of the vicarage all curiosity respecting them had died out. Though they had come as perfect strangers, with no introductions, and had quietly and unobtrusively parried all attempts to discover their antecedents, their quiet, regular life, and their particularly charming manners, had recommended them to every one in the neighbourhood; and it had depended only on themselves to have had the *entrée* of every house for miles round. Mr. Jervoise made a few acquaintances in the hunting-field, where his skill and courage were alike remarkable. After a time the wives of these gentlemen called on Mrs. Jervoise, and returned singing her praises as loudly as their husbands lauded Mr. Jervoise; but, somehow, the acquaintance thus begun never got any further. Mrs. Jervoise was an invalid, and declined every invitation on the score of health; so that in course of time her only lady associate had been my predecessor, the late vicar's wife—a dear, lovable old lady, whom no one could resist, and who still continued to live in the village even after her husband's death, and made a point of introducing me. Like every one else, I was charmed with Mrs. Jervoise, and found, in spite of her reticence, that my increasing acquaintance only added to my liking. Certainly no vicar's wife ever had a more efficient sympathiser and helper in any case of distress. Her kindness and ingenuity were alike inexhaustible; and, always ready to assist both with hand and heart, purse and brain, she was a perfect godsend in our overgrown and very poor parish. Several years passed,

our life being a very fair Midland-county, nineteenth-century reproduction of "Sleepy Hollow"; but one day we were rudely startled from our peaceful existence.

A case or two of fever had occurred in one of the low-lying lanes running down to the little river that flowed through the centre of our village, but no one thought more of it than to shrug their shoulders over "those dreadful cottages, regular fever-dens, you know," and to inveigh against the landlord, a non-resident, for not keeping them in a proper sanitary state. I am wrong, though, in saying that no one thought or did more than this. The Jervoises, as usual on such occasions, came nobly to the front, and Mr. Jervoise might often be seen coming out of one or other of the wretched hovels. One day I was going that way to inquire after one of the sick, when I met him coming from the very cottage I purposed entering.

"Are you going in to see the Dawses, Mrs. Wargrave? Because, let me warn you, it is a case of scarlet-fever, and a bad case, too."

I looked, as I felt, aghast.

"Yes," he went on, "it is pretty bad. I felt sure what it was when I first went in; and Dr. Manby, for whom I sent, confirmed my opinion. There is nothing you can do for them. Your husband has been, so has the doctor; and, considering those young children of yours, I don't think *you* should venture."

I confess the recollection of my nursery unnerved me, and I turned, like a coward.

"But you?" I asked, as he came back with me.

"Oh! me!" he answered, with a half-smile, "I am fever-proof, and Cecil is not nervous. Besides, I take precautions, and then—we have no children."

He hesitated as he added the last reason, and it flashed across me that I remembered an exquisite miniature of a child, of which I had just caught a glimpse once, in Mrs. Jervoise's work-basket, and to which, as she at once covered it, half-unconsciously, with her work, I did not venture to allude.

From this day I seemed constantly to meet Mr. Jervoise. He constituted himself assistant to the doctor, curate to my husband, and man-of-all-work generally to the parish. His hands were soon full, for ere long there was hardly a house without at least one invalid.

I also was busy, though my mother-in-law swooped down on us at the first hint of an epidemic, and carried off our three bairns. The dear old lady would fain have carried me off with them, but I rebelled. Who, if I went, was to look after Frank, who had an uncomfortable habit of forgetting on any emergency that he was a mere mortal; and would work as if he possessed the united lives of fifty cats, and the strength of a score of horses; for which forgetfulness, I may mention, he was pretty safe to pay severely afterwards?

So I stayed, and though sternly forbidden to go into any of the infected houses, I found I had plenty to do in keeping up the necessary supply of kitchen physic, and in acting as matron to an impromptu home for (temporary) orphans, who were sent up to me, to be out of the way, from all parts of the parish.

At this time Mrs. Jervoise utterly cast off her invalidism, and worked side by side with her husband so courageously and skilfully that there was not a soul in the place who did not look on them as direct messengers from heaven to help us in our need. At the end of what seemed an interminable period, the epidemic was at last got under, and we all began to rest and regain our normal habits. A few cases, however, still lingered, and the large number of fresh mounds in the church-yard testified to the severity of the visitation. But, in spite of these witnesses, we felt the worst was over, and rejoiced accordingly.

One afternoon, when I was busy preparing the nurseries for my children, who were to be brought back by their grandmother in a few days, I heard my husband calling me at the foot of the stairs. But for a troubled tone in his voice, which I at once detected, I confess I should not have hurried; as it was, I ran down with a half-made curtain in my hands.

"Mary, can you put on your bonnet, and come over at once to the Jervoises? They are in trouble."

"Which has taken it?" I exclaimed.

"He has," was the reply. "I called in about some trifle on my way up from the village, and Bessie, the maid, told me, with tears in her eyes, that 'Master was down, and Missis was very nearly wild.' I went in; but I soon found I could do no good, so I pelted off to see if Sister Emily had left, as she had talked of doing. Luckily, those kind Simmondses had persuaded her to allow herself one more day of rest before taking up fresh work, so she then and there came back with me to the Holt; and now, dear, I want you to come at once, and see what is to be done with *her*. There is something dreadfully wrong about those two, I am certain, from a few words she dropped in her misery this afternoon; but no matter, whoever is to blame, she is not, I'm morally convinced—and, anyway, she is in trouble, so come along, little woman!"

In less than ten minutes we were at the Holt. Mr. Jervoise was sleeping—at all events, he was quiet, and Sister Emily had made Mrs. Jervoise go and lie down in the drawing-room. "And would I go to her there?" said Bessie. Accordingly, I went to the drawing-room, and, coming out of the sun-glare, could not at first distinguish anything in the darkened room. As, however, my eyes became accustomed to the twilight, I saw Mrs. Jervoise lying on the sofa, her head buried in the pillows. Poor soul! She was sobbing convulsively, though trying hard to stifle the sound. When I touched her, she started, and, seeing who it was, flung herself into my arms, but then sprang back, saying:—

"Oh, why do you come? You ought not, it is the fever, you know." I cared little for ten fevers at that moment, and drawing her down again on the couch told her so, petting and soothing her as one would a tired child. After a time she slept, and shifting her head from my arm to the cushion, I went to find out what I could about her husband. Alas! things were as bad as my worst fears had pictured them. Worn out by his exertions, his constitution, weakened by wear and tear in a hot climate (he had told the doctor that he had spent ten years in India), and by trouble, he had broken down completely, and, from the first, there was no hope. He was delirious the whole time, and his wanderings were painful to listen to. He never recognised his wife, but called for her incessantly, every sentence he uttered showing his intense love

for her. After the first outburst, she controlled herself, and waited on him, in turn with Sister Emily, as quietly and steadily as ere now she had done on some fever-stricken cottager, though day by day her face grew more drawn and wearied, and the heart-broken look on it more terrible. To make a long story short, he died, unconscious to the end of his wife's presence, though his last breath was spent in a wild prayer for her.

From the moment he died she seemed to turn to stone. She never shed a tear, but saw to everything herself, making all the arrangements, and evidently trying in every way to save us any work. I could see that she only kept up by sheer force of will, and could hardly bear her out of my sight. The night before the funeral she left me, saying she *must* go to Gerald for the last time. After a little I grew anxious, and, calling Frank, we went together to seek her. The coffin was nailed down, but by the side of it lay my poor friend, stretched at full length where she had evidently fallen—stone dead.

I don't know how the doctors accounted for it; I only know what I, and the rest of the unlearned, thought; and that was that her loving heart broke, when her all was taken from her.

Strangely enough, with their death, the sort of mystery attaching to them was renewed and increased. The morning of the funeral a lawyer appeared, announcing himself as Mrs. Jervoise's man of business, summoned by her; he took charge of everything, gave up the house, discharged the servants with handsome gratuities, and finished up by sending me some jewels, with a few words written by my poor friend just after her husband's death. All trace of the Jervoises left was the tombstone in the churchyard, and even that was mysterious, for it simply bore the initials G. J. and C. J., with a date.

Several years later I was at Brighton, and was much struck by a very handsome woman, who frequented all the most fashionable places at the most fashionable times, and whom I heard of as being one of the gayest and most run-after of the many beauties of the season. I asked my sister-in-law, with whom I was staying, who my beauty was, and was told that she was the wife of a Sir Walter Jeffrys, an old Indian general, a most distinguished man, with every kind of decoration, and almost every letter of the alphabet after his name.

"But where is he?" asked I.

"He! Oh, he's a confirmed invalid, entirely under the rule of his handsome, vulgar wife, who married him quite lately simply for his wealth and position, and who, having attained these, has decidedly no notion of being nurse to a half-bedridden, childish old man."

"What a shame!"

"Well, my dear, perhaps it is," replied my sister-in-law, "but I confess to a feeling of satisfaction when I see that old fellow dragged past in his bath-chair, with no one but a sulky nurse with him. There, Mary, my dear, don't look so horrified, and I'll tell you the reason. You see, before I married Tom, when I was up the country, in India, with my first husband, Dr. Joynver, I knew the Jeffrys, for Sir Walter had a wife then; not the present one, of course. Poor Cecil! she was the daughter of a civilian out there, and came out to join her people, whom she had not seen since she was seven or eight. She was a sweetly pretty young girl, and Sir Walter, who was Colonel Jeffrys then, proposed to her, and was accepted—by her parents. The poor child was engaged, when she reached India, to a cousin, a Captain Jerningham, but to this her father would not listen for one moment, and a short time after her arrival she became Mrs. Jeffrys. Poor girl! a few weeks after her wedding she found out what sort of man she had married, and, if all stories be true, had felt the weight of his arm before she had been a wife six months.

"Colonel Jeffrys's one recommendation must have been his money, for his temper and his morals were alike infamous. Lax to an indescribable degree himself, he was intolerably jealous of his unhappy wife, and became perfectly furious if she interchanged six words with any man. Unfortunately, Captain Jerningham arrived out just about this time, and poor Cecil's life became even more unbearable.

"At last one night, after a heavy evening at mess, Colonel Jeffrys returned to his bungalow. What happened no one ever knew. All that was known was that screams and shrieks were heard, and that Mrs. Jeffrys fled out of the house, pursued by her husband with his drawn sword (this little eccentricity was politely credited to "d.t." by accommodating doctors and friends!), and sought refuge in the nearest bungalow, which was, unluckily, Captain Jerningham's. Attracted by the noise—like many more—he came out, and, very naturally, protected her, declaring he would shoot any one who dared come near her. She stayed there that night, and the following morning, at earliest dawn, went to her father's house. He refused to take her in; so did her husband, adding the order 'to be off to the man for whom she had betrayed him'; for which insult, by the way, he had not the shadow of a reason beyond his own mad jealousy. Frantic with shame and despair, she followed his advice.

"Captain Jerningham would have married her there and then, but, thanks to Colonel Jeffrys, no divorce was procurable. So they disappeared, and what became of them I never could discover. But now you see why I don't exactly lament at the fate of Sir Walter Jeffrys."

So ended my sister-in-law's story. But why did the thought haunt me that Jerningham, Jeffrys, and Jervoise all began with the same letter, and that Mrs. Jervoise's name was Cecil?

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR DAISY,—What a harum-scarum letter! You ask me to send you a list of *suitable* presents. To suit *whom*? You say not a word of the age, sex, taste, or culture of the people for whom you want them. Defend me from business relations with the love-lorn! What would you say of "The Autocrat of the Nursery (1)"—a most charming children's story, exquisitely illustrated—for Mr. Sinclair; or "A Cursory History of Swearing" (2) for the Rev. Andrew McAlister; or Dr. George MacDonald's godchild, "Letters from Hell" (3) for your prim and Puritan aunt? I believe that, in your dream-walking state, you would present them in perfect good faith to these amazed beneficiaries. And truly, if your aunt and the Rev. Andrew McAlister were not too much horrified by

(1) "The Antocrat of the Nursery." By L. T. Meade. Illustrations by T. Pym. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1884.)
(2) "A Cursory History of Swearing." By Julian Sharman. (London: J. C. Nimmo & Bain. 1884.)
(3) "Letters from Hell." Given in English by L. B. J. S. With a Preface by George MacDonald, LL.D. (London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1884.)

their titles to look into "Letters from Hell" (a translation of an extremely powerful Danish book), and Mr. Julian Sharman's scientific and exhaustive "History of Swearing," they would not find themselves so ill-suited. As for Mr. Sinclair, if you don't dip beneath the title, "Guide, Philosopher, and Friend" ([4]) would strike you at once as the most appropriate present for that superior being. I should advise you, however, to give it to Muriel, as it is the precise present for a girl of her age :—

> "Standing with reluctant feet,
> Where the brook and river meet—
> Womanhood and childhood fleet!"

For the book hovers between a child's and a woman's story. It is a little less than a novel and a little more than a tale, and it has the one indispensable merit of being interesting. For myself, at least, I can say that I followed the fortunes of its charming guide, philosopher, and friend, Phillis Carr, with an interest that I have not always felt in those of the heroines of more pretentious stories. And here are two other books intermediate between the tale and the novel, written for girls of that intermediate age, either of which would, I think, make Muriel happy—a pretty Scotch tale, "Carlowrie" ([5]), and Miss Doudney's "A Long Lane with a Turning" ([6]). You will probably, with your present prejudices, prefer the Scotch tale in compliment to Mr. Sinclair; but for myself I like Miss Doudney's book the better of the two. Indeed, I consider it not only one of the best of her stories, but one of the best stories of its kind.

Of a different and more dismal kind is Holme Lee's "His Title of Honour" ([7]). You probably know it, and, perhaps, Muriel has read it already, for it is an old favourite in religious circles as a record of the life, work, and death of Henry Martyn, the missionary, under a feigned name, and with fictitious accessories. I am not sure that its sombre, religious tone and its sad ending will recommend it to the healthy taste of your niece. But all these books, even Miss Doudney's, seem to me to lack, in a greater or less degree, the touch of nature which makes us feel ourselves akin to their characters. Their authors do not, so to say, identify themselves with each of their personages, but merely speak through them, and we hear the voice of Bottom in all the parts. (This is ponderous criticism for girls' Christmas story-books — striking a tin-tack with a sledge-hammer—but it's meant to be read out to Mr. Sinclair!) In Mrs. O'Reilly's Sussex stories, however, the peasants are real, downright peasants, not Mrs. O'Reilly masquerading in many parts. The voice is not Jacob's voice, and the hands, the hard and hairy hands of Esau, but it is really and truly Esau himself. And this naturalness and reality are not the only charms of "Meg's Mistake" ([8]), and its fellows; for the stories are, besides, graceful, humorous, pathetic, and, in one word, delightful.

What does that consummate little pickle, Harry, long to be now? When first I had the honour to know him, his whole heart was set upon being a coachman, or, at any rate, a stable-boy; and then I should have recommended for him such a book as the ever-fresh R. Caldecott's "Ride-a-Cock-Horse to Banbury Cross" and "A Farmer went Trotting upon his Grey Mare" ([9]). You have seen it and its companion, "Come, Lasses and Lads" ([10])? Of course you have. They are just inimitable, and can be compared to their disadvantage only with the best of their predecessors. Mr. Caldecott has but one rival—himself. But to return to our ambitious young friend, Harry. When next I saw and sounded him on the subject of his future calling, he yearned to be an engine-driver; and the really breathless tales of engine-driving life and adventure in "On the Wings of the Wind" ([11]) would have enchanted and enchained him, for they are true stories, admirably told by an expert. As, however, it is three years since, with intent and wistful eyes, he confided this ambition to me, his horizon must by this have widened considerably, so that now his adventurous spirit probably pants to be a pirate, a trapper, or a Red Indian. If so, he will fairly revel in the two best sea stories I have come across for many a day, "The Wreck of the *Nancy Bell*" ([12]) and "The Pirate Island" ([13]). "The Wreck of the *Nancy Bell*" really reads like a true narrative of Polar hardship, privation, adventure, and heroism—so natural are its personages, so probable are its thrilling incidents, and so direct and graphic is its style. The *Nancy Bell* is storm-driven southwards, is icebound, is wrecked upon Kerguelen Island, is abandoned, first by some of her mutinous crew, and finally by her passengers and officers, who winter on the frozen shore, sustain life precariously till spring, when they cross the island to the harbourage of the whalers, and thence home. It doesn't need a boy's mental appetite and digestion, which are as ostrich-like as his physical, to accept adventures so probably narrated, and I was as much interested myself as even Harry could be in Mr. Hutcheson's thrilling narrative. But pirates are getting to be a little improbable, and it needed no little skill on Mr. Collingwood's part to make his "Pirate Island" as readable—and, indeed, natural—as he has done. He starts fair with a foundling fated to sea adventure, for the baby was the one survivor of a wreck, and the rest of his history is in tune with this stormy beginning. He shows when a mere boy what metal he is made of, is rewarded by a berth on board the *Galatea*, which, like the *Nancy Bell*, is storm-driven to the South, and weathers the storm only to take fire, and the boat in which our foundling, Bob Legerton, escapes the fire is captured by pirates. His imprisonment on the pirate island, his escape, and the fate of the pirates, are so described that no one who once gets into the swing of the story is likely to lay it down till it is finished. I ought to tell you that both these ideal boys' books have the advantage of being illustrated in the singularly effective style you admired so much last year, and which, I think, I have never seen in any other books but those published by Messrs. Blackie. You see it, perhaps, to greatest advantage in the best edition of "Robinson Crusoe" ([14]) I have come across for years—a reprint from the author's edition of 1719—for the designs here are by Gordon Browne, unquestionably one of the most spirited, powerful, and artistic of our illustrators of books. If you know a boy who has not a "Robinson Crusoe," just glance at any of the hundred illustrations in this edition, dwelling for a moment on those on pp 243, 329, and especially 569, and you will go no further afield in search of a Christmas present for that fortunate youth.

Was it not Mr. Sinclair who praised so, one evening at the Hamiltons, what he called "the grit" in Harriet Martineau's stories, becoming, for him, enthusiastic about them, when he had made sure that he, alone of the party, had read them? Seeing a new and cheap edition of them advertised, I ordered the four volumes :—"Feats on the Fiord" ([15]), "The Peasant and the Prince" ([16]), "The Crofton Boys" ([17]), and "The Settlers at Home" ([18]), being determined to wipe off what seemed to Mr. Sinclair such a literary disgrace. I was also, to say the truth, anxious to find that he had exaggerated, extravagantly, their merits when he found that he alone had discovered them. Well, don't be angry with me if I say that I think he did say just a little too much for them, with the single exception of "Feats on the Fiord." It deserves all he said of it, "The

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([4]) "Guide, Philosopher, and Friend." By Mrs. Herbert Martin, author of "Bonnie Leslie," &c. (London: Griffith & Farran)
([5]) "Carlowrie: or, Among Lothian Folk." By Annie S. Swan, author of "Alderside." (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier. 1884.)
([6]) "A Long Lane with a Turning." By Sarah Doudney, author of "Nothing but Leaves," &c. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1884.)
([7]) "Her Title of Honour." By Holme Lee, author of "Kathie Brande." (London: Griffith & Farran. 1884.)
([8]) "Meg's Mistake," and other Sussex Stories. By Mr. Robert O'Reilly, author of "The Red House in the Suburbs," &c. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1884.)
([9]) "Ride-a-cock-Horse to Banbury Cross," and "A Farmer Went Trotting Upon his Grey Mare." By R. Caldecott. (London: George Routledge & Sons.)
([10]) "Come, Lasses and Lads." By R. Caldecott. (London: George Routledge & Sons)
([11]) "On the Wings of the Wind." By Henry Frith, author of "Through Flood Through Fire," &c. (London: George Routledge & Sons. 1885.)
([12]) "The Wreck of the *Nancy Bell*; or, Cast Away on Kerguelen Land." By John C. Hutcheson, author of "Picked up at Sea," &c. (London: Blackie & Son. 1885.)
([13]) "The Pirate Island: A Story of the South Pacific." By Harry Collingwood. (London: Blackie & Son. 1885.)
([14]) "Robinson Crusoe." Reprinted from the author's edition of 1719. By Daniel Defoe. (London: Blackie & Son. 1885.)
([15]) "Feats on the Fiord." ([16]) "The Peasant and the Prince." ([17]) "The Crofton Boys." ([18]) "The Settlers at Home." By Harriet Martineau. (London: George Routledge & Sons.)
([19]) "Menhardoc: A Story of Cornish Nets and Mines." By George Manville Fenn, author of "The Golden Magnet," &c. (London: Blackie & Son. 1885.)
([20]) "Bunyip Land." By George Manville Fenn. (London: Blackie & Son. 1885.)
([21]) "In Freedom's Cause." ([22]) "St. George for England." ([23]) "True to the Old Flag." By G. A. Henty, author of "With Clive in India," &c. (London: Blackie & Son. 1885.)
([24]) "Heroes of American Discovery." By N. D'Anvers. (London: Marcus Ward & Co. 1884.)
([25]) "Heroic Adventure." Chapters in Recent Exploration and Discovery, (London: T. Fisher Unwin.)
([26]) "Stories of the Sea in Former Days." (London: Blackie & Son. 1885.)
([27]) "Love-Clouds." By John Latey, jun. Pictures by Alfred Hunt. (London: *Fun* Office.)

Crofton Boys" about half, and the other two about a quarter of his praise. It goes without saying that all four are written in an admirably lucid and direct style.

Need I mention to you the Christmas books of Mr. G. A. Henty or of Mr. George Manville Fenn? They have come to be looked for as regularly in our homes during the Christmas holidays as the boys who devour them. This year, indeed, I think Mr. Fenn is better than usual—at any rate, in his Cornish tale, "Menhardoc" ([19]), and in "Bunyip Land" ([20]), the story of a wild journey in New Guinea. The two tales are wide as the Poles apart in this—that while, in "Menhardoc," Mr. Fenn seems to take every Cornish scene, incident, and character direct from life, he draws altogether upon his imagination for the personages, adventures, and descriptions of his New Guinea story. Yet, in spite of this—or, perhaps, because of this—I think "Bunyip Land" will be the more popular of the two stories with boys. It is really, of its kind, an excellent narrative of the adventures in New Guinea of an Australian lad in search of his father, a naturalist, who had been for four years chained up like a dog among the natives. The real hero of the tale is an Australian native—a child, hero, fool, sage, glutton, and the general low comedian of the party. Every boy will be delighted with him—and, indeed, with the story, for there's hardly a page in it without its thrilling adventure. But "Menhardoc," the Cornish tale, is much more to my taste, the fishing scenes especially are so admirably described. Mr. Henty's stories are, as usual, historical. "In Freedom's Cause" ([21]) is a story of the days of Bruce and Wallace; "St. George for England" ([22]), of the days of the Black Prince, Cressy, and Poitiers; and "True to the Old Flag" ([23]), of the days of the American War of Independence. I am not, I am ashamed to say, sufficiently well versed in the history of any of these days, wars, heroes, and countries to be able to certify to Mr. Henty's historical accuracy; but I can testify to the *verve* and vigour of his style, and to the imaginative force by which he makes you realise these old-world scenes, and sympathise with the heroes of his adoption. You will like these three books none the less for being illustrated by your favourite, Mr. Gordon Browne.

If, however, under Mr. Sinclair's advice, you prefer history unadorned with the fringe and frippery of fiction, I can recommend to you "Heroes of American Discovery ([24]), "Heroic Adventure" ([25]), and "Stories of the Sea in Former Days" ([26]). The style of "Heroes of American Discovery" is, perhaps, a little formal and old-fashioned, and even ponderous, but the author has been at such pains to be accurate that the book is thoroughly trustworthy. "Heroic Adventure" is a spirited compilation from the travels of Schweinfurth, Vambéry, Nordenskiold, Markham, &c.; and "Stories of the Sea" are a dozen true stories, excellently told and illustrated, of wreck, rescue, mutiny, and all the horror and heroism of historic disasters at sea.

My head and hand are weary in your service, and I must close for to-day; but I shall be glad to send you another list soon, if only you will let me know for whom you want the books—babies, boys, girls, women, men, or such superior beings as Mr. Sinclair.—Believe me, dear Daisy, ever yours affectionately, JESSIE RAINE.

P.S.—I ought to have thanked you for "Love-Clouds"([27]), to whose title you were attracted as naturally as a butterfly to a flower. But the title could hardly have prepared you for so stirring, and even thrilling, "Dark Days" style of story. It shortened for me by one pleasant hour a dreary day and a still drearier railway journey on the sad South-Western—no small thing to set to its credit and to yours for sending me it.

The appreciation accorded by the highest circles during the last sixty years to Jewsbury & Brown's Original and only Genuine Oriental Tooth Paste proves the efficacy of this refined toilet luxury. It is compounded of rare and fragrant herbs in an especial manner known only to the sole proprietors and manufacturers, Jewsbury & Brown, Chemists, of Manchester. Its use keeps the teeth and gums in a state of preservation and soundness to old age, while its rare aromatic properties render the breath always exceedingly pleasant. It retains its invaluable properties in all climates, and can be obtained through all perfumers and chemists at home and abroad.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—Please be very sorry for me. I was condemned to spend Sunday last with my great-aunt, whom you may remember of old as being "so particular." She considers it wrong to talk on what she calls the "day of rest" of anything save sermons and pieces out of the Prayer-book. She thinks Sunday papers the height of iniquity, and disapproves of even the "Sunday at Home" and "Leisure Hour" as being *too recreative* (*!*) for the Sabbath. She reads them in the week. Biographies of clergymen are her only books (and cant is all they've taught her); the *Times* and *Queen* her only papers. Fancy the miserable hours I spent with her, and also take into account the fact that she does not allow anything to be cooked on the seventh day, so that luncheon and dinner were both cold. And this weather, too!

But I must not harrow your feelings by continuing to enumerate the various causes that made me so very unhappy. Papa said I must accept her invitation, as it was so long since any of us had called on her. Maud is to go the next time. She laughs at the pathetic recital of my trials now, but she won't laugh much when it is her turn to endure them. She is peculiarly sensitive to a frigid mental atmosphere, and only to sit opposite that stern, cold countenance for a whole afternoon will chill her to what the Germans call her *Innerste*.

Is it not a pity that the people who make the greatest parade of goodness are nearly always most repellent, cold, and unsympathetic? I have sometimes felt that I should like to be a much better girl than I possibly am; but then, when I find myself in the company of the "unco guid," I have no desire to become like them. In fact, I feel convinced that, "with all my imperfections on my head," I am much nicer and much pleasanter than they are. To be with such people always reminds me of the horror and utter distaste for the joys of the hereafter with which I was inspired in my childhood, by the dreadful lines in which the future abode of the elect is described as a place

> "Where congregations ne'er break up,
> And Sabbaths have no end."

Oh, what a delightful relief it was when James came for me at ten o'clock! Maud met me on the stairs. "Poor, dear Madge!" she said; and I seized her and made her waltz all round the drawing-room. I could have shrieked for delight to get away from that atmosphere of moral prison. I felt ever so much wickeder, and a worse girl than when I went. If I had known a comic song, I am certain I should have astonished the dear old Pater by shouting it at him. Fortunately I don't know one, so he is no greyer and no balder to-day than he was on Sunday.

It appears that powder and patches are much worn at the theatre in Paris, as well as at dinner parties. It is so becoming a style to some faces, that one can scarcely find fault with the revival of the fashion, especially as the costume is invariably copied from the Louis Seize period. At the Italiens some evenings ago there were several ladies dressed in this style. The Duchesse della Torre's white satin trimmed with sable created some varied sensations among the women in her vicinity; and so did the Marquise de Serra's Nile-green satin and silver fox.

An Hungarian lady, who possesses the very uneuphonious name of Radivojevic, has lately accomplished the feat of walking from Buda-Pesth to Paris in twenty-eight days. It looks a frightful distance on the map, and some one has reckoned up the leagues, and says she must have walked an average of thirty-three a day. They must surely mean miles, not real leagues. I wonder what kind of boots she wore on this extensive walking tour. There was much betting on the event, and it is said that Madame Radivojevic intends walking back again to Buda-Pesth. She is expected to visit England before long. She was a governess before she entered upon her new profession, which, she remarks, is much less fatiguing than her previous one. I can quite imagine it. I fancy that the drudgery of teaching must be, of all occupations, the most trying, as well as the least remunerative.

Old Lace.—The finest collection in London at A. Blackborne & Co.'s, 35, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square.

I have been amusing myself with peeping into some of worthy Mrs. Hannah More's books. She seems, in one passage, to be intensely surprised and shocked by some "youthful females," as she calls them, who "were no more influenced by the advice of their mothers that they would go abroad in her laced pinner or her brocade suit." What would the good woman have thought of the girls of our days, who are so much wiser than their mothers, and who snub them into a docility born of fear?

Mrs. Hannah quotes with unction the following passage from—("it's a far cry to Loch Awe")—the oration of Pericles to the Athenian women :—

"As for you" [please note the calm contempt of the phrase] "As for you, I shall advise you in a few words: aspire only to those virtues that are peculiar to your sex; follow your natural modesty, and think it your greatest commendation not to be talked of one way or the other."

Fancy a modern professor daring to address an audience of advanced women in such terms as these! He would certainly be torn into small pieces, and poor Hypatia would at last be avenged.

We did not go to Sandown last week, as we were afraid to trust the weather. Lilla went, however, on the Friday, and found it rather pleasant, and what the papers call "very select," by which they mean not crowded. Lilla's only reason for going, I believe, was to display her new frock, which she had home the day before. We went to Redfern's with her to choose it, and we saw some tempting things. Among them was a corduroy dress in a shade of tawny-grey, with waistcoat and cuffs of tan-coloured kid. The skirt had for its only trimming several rows of stitching, and the short, draped tunic was finished in the same way.

Another frock, which I liked immensely, was made of brown cloth, braided in a close design of curved and involuted lines round the basque, the collar, the cuffs, down the front of the bodice, and round the short, full tunic. The skirt was also braided, but in a much deeper design, all round, and below this was a wide band of sealskin. A short over-jacket for wearing in the street was also braided down both fronts and round all the edges, and had a supplementary band of sealskin, narrower than that on the skirt. It looked an epitome of comfort and warmth. A similar costume can be made with beaver instead of sealskin. The former would look well with bronze or moss-coloured cloth, wouldn't it?

A good dress, in the more than ever popular Guards' colours, had a plain skirt of navy-blue cloth, braided in red round the edge. The short tunic was edged with similar, though narrower, braiding, and a coquettish little jacket of red cloth, with very short basques, completed a costume with which either a red or blue-and-red hat may be worn. They are using now a kind of fine, round cord for braiding, which has a very good effect.

They showed us a dress of navy-blue cloth, which was made in a new design. A skirt of checked red and black was cut out in wide panels, which showed full pleats of navy-blue cloth between them, thus presenting the appearance of two skirts, one above the other. The bodice was original, the outer one, of blue cloth, fitting tightly to the figure at the back, and as far as the seams under the arms. Thence it was slightly loose, and was edged all round with large gold buttons, showing underneath a waistcoat of the red and black check, and a sash of soft silk tied in fulness round the waist. This portion of the dress had a quasi-Turkish effect.

Some of their new bonnets and hats were pretty. They are all made to match the dress. One, for instance, to be worn with a costume of checked tweed, had the full crown made of this material, while the brim was lined with gathered brown velvet, and, being turned suddenly up over the left eyebrow, it formed a remarkably becoming headgear. A new shape had a square crown, with a point in front and one at the back, the other two coming just over each ear. This was in peacock-blue velvet, and the brim was covered with closely-laid folds of the same. A dear little turban-shaped hat was made with a full crown of black velvet and vigogne, with rows of fine silk cord for trimming. Another, with a rather high, full crown of black velvet, had the brim covered with astracan, which came up towards the crown in sharp points upon the velvet. A sweet little bonnet was in red velvet and beaver, with bows of velvet ribbon in front. A red cloth and velvet bonnet had a small head made of beaver in the front. The muff to match had bands of beaver, with a useful little pocket at the back and a dainty little bow of red velvet in front. As muffs are invariably hung round the neck this season by means of a thick silk cord, this handy little receptacle at the back may safely be entrusted with the purse, card-case, handkerchief, and latest received *billet-doux* of the owner.

I am now going to give you a short description of the principal Christmas cards that have been published this season. I say "short" advisedly, for to attempt to supply you with detailed particulars of all the cards I have seen would not only be tedious for me to write, but, what is more important to you, most tedious for you to read. Besides, the element of surprise would be wanting when you were opening your dozens of letters on Christmas morning, if you knew all about the best cards. Understand, therefore, that my hints merely occupy the one portion of the finger-post that says, "a few hints to purchasers;" the direction of the other fingers designating "the best makers," "the best cards," and "the cheapest market," you must yourself furnish after you have gathered your knowledge from actual experience.

Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons have, as usual, a charming and a large variety. This year they have mounted their satin designs. This makes them, I think, more effective as "cards," though, I expect, as a rule, the recipients would sooner have them unmounted like those of Messrs. De la Rue, as then they can be utilised for screens, doyleys, &c. The former firm also issues some excellent "cards" in plush, and their landscapes on dishes are most pretty and effective. Besides a large assortment of the unmounted satin designs, Messrs De la Rue re-issue their wheels of life and the ever-popular jockeys and horses series, the former becoming associated with the latter by spinning the card round.

Messrs. Ackerman again publish Messrs. Prang & Co.'s (Boston) cards. Their principal production this year is a large white plush star, with a scented sachet in the centre. It is very elaborate, but can hardly be called a card. It is more a cross between a gorgeous valentine and a plush ornament for one's drawing-room. I hope you may have one sent you.

Messrs. Hildesheimer & Faulkner excel themselves, I think, this year. A card called "A Dream of Patience" is admirable, and some of their screens are most effective. Their fan-shaped cards, too, are novel and pretty.

Messrs Sockl & Nathan evidently prefer to cater to a select, even though limited, circle of buyers. Their designs are most refined and splendidly executed, the gold lettering giving a charming finish to the whole. There is a delicacy about their productions which is sure to make them popular amongst our sex; for, let men say what they will, we do like refinement, don't we?

Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co. again issue their delightful portfolios. Their miniature pictures are charming, and the series, "Moonlight and Twilight on the Deep," is most effective. I see that in several of their new designs a blank space is left for the senders to write their names in. What a blow this will be to certain people who always account for the cards they despatch not arriving until after Christmas by saying that "the stupid servant forgot to post them," as though the recipients didn't know that they are simply having good wishes expressed to them at some one else's expense!

Messrs. J. F. Schipper & Co. evidently view Christmas from two distinct standpoints. To suit the one they issue some admirable religious cards, that called "The Child Jesus" being a most elaborate specimen. For the other they produce several very amusing comical cards, including a series called "Our Jolly Dogs' Christmas Party." They also publish some very pretty winter scenes printed on satin.

Messrs. Meissner & Buch give some excellent facsimile

"Liberty" Art Fabrics.—Original inventions for Ladies' Costumes and Toilets. Patterns post-free. Regent-street, W.

The Belgrave Laundry, 194 & 196, Ebury-street, Belgravia A laundry for high-class families.

water colour cards, and Mr. Walter C. Cooke supplies a novelty in his Ivorine Cards with velvet flowers and birds mounted on them, the mottoes being in French as well as in English. I only trust that the Post-office people will be merciful to these delicate and pretty novelties when they are entrusted to their care.

Messrs. W. A. Mansell & Co. more than hold their own with their reproduction of water-colour drawings and marine sketches. They also issue some very pretty photographic cards, and their groups of children, by Emily Barnard, and their types of national beauty, from drawings by Mrs. A. E. Hart, are exceptionally good.

Mr. Harding again issues his Burlesque Sporting Ideals, and his hunting sketches are as good as ever. His Primæval Conception series, too, is highly original.

But Mr. B. Ollendorff can, I think, claim the greatest originality for some of his cards. They consist of figures of children printed in relief, but certain portions of their clothing—such as their hats, dresses, and stockings—instead of being merely printed representations of these garments, are composed of satin, silk, and plush, neatly let into the card itself. The idea is very novel, and cannot fail to be popular amongst children.

An American firm—Messrs. Wirts Bros. & Owen—make a first appearance in London this year. Nearly all their cards are frosted—emblematical, they say, of the season. They evidently don't know our English climate. I am glad to find, however, that the frosting is done by machinery, and not, as in days gone by, by hand—a most dangerous process for the workers.

Other cards are issued by Messrs. Nathan & Co. and Messrs. Philipp Bros., but I am so bewildered at having looked over so many pretty Christmas greetings in order to guide you in your purchases, that I really cannot give you further particulars. That this year's productions are equal to former years there can be no doubt; but I do wish it were possible to introduce more novelty into the cards. Perhaps between now and next year some clever firm will see a way of combining a little more of the useful with the ornamental.

Speaking of novelties, I see that a firm has brought out some marble writing-paper. I don't know whether I altogether like it, for in these days of indistinct penmanship any pattern on a paper adds to the difficulty of deciphering one's letters. I much prefer the "society" paper, with its novel shapes and sizes, and its wallet-shaped envelopes. I do so like writing on "pretty little paper"—one has to say so little in order to get the credit of writing a good long letter, especially if, like some people I know, the said "one" writes the fashionable "large hand."

No doubt you have discovered that many an indifferent dish will "go down" pleasantly if furnished with an appetising sauce. One of the best is the Tire-Larigot, just christened after the new operetta.

Cut up into small square pieces the lean part of a thick slice of ham, put them into a saucepan, and parboil them with butter, a minced onion, and a little shalot. When the whole is nicely browned, add white wine, and leave the saucepan on the fire for ten minutes more. Melt some fresh butter, mix it with the sauce, and an equal quantity of good stock and minced truffles; reduce the liquid by boiling it till it forms a thick substance; pass it through a sieve; add as many slices of truffles as you think proper, and serve very hot.

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If you want a nice present for an appreciative child, I advise you to buy a charming little book that has been brought out by Sampson Low & Co., entitled "Our Village Life," the words and illustrations being by Lady H. Somerset. In the preface, the authoress modestly remarks that, in offering the book to the public, she thinks it right to say that she does not wish to claim their attention because she considers her work possesses any merit, but that she rather claims their indulgence, as her object is entirely to help a work of charity by its publication. Still, the work does contain merit—and genuine merit, too—and reflects the greatest credit on both its authoress and its publisher. The proceeds of its sale are to be devoted to a home at Reigate which has been established for workhouse girls, who are taken at an early age from the City unions, and trained for laundry and household work, so that when well trained they are able to go into the world with a bright prospect before them of earning a good and honest livelihood. Here, then, my dear, is an opportunity for you not only to give a really pretty and handsome present, but at the same time to help a deserving charity. Good bye, dear.—Your affectionate cousin,

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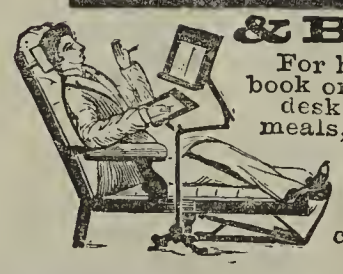

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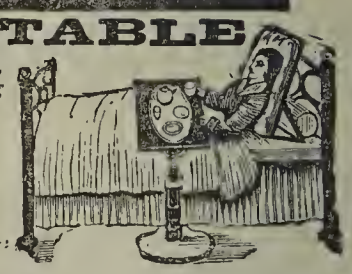

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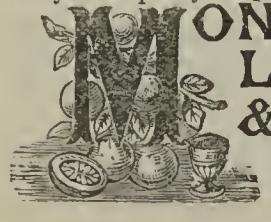

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WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

MERSINA, TARSUS, and ADANA RAILWAY.—At a meeting held on Saturday, December 6, 1884, at Stafford-house, London, the Duke of Sutherland, K.G., in the chair, the following RESOLUTIONS were carried unanimously:—

It was proposed by Sir Algernon Borthwick, and seconded by Richard B. Martin, Esq., M.P.:—

"That in the opinion of this meeting it is expedient, in furtherance of British commercial interests, to aid in the development of Asia Minor by assisting the introduction of railway systems."

It was proposed by John E. Gorst, Esq., Q.C., M.P., and seconded by Major-Gen. Sir Frederic Goldsmid, C.B., K.C.S.I.:—

"That in the opinion of this meeting the Mersina, Tarsus, and Adana Railway promises financial success, both in itself and as a preliminary and important adjunct to the construction of railway systems towards the Valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates."

It was proposed by Captain Douglas Galton, C.B., and seconded by Major-Gen. Frederick Marshall, C.M.G.:—

"That this meeting cordially recommends that the construction of the Mersina, Tarsus, and Adana Railway be energetically proceeded with."

It was proposed by Richard B. Martin, Esq., M.P., and seconded by J. E. Gorst, Esq., Q.C., M.P.:—

"That the best thanks of this meeting be given to his Grace the Duke of Sutherland for presiding and granting the use of this hall."

By order, WILLIAM CASH, Secretary.

Reports, maps, prospectuses, and all particulars relating to the railway can be obtained from the Secretary, Mr. W. Cash, 90 Cannon-street, London, E.C.

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SOUTH WEST OF SCOTLAND.
SCREW-STOPPER BOTTLING COMPANY, Limited,
BARRETT'S PATENT.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1879.

CAPITAL, £50,000.
Divided into 50,000 shares of £1 each, 5s. payable on application, 5s. on allotment, and the remainder, if required, at intervals of not less than three months.

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A. G. Thomson, Esq. (of A. G. Thomson & Co., Glasgow and London), Strathbraan, Wandsworth Common, S.W.
H. Bulkeley Johnson, Esq., 5, Albert-square, S.W.
*H. Barrett, Esq., (of Messrs. Barrett & Elers), Charterhouse-buildings, E.C.
*Major Elers (Managing Director, Barrett & Co., Limited), Bond-street, Vauxhall.
* Will join the Board after the allotment of shares.

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ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring the exclusive right for home use, to use and sell Messrs. Barrett & Elers' Patent Screw-Stopper and Bottle in the City of Glasgow, the Port of Greenock, and the adjacent districts.

The success of the patent screw-stoppered bottles in London and wherever they have been used has been unprecedented. In January, 1882, Messrs. Barrett & Co., of Vauxhall, commenced bottling beers and stouts of various descriptions in these bottles, having previously had no connection of any kind with the bottled beer trade, their sales in that month amounted to 1,302 dozen, their returns have rapidly increased until they have reached for the month of September in the present year, for London alone, the total of 56,594 dozen, giving a grand aggregate for the current year, upto the present date, of over six million bottles of beer. In addition to this, very large quantities of beer have been bottled by other bottlers in London, to whom the patentees have granted licences.

The chief advantages of the Screw-Stoppered Bottles are as follows:—They require no corkscrew, no string or wire, and there is no risk of broken corks: they are easily closed and opened, are perfectly air-tight, may be partly emptied and closed again, and the breakage in bottling is reduced to a minimum. The contents are not shaken, nor the sediment disturbed in uncorking, and they are most economical, as there is no waste. The stopper is made of a pure, tasteless composition, is not affected by climatic temperatures or the action of alcoholic liquors, will stand rough usage, and imparts no flavour to the contents of the bottle.

It is proposed to establish and work bottled beer and mineral water businesses in the city of Glasgow, and adjacent districts, bottling the finest ales and stouts of the best brewers as well as the lighter beers and porters for ordinary consumption, particular attention being paid to these and the German beers, for which the bottle is peculiarly adapted. Mineral and aërated water of every description will be manufactured. The advantages that the screw stopper presents for these waters over the ordinary cork and every kind of existing stopper are most undeniable, the chief being that the bottle can be opened gradually, and, consequently, without the slightest waste, and that when part of the contents of the bottle have been used, the stopper can be replaced, preserving the remainder for a subsequent occasion. It is also intended to bottle and sell wines and spirits of every description in these bottles, and no doubt is entertained that in this direction alone a large business can be done.

Arrangements have been made for the Company to have a right of exporting every kind of bottled product to all parts of the world, thus opening up a field of illimitable area to the operations of the Company.

Judging from the inherent merits of the screw-stopper, which has now fully stood the test of time and public opinion, and which has met a long and much-felt want, and looking at the great appreciation it receives at the hands of the public wherever it has been introduced, as shown by the extraordinary sale returns in London and large provincial towns, and taking into consideration the special advantages that Glasgow and the adjacent districts present for carrying on a business of the proposed description, owing to their very large river steamboat and pleasure traffic, it is confidently and reasonably anticipated that very considerable dividends will be earned by this Company.

Samples of all kinds of bottled beers, mineral waters, wines, and spirits in the patent screw-stoppered bottles, with copies of testimonials, the monthly returns of sales in London and other towns, orders to inspect Messrs. Barrett & Co.'s premises at Vauxhall, can be obtained at the offices of the Company, and at 129, Hope-street, Glasgow. Prospectuses and the usual forms of application may be obtained from the bankers, brokers, and solicitors; from the secretary, at the offices of the Company; and at 129, Hope-street, Glasgow.

December 6, 1884.

THE

GRESHAM

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OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 303.—ANAGRAM ON FIRST VERSE "THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER," &c.

Bow-wow (will Bow-wow please make a formal application for his cheque?) £2 2 0

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The time has quickly slipped away, and I have now to remind competitors for the Fifteen Guineas Prizes that all toys, model or otherwise, intended for competition must be received at Truth Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, S.W., on or before Monday, the 15th inst. The Exhibition of Toys will be held, as on two previous occasions, at the Large Banqueting Hall at Limmer's Hotel, Conduit-street, Regent-street, on Friday and Saturday, the 19th and 20th inst., between the hours of 10 a.m. and 5 p.m. At this Exhibition the Home-made Toys will, as usual, occupy the place of honour, but will be supplemented by the thousands of new toys of all descriptions bought with the money so kindly subscribed for the purpose. The £100 worth of Musical Boxes, presented by a lady to the Hospitals and Workhouses of London, will also be exhibited, and any other gifts which may be received by the date of opening of the Exhibition. On another page it will be seen that the gentleman who sent 5,000 new sixpences last season now sends 8,000 similar coins. I need scarcely add that all readers of Truth and their friends, as well as the actual makers of Home-made Toys, are invited to pay the Toy Exhibition a visit. It will, indeed, be open to any one on production of a visiting card at the door, and it is earnestly hoped that a large number of people will avail themselves of the opportunity of seeing the collection of Toys before they are distributed to the more than 10,000 little recipients who are so anxiously awaiting their arrival.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 304.

I am unfortunately unable to redeem my promise as to the publication of more Drawing-room Songs this week. I shall still hope, however, to find a chance of printing some further selection of the best of the sets of verses received, even though it may not be for some weeks to come. I will only say, before awarding the prize, that the commonest fault was the failure to make each line rhyme with some other. Many excellent songs were for this reason rendered ineligible. In rhyming verse, as opposed to poetry, every line should pair off with at least one other. To leave some of the line-endings unrhymed is suggestive of hasty and slipshod composition. Comparatively few competitors failed in rhythm. Most of their lines scanned very fairly. A good drawing-room song, I may explain, ought, as far as possible, to suggest, if it does not tell, a romantic story or episode of some sort. Nearly all the more popular ballads of the time do this, and it is a point of much importance in such a competition as this. For more criticism I have not space, and will only add here that the prize is awarded to Cantaris, whose song I regret to be unable to reproduce. I may state that in the printing it last week a word was omitted in line four of verse four in error. I will now give the list of those song-writers who, in addition to those whose verses were published last week, are considered worthy of special commendation, and whose songs will be published whenever space can be found for the purpose:—Bonnivard, W. Val English, Aramis, Tale Quale, Heartsease, Majoram, Observer, The Old Obadiah, Jabberwock, J. McGrigor Allan, Ellart, Summerdale, Risk, Industria, A. N. P., Sa'adi, Paste, Glowworm, Petrarca, Sissie, Juno, W. E. MacCarthy, Grosvenor, Claymore, Sturgeon, Wild Thyme, S. Crawshay, Sunflower, Silenus, Justice Shallow, Offa, Beryl, Boh Ridley, Stroke, Schnootoo, Marion Mac, J. S. H. M., Frazer, Lizard, Isidore, Salmo, Salar, Pemhroke, Tarbox, Lynedoch, Englishwoman, Cypress, Daphnis, Repealer, The Dod, Scrawler, Fred. R., Choo, Harold Wynn, Westhourne, and Joher Khan.

And now I add the names of the other competitors from whom also songs of varying merit were received:—Silenus, Albert's Own, Garryowen Jack, Guelder Rose, Weston super-Mare, P. P., Shamrock, Alte, Slop, M. N., Mrs. Poyser, Tibs, Swift, Delta, Kerry Pippin, G. C. P., Gihb, Lyra, Julia, Mont Fleuri, Fabius, Scotia, Lough Neagh, Maid of Arcadée, Simla, Ella Brun, Cæsar's Corner, Lady Disdain, Kirmish, Trohclig, Nutshell, A. Preston, Rita.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 307.

It will, I think, give amusement during the coming Christmas holidays to offer the usual Two Guinea Prize for

The Best Original Conundrum or Riddle.

A Conundrum, to define it negatively, is not a Charade nor an Enigma. The evergreen question, "When is a door not a door," is a Riddle or Conundrum, for instance; whilst "My second takes off my first with my whole (Answer, Bootjack)," is a Charade; and the famous "'Tis whispered in heaven," &c., is an Enigma. In sending up their Riddle, or Riddles (for more than one may be sent), will competitors please write the "Answers" on a different half of the sheet of paper, on which the Riddles themselves appear, and not put them immediately after or at the back of the Questions. The term "original" is meant to imply that the Conundrum or Riddle sent in must not have appeared in print.

Answers to Correspondents.

*** As the Rules are omitted this week, it may be stated that all Puzzle letters must be addressed to the Puzzle Editor, Truth Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, London, S.W., on or before the first post on Friday, the 19th inst.

*** The real name and address of Non Sequor, winner of a quarter of Prize No. 301, are Philip C. Mainwaring, Esq., 11, Park-terrace, Regent's-park, N.W.

*** Those of Aguèta (not "Aquila," as published), winner of a similar portion of Prize 301, are Miss Castle, Hatherleigh-house, College-road, Clifton, Bristol.

*** Those of Katherine, winner of a similar portion of Prize No. 301, are Miss Katherine Blackburn, 7, Kersley-street, Battersea-park, S.W.

Ernest Hills, Dnalwor, Orchis, and Competitor.—I have duly complied with the requests in your letters.

Nutshell.—Many thanks for your kind suggestion.

Anonymous.—The book you refer to can be obtained at Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., Stationers' Hall-court, E.C.

Louisiana.—I forgot to mention last week that cards such as you sent are most acceptable gifts for the children. The sense of actual possession is undouhtedly dear to each child.

Goburv Goburv.—Thanks. Permission is always readily accorded to the composers.

Esa.—Under the circumstances the later date will do; so pray do what you propose.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 305. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

VERSES SUITABLE FOR CHRISTMAS CARDS.

"Death! all is death!" the old year sadly sigheth,
"Death, and false friends, and hitter-sweets that cloy;"
"Hope! all is hope!" the opening year replieth,
"Hope, and its endless elements of joy."
Temple.

Hark! 'tis the Christmas bells' sonorous ringing,
All strife to still,
As if an angel's touch had set them singing,
"Peace and goodwill." A Jude.

Even as the sparks from the yule-log fly
Upward towards Heaven's blue vault on high,
So may thy thoughts, so pure and hright,
'Twixt Heaven and me divide their flight.
Fabius.

Happy as the twitt'rings of the songster's flight,
Peaceful as feathering snowflakes as they fall;
Bright as the sparkling hoar-frost's shimmering light,
So he this Yule-tide hoth to thee and all.
Edab.

E'eu burning words to me seem but to hide
The glowing love that heats within my heart.
I pray that God so hless thy Christmas-tide.
Thine only grief be—that we are apart. Elop.

A right merry Christmas and happy New Year!
What better—what more—can you wish for, you dear?
When newer words weary, the heart warms again
To this simply-sweet, old, and yet e'er new refrain.
Naiad.

What Christmas greeting shall I send to-day
To thee, my dearest friend, so far away?
What wishes can I breathe, thy heart to cheer?
This—only this—the best: "God bless thee, dear!"
Fosco.

Music, as heard from heaven on *His* hirth-night;
Beams, on *His* cradle poured, of holy light;
Love, such as gently grew from *His* small cot;
Sweet friend, such love, light, music, be thy lot.
W. S.

Dear friend, tho' seas between us roll,
And since we met long years have sped,
Still, heart to heart, and soul to soul,
We speak, nor heed Time's silent tread.
Ænone.

In the mirthful Yuletide madness there's a minor note of sadness
Sighing forth amid the gladness: "Happy parting year, good-bye!"
Yet our joy must not be lessened in the genial hopeful present,
And wo'll smile a welcome pleasant to the year that's yet to try. Sir Pat Felis.

My heart, which thinks no worth can rest
On this, while still I call it mine;
Shall deem it hy some angel hlessed,
If thou wilt deign to make it thine. Temple.

WITH A GIFT.

This gem outshines the casket where it lies;
So should thine heart shine hrighter thro' thine eyes.
And Love forget not, in thy mirth and cheer,
Those who need Christmas and a pure New Year.
Jobbr Khan.

May frieuds around thy table meet,
And thee with hearts o'erflowing greet;
Upon thy board the festive hear—
No, no! I mean the best of fare!
Prima Donna.

FOR A "FOUR-YEAR-OLD."

May little friends surround your Christmas tree
With faces hright as berries on the holly;
And all your days like this one happy he,
Are aunty's wishes for her darling "Dolly."
Crystal Palace.

A distant friend hereby sends kindly greeting,
Since force of circumstance forhids our meeting,
Let Christian love shine forth in our behaviour;
Thus may we best commemorate our Saviour.
Bob Ridle

Ring out ye hells, be far the jeer and scoff,
Since once again is Father Christmas near;
Receive him well, for soon he must he off
To shake hands with his coming friend, "New Year." Malignant.

We are not separate, for tender hearts,
No distance can divide;
And with this greeting e'en departs
My spirit to thy side. Offa.

Hail we this season, wherein to make known,
To absent ones, dear, that Love hath not flown;
That she is held captive by memory's chain,
And thus will we keep her, "till we meet again."
Nemophila.

My soul would come, this Christmas-day,
Close to thine own to nestle near;
To hreathe soft blessings on thy way,
To calm, to comfort, and to cheer.
Pyeddi.

Though frost and cold may reign outside,
I send this card to show
Kind hearts within can warm Yuletide,
And melt December snow. E. de M.

May the coming Christmas-tide,
That scatters pleasure far and wide,
Make, from out it's shining store,
Your cup of happiness run o'er.
Cæsar's Corner.

Brighter than the stars at night,
Sweeter than love's first delight,
Dawns this Christmas, to impart
Peace and hliss to every heart. Isidore.

May you nevor—hardly ever—
Get a tumble when on skates;
May you, freezing, keep from sneezing;
May you never hear the Waits!
Claymore.

Give me a kindly thought, I pray,
And in your heart on Christmas Day
Give me a place, for, far or near,
I hold your mem'ry ever dear.
Toison d'Or.

The Christmas bells ring out their tale
Of love and peace o'er hill and dale;
And this shall he my Christmas song,
"I've thought of thee the whole year long."
Janet.

"Peace on earth, good-will to men!"
Let this precept live again,
So that all around shall find
Its re-echo, sweet and kind. Niahs.

Soft as the snowflakes fluttering to the ground,
The genial greetings all ahroad we send;
Firm as in ice the rivulets are hound,
The heartfelt sentiment of friend to friend!
The White Lily.

Home's sweet faces gathered round us,
Home's sweet laughter, rippling clear;
Then, if heavenly love surround us,
Blessed is our Christmas cheer.
Mater.

Beside our Christmas hearth, perchance some vacant places;
But in our inmost souls are shrined those missing faces.
Be this our greeting to the hearts we hold the dearest:
"God bless our loved ones—absent and yet nearest."
Darby.

My loving thoughts they fly to thee;
Full of all joy, O! may'st thou he;
Friends that are dear, be by thy side,
Hope, love, and peace, this Christmas-tide.
Rita.

[*Continued on next page.*

In the far east arose on this glad day
A star whose beams illumined all the west;
Now let the west reflect the gracious ray,
Till with its light the fainting east is blest.
SHIRLEY.

Sweet wishes that fall like the snow all around,
Rich holly and mistletoe fresh from the tree;
Happy faces and mirth, and the bells' cheering sound,
O! this is the Christmas I wish, love, to thee.
PEARL.

Glad Christmas-tide! when hearts and homes are bright,
When nature gleams with crystal, sparkling light;
Goodwill to men, once hymn'd with grand acclaim,
Shall welcome thee, and guide our ev'ry aim.
GUELDER ROSE.

Gay Christmas messenger, by thee I send
The season's greeting to an absent friend;
Oh, dainty gift, my truest wish convey
For blessings on my friend this Christmas Day.
WILD THYME.

Keep it as a holy day, in thought, in word, in deed,
And make it, too, a holiday for poorer friends in need;
But, as 'tis also holly-day, some one expects, you know,
A quiet introduction to that dear old Miss L. Toe!
EAST ANGLIA.

When days are short and nights are longest,
Frost and cold are bearing sway;
Then our sympathies are strongest—
Hearts grow warm on Christmas Day. S.

You ask for a Christmas wish—
Well, I wish you a dozen mince-pies;
I wish you a turkey too large for the dish,
And a kiss from Miss Hazel-eyes.
STURGEON.

May Heav'n thy life with flow'rs entwine,
And blessings lie in every spray;
May love and health and wealth combine
To consecrate thy Christmas Day! CAMILLA.

Jolly old Christmas has come once more,
Oh! let us be happy and gay;
May nothing happen to bore,
And what more can I say? ESA.

Methought I stood mid stellar space, near to the orb of day,
I looked and saw dear mother earth pursue her lonely way;
As she rolled along the ether blue there rose a song of praise
From happy mortals as they sung their joyous Christmas lays.
LIZZIE.

Be thy hilarity
Season'd with charity;
An aptness for giving
Forgiveth good living. BERYL.

From friend to friend, from heart to heart,
This card brings greeting true;
Love is twice told 'twixt souls apart,
A happy Yule to you. CON.

Hark! glad bell-voices shout from every tower
Their greeting to the happy Christmas-tide;
O, may its blessings in a copious shower
Fall on thy heart and evermore abide.
V. DE MONTGOMERY.

Love, as golden sunbeams warm and pure,
Joy, as blue seas sparkling deep and bright,
Peace, with steadfast shining to endure,
Be thy heart's Christmas guests, both day and night.
ANNIE.

What sound is that, so full of joy, salutes my list'ning ear,
And breaks the sober train of thoughts that suit the dying year?
It is the distant peal of bells. What do they seem to say?
"Goodwill to all men! Christ our Lord was born on Christmas Day!" LITTLE BILLIE.

A Christmas card! 'Tis but a trifling thing,
Yet by its aid my words to thee take wing
(Follow the flight my thought has oftimes sped),
Invoking benisons upon thy head. ELLART.

Christmas once again we greet,
Day for love and joy to meet;
Day when heart and hand should strive
Others' sorrows far to drive. JANE EYRE.

Be love and truth thy Christmas flow'rs,
Fair buds, though wintry horn;
Be wing'd with mirth the ev'ning hours,
As sunn'd with smiles the morn.
REPEALER.

The Christmas star shines bright and clear,
To light the last steps of the year;
So bright may shine, until life's end,
My wishes o'er thy path, my friend.
LOUGH NEAGH.

We welcome thy approach, O ancient guest!
Thou of the snowy hair and cheerful mien.
Both old and young unite to call thee blest,
Who leavest blessings where thy step has been.
YREIGHKNEE.

Hail! jovial Christmas, with benignant face;
Thy icy vest but veils a heart of grace!
* * * * *
Scoundrel, avaunt! A truce to all this gush!
Pretending snow, yet only bringing slush!
SQUELETTE.

Christmas comes in fog and vapour, snow and slush and frosts and chills;
Like a cruel, conquering monarch, marching with his myriad hills!
Duns and doctors, draughts, dyspepsia, Christmas cards and Christmas cheer;
Make us thank our lucky stars that Christmas comes but once a year! H. B. P.

Christmas greetings,
Happy meetings,
Health to enjoy,
Wealth to employ. DELTA.

May Friendship's tendrils closely round thee twine,
May Heartsease nestle in thy bosom's shrine,
May Love, true Love, without the bitter smart,
Sing Christmas Carols softly in thy heart.
OBSERVER.

May this Xmas find you free
From those ills which disagree
With poor mortals—namely, chills,
Duns, dyspepsia, bores, and bills.
JUSTICE SHALLOW.

Blest, on this gracious morn, when Christ was born,
Who some good deed for Him each day have done!
The pagan Emperor, far less forlorn
Than most, could truly boast, "I've lost but one."
J. MCGREIGOR ALLAN.

What's in a card? Yet this goes forth to bear the season's greeting,
To wish thee health and joy and fun till our next merrie meeting;
And may it be thy luck to have—each Christmas as it comes—
Thy turkey stuffed with chestnuts—thy pudding full of plums.
MARGY AND V.

God pitied man and sent relief,
His Christmas gift came down;
Peace and good-will for strife and grief,
And for the Cross a crown. DNALWOE.

We'll welcome dear old Christmas here,
And brave his roughest weather;
If only he the way will clear,
To bring "old friends" together. RISK.

"A merry Christmas and a bright New Year!"
A common wish, but yet to thousands dear,
Reminding us, as time the season brings,
Our friend with brightness fain would gild his wings.
PASTE.

What better can I wish my friend,
Come weal, come woe, let this betide.
His heart shall know e'en to the end,
The blessedness of Christmastide!
GUINEA PIG.

Father Christmas is here again, he bids me send to thee,
A heartfelt wish that glad and bright, this festal time may be;
That thinking of the heart-fraught love that prompted Christmastide,
We each may pray that love descend and in each breast abide. JULIA.

"A merry Christmas" is the wish I send thee from my heart,
A life all full of love, in which no sorrow finds a part;
Or if some pain fall to thy lot, love-guarded though it be,
May He who came at this glad time then make it bless'd to thee. LETTY HAWTHORNE.

Accept this card, it is my Christmas greeting,
And may the years that swiftly by are fleeting
Glide on their silent course so smoothly past
That each one finds you happier than the last.
PSYCHE.

Though poor our rhymes, they yet attest
Our kindly thought toward you and yours;
Sincere they are, not meant in jest,
Nor bought by dozen from the Stores.
NUTSHELL.

If it might be, I'd haste, my friend,
To greet thy welcome face;
But, since I cannot, let me send
This card to take my place.
UNDER THE LION.

From ev'ry evil thought a conscience free,
Peace and goodwill to all I wish to thee;
Some deed of charity in secret done,
Then will thy Christmas be a happy one.
CHANTILLY.

May He, who gives the holly power
To glisten fair 'mid winter's snow,
Be with thee, e'en thy darkest hour,
Cheering with heaven-illumined glow.
HUGO.

Whilst harmless (as 'tis said) fall wishes naught,
Good ones at Christmastide with spell are fraught;
If wishing sway the Fates, then this will find
In health your body, and at peace your mind.
PLUMEPIERRE.

A merry Christmas to my friend,
With English beef and beer;
And may no ills his pleasure end,
Nor mar his festive cheer.
VOL-AU-VENT.

Christmas comes but once a year,
Old wrinkled Care to bury;
May friendship banish sorrow's tear,
And every heart be merry!
JERSEY BLUE.

O, give at least one Christmas dole,
'Twill pave the way to Heaven;
For what enhanced the widow's toll,
Save that 'twas freely given?
OCTAGENARIAN.

Answers have been received from Boy, Kirmish, Shrepstone, Naiad, Isidore, Dr. Maud, H. B. P., Tale Quale, Mouse, Casar's Corner, Ramhler, Nokomis, Rosary, Claymore, G. Gill, Toison d'Or, Janet, Niahs, The White Lily, Mona, Ham, Mater, Darby, Rita, Crystal Palace, Paste, S. E., Prima Donna, Enone, Fosco, Sea Jay, Juno, Shirley, Octaganian, General, Swift, Pearl, Trevelina, Ern, Guelder Rose, J. H. T. B., Wild Thyme, Lyra, East Anglia, Jersey Blue, Pyeddi, W. V. S., Puck, Leky, Hawthore, Smasher, Mayrose, Kerry Pippin, Gypsy, Maid of Arcadie, Petrarca, Walton, Tortu Foulque, Nemo, Lady Disdain, Tout Paris, Thug, Il Sien, Ben, Little Billee, S., Sturgeon, Camilla, Kittifonia, Esa, F. P., Mont Fleure, Lizzie, Celt, Beryl, Vol-au-Vent, Bet, Lizard, Sunbeam, Julia, Agenoria, Gill, Dives, Lazarus, McWhal, Temple, Jober Khan, Daleth, Sir P. Felis, Herward, V. de Montgomery, Garryowen Jack, Annie, Chantilly, Lady Fun, Little Billee, St. Davids, P. P., Francesco, A. Jude, Summerdale, Lucy Simplex, Ellart, M. E. P., Jane Eyre, Repealer, Lough Neagh, H. F., Fagie, Harold W., Grilse, Risk, Guinea Pig, Yreighknee, Columbia, Nemophila, Pompey, Sarah Levitt, Hecla, M. A. Gill, Squelette, Delta, W. G., The Ghost of Junius, Cock Robin, Sweetbriar, Thomasina, Plumepierre, Hugo, Hay Fever, Observer, Fahins, Edah, Chantilly, Jani, Warsaw, Dnalwor, Trent, Elop, J. B. B., E. de M., Under the Lion, Nutshell, Cypress, Quiz, Emerald, Observer, Daphnis, Rowena, Offa, Justice Shallow, Ennaf, Glow-worm, R. B. S., J. McGrigor Allan, Margy and V., Malignant, Jane Kennedy, Liskin, Novice, F. Perrin, Evermore, Bob Ridley, Psyche, Kelti, Non Sequor, W. E. McCarthy, Mercury Colt, Trefoil, and Midge.

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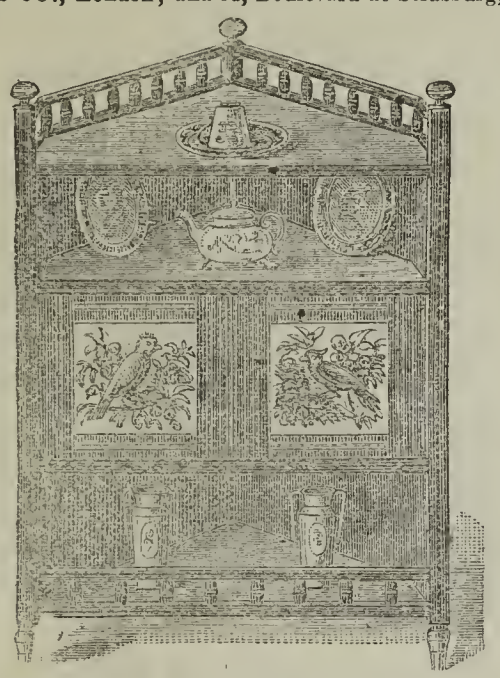

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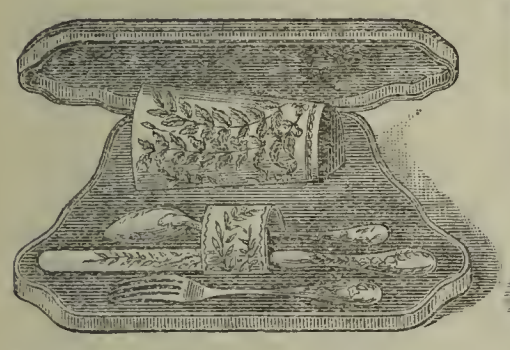

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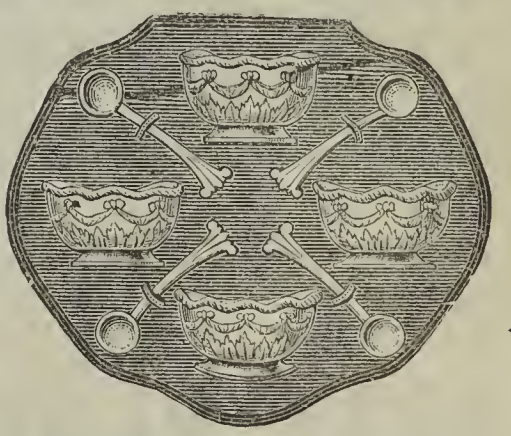

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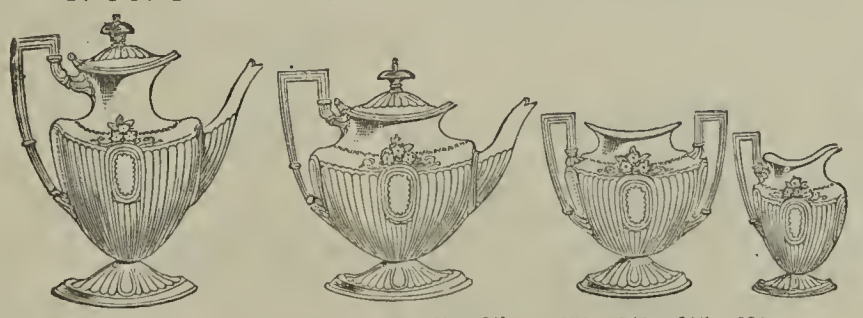
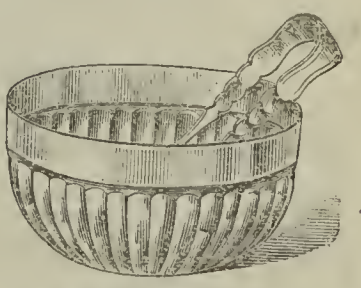


Tea and Coffee Services, full size. Sterling Silver, £50; £40; £35; £30. Heaviest Plating, £22; £18. 18s; £15; £12; £10. 10s.



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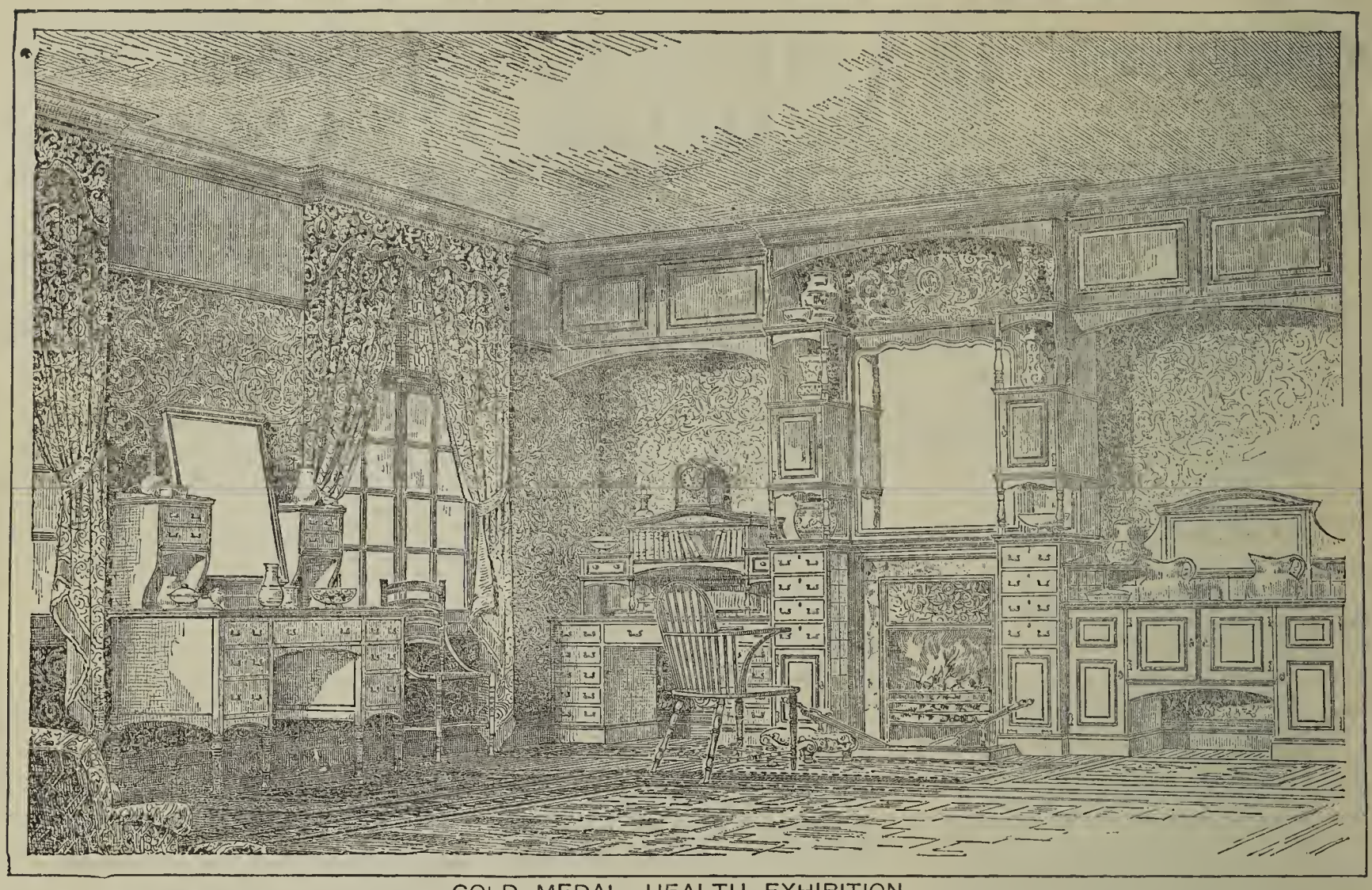

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· TRUTH ·

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

No. 416. Vol. XVI. Thursday, December 18, 1884. Price Sixpence.

NOTICES.

The reprint of "TRUTH" CHRISTMAS NUMBER is Now Ready. Owing to the length of time required for the production of the Frontispiece, no further reprint will be possible.

TRUTH of next week will, in view of the Christmas holidays, be published on TUESDAY, instead of Wednesday.

The EXHIBITION of the Home-made and other Toys which are to be distributed amongst the children in the London Hospitals and Workhouses, will be held at Limmer's Hotel, Conduit-street, on FRIDAY and SATURDAY NEXT. Admission free, on production of visiting-card.

ENTRE NOUS.

THE following is from a little girl in the North West London Hospital, Kentish Town-road :—

Dec. 6, 1884.

Dear Mr. Truth,—I write you a few lines hoping this will find you quite well, and to tell you that I have heard all about you getting toys for little children at Hospitals, and I write to tell you that I am in a Hospital and that I asked Nurse Fuller if we were going to have some toys sent us from you, like other little children, and she says Mr. Truth has forgotten our little hospital, but if you was to write him a nice letter, perhaps he would send us some Toys. I write this hoping you will think of us at Christmas. From your affectionate Friend, Annie Hornby.

Since last week I have received the following sums :—

Wicklow Lodge, £3. 3s.; Miss Dawson Moray, 10s.; W. H. Wills, £2. 2s.; Tudor Frere, £1; Herbert Ewen, 1s.; Cecil Ewen, 1s.; Margaret Ewen, 1s; Auntie Gracie, 1s.; Tweeps, £1. 1s.; Mrs. John Kent, 10s.; Boots, £5; Three Little Ones, 10s.; Mrs. Louisa J. Buckley, £1; F. B. Doveton, £1. 1s.; Tone, Millicent, Aymar, Oscar, and Nina, 5s.; Johnnie, Harold, and Waller, £1. 10s.; J. G., £1. 1s.; Dowager Lady Walker, £1; W. H., £2; Moore Tylee, £2; Fredie and Daisy, 5s.; Arthur Elwes, £1; J. F. Verral, £1; Muriel, Jack, and Baby, 1s. 6d.; E. C. Goad, 10s.; T. Mytton, £1. 1s.; G. K. L., £1. 4s.; G. W. P., £1; A. F. C., 5s.; Margaret, £3; Little Paul Williams, 2s. 6d.; E. Y. W., £1; L. L. P., 2s. 6d.; A Little Family, 2s. 6d.; Soar House Quartett, 4s.; Herbert, Ralph, Dorothy, and Margaret, 5s. 6d.; Este, 2s. 6d.; W. Barrow Emanuel, £1. 1s.; Marie, Figgie, and Tibbie, £1; Ada, 3s.; S. Bancroft, £2. 2s.; J. F. G., 2s. 6d.; R. B., 2s. 6d.; J. S., 2s. 6d.; Juno, 1s.; C. N. H., £1; Mrs. James Baily, £1. 1s.; C. and J. F. B, 10s.; Evelyn, Winifred, and Eri, £1; May and Dora, 10s.; Regie and Baby, 5s.; Irena and Charlie, 7s. 6d.; A Chancellor, £1. 1s.; Howard Morley, £2. 2s.; The Employés of Messrs. Wyman & Sons (printers of Truth), £2. 1s. 5d.; Sheela, 10s.; M. P., and V. A. P., 2s. 6d.

A. L. also sends £2. 2s.; C. N. H., £1; and a Little Family, 2s. 6d. towards the Dinner Fund; the Little Family also send 2s. 6d. for the Old Folks.

I have received many useful presents, amongst them being a parcel of dolls from H. Stuart, and another from Mrs. B. Harrison. W. Shrimpton & Son send a large parcel containing crochet-cotton, crochet-hooks, buttons, Christmas cards, steel watch-chains, &c.,—a very handsome contribution. John Aldred sends 1,100 Christmas cards. J. G. R. forwards some photographs, and John James & Son, of Redditch, promise their usual supply of pretty and useful needle-cases.

The Queen goes to Osborne this week, intending to stay in the Isle of Wight for two months. It is still possible that her Majesty may go to Sandringham, on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales, on January 6, in which case she would return to Osborne on Saturday, the 10th.

Should the Queen go to Norfolk, she would be accompanied by the Princess Beatrice, and attended only by the Dowager Lady Ely.

Last Tuesday afternoon her Majesty came to London to visit the Duchess of Cambridge, the trip having been suddenly arranged at an hour's notice. The most extravagant precautions were taken at Paddington (by orders sent from Windsor) to secure privacy for her Majesty, and there was quite as thorough a clearance as there used to be in the streets of Bagdad when the Sultan's daughter went to the bath. Every human being on the arrival side of the station was peremptorily ordered off, to the infinite inconvenience of the numerous persons who had gone to meet friends who were coming up by the trains then due; and when these trains arrived, the passengers who came by them were rushed away almost before they could obtain their luggage.

Moreover, the station and its precincts were literally swarming with policemen. I really think that, as there are two arrival-platforms at some distance from each other at Paddington, it might suffice if one of them were set apart for the reception of the Royal train, and it could be kept perfectly private by a cordon of policemen, while the other platform would remain for the public, who, at present, are treated with scant consideration. We certainly ought not to ridicule the fuss which is made when the Emperor of Russia travels.

The Prince and Princess of Wales passed most of last week at Eastwell Park, on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh.

When the Prince and Princess visit "the Faithful City" on Saturday, after their departure from Witley Court, they are to have a public reception at Worcester. The Town Council have unanimously voted £500 to the Mayor for the expenses of decorating the streets. This is a piece of very foolish and most reprehensible extravagance, which, considering the general distress that prevails throughout the country, is nothing less than scandalous. The Royal visitors would infinitely prefer to see the streets wear their usual aspect, and they certainly will not be gratified to learn that the money of the ratepayers is to be wasted on these ridiculous superfluities. I hear that, as there is considerable doubt as to the power of the Corporation to incur

expenditure for this purpose, the sum will nominally be paid as remuneration to the Mayor. The ratepayers will do well to keep their eye on these little financial adjustments.

It has been stated by several journals that Prince Edward "will take the title of Duke of Cornwall when he is elevated to the peerage next year." This is not only quite untrue, but it is most absurd, as the Dukedom of Cornwall cannot be held by any other person than the eldest son of the Sovereign, or by *his* eldest son in the event of his death before succeeding to the Throne. As a matter of fact, it is not intended to give Prince Edward a peerage next year. There is no sort of reason why he should be admitted to the House of Lords directly he comes of age, and no such step is in contemplation.

Prince Edward cannot be congratulated on the speech which he delivered at Cambridge last week. It was singularly infelicitous, and I apprehend that if it had previously been submitted to the Prince of Wales, he would have cut out some passages and considerably altered others. The young Prince can have profited little by his visits to Germany, and he must have taken, even for his age, a very superficial view of the current of German affairs, if he has come to the conclusion that the conscription and military system under which that country is groaning and withering are, on the whole, rather good things. Compulsory service is happily unknown in the British Empire, and no Sovereign or Minister is ever likely to venture to propose the introduction of so odious a system, even in a modified form. If the young Prince hankers after these German practices, he will do well in his own interests to hold his tongue, until further experience of the world has corrected such erroneous notions.

The Empress Eugénie, who paid a visit to the Queen at Windsor Castle last week, is going to the Isle of Wight next month, to stay for a short time at Osborne Cottage, which her Majesty has placed at her disposal.

Princess Christian is to visit Oxford on January 20, to take part in an amateur concert which is to be given in the Sheldonian Theatre on that day, in aid of the Sarah Acland Nurses' Home, an excellent institution, in which the late Duke of Albany took great interest. The Princess is to play two pianoforte duets with Mr. Parratt, the organist of St. George's Chapel, who, by the way, obtained that post mainly through the influence of the Duke of Albany.

The Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen (Princess Charlotte of Hohenzollern, eldest daughter of the Crown Prince of Germany) has been seriously ill during the last few weeks, and the Berlin physicians have ordered her to pass the winter at Cannes or Nice. The Princess and her husband are well known in English society, as they were in London for two months last year on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales.

A correspondent, writing from Kiel, announces the betrothal of Princess Caroline of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg, and her cousin, Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein-Glücksburg. She is four-and-twenty, and is the sister of the wife of Prince William, the German Emperor's grandson. Since Prince Frederick is the King of Denmark's nephew, great importance is attached to the match, as establishing peace between the two principal branches of Holstein-Sonderburg, and bringing together the dynasties of Denmark and Prussia.

The Imperial Supreme Court of Leipsic (the Reichsgericht) will give judgment in the course of a few days on Madame de Kalomine's appeal against the decree of divorce which was pronounced by the Darmstadt tribunal on the petition of the Grand Duke of Hesse. The case was heard last week with closed doors, and several hours were occupied in dealing with an objection to the competency of the Court, which was lodged by the Grand Duke's advocate; but this was ultimately "repelled," as the Scotch would phrase it, and it was unanimously decided that the Reichsgericht is perfectly at liberty to revise the judgment of the Hesse-Darmstadt judges.

It is universally anticipated that the decision will be in favour of Madame de Kalomine, unless it is considered desirable in the interest of the public policy that her marriage should be annulled. In the event of her being worsted, the strenuous efforts that have been made to keep the details quiet will be unavailing, and it is likely that a variety of matters will be disclosed which will be most unpleasant, not merely to the Grand Duke and his family, but also to the Royal family of England. The Queen has been the principal instigator of the Grand Duke's attempt to get rid of his marriage, on the ground, I believe, that in this way he can alone be reconciled with the Emperor of Germany. If, on the other hand, the marriage is delared to be binding, it is expected that the Grand Duke will abdicate in favour of his son, Prince Ernst Ludwig, and then himself retire to his estates in Silesia.

I hear from St. Petersburg that there is much commotion in the Court set in consequence of serious differences which have arisen between the Grand Duke Serge and his wife, the Princess Elizabeth of Hesse, second daughter of the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt. The couple, who were only married six months ago, have been residing at their country seat near Moscow during the autumn. The Emperor and Empress have been actively engaged in mediating between the pair, and strenuous efforts have been made to keep the matter a secret. It is well known that the marriage was not a union of affection. The Princess was resolved to marry a rich man, as she had seen so much in Germany of the miserable discomfort which is produced by having to make a great show on small means.

The late General Fleury belonged to the same generation as the late Duc de Morny. He was a very pleasant fellow, and one of his maxims was that in a country like France it was better for the Emperor and his friends to go in debt than to save money. He acted throughout life on this principle, and found that there is a Providence for

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reckless and agreeable spendthrifts. He was Master of the Emperor's Horse, and had the fullest confidence in one Gamble, who was the real director of the Imperial stud. Fleury, through The O'Gorman, had extensive dealings with the Ballinasloe people. He was never above accepting commissions on the sales made to him for his Imperial master. When the Empire collapsed, he fell with it into something approaching poverty. The change from a first-class Embassy, jolly shooting expeditions with the Czar, and highly remunerated military and other posts, was a trying one, but he bore it with gay philosophy. He lived since 1870 in a ground-floor suite of rooms in the Avenue Gabriel. His son's marriage was an unexpected piece of luck. It was on both sides a love match, and the bride was as rich, fair, and accomplished as a Princess in a fairy tale. Mdlle. Belle-à-Voir was her school nickname.

The *Matin* has been getting up an agitation against the admittance of foreign students into the various schools of the Paris University. This singularly narrow-minded policy comes strangely from a journal which is edited by an Englishman and owned by a company of Americans.

Rather a good joke was uttered the other day at one of Pierre Véron's dinners, to which literary and political men alone are invited :—

"Do you know why Richepin, after all, did not go into the desert?" said somebody.

"No, indeed!"

"Well, he was careering along on a camel, when he met an Arab, and asked him the name of the waste land he saw extended before him. 'Tis the great Sa(h)ara!' said the Arab. 'What again!' cried Richepin; 'I really thought I had got rid of her!' And turning the camel's head round, he returned to the spot whence he came."

Lord Spencer has been staying at the Viceregal Lodge since his return to Dublin last week, where it is probable Lady Spencer will join him before Christmas. The illness of Mr. R. Spencer will, however, interfere with the usual family party at that season.

A correspondent, writing from Dublin, says :—

Mr. Campbell-Bannerman is expected at the Chief Secretary's Lodge early in January. He will probably be able to devote a month at least to gaining some knowledge of the country and people he is assisting Lord Spencer to govern. Knowledge of the most valuable kind is that gained through personal experience. It is to be hoped that the Chief Secretary, assisted by the peace-and-goodwill suggestions of the Christmas season, may be able to modify Lord Spencer's views regarding the Coercion Bill. The Irish are too perverse a people ever to appreciate being deprived of the benefit of the Habeas Corpus Act, even by a just, generous, and long-suffering ruler; neither do they appreciate the revival in their favour of the ancient Curfew Act, nor the "blood tax," which ingeniously makes the innocent pay for the crimes of the guilty. The inhabitants of Belgravia would hardly understand the justice of being taxed for crimes committed in the lowest slums of London; yet the inhabitants of Merrion-square, &c., have to pay for the crimes of the Invincibles.

Lord and Lady Salisbury are staying at Hatfield until the second week in January, when they intend going to the south of France till the meeting of Parliament.

The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk have a small family party staying with them at Arundel Castle. The Duchess obtained the second prize at the Fat Stock Show last week, with a very fine beast of the shaggy Highland breed. The Duke took the chair at the subsequent dinner, and Lord March and Sir Walter Barttelot were also present, and announced that they intended to come forward for their respective "districts" at the general election.

Lord Cardwell has taken Bayfort House, Torquay, for the season.

The Duke and Duchess of Argyll arrived at Inverary Castle on Friday evening from Greenock, in their yacht *Columba*, having left London on Thursday morning. They are not going to Cannes this winter, but intend to remain at Inverary till the middle of February.

Lord and Lady Dartmouth received a large family party at Patshull Hall last week; and on Thursday evening a very successful ball was given in honour of the recent marriage of the Hon. H. C. Legge with the Hon. Amy Lambart. The tenantry were invited, and in the course of the evening their gifts were presented to the bride and bridegroom.

The Duke of Manchester, who has been travelling in Australia for several months, is expected to return home in February.

During the past week the Earl and Countess Cowper have been entertaining a large party at Panshanger. A very successful ball was given on Wednesday night.

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster, who have been residing at Clieveden for the last six weeks, have now gone to Eaton Hall, with the intention of staying in Cheshire till the meeting of Parliament. The Prince and Princess of Wales are expected to pay a three days' visit to Eaton during the last week in January, and a large and distinguished party will be invited to meet them.

Colonel Tomline entertained last week the Duke of Cambridge and a small party at Orwell Park, Suffolk, and splendid sport was obtained in the famous covers on that beautiful estate.

The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland are receiving company at Alnwick Castle, where they propose to remain till the beginning of February, when they remove to Albury Park, his Grace's place near Guildford.

During the Christmas holidays the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland will receive a large family party at Trentham.

The Bicester Hunt Ball will take place at Bicester on Tuesday, Feb. 3.

There have been statements in the papers that Miss Cane, of St. Wolstan's, sustained such severe injuries by falling from her horse whilst hunting with the Kildare hounds, that she died. As a matter of fact, she died of heart disease. There had been no run, and her horse was walking quietly along the road.

Native Oysters.—Great Reduction in Price. Sweetings are supplying the Finest Native Oysters in barrels, 22s. 6d., half-barrels, 15s.—London, 158, Cheapside; Brighton, King's-road.

Riding Habits.—Specialty of John Redfern & Sons. Ladies' Tailors by Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 26, Conduit-street, London, W. Also at Cowes, Paris, and New York

Last week Lord Tollemache celebrated his seventy-ninth birthday. I hope he may live another twenty years, for he is one of the best landlords in Great Britain, and has always taken an active personal interest in the management of his extensive estates in Cheshire and Suffolk.

Lord Tollemache has not a farm on hand, nor is there a shilling of rent in arrear on his estate. He has by degrees broken up the Peckforton estate, which was formerly let out in very large farms, into small holdings of about 200 acres each, and he has expended £150,000 in building between sixty and seventy model dairy farms and homesteads. He has also built several hundreds of model cottages for the labourers, and most of them have a few acres of land attached, which is let at a very low rent, so that the men are enabled to keep cows.

It is a pity that Lord Tollemache's excellent example is not followed by all great landlords, more especially as the practical results are so satisfactory; but the policy of most of them is mean, shuffling, and utterly fatuous. A few days ago, the agent for one of the largest estates in England met the principal tenants for a conference. He expatiated at great length on the badness of the times; but, instead of concluding with the announcement, which the farmers were justified in expecting, that a considerable and permanent reduction of rent would be granted forthwith, he blandly expressed his regret that the landlord could not afford to make any abatement this year, but added that the subject would be considered next year, and suggested that in the meantime he thought the farmers might benefit themselves by reducing the wages of their labourers, as, in the present depression, all classes—landlords, tenants, and labourers—must bear their share of the burden. This audacious proposition fairly "flabbergasted" the farmers, some of whom observed that it was monstrous to talk of reducing labourers' wages, seeing that they can barely live at the present rates. The agent's advice was, of course, mere drivelling, but drivelling of a mischievous sort.

I referred last week to the opinion expressed by Mr. Digby Collins, at Callington, that the farmers must "take their coats off and work in earnest if they desired to get along." Here is the experience of a Cornish farmer who *did* "take his coat off":—

In 1876 my landlord called his tenants together, and informed them that he was going to contract out of the "Agricultural Holdings Act," which came into operation February, 1876. At the same time he promised to grant compensation to all his tenants. Relying on this promise, my coat was "pulled off," and a large amount of capital invested in improvements on the holding. Four years later I received a notice to quit, with an intimation that my farm was worth from 40 to 50 per cent. more than I was paying for it. But when I asked for the compensation for improvements, I was coolly told that I was not legally entitled to any, consequently the whole labour and capital went to enrich the landlord. Tenant-farmers must see that they have adequate security for labour and capital, or they will work solely to increase the landlords' rent.

Lord Macdonald left his place in Skye last week, on his way to Australia, and is expected to be absent for about sixteen months. He was dangerously ill at Cannes early in the spring, and he has not recovered his health, so his physicians have advised him to undertake this expedition.

"Liberty" Arabian Furniture and Decoration. A new Sketch-book post-free. Liberty & Co., Chesham House. Regent-street, W

The oldest tenant farmer in Scotland died last week. He was Mr. William Knox, of Whitelaw, near Hawick. He was in his 91st year, and had all his life occupied the farm on which he died, which is on the estate of the Duke of Buccleuch, and has been rented by the Knox family for more than two hundred years. He rarely quitted the parish, except to go to market, and was only once out of the county, when he was summoned to London to give evidence in connection with an election riot.

It is reported that the late Mr. Collins, M.P. for Knaresborough, left nearly a million pounds sterling. This is an exaggeration, but he died very rich indeed. In his habits he was as methodical as he was penurious. When in London he lived in one room on the third floor, in Charles-street, and took his very frugal meals at the Carlton Club. For years he never spent more than four shillings and sixpence a day; in fact, this was the sum he provided himself with every morning. His breakfast, consisting of tea and one muffin, never varied; his dinner was a cut from the joint; between the two meals he neither ate nor drank. His wardrobe comprised two suits of morning clothes, which he wore on alternate days, and an evening suit. He never had a great-coat or a rug, although he always travelled third class by train, and he used to boast that he had not been in a hired vehicle for twenty years. In the country he would go out with a basket and purchase for cash, from his own tenants, the provisions he wanted. As he was unmarried, and leaves an only sister, it will be interesting to learn, when his will is proved, if he had any object in practising such rigid parsimony. Penuriousness was, however, his only fault, for he was, in every other respect, a most amiable and agreeable man.

Mr. Henley was the last of an unobtrusive but very useful class of politicians—the shrewd country gentleman. He was not a man of remarkable ability, and he never pretended to be an orator, but he quickly made his mark in the House of Commons, and members were always glad to see him rise, for his speeches were short, and he invariably spoke to the point, and rarely sat down without uttering some old-fashioned "Walpolean" jests, for he liked to call a spade a spade. Mr. Henley was remarkable for his strong, sagacious common sense, and he showed this quality in 1859 during the Reform debates, when he most truly observed that the result of the "hard-and-fast line" which Mr. Disraeli desired to draw between enfranchised and unenfranchised would be that some day he would see "an ugly rush" at it. He was thoroughly independent in his politics, and for this reason his opinion always carried great weight on the Tory side.

In consequence of the death of Lord Scarbrough, Lord Zetland's hounds will not hunt again this year, and the usual ball at Aske Hall will not be given.

There was a story in Truth a fortnight ago about Lord Dunmore, who had let the shooting on a Scotch Island, landing one day and shooting on it himself. I am requested to say that the tale is mythical.

It would be impossible to exaggerate the feeling of angry indignation which has arisen lately throughout Norfolk and Suffolk in consequence of its having become the regular practice of keepers, not only to shoot all cats, but also to lay traps for them in the immediate vicinity of farms and villages, owing to the game-preserving landlords paying a shilling a-head for all cats trapped. This may be legal, but it is infamous. The extent to which game-prescrving is carried in these counties is altogether outrageous, and the popular resentment is increased by the fact that it is the almost universal practice to sell everything that is killed, except, perhaps, a few odd rabbits, which are given, with much elaborate noise, to the labourers. The cat-shooting, however, will bring matters to a climax, and "Hodge," who is the principal sufferer, will very soon be able practically to express his opinion that there must be an end of the game laws, and if the landlords persist in this sort of thing, there will be an end to all their privileges, most of which they abuse so recklessly. The Prince of Wales leads society in Norfolk, and he would do well to let it be known that he entirely disapproves of this last new outcome of the game-preserving mania. Battue-shooting, as now conducted, is mere brutal butchery, and men who take pleasure in such slaughter must be either downright fools or they must have a strong dash of the original savage in their compositions.

The accounts of the Edinburgh Forestry Exhibition have just been made up, with the result that, after paying all expenses, there is a balance in hand of £300.

One of the exhibitors at the Cattle Show was a Mr. John Jones, of Llandudno. An animal he sent to Smithfield bore the euphonious name of Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerchwyrwydrobwllandisiliogogogoch. It is scarcely surprising that this ox did not carry off a prize, for discussion of its merits might have resulted in lockjaw.

There will be some important sales of pedigree cattle in the spring. Lord Southesk has resolved to sell his large herd of Aberdeen Angus polled cattle at Kinnaird Castle, which is about the finest collection in Scotland; and Sir Henry Allsopp's splendid herd of Bates shorthorns, at Hindlip Hall, Worcestershire, is to be dispersed. It is exccedingly probable that the best lots in both herds will cross the Atlantic.

I fail to see what good can be expected to result from a meeting at Lord's of county secretaries, avowedly summoned to discuss an important change in cricket law, unless they are empowered to represent the views of their respective clubs. Lord Harris's motion, which makes the choice of innings in county matches alternate, was carried by ten votes to seven; but, owing to the opposition shown, and also to the fact that the delegates doubted the extent of their powers, the matter was shelved for another year. Opposition will, of course, always exist; but, before the question comes on again, it is to be hoped the secretaries will take the trouble to ascertain the opinion of their clubs upon it, and vote accordingly. If an absolute majority of the counties are in favour of a necessary reform, the others will speedily be obliged to acquiesce in it.

Last week, in his match of 12,000 up with F. Bennett, Roberts again managed to beat his own record break of 327 at the spot-barred game by running up 360. The break, however, was not begun and completed on the same day, Roberts making 160 one evening and 200 more the next afternoon, a fact which, to my mind, detracts very considerably from the merit of the performance.

A Fine Art Loan Exhibition is to be held at Norwich next year. The Prince of Wales is taking great interest in it, and has promised not only to lend several pictures himself, but to get some from Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle. Owing to the Prince's interposition, Dean Bradley has consented to lend the portrait of Dean Stanley which hangs in the Deanery at Westminster. It is a replica of the picture which Angeli painted for the Queen, and which is now in the private apartments at Windsor Castle. It will be remembered that the late Dean's father was for twelve years Bishop of Norwich. He was universally popular in the city and county.

The portentous list of winter picture-shows was further increased on Saturday. At the Fine Art Society's gallerics there is now exhibited a representative collection of the works of Mr. T. D. Linton, including the five large canvases illustrating the life of a soldier in the sixteenth century, four of which have already appeared in the Academy, and one in the Grosvenor. There is, in fact, little or nothing in the exhibition which has not been seen before, but the collection is a useful guide to a judgment of the strength and weakness of Mr. Linton's art. As a decorative artist he is at his best, but as a depicter of men and manners he is singularly fertile. He groups his characters well as a rule, and his colouring is highly effective. The old costumes, armour, velvet, furs, and so forth are admirably reproduced; but it is impossible to feel the smallest interest in the lay figures which fill these gorgeous habiliments—or, indeed, to imagine that they were ever living and breathing men and women. I may, perhaps, make an exception in favour of "Admonition," a spirited drawing which represents a mediæval bishop invoking the terrors of the Church upon the head of a gay young noble and an erring damsel, who crouches at his feet. But, for the most part, Mr. Linton paints old clothes, not men and women.

At Messrs. Dowdeswell's, Mr. Sutton Palmer exhibits some water-colour sketches, "illustrating the beauties of Sussex." Sussex scenery is somewhat tame, as a rule, and so are Mr. Palmer's drawings—only more so. Some are unfinished, and these Mr. Palmer has considerately labelled with slips of paper announcing the fact. Otherwise, it might be difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish them.

Those who admire studies of the female form divine in a state of nature will find plenty to interest them at Messrs. Bussod, Valadon, & Co.'s, where are exhibited seven pictures by M. W. Bouguereau. The chief of these

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productions is an enormous canvas representing the youth of Bacchus. The infant god is borne aloft through a glade, surrounded by well-developed nymphs and muscular fauns, while Silenus, conventionally drunk, brings up the rear. There are also three large pictures of nude young women, the best of which is Byblis, destined for next year's Salon. M. Bouguereau is an excellent draughtsman, and his anatomy and flesh-painting are marvellously true to nature. But there is little imagination and less refinement about his art; and it is a positive relief to turn from a smirking Laïs or a suggestive Phryne to the charming study entitled "Une Leçon Difficile," a pretty child raising plaintive and widely-opened eyes in dire perplexity from the spelling-book on its knees.

I am unable to join in the general chorus of admiration called forth by Mr. Millais's "Waif," now exhibited in the King-street Galleries. The child is charming enough, but she is not a waif at all. She is merely one of Mr. Millais's Christmas-number children, plump, well-fed, clean, and happy, who is masquerading with touzled hair and a ragged dress as a flower-selling outcast. But the disguise is too transparent. She is not half thin or hungry-looking enough; she has forgotten to smudge her face; even her bare feet are perfectly clean; and the plaintive look in her eyes is obviously assumed for the occasion. She is, in fact, a street-child idealised past all recognition.

I prefer the companion picture in the same gallery, "The Stowaway." There is more history and character about it, and the boy gives me the idea of feeling his position, which the girl does not. But what a singular resemblance he bears to a certain eminent tragedian now playing "Hamlet" in Oxford-street! Is this another touching episode in Mr. Wilson Barrett's career, as yet unsung and revealed alone to Mr. Millais, dating, perchance, from that mystic period of five and twenty years ago or thereabouts?

Better than either is Mr. Orchardson's "Town Buck and Country Maiden," the bumptious assurance of the young man, and the pretty awkwardness of the girl being admirably expressed. But what large feet she has! There are several other good things in the same gallery; "Mists Rising," by Mr. Keeley Halswelle, especially taking my fancy.

In the water-colour room there are ten drawings by Turner, many of them being too much in the lobster-salad and soapsuds line to be particularly pleasing. One represents "election time in Northampton" a good many years ago, which naturally attracted my attention. I am glad to see that in those early days, as in the present time, the electors of Northampton were actuated by eminently laudable principles, for on one banner I noticed inscribed the legend, "Northampton independence for ever!" and on another, "The purity of elections is the triumph of law."

There is a suggestive little anecdote in the recently-published Memoir of Dr. Humphrey Sandwith. After his return from Kars, Sandwith was summoned to Buckingham Palace for an interview with Prince Albert:—

> I described all I could, and especially did I give him an account of the reign of terror in Kars when spies were sent into the *cafés*, and when on hearing any one propose to give up the city they denounced the culprit, who was forthwith flogged. On hearing this the Prince said, "Ah, I wish we could have that done in the London clubs!" At that time the Prince was very unpopular, and I was astonished at his imprudence in making this very un-English remark.

This gives a pretty good notion of the sort of *régime* which Prince Albert would have liked to introduce into England. You have only to penetrate below the surface of a German Prince, who is compelled to accept the restrictions of constitutional government, to find that in reality he is panting to exercise the brutal grinding tyranny of a Frederick or a Nicholas.

Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to accept from Master Edwin Beresford Chancellor (aged 16), of Richmond, a copy of his "Historical Sketches on the Lives of Henry VIII. and Charles I."

The following is an extract from *Berrow's Worcester Journal*, of Dec. 16, 1784:—

> London, Dec. 14.—Yesterday afternoon, about ten minutes before five of the clock, died, at his house in Bolt-court, Fleet-street, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, that great ornament of literature, and firm friend of virtue and religion, Dr. Samuel Johnson.
>
> When the blanks of his last will were filling up by a gentleman at the Doctor's request, he asked what he should leave his honest old black servant, that had lived with him about forty years. He was informed that a man of the first quality usually bequeathed no more to a faithful servant than an annuity of fifty pounds. "Why, then," said the Doctor, "tell Frank (meaning his negro) that I will be above a lord; for I will leave him seventy pounds a year."
>
> Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir John Hawkins, and Dr. Scott of the Commons are appointed his executors.

Mr. Frederic Harrison is writing an article on George Eliot, which will be published in one of the monthly reviews. Mr. Harrison was for many years on intimate terms with George Eliot, and his "impressions" ought to be very interesting.

The recent portrait and notice of "Hansard" in *Vanity Fair* is the notice of Jacob and the portrait of Esau. Hansard, the owner and editor of the "Parliamentary Debates" is Thomas Curzon Hansard, and neither he nor the "Debates" have anything officially to do with Henry Hansard, of the firm of printers. *Vanity Fair* has drawn Thomas and described Henry.

Miss Kate Vaughan has returned to London after a seventeen weeks' provincial tour. She does not intend to act anywhere at Christmas, but may probably join Mr. Kyrle Bellew's Company at the Olympic Theatre after the run of "Called Back."

It is rather hard on Madame Patti that she has not entirely freed herself from her husband by the action of the French Divorce Court, for, as a condition of her qualified separation, she was forced to give up to him half the fortune which she had earned by her voice.

In America there have been "great doings" on the occasion of the celebration of her silver wedding with the stage. She made her first appearance at the Academy of Music in November, 1859, in "Lucia di Lammermoor.' At the silver wedding "Martha" was the opera chosen, and the proceedings are thus described:—

> No sooner was the opera over than the band of the 7th Regiment marched upon the stage; a storm of applause arose from all parts of the house, the band played an

inspiriting march; at the conclusion of the march Patti stepped gracefully forward, and said :—

My dear friends, it is twenty-five years ago since I sang here for the first time. The reception you have given me to-night is a tribute I shall never forget. It overcomes me. I am so overwhelmed that I can say nothing more.

At these pretty declarations the audience fairly shouted with delight. Ladies stood up in their seats and waved their handkerchiefs, and the army of young men shouted "Bravo!" Madame Patti turned to Scalchi and kissed her on the cheek. She then shook hands with the conductor, bowed sweetly to the members of the band, kissed her hand to the audience, and ran away to her dressing-room. It was close upon midnight when Madame Patti came out of the Academy and entered a close carriage drawn by four white horses. A platoon of mounted police cleared the way for the carriage, and fifty torch-bearers fell in behind the police. The Seventh's band headed the procession. Following Patti's coach-and-four was a big wagon, from which there was a continuous shooting off of Roman candles. This wagon also contained iron basins of powder, which, when ignited, made the streets brilliant with many-coloured lights. The route terminated at the Windsor Hotel, in the vicinity of which establishment cannons were fired with a noise and rapidity which quite unnerved the great songstress.

Subsequently Madame Patti informed an interviewer that after the next season in Europe, she intended to leave the stage for ever.

It is proposed in Oxford to place a portrait of the Bishop of Chester in the Bodleian Library, as a memorial of his connection with the University.

The choice of a successor to Mr. Fawcett, as Professor of Political Economy at Cambridge, has resulted, as was generally expected, in the election of Mr. Alfred Marshall, of St. John's. The only doubt about the matter was whether Mr. Marshall would care so soon to give up his Oxford appointment. Like Mr. Fawcett, the new Professor has a very able wife, his "Economics of Industry" having been written with her assistance. Mrs. Marshall, who was a student at Newnham, has also for several years undertaken the political economy teaching in connection with the "Cambridge Correspondence Classes."

Dr. Moorhouse, Bishop of Melbourne, has refused to order prayers for rain in his diocese. His lordship gives as his reason that, before complaining, people should do something themselves towards storing up the superfluity in the wet season against the drought. "Aide-toi, et Dieu t'aidera."

A remarkable request has also been preferred to the Bishop for prayers that the rabbits may cease to bring forth young, all other endeavours to exterminate them having proved futile.

The *Church Times* winds up a venomous notice of Canon Girdlestone by stating that "he finished his life with a piece of notable flunkeyism. He left directions that he should be buried in the surplice and hood in which he had preached before the Prince of Wales at Sandringham." The true fact is that Canon Girdlestone expressed a wish that he should be buried in the hood and surplice that he last wore, and the Sunday service at Sandringham on Nov. 16 was the last time he entered a church. It is monstrous to think of so paltry a piece of snobbery being attributed to such a man in his dying hours.

The Bishop of Lincoln has intimated to the Primate that he desires to at once resign his see. It is quite in accordance with Dr. Wordsworth's high character, and with the general tenour of his career, that he should vacate his important office as soon as he finds himself unequal to its duties.

I recommend the case of the Dean of Ardagh to those who entertain an excessive admiration for the mode in which things are managed in the Church of England. The Dean outran the constable to the tune of £11,000, and was adjudged a bankrupt. Two months later, being the owner of the advowson of Presteign, he inducted himself into the incumbency, which was worth £800 per annum, after providing for a curate to act as the pastor of its spiritual sheep. The Dean agreed to pay over £600 per annum to his creditors out of this £800; but he has since declined to carry out the agreement. Now, putting aside the disgraceful action of refusing to stand by his agreement, and thus seeking to defraud his creditors, is it not monstrous that £800 per annum, which is admittedly £600 per annum in excess of what is wanted to secure the service of a divine for this incumbency, should find its way into the pocket of an impecunious and extravagant dean?

The dearth of officers in the Militia is becoming positively alarming, there being no fewer that six hundred and seventeen vacancies in one hundred and five battalions. Unless something can be done to check this waste, the force must eventually cease to exist. I cannot help thinking that some use might be made in this direction of the hundreds of capable officers who are yearly superannuated from the regular army—always providing, of course, that service in the Militia be made reasonably attractive for them.

The W. O. people have just issued an order to the effect that his Highness the Khedive is about to confer a Star similar to that given for the Egyptian campaign of 1882, to those who took part in the operations near Souakin in 1884; but the order goes on to say that those already in possession of the Star for 1882 will not be considered entitled to this. I fail to see why, because a man was considered to have merited a decoration in 1882, and again in 1884, he is to be deprived of the latter, in consequence of being in possession of the former, although I confess that, to my thinking, it might be well to decline henceforth all Khedival decorations.

Some of the men in Portsmouth Dockyard are now working an hour per day overtime, the usual period allowed for dinner having been reduced from one hour and a half to half an hour. This arrangement applies to the hands, about 2,000 in number, who are engaged upon the armour-clad ships now under construction—viz., the *Colossus*, *Camperdown*, *Collingwood*, *Edinburgh*, and *Impérieuse*. It will last until the end of the present year, by which time an extra expenditure of £5,000 will have been incurred. After this, who can say that the authorities are not in earnest!

The Admiralty order authorising the issue of postal orders payable in the United Kingdom for small amounts without charge on board ship has met with much approbation, and is certainly a step in the right direction.

The Russian Government have decided to build a monster ironclad, on the model of the *Duilio*. She will be a vessel of 11,000 tons, with armour-plating twelve inches thick, and a speed of seventeen knots. She is to be armed with sixteen-inch guns, and her estimated cost is £850,000.

Here is a case, which is only one of a thousand, showing how the poor are defrauded out of decent means of living. "John Wynn, of Plaistow, said by the sanitary inspectors to be very well to do, was summoned in respect of seven houses owned by him, which were inhabited by poor people, and were unfit to live in, owing to defective water supply. The owner had disregarded a notice from the Vestry to remedy the defects complained of last October, and was now fined £10 for each house." I shall be much interested to see what the Royal Commission has to say to cases of this kind. Fines, it seems to me, will always be inadequate in cases of "house-farming," just as they have been abundantly proved to be in the adulteration of milk. In both trades the rate of profits is so high that a man can well afford to make an allowance for occasional fines. House-farmers will never be suppressed unless detection is made to involve consequences to their persons instead of to their pockets.

I think that the Metropolitan Board of Works is ill-advised in selling the corner lot of their new street, which is to connect Piccadilly with Bloomsbury, for a music-hall, to the lessee of the London Pavilion Music-Hall—all the more, as it would seem that the sale was privately concluded, without putting the site up to public competition. It is not a question whether the London Pavilion is well conducted, but whether it is desirable that there should be a music-hall at this particular spot, which is close to that portion of the metropolis which is rendered almost impassable at night-time, owing to its being the chosen haunt of roughs and ladies—painted, but frail. The curious part of the transaction is that it seems to be taken for granted that the Middlesex magistrates will grant a licence to the new music-hall.

The Birmingham authorities are giving unmistakable proof of their earnestness in suppressing lotteries. They have resolved that any young lady who sells a ticket for a bazaar lottery in their town shall be prosecuted as a "rogue and a vagabond," and three months' imprisonment with hard labour may follow conviction. The same rigorous measure is to be applied to the promoters of bazaars. Publicans and confectioners are also being pounced upon. The Birmingham Watch Committee has even considered the question of preventing prospectuses of foreign lotteries coming into the town. All this zeal is very commendable. I hope it will last.

In describing last week the court which heard the *Mignonette* case as the "Court for Crown Cases Reserved," the *World* shared a popular error. This court can only hear cases in which a verdict of guilty has been already returned; and as it was very doubtful whether the jury would have returned a verdict of guilty, Baron Huddleston wisely fell back on the old procedure of a "special verdict," the consideration of which came before the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court as successor to the Court of Queen's Bench.

I am by no means certain that six months' imprisonment is a sufficient punishment for the *Mignonette* cannibals. Were I starving, and saw a loaf in a shop-window, I should certainly appropriate it; indeed, I should regard myself as being guilty of suicide were I not to do so; at the same time, however, I should not feel that I had a right to complain if I received some moderate punishment at the hands of a magistrate for obeying the natural law, and disregarding the law of the land. But were I starving with a friend in a place where there were no loaves, I should hardly feel myself justified in knocking my friend on the head and devouring him. This is practically what the *Mignonette* cannibals did, and they seem to have been under the impression that they deserved the admiration of their fellow-countrymen for the act, and, what is still more singular, were within an ace of obtaining it. Every one must remember the story of the Russian mother who, when her sledge was pursued by wolves, threw her child out on the snow to be devoured by these animals, and thus escaped herself. But I never yet heard of any one citing her as a heroine whose example merits imitation.

Mr. Justice Wills explained in the Weldon-Rivière case that he allowed the plaintiff to wander for days into matters profoundly immaterial. Why did he? Surely one of the chief functions of a judge is to prevent this!

During the trial, the judge frequently said that the jury must take the law from him. This means that a jury is not to interpret a statute, but to accept the interpretation of the Bench. The doctrine is assumed to be correct by all barristers when they plead: in reality, however, it is a judicial usurpation. A statute is made by the people through their representatives, and twelve of the people in a jury-box have a perfect right to affix their own interpretation to its provisions. But the absurdity of the doctrine of the Bench is all the greater, as the judge who is trying the case often does not presume to act on his own interpretation of the statute, but feels himself bound by that of some predecessor, who may or may not have been a Daniel. If the fashion gains ground of litigants pleading in person, it is pretty certain that juries will often claim their right of interpretation. And this is to be desired, for judges are not legislators, and yet to make a law or *ex cathedrâ* to interpret a law is one and the same thing.

I stated last week that the evidence against the Dean of Hereford was utterly worthless. Such seems to have been the opinion of the Grand Jury, who refused to return a true bill against him. The Dean is greatly to be condoled for the unfortunate position in which he found himself placed. He ought never to have been committed; and I think that it is to be regretted, in his interests, that the evidence upon which the committal took place should not have been made public.

As far as I can make out from the decision of Mr. Justice Grove and Mr. Justice Hawkins, about the old Peel-grove burial-ground in Bethnal-green, there is nothing in the present law of public health to prevent dwelling-houses being built on the top of burial-grounds. The way in which this unpleasant custom gets exemption

from the law is rather curious. Houses may not be built upon any site "filled up or covered with any material impregnated or mixed with any animal or vegetable matter;" but then the judges have maintained the decision of the police-magistrates, that coffins with dead bodies are not materials "impregnated with animal matter." Perhaps not, but only because they are a great deal worse. The plot of ground in question was last used for the interment of cholera patients, and will, no doubt, be advertised before long as "this exceptionally genteel and eligible neighbourhood."

It may be hoped that the attention of the Lord Chancellor will be directed to the particulars of a case which was heard last week at Bearstead Sessions. It appeared from the evidence that Major Best, a county magistrate, had conceived a strong aversion to Mrs. Heckmott, a widow who kept an inn at Boxley. He allowed his feelings to carry him away to such an extent that he requested a constable named Botten to "lay a trap" for her by getting some one who was not a traveller to go to the inn on Sunday, and obtain a glass of ale on some pretext. Botten refused to aid in this disgraceful proceeding. I should think, under the circumstances, that the sooner Major Best's name is removed from the Commission the better it will be for the general reputation of the magistracy.

At Ashby-de-la-Zouch Petty Sessions the other day four men were charged with maiming and wounding a dog. The wretched animal, it appeared, was seized by the defendants one Sunday morning when time hung heavy on their hands, was pricked in various parts with a pin, saturated with turpentine, and set on fire. The poor brute, though horribly injured, ultimately recovered, and the collective wisdom of the Ashby magistrates decided that the defendants must be acquitted, because the dog was not permanently injured or "maimed"! A case has been granted for a superior court, and I hope the presiding judge will deal with these Ashby Shallows no less sternly than did Mr. Justice Hawkins with the Great Unpaid of Petworth, who, on some equally idiotic pretext, refused to convict certain ruffians of torturing sparrows.

Here is another case:—At Stonehaven, John McIntosh, a farmer of Lochmuir, was charged with horrible cruelty to a mare. He tied one end of a rope round the animal's tongue, and the other to a horse's collar, with the natural result that the unfortunate animal's tongue was nearly pulled out by the roots. The Sheriff fined him £5, which, I suppose, is a terribly large sum for a Scotchman to be compelled to pay, but I cannot help thinking that a few months' hard labour would have had a more salutary effect upon Mr. McIntosh, and other brutes like himself.

The Harrison divorce case has moved the *Lancet* to take up its parable on the relation of medical men to their female patients. I hope the faculty will take heed to the warnings of their Mentor. The *Lancet* would prohibit personal or social intimacy, and it declares that "no familiarity whatever of any kind or degree ought to exist." There should be no gossiping, less hand-shaking, more formality, and a considerable reduction in the habitual length of visits. On the whole, the leading medical organ pretty plainly intimates that the doctors are considerably in fault, and ought at once to amend their ways. At present a lady's doctor is much like an abbé was under the old *régime* in France.

"Barrister" writes me as follows:—

Dear Truth,—Will you, with your usual fairness, allow me to say a word on your suggestion that, in the interests of suitors, the bar should be superseded by solicitor-advocates? I fully admit certain advantages of eliminating the middleman between counsel and suitor. But how will your proposal for firms with an "in-court" and "out-court" partner work? For the few big firms, who always have one or more actions going on, it is well enough, though I cannot see that in this case it differs enough from the present system to bring any material advantage to the suitor. The busy in-court partner will necessarily be very inaccessible to clients, and the process—which you rightly enough find fault with—of filtering instructions through the muddy brains of a solicitor's clerk must still largely go on. But now, what about the scores of solicitors who do not fight out half-a-dozen actions in the course of a year? Either the client who comes to them must trust his case to a man with very limited practical experience in advocacy, or such solicitors must be allowed to give briefs to others who do more work in court. But the last alternative brings us back to the present arrangement, with a mere change of names. This is not mere supposition. This very thing has happened in the County Courts. A class of solicitor-advocates is growing up there who take briefs from other solicitors, and that in spite of the fact that an Act of Parliament expressly forbids the practice. Everybody knows that the fighting of actions is a very small part of the average solicitor's business, and it seems to follow that the present arrangement of barristers and solicitors is a mere case of division of labour—advantageous, so far, to all parties. If in certain ways it acts disadvantageously to suitors, the remedy is to bring counsel and client together, and let barristers prepare their own briefs.

This is nonsense. The "in-Court" partner would see the client, whenever a case was to be brought before a Court. Bringing barrister and client together would be much the same as allowing solicitors to practise, so far as clients are concerned. But it would be unfair upon solicitors, for it would allow barristers to act as solicitors, and yet forbid solicitors acting as barristers. What I want to know is why the present distinction between the two should be kept up? For whose benefit is it?

The dress reformers who object to that mysterious portion of the feminine garb known vicariously as the "bustle," "bird-cage," "dress improver," or "crinolette," will have a stronger case now that it has been proved capable of acting as a receiver of stolen goods. It has always been suspected of smuggling contraband articles past the eyes of Custom-house officials, whose powers of search are limited to baggage, but a case which was tried last week in Paris turned suspicion into a certainty. A lady was accused by an hotel-keeper of stealing a valuable clock. In the most indignant manner she invited him to examine her boxes—which was done without discovering the missing timepiece. The lady then protested that she would "have the law of" her traducer, when all of a sudden, from the nether portion of her costume, the purloined clock proclaimed its presence by striking the hour of eleven!

It is full time that the police should take the man Eglinton in hand. If they want evidence against this rogue and vagabond, I shall be most happy to furnish them with the name of the writer of the following letter. Every now and then one hears of some old crone being prosecuted for gaining money by pretended dealings with the unseen world; and people wonder how, in the present age of enlightenment, fools have been found to become her dupes. Yet Eglinton is allowed to practise his trade with impunity, and persons of sense and education pay him. A little while ago, a lady well known in fashionable and

racing circles consulted him as to the horse which would win a race. On a slate was written the word "Thebais," and Thebais, being first favourite, won. At once silly speculators rushed to him, thinking that they had fortune at their beck. For another race, the word "Amalfi" was written; Amalfi, however, did not win.

Sir,—In corroboration of the article which appeared in last week's Truth, relative to "Mr. Eglinton," the spiritualist, permit me to say a few words. A lady residing in Grosvenor-square, notorious for her credulity on the subject, called on the individual above named, and asked if he could and would produce the spirit of her dead son (the said son having died about three months ago). Eglinton naturally stated he could. A *séance* (of course, a dark one) was arranged. After the usual mummeries a form appeared. The old lady at once pronounced it to be the spirit of her departed offspring, conversed with him for some time: was informed he was perfectly comfortable where he was, *and* Mr. Eglinton received £50. Two ladies of my acquaintance attended a *light séance* of this wretched impostor. The questions asked were answered, but in every case the answers were utterly incorrect. Eglinton obtained the address of one of his visitors, who is remarkably good-looking, and wrote a few days afterwards begging her to call on him, as he wished to arrange a *dark séance* with her. I proposed to attend it instead, taking with me my familiar spirit, in the shape of a remarkably stiff cutting whip, and it was only at the earnest entreaty of the lady, who dreaded a row, and her name appearing, that I desisted from giving this impostor and vagabond Eglinton the well-merited horse-whipping he deserves. What I want to know is, cannot he be prosecuted? A poor gipsy woman who charges sixpence for performing similar tricks is amenable to the law. Why is not Eglinton? I enclose my card, and remain, your obedient servant,

Spectemur Agendo.

I have consulted Mr. Maskelyne as to the best way of testing Eglinton's powers. Mr. Maskelyne says that he is quite ready to arrange conditions under which fraud would be impossible, and that he will give Eglinton a certificate should he produce any writing on a slate under these conditions. I think, however, we may take it for certain that Eglinton will not submit himself and his powers to the test. The whole stock-in-trade of humbugs of his description is to profess to court inquiry, and then to evade it as soon as they have not to do with credulous fools.

Correspondents are frequently asking me who Fry is of Leicester-square, who confidingly offers to advance money to needy nobility and gentry. Fry & Co. are the latest additions to the circularious mob of bill-discounters' touts. There is no such person as Fry, the head of this firm being Henry Marcus, alias Mason, alias Kennedy, who used to carry on his loathsome calling at Northumberland-street, Strand, and Piccadilly. He has now an office in the Haymarket, and the Leicester-square business, what there is of it, is conducted by his clerk. It will be remembered by readers of Truth that Kayler, of St. James's-square, is the father of usury for whom Marcus is jackal.

Every one is asking how to get rid of the waits. The legal remedy is, at least, as bad as the grievance, for, if the waits refuse to "move on," the householder, it seems, must himself get up and go off to the police-station there and then to sign the charge-sheet. I would venture to suggest the cold water cure as an alternative. One may do what one likes, I imagine, with one's own door-step; and a jug of cold water thrown there as soon as the waits are heard ringing the bell would probably make them move on in double-quick time. If all the houscholders in a street happened to find their door-steps wanted cleaning the same night, I fancy the waits would not be heard any more in that neighbourhood, and if the servants did not like the work, it would be a real treat to "our boys," home for the Christmas holidays.

Unless the authorities of St. Bartholomew's Hospital can explain the circumstances connected with the death of Walter Gooday, I greatly fear that subscriptions to London Hospitals will fall off. At 3 a.m., Gooday was taken by his master to the hospital, writhing with pain in his stomach. He was seen by a house-surgeon, and a poultice was applied. At ten the next morning his master found him still on a couch in the consulting-room, and he had been unattended by any one except the porter. At 10.30 the house-surgeon saw him and recommended him to remain where he was until a bed could be found for him. An hour and a half later, finding that no bed was provided for him, he went home, and shortly died.

I am asked by a resident at Bahia to protest against our Consul leaving a mulatto clerk in charge whilst absent on leave, because "the Brazilian authorities would consider it an insult to have to do with a mulatto holding the post of Acting British Consul." The sooner that they get over this feeling the better; in any case, we cannot act upon it.

Mr. Lowther, Mr. Chaplin, and the other Laputan supporters of the "Fair Trade" chimera have a fine scope for their energies in "stumping" in support of the proposal to impose a duty on the cheap coffins which are now imported in large numbers from Norway and Sweden. The undertakers are howling grievously over this result of free trade, and, with their employés, will be Fair Traders to a man. The East-end clergy are to be commended for their good sense in endeavouring to induce the poor not to waste money on funeral expenses, and the undertakers are enraged to find that there is consequently a steady demand for foreign coffins at half-a-crown a-piece.

I am glad that the *Daily News* is raising the question of the expediency of building a new Chamber for the House of Commons. This ought to be undertaken in the course of next year, in order that the new Parliament may have a local habitation, where each member may have a seat. So soon as a new Chief Commissioner of Public Works is appointed, he should invite plans to be sent in for this new Chamber, in order that members, on returning to St. Stephen's after the recess, may have an opportunity of estimating their relative merits. The size of the present Chamber is based upon the idea that the best thing members have to do is not to listen to debates. The size of the new Chamber should be based upon the reverse of this strange doctrine. There is no reason why the present oblong form should be retained. A half-circle is objectionable because it involves speaking from a tribune. But might not an octagonal form be adopted? The form is, however, a matter of detail. What is wanted is a seat for each member which would be specially his seat, and which would have a little ledge before it—as was arranged in the Grand Committees—for his papers.

Here is Mr. Goldwin Smith's opinion of the recent "compromise," with which, I apprehend, most rational people in this country will concur:—

The Lords are wise in declining the battle, but they were unwise in challenging it, and the discussion which their institution and its record have undergone will probably be found to have inflicted a mortal wound.

The fault about proportional and minority representation is that the whole argument for them is based on the false assumption that the House of Commons is still a deliberative assembly. When it is a question of discussion, it is highly important, no doubt, that every shade of opinion should be duly represented, because it is only from the conflict of opinions that the truth can be arrived at. Now fifty years ago the House of Commons was the chief deliberative body in the country, and that is why the Proportional Representation people are able to cite Mill and the older school of Radicals in their support.

But we have changed all that now, and the real scene of political discussion has been shifted from the floor of the House of Commons to the platform and the press. In this new discussion forum every minority has an equal chance; and if any one is unrepresented, no one is to blame for it except himself. What the House of Commons is wanted for is to give effect to the public opinion which has formed itself outside; and when it comes to a question of action, the less represented a minority is the better.

The work of the Boundary Commissioners will be by no means simple if there are many communities in a similar position to the parish of Mission. From evidence given before Major Tulloch, at Nottingham last week, it appears that Mission is a sort of no-man's-land, nobody having been able to discover whether it belongs to Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, or Nottinghamshire; and that the electors in this highly-favoured district vote for all three counties. One Liberal agent alleged that no fewer than thirty-eight clergymen held land in the parish, and voted for all three counties, the land being ecclesiastical property, let to one tenant, the income being divided amongst these astute parsons.

Jokes are being made by the newspapers about the names by which Members for the new constituencies will be called in Parliament. Already it is difficult to distinguish between the honourable member for the South-West Division and the North-East Division of a county, and this difficulty will be greater when the number of separate constituencies is increased. I have never understood why a man should not be addressed by his surname. Parliament and thieves' kitchens are the only places where men are ashamed of their names.

Mr. Baxter and Mr. Arnold both propose to provide extra Members for Scotland by taking them away from England. This proposal will hardly command a majority. No doubt it would have been better had all boroughs having less than 25,000 inhabitants been absorbed into counties, and had the Universities been disfranchised; but it is obvious that if once the Seats Bill is to be altered, we shall fall into inextricable confusion. I do not like the agreement with the Conservatives which preceded the introduction of the Bill; but the Bill itself is a good one, and, looking at all the *pros* and *cons*, it would be well, I think, to accept it in its entirety.

I certainly recommend Mr. & Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most just and liberal purchasers of Cast-off Clothes, Jewellery, and every description of property. They punctually keep appointments, and remit P.O.O. for articles per return.

I do not fancy that we shall hear very much more of Mr. Campbell-Bannerman's promised Bill (which is to be "retrospective, of course") to enable the Irish Executive to collect directly the tax which Lord Spencer has been unable to induce the Corporation of Limerick to collect for him. The truth is the Irish Executive is not distinguishing itself very brilliantly as a collector of unpopular taxes, even as things are at present, and if it should be so ill-advised as to take any more of that class of business on its hands, it would probably break down altogether. The collection of the "Blood Tax," through the medium of the police, is rapidly becoming one of the most colossal jokes of this flippant age. Here are a few of the items of last week's sales:—

Item, "A grey mare" (popularly believed to have been "a racer" once upon a time, and to have won a cup at Cashel), "aged 29, the property of Mr. Frewen, of Aherlow."

Item, "A steel dung-fork, the property of Mr. D'Alton, of Tipperary."

Item, "A donkey, the property of Mr. John O'Ryan."

Item, "A firkin of butter, the property of Mr. Daniel Ryan, of Mough Cottage."

The aged mare, who was reported to have been a "racer," fetched the large sum of sixteen shillings. As to the prices realised by the other articles, I am not in a position to speak, but am happy to be able to state that the "steel dung-fork" has been secured by an enterprising gentleman of the name of M'Cormick, who proposes to "exhibit it in America." It strikes me that this method of collecting taxes, though not unamusing, must be rather slow, and, I should think, not very profitable.

Mr. Harrington's evidence (before the Prison Commission) as to the plank-bed ought to abolish the barbarous contrivance. He found it torture to sleep on the plank-bed; his flesh was discoloured and sore; for the first week he could not sleep at all. If a prisoner is suspected of sleeping in his clothes in order to soften the couch a little, he is obliged to leave his garments outside his cell every night. Mr. Harrington has known a man driven to attempt suicide because of the plank-bed. Now, of course, gaol ought to be an unpleasant place, a place of punishment; but I cannot conceive that anything is gained either in the way of reformation or discipline by robbing prisoners of their night's rest. Surely the day is long enough for purposes of punishment. The plank-bed must have been the invention of a "fiend in human shape," or (it is much the same thing) of a philanthropist by profession. One of the amiabilities of the Middle Ages was to deprive a prisoner of his rest by a sentinel awakening him every half hour. Our ancestors, however, called things by their names; and they called this torture.

One of the grounds Lord Morley gave, in a speech last week, for a renewal of the Crimes Act, is the political views of the Members which Ireland returns. Would it not be more simple to say that martial law must prevail so long as Ireland sends to Parliament men whose views are those of their constituencies?

The Scottish Widows' Fund, the oldest of the Scottish Life Assurance Offices. Accumulated Funds, £8,500,000 (the largest of any Life Assurance Institution in the kingdom). Special Notice. Persons effecting participating Assurances before 31st December, 1884, on which one annual premium is paid will rank at next Division of Profits for a full year's Bonus over later entrants.

It is rumoured that Prince Bismarck has informed Sir Edward Malet that he will not allow the coupon to be cut, as he finds it useful to be on good terms with the cosmopolitan financing fraternity. Having broken off the Conference because we deemed it impossible for the Egyptians to pay costs of administration, interest on a new debt, and full interest on the old debt, there would be something inexpressibly mean if we were to aid in exacting from them the full interest at the bidding of the German Chancellor. It is full time that Prince Bismarck should realise that we are not, like France, under his heel, and that we are not prepared either to tax ourselves or to force extortionate taxes out of the Egyptians, in order that he may obtain good terms with financialists whenever he wants money.

This is not the first time that Prince Bismarck has sought to make a country accept conditions to suit his financing requirements. Some years ago, Roumania entered into a contract with certain persons in Germany to build a railroad. Bonds were printed, and were to be issued after the railroad was completed. They were issued before, and naturally Roumania protested. As a number of people connected with the German Court were involved in this shady transaction, Prince Bismarck ordered the Hohenzollern who reigns over Roumania to recognise the bonds. Finally this was done, but only after the Roumanian Chamber had been dissolved three times for refusing to vote for the swindle.

We are neither France nor Roumania. We have not lost a Sedan, and we are not blessed with a Hohenzollern prince at the head of our affairs. If we were at war with Germany to-morrow she could not harm us, for we should simply blockade her ports and leave her—to use Prince Bismarck's own expression—to cook in her own juice, until she learnt that her armies are powerless against any country that has a fleet, and which has no Continental possessions.

One plan of bringing Prince Bismarck to realise that he cannot hector it over us would be to withdraw all grants of money to all families of German extraction, and to devote the amount saved to our navy. This might be followed by a tax imposed upon all German clerks, bakers, &c., now employed in the United Kingdom.

That any one in England should deem it necessary for us to koo-too to Germany is due to the utterly false position that we are in on the Nile. The astute Bismarck encouraged us to go there, and to remain there, because he knew that this would sow ill-feeling between ourselves and France, and thus render him arbiter of the situation. What has been the result of our falling into this trap? We have spent four and a-half millions, we are spending about ten millions more, and we have allied ourselves with a ruler against his own subjects. Egypt is not better governed than before, and we are asked to guarantee loans and to use our power to exact taxes iniquitous in their amounts. Is it not time that this should stop? So long as we are in Egypt we shall be made responsible to Europe for all that occurs, and we are responsible for every act of cruelty or extortion committed by Pasha or Mudir. When, like fools, we have paid until we can pay no more, we shall be told that we pledged ourselves to leave, and we shall be invited to fulfil that pledge.

Let us boldly state the unquestionable fact that the costs of the administration of a country must, in the very nature of things, be a charge prior to interest on its debt, and that we shall neither move a finger to force any country to pay its bondholders nor spend the money of our own countrymen on matters which do not concern them. What we ought to do is to endeavour to make Egypt an Eastern Belgium, independent and neutral. If we are unable to effect this, let us leave the country as soon as we have laid hands on Gordon and got him away from Khartoum. If it be held that we cannot, consistently with our own safety, allow any European Great Power to send an armed force into Egypt, then let us have the courage of our convictions, and say that we shall not allow it. I can understand a policy of annexation, although I believe that in the case of Egypt it would be a mistake, and I can understand a policy of evacuation. What I cannot understand is a policy of shilly-shally, which ruins Egypt, which is costly to us, which alienates France, and which obliges us to meet German insolence with servile concession.

In regard to foreign affairs, I am afraid that it must be admitted that the record of Ministers is not a good one. They came in to reverse the Jingo policy of their predecessors. They fought the Zulus, and were beaten. They fought the Boers, and were beaten. They have had to eat humble pie with regard to Angra Pequeña. In Egypt they have committed fault after fault, and their faults have cost us millions. By some strange fatality they have persistently done what they would have wished to remain undone. Their intentions have been good, but owing to their inability to understand the relation between cause and effect, and a foolish wish to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, they have heaped folly upon folly. They must beware. If they now become the monkeys who are to draw the chestnuts out of the fire for Germany, and Germany's financing allies, this will break the camel's back.

I rejoice, however, to think that we have not extended our responsibilities by the annexation of Angra Pequeña, which would have obliged us to send soldiers to protect German trading missionaries in their efforts to sell spiritual and material products to the negroes who inhabit Great Namaqua and Damara land. The revelations, however, of the German White-book respecting our negotiations with Germany in regard to this matter are not pleasant reading. Four years ago the British Government declined to protect these missionaries. The position became intolerable, on which Prince Bismarck proposed to protect them himself. "No," said Lord Granville; "any

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Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Goode's Depôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

claims of sovereignty or jurisdiction on the part of any other Power would be regarded as an encroachment on the legitimate rights of the British Government." This strange dog-in-the-manger doctrine Prince Bismarck scouted, and proceeded to annex Angra Pequeña to the German Empire. With Polonius at the Foreign Office, and Hamlet at the Colonial Office, I am not surprised.

The following extracts are taken from a letter from Souakin :—

The management of the details of our daily military life is certainly discreditable. The instances are innumerable. Take an example from the ice supply for the garrison here at Souakin. In hot climates ice becomes a necessity, not so much for providing cooling drinks as for lowering the temperature in cases of sunstroke, always so frequent with Europeans living within the tropics. To meet this want the Government hired the transport ship *Loch Ard* at a large monthly cost. Now this in itself was a great mistake and a waste of money. Ice-machines could have been procured, in price less than the cost of the *LochArd*, for two months, and capable of providing sufficient ice for the garrison. This idea has now entered the heads of our home authorities, and they have bought and are sending out ice-machines for the use of the garrison. Well, having hired the *Loch Ard*, it would be supposed that she would be supplied with the means of turning out the greatest amount of ice she was capable of making. But nothing of the kind. Until September she was engaged in making three tons of ice in every three days—that is to say, it took her three days to produce that amount, when it was discovered that the only reason she did not turn out three times that amount was because she was unprovided with the necessary buckets. Here there was no question of extra cost in making the greater amount of ice. The room in the ice-chamber was vacant. The temperature obtained for freezing three tons would equally well freeze nine tons; yet men living in a temperature of 110 deg., and in tents of 125 deg., were deprived of one thing which makes heat bearable, because a few cheap buckets were not provided by the authorities who had gone to an enormous expense in hiring an ice-making ship. Nor was this the only mismanagement in connection with the *Loch Ard*. In August, when the heat was most intense, when, every day, men were struck down by sunstroke, not in twos and threes, but in tens and twenties, when the immediate application of ice to a man was the means of saving his life, it will seem almost incredible, yet so it was, the *Loch Ard* was ordered to take the mails to Suez; and had it not been for the urgent appeals of Commodore Molyneux and General Lyon-Fremantle, at Suez, she would have been detained there for some time. Thus, through mismanagement, the ice-ship was away at the time she was most required. In enumerating a few instances of the unnecessary expense incurred by the country through the bad administration of our authorities, I must not leave out the accommodation provided for the sick. The hiring of transport ships as floating hospitals is a mistake and a useless expense. The price asked by owners is enormous; the cost is out of all proportion to the advantages the Government gain. The 17th Company of the R.E. have built up with spare planks a long shed for the use of their sick on the island they occupy in Souakin harbour, which in every way is far more suited for a hospital than the hold of any transport ship can be. What should be done is this :—The Government have several of the old hulls of our wooden men-of-war, or still better, they should build large wooden three-deckers; these should be fitted out completely as floating hospitals, put under the protection of the Geneva Convention flag, and attached to our different squadrons for the use of sick and wounded at all times. In this way the thousands a month spent, for instance, for the *Carthage* would be saved by the country, and the comfort of the men be far greater than it can possibly be in a transport. The reluctance shown by the authorities to spend a large sum of money judiciously involves the country in a four or five fold expense in the end.

And here is another extract from a letter of a later date :—

For a long time the so-called "friendlies" have been made use of for obtaining information. The "friendlies" are those who have not—at all events, openly—joined Osman Digna. They belong to different tribes, and at present are living in Souakin. Using them as spies is unsatisfactory, but the authorities were anxious to test their sincerity in saying they were with us, and also to make use of them to injure Osman. Rewards were, therefore, offered to them to go out and fight him. Well, we sent out a few days ago a large body of "friendlies," armed with guns, and provided by us with ammunition. They returned on Friday with the news that they had brutally murdered in their sleep fifteen men, one woman, and one child. If this is the way English people like their wars carried on, all that can be said is that they have sadly degenerated.

Indian Tea! imported direct, 1s. 8d. It is better than China Tea. Price Lists from East Indian Tea Agency, 8, Bush-lane, London, E.C. Lady Agents wanted. Liberal Commission.

SCRUTATOR.

PLAYGROUNDS FOR THE PEOPLE.

I SUPPOSE few people taking a glance at the map of London would suspect the existence of nearly eighty hitherto neglected Playgrounds for the People in the very heart of the metropolis; yet such is the case, and Lord Brabazon's report for the last two years shows that the "Metropolitan Public Garden, Boulevard, and Playground Association" (the title is too long, my lord) has successfully dealt with some two and twenty, and is now struggling with fourteen more of these precious open spaces.

I can hardly conceive of any subject at once more important to Londoners, and yet more likely to be let "slide," in the hurry and struggle of London life. No doubt, encroachments upon every inch of ground in towns are more carefully watched by Local and Metropolitan Boards now than they could be even by the Commons' Preservation Society in the country; but such encroachments do occur; railways struggle for open spaces here, and builders scheme, plot, and bribe for them there. Now these playgrounds are the lungs of London, and what has been done with them? Some of them we choke, simply by putting up gates and barriers; others we destroy by allowing them to be bought up and built over; and, whilst the breathing spaces decrease, the breathing masses increase. The thing goes on unobserved and silently. There lies the danger. Whose business is it to withstand the enterprise of a local builder who succeeds in running up a row of shoddy red-brick houses on some bit of waste ground? The Local Board won't move, the builder happening to be in the Vestry. He *is*, in fact, the Local Board. A plausible report is drawn up, from which it appears quite clear to the authorities that the waste place in question is a nuisance, a mere dust-heap, a scavenging-ground, the resort, moreover, of bad characters, and so it had better be respectably red-bricked at once; and one more ventilating hole in the mighty Metropolitan hive is, therefore, quietly bunged up.

Now, this is the sort of thing that Lord Brabazon and his friends have come forward to deal with. I remember when the "M.P.G., B., and P.A." (save the mark, and the alphabet!), was started two years ago, with a certain blowing of philanthropic trumpets, there was many a sneer—now, as it appears, an interested sneer, for the toes of speculators had to be trodden upon. Lord Brabazon and his friends were damned with faint praise here, patted on the back as harmless enthusiasts there, and flatly told in another quarter that they were a set of unpractical busybodies, who were not wanted, and could do no good.

Nothing succeeds like success. The chairman comes up smiling with his second annual report. He discusses the public need, backing his arguments with the irrefragable testimony of such veteran experts as Dr. Hardwicke and Dr. Hoffmann of the Home Office. What is wanted in London is the "life-renewing element of pure oxygen," says Hardwicke, which cannot be had without open spaces. "The importance," adds

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OF THE UNIVERSITY

Hoffmann, in his official report to Government, "of preserving existing open spaces in the midst of a large city, cannot, I think, be overrated; and, except for the sake of undoubted public improvement, disused burial-grounds should not be disturbed, but should be turfed, and planted with flowers and shrubs." Mr. John Liddle, the Medical Officer of Health for Whitechapel, in his 1882 report, supplies a significant commentary to Dr. Hoffmann's advice, when he states that the density of London is annually on the increase, and adds, "London is already over-populated—open spaces, therefore, regardless of the cost, should be preserved for the people."

Time wasted in some cases can never be regained. The Swiss Cottage fields some years ago were lost in the teeth of philanthropic endeavour to retain them for the people—ost by the enterprise of a swift and cunning builder. I find too in Dean Milman's "St. Paul's" a moan over the want of vigilance which, even in spite of a special provision for the maintenance of an open space, permitted the great Cathedral's precincts to be encroached upon until a confined rail, a bit of pavement, and a flower-bed are all that remain of the city burial-ground of St. Paul's churchyard.

I now turn, however, with pleasure to what has been actually accomplished—not so much by official vigilance and energy, but by private enterprise, backed, I am bound to say, by official readiness and timely help. Lord Brabazon very properly remarks that every open space in London is not only a safety-valve for the poor, but a boon for the rich; to the one it is a recreation-ground, to the other a prophylactic, keeping at arm's length disease, and checking the spread of epidemics. Many of us may recollect what Leicester-square used to be—at one time a railed-off wilderness, at another blocked up with a colossal globe representing the earth. Look at it now, a happy hunting-ground of health and recreation for the children of the poor. What if the art centre-piece leaves something to be desired? What if the marble fop yclept Shakespeare in the middle of the square might profitably be exchanged for some real portrait statue? We may not be good at figures in bronze or marble; but let us have fresh air. I am not aware that there is any statuary as yet in any of the spaces thrown open by the Metropolitan Public Garden Association, and until Lord Brabazon can imitate Mr. Barnett at Whitechapel, and get some one like Watts to design a mosaic or mould a statue for the good of the people, I should advise him to let art alone and stick to nature. Most of the burial-grounds and waste places taken in hand have been already planted out with trees and flowers. The caretaking and expenses of maintenance fall, of course, upon Local or Metropolitan Boards, and, in most cases where the Society have got possession and put the spaces in decorative repair, the burden of keeping them up has been willingly adopted by the several districts benefited. The large burial-ground in Paddington-street, however, still remains a howling wilderness, and the extensive cemetery behind the Bayswater-road and at the back of Connaught-street is little better.

If I might venture to criticise the energetic proceedings of the Metropolitan Public Garden Association, I should say that its fancy is a little too exuberant. It is in danger of attempting too much. The report occasionally reminds me of those beautiful, but redundant, prospectuses which propose to do everything for you; physics which cure all complaints; favoured spots, watering-places, or desirable residences which unite every conceivable advantage. So I would say to Lord Brabazon, in all conscience, playgrounds, gardens, and boulevards are enough for one association. Don't meddle with the Dwellings of the Poor Question—that is in itself of gigantic proportions. You might also leave the Public Baths and Washhouse business alone. Concentrate your energies. Don't ask for money for everything—first, because you won't get it; secondly, because other agencies can take up questions which do not properly belong to yours, and will be jealous of you—perhaps thwart you, if you step in and try to do their work as well as your own. Stick to your open spaces, your trees and flowers, your seats, your paved playgrounds and your gymnasia; and you will find that the public will not be slow to give you the money you want for the work you have proved yourself capable of doing.

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—Conceding the Saturday.

["It is satisfactory to learn that 260 well-known wholesale and retail London firms have already decided to close from Christmas Eve to the following Monday. Great efforts are being made to make the granting of this extended Christmas holiday general."—*Evening Paper.*]

YE Shopkeepers of London,
Who live in lavish ease;
We beg of you for once to hear
Your poor employés' pleas!
There is no need for us to say
How hard their daily task;
Then give the one short Saturday
Which they this Christmas ask!

Ye Bankers of the City,
To you we also turn;
Your clerks' united Yuletide prayer
You surely will not spurn.
'Twill not affect your revenue,
On which you set such store;
And these few hours they seek from you
Will make of two days four.

Ye Warehousemen of London,
Who so much love yourselves,
For one half-day, oh, leave, we pray,
Your goods upon their shelves.
For one half-day postpone to pile
More gold upon your heap,
And bid your serfs to rest the while,
And holiday to keep.

Ye Merchants, too, of London,
Who Christmas will enjoy,
Until a glut of luxuries
Your appetites will cloy;
Come, think of those whose tired hands shake,
As at your books they toil;
And oh, do not, for pity's sake,
Their taste of Yuletide spoil!

In short, let all Employers
Of Labour take to heart
This chance they have a boon to give
And pleasure to impart.
Let them, for once, unselfish be,
And listening to this call,
With unanimity agree
To give the day to all!

Sanitary Inspection.—Fee, 2 Guineas. Improvement works undertaken. The Sanitary Engineering Co., 115, Victoria-st., Westminster.

Nor need the grasping Trader
Be racked by anxious fears,
Lest of his act a precedent
Is made for coming years.
For there will be no need, he'll see,
If he'll collate each date,
To urge again this season's plea
Till after Eighty-eight!

Then, Tradesmen, howe'er sordid,
And, Bankers, howe'er hard!
Then, Brokers, Merchants, Warehousemen,
Do, please, this prayer regard!
To you its granting means, at most,
A seeming loss of gold,
Whilst to your earnest suppliant host,
It means delights untold!

It means a chance of seeing
Much-loved and far-off friends.
To fill up long-left vacant chairs
In families it tends.
'Twill bring a mother back her son
In eager, filial haste;
'Twill help full many a little one
Rare Christmas joys to taste.

'Twill make a hurried holiday
A spell of grateful rest;
To home delights and social joys
'Twill add a tenfold zest!
In fact, so very much 'twill mean,
At such small cost to you,
That readily we intervene,
This modest boon to sue.

Already many traders
Have yielded their consent;
They 'll gladly give the extra day,
And thousands make content.
Then come, you surely will express
Your acquiescence too,
That thousands more much happiness
May gladly owe to you!

NOTES FROM PARIS.

LEDGERS OF COURT DRESSMAKERS.

COMTE DE REISET, brother-in-law of the Marquis de Caux, has brought out a work in two large volumes, with many superb illustrations, on "The Modes and Usages in the Time of Marie Antoinette." That Queen, whom he canonises, is the animating principle, the *vis vitæ*, of the work. Her end was tragical, doubtless; but this is not a reason why it should be taken *au tragique* by writers of our generation. Count Hector de Laferrière would have deduced something else than saintliness from the furbelows and flounces, the spider-legged tables, the almost useless desks, the affected rusticity and smirking sentiment which were in vogue when Marie Antoinette reigned. The only thing associated with her which is not trivial are Gluck's operas; and she patronised them simply because Gluck was an Austrian. I was reared in a circle in which there was current no end of oral traditions about the ill-fated Queen. These traditions all came from *émigrés* and persons who had belonged to her household or had personally known her. One of the latter was an Italian named Panormo, who was in some way attached to the Neapolitan Embassy in Paris, and disliked being asked to the Trianon Concerts, because her Majesty sang out of tune. The impression I gathered from the traditions of which I speak was that Marie Antoinette had a *tête de linotte*, had Viennese ideas about matrimonial vows, took sudden and strong fancies, had too big a nose, but, when young, marvellous golden hair, a skin in which roses and lilies were so blended that it resembled painted porcelain, a smooth and erect neck, but coarse hands, and a figure which required the lace and muslin *fichu* that she wore on all occasions to hide its defects—the shoulder-blades were very projecting. One of the traditional authorities from whom I gathered this notion of her personal appearance was the Comtesse O'Hegerty, *née* Le Breton Deschapelles, whose children had all places in the Courts of Louis XVIII. and Charles X., and whose sons were pensioners to the end of their lives of the Comte de Chambord.

Fashion-engravings, taken from *Le Cabinet des Modes* and *Les Modes Nouvelles*, are given by the Comte de Reiset, with a series of portraits of his saint and heroine, and with pages from the account-books of her hairdresser and her dressmakers and modistes, Mdlle. Bertin and Madame Eloffe. The latter priestess of fashion bought the place of *couturière à la Reine*. But, as her Majesty often went to Mdlle. Bertin, who worked for the stars of the Opera-house, and was inventive, Eloffe was frequently employed only to mend and furbish up. However, she was allowed to work for ladies who were not of the Royal family—an innovation which let in that light upon the Court that so deteriorated its prestige. Mdlle. Bertin also drew customers by being an oral *Gazette du Palais*. The distress of the exchequer towards the end of Louis XVI.'s reign is shown in the bills of the dressmakers. Satin-shoes of the Queen were sent to Eloffe to be re-covered, and gauze skirts were ironed out and garnished afresh. The silks, satins, flowers, muslins, and gauzes are described in the account-books as of gay, light shades; and puce, rose, sky-blue, and zebra ribbons are frequently entered. There were corsages which "moulded" the waist, "polissons"—the French word for pectoral improvers—and "platitudes," whatever they might have been.

Marie Antoinette went on the principle of bringing in art where nature failed. Her head was small to excess, and her profile strong. Hence the enormity of the *poufs* into which Léonard worked her hair. The *pouf sentimental* was a museum of keepsake objects and souvenirs. The wife of La Pérouse wore on her head models of his ship, and the boats attached thereto. Blue and white gauzes represented the ocean. The Duchesse de Chartres had in her *pouf* small effigies of her five children. The Duchesse de Lauzun wore a landscape in relief, in which there was a duck-inhabited pond, a water-mill, a miller with a grist-laden donkey, and, behind his back, his wife listening to a tale of passion which an abbé was whispering into her ear. Impiety was then the fashion, and so was gallantry. The Duchess's *pouf* was an intimation that she had no objection to anything which the Church sanctioned by its example.

The Salons of Paris, which were generally in opposition, attacked the Crown by attacking the *pouf*. A certain man-milliner named Beaulard, who was the forerunner of Gibus, the inventor of the crush-hat, devised a head-gear which could be made to adapt itself to the sober taste of

the Paris dowagers, or to the extravagant mode of Versailles. He called it *le bonnet à la bonne maman*, or "grandmamma's cap." By the aid of an internal spring it could be flattened down, or raised a yard above the forehead. The youthful belles of the capital and Court were enchanted with it. As one of the Vigée-Lebrun portraits of the Queen in the Feuillet des Conches collection shows, Marie Antoinette became a client of Beaulard, who was recommended to her by the Princesse de Lamballe. The recommendation was attended, for the latter, with tragic consequences. Mdlle. Bertin, furious at Beaulard's success, propagated those scandals which gave rise to the idea that the Trianon was an abode where virtue shone by its absence. Queens ought to remain queens, and princes princes. Marie Antoinette fell to the ground between two stools. She hated the restraints of her position, and she wanted to enjoy the glory and luxury of the Throne. It's impossible to drink at the same time at the mouth and the source of a river. After being maligned by Bertin, the Queen made up the quarrel between her and the Princesse de Lamballe, who opined that the sharp-tongued milliner was the only one in Paris who knew how to dress hats.

Other details suggestive of the ways of French Royalty towards the close of the eighteenth century are gleaned from the ledgers of the Court milliners and dressmakers, and of the coiffeur Léonard. Six years before the Revolution, the Queen did not need any pectoral "improver." Her girth just beneath the arms was 109 centimètres, and her waist, which was then held in by a "platitude" corset, 59 centimètres. She slept with a large coif of oiled taffeta on her head, to prevent the powder from falling off, and to keep the *marteau* curls in place. *Il faut souffrir pour être belle.* The ladies of Marie Antoinette's time made the sacrifice to their beauty of sleeping in a sitting posture, with their backs propped up with pillows.

The Queen lost her hair, and then yielded to the taste of the Paris salons in the matter of low head-gear. Hard times soon after obliged her to limit her expenses, and forced her fashion purveyors to accept the custom of the wives of tradesmen, and of sirens who neither belonged to the opera-house nor hung on to illustrious protectors. Dresses of the Queen were freshened-up and turned, and ribbons cleaned and dyed. Adieu, *chiffons!* adieu, *falbalas!* The two last bills run up at Madame Eloffe's for the furbishing-up of finery, and for some muslin neckerchiefs, were never paid. Marie Antoinette's last sumptuary account was with an obscure shopkeeper for two bazin dresses, a skirt and body of striped cotton, two muslin coifs, two thick muslin fichus, and white cotton to darn stockings.

Admiral Jaurès, in the Senate the other day, boasted of the piscatory wealth of the Gulf of Tonquin. I never heard of sea-fishes caught in a hot climate that were worth much. At any rate, those netted at Tonquin would not be eatable when brought to Paris.

It is not the fashion to like Eugène Scribe. I must say that I enjoyed a hearty laugh at "La Bataille des Dames," in which Céline Montoland re-appeared at the Français. Since she was there long, long ago she has represented Madame Satan at the Châtelet, Céphise in "The Wandering Jew," "La Jolie Fille de Grevin" at the Variétés, and heaven knows what besides at the Odéon, the Rue Taitbout, and at New York, whither she was imported by the late Jem Fisk. Céline is a Belgian, and has the opulent kind of bust for which her countrywomen are remarkable. She first came out in Paris in a juvenile character—that of Gabrielle, in Labiche's "Fille mal-gardée." Her best part in her mature years was that of Ida, Jack's mother, in the play taken from Daudet's "Jack." Ida was a beautiful, addle-headed creature, with a tongue that ran on at the speed of an express train, and "des appas faits pour l'admiration de tous ceux qui voudraient bien les admirer." Céline still is, as she has always been, *au naturel* on the stage. She no more resorts to the beautifying power of art than she did when she personated Gabrielle thirty-two years ago, and, though she dresses as badly as ever, she is delightful to the eye. At her age, a white muslin gown, trimmed with bright green ribbons is not quite the thing. Silks and satins, or velvet, would have done better. In 1816, no doubt, cheap toilettes were worn by very great ladies who were in the August and September of their charms. Céline retains her neat feet and ankles, and the soft, black eyes, with a capacity for archness, which subjugated the Boss of Tammany Hall. The good-nature, good-humour, and sly fun of Madame la Comtesse d'Orteval come to her as pat as A B C. This lady, who is a Royalist living in her château, hides a Bonapartist proscript, Henri de Flavigneul, with whom she is in love, but who ends by loving her niece, Léonie. She saves him from the pursuit of the Prefect of the department, Baron Montrichard, ex-Procurator of the First Republic, and ex-judge of the first Empire, by clothing him in the livery of one of her footmen. He opens the hall-door, in his disguise, for his pursuer. But while serving at the *déjeuner*, to which, to save Henri, the Countess invites the Baron, the ungrateful fellow becomes enamoured of Léonie. The Countess will not accept his devotion when she finds out that it is entirely platonic, but transfers her affection to the Baron, who so manages, that Henri is pardoned and can marry Léonie, and that he himself is able to become the husband of her aunt. We are so tired of the advertising and egotistical actress, that Céline and her primitive and unaffected style are really delightful. The "I myself, I" of Sarah Bernhardt and her school, and their mannerisms and repetitions, have become unendurable. It was also refreshing to see a woman who can, while dressing badly, be more than captivating. Mdlle. Reichemberg personated Léonie. She was naturally in a simple muslin toilette. "La sainte mousseline" is *de rigueur* for an ingénue at the Français. Thiron was a most jolly Prefect, and all over a *bon vivant* and *aimable farceur*. "A rush for all politics!" said the Baron, when he found he could have for the rest of his days an embraceable wife with high social rank and fat jointure lands. Feraudy was a genteel young lover, even when disguised as a livery servant.

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SPORTING NOTES.

THERE has been a small sensation of the "hurricane in a horsepond" sort in consequence of the refusal of the Stewards of the Jockey Club to permit the racehorses of Mr. Baird (Mr. Abington) to be trained at Newmarket. Everybody knows that there are circumstances in connection with Mr. Baird's turf antecedents which render the course that the authorities have adopted not surprising. If he had not been in such a desperate hurry to secure Bedford Lodge, he might have reflected that it would be a prudent preliminary to ascertain whether his patronage of Newmarket was agreeable to the rulers of the Heath. I do not suppose that his retirement from Newmarket will be a subject for mourning, except to those persons who might have expected to profit largely by his silly extravagances. At Bedford Lodge, he was something of a square peg in a round hole. To see a sportsman of this calibre in the place of Mr. Crawfurd was eminently calculated to remind one of the dethronement of the Duke of St. James's in favour of the Marquis of Marylebone. The Stewards have absolute discretion in a matter of this kind, and the anserous herd who rave against them, either in gross ignorance or from interested motives, would do well to remember the old injunction against kicking against the pricks. If, as is generally believed, the Stewards have evidence that during the period that Mr. Baird was "warned off" the turf, he was in the habit of running horses in the names of other persons, they have done well in the matter, and deserve hearty commendation and support; for if such a flagrant defiance of the laws of racing is to be passed over, merely because the offender is a rich man, there is manifestly an end to all pretence of turf government. The outcries of the *Sportsman* will not avail Mr. Baird any more than the spluttering of an apple while being roasted. The *Sportsman*, when it writes of "public opinion," must be perfectly aware that ninety-nine out of every hundred of its readers will know how low and pimping a thing the "public opinion" of a "sporting circle" usually is, and there is something highly diverting in the hyperbole about "John Bull" being ignored.

Men who live in a groove of sporting, the class whose talk "begins with handicaps and weights, and ends with weights and handicaps," perhaps do not know that by "John Bull"—*i.e.*, the general mass of the public—racing people are looked upon as being simply a great mob of knaves and fools; and the wildest imagination could not conceive any proceeding on the part of the Jockey Club which would excite a genuine and general "public" outcry; for it is a melancholy fact that "the public" are entirely with Lord Beaconsfield in his denunciation of the turf as "a vast engine of national demoralisation." If Newmarket Heath were ploughed up to-morrow, the horror and indignation would be confined almost exclusively to racing people. The distempered vigour of the *Sportsman's* assault on the Stewards of the Jockey Club is altogether rather odd, and I think that, before committing himself so decidedly to the side of Mr. Baird, the Editor would have done well to investigate the real state of the case. Perhaps the action of the Stewards will lead Mr. Baird to withdraw from the maze of folly in which he has so long delighted to wander; and if it has this result, he will in course of time have reason to be thankful to them. It is certain, however, that there has been nothing either irregular or unprecedented in the policy of the Stewards, and the jobbing censure which they have met with is impertinent, ridiculous, and altogether unseasonable. The "public opinion" about which the *Sportsman* discourses so eloquently, is merely the reckless gabble of turf parasites, who, no doubt, think that a man who is "a millionaire" ought to be able to act as he pleases. As to hints that this new *veau d'or* may be driven to decline racing, I should think that, having survived the loss of Lord Falmouth, the Turf will not receive a mortal wound if Mr. Baird's patronage be withdrawn.

If it be true that the Stewards have taken this move in consequence of Mr. Baird's having raced while he was "warned off," it seems to me that they ought to carry their proceeding to its logical end, and "walk off," or otherwise punish, the persons in whose names these horses ran; for they were probably far more to blame than Mr. Baird himself, who is a young man with more riches than brains, who has long been sorely in need of a judicious and honest adviser.

A few weeks ago I expressed a hope that the Stewards of the Jockey Club would issue a general order on the subject of presents to jockeys, and I am glad to see that the Calendar contains a notice which is framed very much in accordance with my recommendations. Like, however, most of the orders of the Club, it is rather too indecisive and qualifying. One would think that the Stewards were a trio of owls blinking at the top of a lofty tower far above the clamour of men, when, at this time of day, it is announced that the notice is issued in consequence of "it having been represented to the Stewards of the Jockey Club that many jockeys are in the habit of betting largely on horse-races," &c. Has not this scandal been notorious for years past? The obsequious sporting papers have been perpetually recording how one jockey has built "a sumptuous mansion," or another "a palatial range of stabling"; and it has been obvious that the fortunes which certain riders have acquired cannot possibly have been the fruit of their legitimate professional earnings, large though these have been. The *Field*, which has ventilated this "scandal" in a very "thorough" fashion, hits the right nail on the head when it points out that the persons to be punished are the bookmakers who bet with the jockeys; and still more the gang of "jockeys' friends," who do commissions for the riders, and who, of course, on doing them, obtain most valuable information for themselves, to the great loss of the owners, whose secrets have been betrayed.

There has been some scatterbrain betting on the Two Thousand, and one would think that there must be a fearful number of persons going about who certainly ought not to be at large when one reads of 9 to 2 being asked about Paradox five months before the race is run. In my opinion, far too much importance has been attached to the Dewhurst Plate victory of this colt, for, putting aside the fact that he had the best of the weights, it is admitted that both Cora and Xaintrailles were more or less amiss, and

Vanity Fair says:—"Mr. Benjamin is still the Prince of Ulster and Stalking-Coat Makers." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

their form in this race ought to be disregarded in making calculations for next year. I understand that Xaintrailles will be specially prepared for the Two Thousand, and he will remain at Newmarket till after that race, but it is on the cards that he may be sent to Chantilly for the French Derby, and as that is run on the Sunday before Epsom, I advise people not to back M. Lupin's colt for the Derby, in which he could scarcely be expected to show his best form if he had run in France four days before. Of course, Xaintrailles may not cross the Channel till he goes to run for the Grand Prix, in which his best French opponent will be The Condor, who is brother to Louis d'Or. The English entry for this stake is very strong, including Paradox, Royal Hampton, Chopette Colt, Goldsmith, Eurasian, Child of the Mist, St. Honorat, and the "dark" Anglesey. Child of the Mist, who has been backed for the Two Thousand at 10 to 1, is the fancy of many clever people, and he has been very judiciously treated all the season. St. Honorat stands nominally at the same price, 10 to 1, but it is inconceivable that any rational being can accept such ridiculous odds about a "dark" horse, of whom absolutely nothing is known. Langwell is not likely to train into a "flyer," but St. Helena may develop into a really good three-year-old; and I hear that in their gallops last season she was far superior to King Monmouth. Lord Zetland's filly will probably be the most formidable opponent of Cora in the One Thousand, but she is also engaged in the Two Thousand.

I expressed a hope recently that the Duc de Castries would send Little Duck over to England next June to run for the Ascot Cup, in which he might meet St. Simon and St. Gatien. I have since heard that it is doubtful whether the Grand Prix winner will stand another preparation, which is much to be regretted, as he was a really good horse and a genuine stayer. Little Duck walked away from Archiduc in the French Derby, and from Lambkin in the Grand Prix, but Mr. Lefevre's colt did not show his true form in the Chantilly race, as he was palpably stale and jaded; however, it is a pity that the winner is not likely to meet the English "cracks." Fra Diavolo will most likely be the best French four-year-old next season, as after a winter's rest he may have entirely recovered from the effects of the poison which was administered to him last April. Archiduc has been so ruthlessly over-raced that I shall be surprised if he ever again shows really good form.

MAMMON.

MEXICO.

I WARNED people against buying Mexican bonds under any impression that they would rise in value owing to the Mexicans paying interest upon them. Precisely what I anticipated has occurred. The Mexicans rose as one man to protest against any idea of paying their creditors one farthing. In reality, however, there had been no intention to do this. All that was proposed was to borrow more in consideration of a promise to pay. Had it been possible to explain that the entire scheme was one for getting a little more out of foreigners, and that the sound policy of refusing to pay anything either on old or new debts was to be maintained, no doubt the worthy Mexicans would not have been so indignant. Mexico has but one mode of establishing her credit. This is not only to offer to pay interest on her debt without borrowing more than she pays, but to pay. This plan, however, is not likely to commend itself to the Mexican mind. The real story of the negotiations is that a French Bank has advanced money to Mexico, and cannot get payment. The bank therefore proposes to advance more on condition of Mexico converting the old advance and the new advance into negotiable bonds. These would be sold to the public, and thus the bank would be recouped at the cost of the investor.

THE RAVENNA COLONY.

I am requested to warn emigrants not to purchase land in this "colony" until they have seen it. My correspondent says:—

"Ravenna is on the borders of the Majave Desert. The land is covered with the yucca-tree—a species of aloe—and cacti. It is not, and never will be, capable of profitable cultivation. An English Company—the Atlantic and Pacific Fibre Importing and Manufacturing Company—purchased a tract of 100,000 acres at Ravenna from the Southern Pacific Railroad for one dollar per acre. The Company is converting the yucca-tree into parchment-paper, and for this purpose the land is probably worth one dollar per acre; for any other purpose, it is worth nothing. If, as I am told, parties in Scotland are purchasing this land at five dollars per acre, they will have reason to regret their folly. There is a range of mountains between this city (Los Angeles) and Ravenna. Land on this side of the mountains is worth from thirty to three hundred dollars per acre. This fact no doubt facilitates the sale of Ravenna land at five dollars per acre."

SOME CURIOUS NEW ENTERPRISES.

Unceasing and unrelenting is the activity of the promoter. Be the state of trade ever so depressing, the chances of floating new concerns ever so remote, new Companies are registered and Boards of Directors formed every day. The circumstances surrounding the formation of these Boards would afford material for interesting study, but such information is not easily accessible, and usually only oozes out when committees of investigation scrutinise the features of the promotion or the defrauded shareholders seek their remedy in a court of law. There is, of course, some good corn among the chaff; but the proportion of bad or indifferent ventures appears to be on the increase, and the latter often prove the more dangerous of the two. All but the very inexperienced are able to scent a "good big swindle" from afar; but a good many Companies are started which can by no means be characterised as swindles, and yet bear the germ of failure in them. Brought forward with what are called "respectable" Boards of Directors, these concerns are frequently taken up by the British investor on the faith of the respectability of the men who have lent their names for the purpose, and who often are supremely ignorant of the business of the Company over which they are called to preside. I find that the number of our banking establish-

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C.

ments is to be increased by the Bank of Morocco, 1884 (Limited), with a capital of £1,000,000. The promoters of this concern appear to be Major-General D. Seager, of 9, Sudeley-street, Brighton, and a M. L. C. Carletti, correspondent, of Baker-street, Lloyd-square. Now, I should like to know how and where the General acquired his banking experience. By the way, among the first subscribers who are to appoint the directors and act *ad interim*, are nine inhabitants of Brighton, including a decorator, an auctioneer, a professor of music, a tax-collector, &c., probably friends of the gallant General. The remuneration of each ordinary director is for the present fixed at £1. 1s. for each attendance at a board meeting, so it is probable that there will be some social gatherings in the Queen of Watering-places anent the benefits to be conferred on the Moor by means of banking facilities. A new Insurance Company, the Guardian Accident Insurance Company, has also been registered, with a capital of £5,000, "to transact every description of insurance or assurance other than life assurance." I thought accident assurance was at a discount; but, then, the gigantic capital of the concern will doubtless enable it to beat its competitors out of the field. There is also the "Naval and Military House Cleaning Brigade (Limited)," the objects of which are almost "unlimited," for it proposes to organise a brigade of discharged soldiers, sailors, &c., as "carpet-beaters, window, knife, and boot cleaners, whitewashers, cistern and drain cleaners, lumberers, furniture movers, handy men, messengers, caretakers, &c." The first seven subscribers are military officers, and the organisation is evidently expected to yield large profits. The capital of £15,000, in £1 shares, is divided into 5,000 founders' shares, 5,000 provident-fund shares, and 5,000 preference shares. After a cumulative dividend of 7½ per cent. has been paid on the latter, the residue of the profits will be divided into equal third parts, in which each class of shares will participate. The directors' remuneration is to be £125 per annum, with an additional £100 for every 1 per cent. dividend above 10 per cent. per annum. So the Brigade is not exclusively based on philanthropic principles, and the General, four Majors, &c., hope to make a good thing out of it. An Ice Company has just been registered with a capital of £50,000—the Australian Ice Company—which is doubtless intended to compete with the Vienna Ice Company, recently started, and to diminish the chances of profits of that concern; but then three to seven directors of the new Company will earn £100 a year each, and that is a sufficient *raison d'être*, I suppose. London merchants, agents, and brokers, look out! The "London Merchants, Limited," has just been registered with a capital of £200,000, to compete with you in all parts of the world.

The above-mentioned Companies are, however, still in embryo, and it may not be quite certain whether they will see the light of day. So I will conclude with a notice of two enterprises recently placed before the British investor, with what result I do not know. The Mercantile Investment and General Trust Company is brought out under respectable auspices, however superfluous its functions may be. Its object is to give investors an opportunity of sharing the average profits of miscellaneous securities, not quoted in the official list. To my mind, however, these trusts confer a dangerous power on the trustees, as is fully evident in the case of the pernicious Globe Telegraph and Trust. Viscount Monck is to be chairman, and the remaining seven directors, although no less than five of them are members of Parliament, besides a Baronet and an Honourable, appear to have no greater claim to Stock Exchange experience than that they are directors of a number of Companies, some of which are "very miscellaneous" indeed. A list of Companies is appended to the prospectus, accompanied by the statement that the investments will be effected in undertakings of the same character; but what guarantee has the investor that some "very miscellaneous" securities will not, by-and-bye, be included in the list, or that the directors will not commit serious errors of judgment, thereby endangering the dividends? For my part, I should have greater faith in the selection of investments by the intelligent investor himself than in that of this Board of wise men. The promoter, Mr. Stanley Carr Boulter, is to have 1 per cent. on the issued capital up to £500,000, ¾ per cent. up to £750,000, and ½ per cent. up to £1,000,000. As, looking at the names on the Board, it is probable that no charge for procuring directors was incurred, this gentleman's expenses would chiefly consist of advertising the concern, so he is likely to make a good thing out of it. The remuneration of the trustees is to consist of ½ per cent. annually on the paid-up capital, out of which they will have to provide the management expenses—rather a curious arrangement that.

Another issue, recently advertised, is that of the Santiago (Argentine) Estate and Sugar Factories (Limited), with a capital of £300,000. The price contracted for with the vendor is no less than £290,000, of which £100,000 is in shares. Don Pedro St. Germes, the vendor, guarantees the net revenue for the year 1885 at £50,000. Don Pedro is a sanguine man, for he bases his estimate of the revenue on the price obtained for sugar in 1883–84, since when, as everybody is aware, sugar has fallen some fifty per cent. He also puts the value of his sugar at £30 per ton, while the price in London is some £14 per ton. As the so-called guarantee for the first year is secured only by vendors' shares to the amount of £50,000, the whole arrangement might be an excellent stroke of business for Don Pedro; only I am afraid that the British public will not be over anxious to invest in "sugar" in the present extremely depressed state of the industry. The only chance of the concern not coming speedily to grief is continued heavy protection by the Argentine Government; but who will say that even in the Argentine Republic this will endure for long? I wonder what the promoter of this undertaking, who is credited with considerable shrewdness, can be about, to attempt the floating of a sugar factory

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at the present unpropitious moment, and on such preposterous terms!

TOUTING BY PRIVATE CIRCULAR.

The tout by private circular is generally only too successful in landing his fish, but he occasionally catches a "Tartar." Such a Tartar the head-master of a large school has proved, who writes to me to complain that he is pestered by the fraternity with applications to take shares in all kinds of swindles, and that other schoolmasters tell him that they are similarly annoyed. His reply to one of these polite invitations to invest is characteristic :—

> Sir,—It is inconceivable to me that you can find a sufficient number of fools to dupe to enable you to cover cost of postage and paper. Swindle is written on every page of the prospectus you sent me. I will take care to give it all the publicity I can.

The tout retorted with a solicitor's letter, threatening proceedings if my correspondent were to publish statements couched in a similar tone—a threat which did not prevent our plucky schoolmaster from also giving the solicitor a piece of his mind.

I have already fully discussed the merits of that extraordinary investment, "La Trinidad." It appears at present to be one of the best-puffed things of the kind, for a correspondent sends me several special circulars strongly recommending these shares. It is but natural to suppose that the firms sending the circulars must have a strong interest in pushing the issue, but I fancy the suspicions of the most innocent investor will be aroused by three of them following so close on the heels of each other.

QUEER STORIES.

A TOY DRAMA.

COLONEL POLAND, of the Indian army, and late of the Hussars, was a man whose ill-luck had long been proverbial among his friends. He had originally joined a crack cavalry regiment, in which he was by far the most popular officer. But good-nature was a more conspicuous quality in Frank Poland's character than discretion, and in an evil moment he backed a brother officer's bills for a very considerable amount. Needless to say that his friend absconded, and was declared bankrupt, and that Poland, being only a younger son with a small allowance, was obliged to exchange into a regiment of Indian native cavalry. He was a married man, with a delicate wife and a couple of young children, and the climate speedily made his wife a chronic invalid, while the children faded away and died before their parents' eyes. The unfortunate man was too poor to afford to send them to England, and his father declined to assist him, saying with more truth than kindness that he had been the cause of his own ruin, and must make the best of his altered circumstances. Grief almost killed Mrs. Poland, and nearly broke the Major's heart—for he was not Colonel then. He would have resigned his commission, and left the country he looked upon as accursed; but necessity kept him at his post, and he lived on a dreary, hopeless existence among a people he hated and in a land which had become detestable to him. Two years after the death of their second child a third was born to the Colonel and his wife, a son whom he called Rupert. The two loved this youngest baby with a devotion that was almost pitiful in its intensity, for they dreaded the fatal air of the place, and scarcely dared to hope that he would escape the fate of his brother and sister; but Rupert was a strong, healthy child, and for the first three years of his life scarcely had a day's illness. Poland began to think his luck had turned at last. He had recently been promoted to a colonelcy, and shortly expected to command his regiment; his wife, too, seemed to revive in the delight of her boy's existence, and Rupert himself was as little spoiled as any child could be, considering the amount of affection which was lavished upon him. But, just when the prospects of the family seemed to brighten, a new terror rose to torment the luckless Colonel. His child began to show premonitory symptoms of the same wasting disease which was already so terribly familiar to his parents, and the chance of losing him too began to present itself with dread persistence before their imagination. So far, indeed, there was no cause for immediate alarm. Poland's perceptions were quickened by his overpowering anxiety and affection, or he would scarcely have noticed that little Rupert's face occasionally wore a hectic flush, and that he seemed to tire of play sooner than was altogether natural. Husband and wife for a long time, therefore, kept up the painful farce of pretending to ignore each other's fears, but an explanation was finally inevitable. Poor Mrs. Poland, vainly striving to check her tears, implored her husband to tell her candidly if anything was really wrong with her darling, and he was forced to admit that the doctor had recommended a sea voyage and a change of climate.

"And how the poor child is to get either the one or the other I can't imagine," he groaned.

"Surely your father would do something if he only knew!"

The Colonel shook his head drearily.

"I can't ask him, dear; no, there is nothing else for it. I must send in my papers, and we must try to keep out of the workhouse somehow or another. Anything to save Rupert."

And so the matter was settled. Colonel Poland was to resign his commission, and the little family were to start for England by an early steamer. But the very day before he sent in his papers, it happened that an old comrade of the Colonel's was passing through the station in which he was quartered—Surgeon-Major Bradley, who had been invalided home, and was making the best of his way to England with his wife. They stayed a couple of nights at Bundapore, and sympathised deeply with the Polands in their dilemma. Dr. Bradley seemed to take a great fancy to Rupert. He was childless himself; and, on the second morning, he came to the Colonel and offered to take charge of the boy until his parents returned to England

"It would really be rather a favour than otherwise," he protested. "My wife and I are very dull by ourselves, and if you could only trust us, I am sure we would take as good care of the boy as if he were our own. But you must make up your mind at once."

The Colonel grasped his friend's hand in silence. He did not quite realise the position.

"I don't want to press you," said Bradley; "but it

certainly seems a pity that you should cut the service now and starve on half-pay, when there is such an easy way out of the difficulty."

So after a long discussion between Poland and his wife, it was settled that the Colonel should accept his friend's offer, and send Rupert to England, while he and his wife remained at Bundapore. There was very little time for preparations or for a prolonged leave-taking. The poor mother strove to console herself with the thought that her child's life would be saved, but she suffered terribly in parting from him; while the Colonel's feelings were none the less deep because his manhood forbade him to parade them. As for Rupert, he had taken wonderfully to his new friends, and as his old nurse went with him, his childish sorrow was soon consoled by the novelty of the journey and the change of scene and air.

Two years passed, and the Polands were almost reconciled to the separation by the comforting letters they constantly received from Dr. Bradley. Rupert was growing up a strong, healthy boy; he was wonderfully sharp and intelligent, and had by no means forgotten his parents. The Bradleys were living near Tunbridge Wells, as London, they thought, was not good for children, and the country air suited Rupert to per fection. Mrs. Poland almost lived upon these letters, in which her little one's life was so minutely and faithfully depicted, that she was tempted to forget the dreary waste of sea which lay between them. In another year the Colonel would retire on a good pension, and then they would be again united. Rupert had had only one misfortune—his old native nurse was dead, but Mrs. Bradley said that she had found an excellent substitute.

Only six months were wanting to complete the Colonel's term of service when, by the same mail, arrived a couple of letters from England, one in a black-bordered envelope, addressed in a stiff, formal hand, and the other from Dr. Bradley. The Colonel opened the black-edged letter and handed the other to his wife. The first was from a lawyer curtly informing the Colonel that his father and elder brother had both been drowned on a yachting trip.

"Good God, how awful!" cried Poland. His father had been his worst enemy, and his brother had never raised his little finger to help him. But blood is thicker than water, and the good man was grievously shocked by the news. As he stared at the open letter, he suddenly heard a loud shriek, and starting round saw that his wife had fallen, fainting, to the ground.

"Why, Bessie, what is the matter?" he exclaimed, and then his eye fell on the letter from Dr. Bradley. icking it up he strove to revive his wife as he began to read it, with a vague dread at his heart. The first few sentences turned his bronzed face white to the lips.

Rupert was lost! He and his nurse had disappeared, and not a trace could be found of them. Detectives had been set to work, still nothing had resulted from their exertions but vague and unsatisfactory clues. Rewards had been offered, and scores of children had been inspected, but Rupert was not among them. Dr. Bradley wrote that he and his wife were almost beside themselves with anxiety, and dreaded to meet Colonel Poland, who would never forgive them for having been the innocent cause of this unlooked-for catastrophe.

Poland called the servants to take his wife to her room, feeling utterly stunned and helpless. One thing only was clear in his mind—that he must sail for England without a day's delay, whatever the cost might be; and then he suddenly remembered that he was now a rich man, and in the bitterness of his heart cursed his cruel fate, which ever seemed to mock him with vain hopes of happiness. Presently the unhappy mother recovered from her swoon, and awoke to the full sense of her misfortunes. The Colonel utterly failed to console her; indeed, his own despair was too evident to permit him to inspire either hope or comfort.

"Perhaps he is found by this time," he said.

"No, no!" moaned the wife; "they would have telegraphed. I shall never see him again!"

On the misery of the return journey, the journey to which the Colonel and his wife had looked forward so eagerly for years, it is needless to dwell. In six weeks' time they were in England, and had learnt all there was to hear of their loss.

Not the smallest trace had been found of the child and nurse, except that the detectives were practically certain that they had gone to London, and there disappeared utterly. What had induced the woman to take this extraordinary step, Dr. and Mrs. Bradley utterly failed to imagine. She had always been a steady, honest girl, and the mystery was beyond their comprehension. So with a mighty effort the poor Colonel forgave his friends, and settled down into a life spent in unremitting, toilsome, and ever-tantalising search for the lost child. He spared neither money nor trouble in the one object of his existence. He searched every workhouse, hospital, infirmary, and school in London, until his eyes were weary and his heart sick with disappointed longing. He made fruitless journeys all over England in search of a fancied resemblance, or led by the plausible tale of an impostor. And after a year so spent, he was forced to confess to himself that his chance of success grew more and more remote. Mrs. Poland's health had somewhat improved by the change of climate, but she, too, had small pleasure in life so long as her son could not be found.

The Colonel's relatives laughed at him behind his back for his useless persistence.

"Of course the little beggar's dead," remarked to his friends young Martin Poland—who, by the way, was the Colonel's presumptive heir. "Always was a weakly brat. Just imagine spending your life in running about from Poplar to Seven Dials, and from Land's End to John o' Groats, to see every child in the kingdom who happens to have light hair and blue eyes! It's positively irritating to see the head of the family make such an idiot of himself!"

"It would be rather awkward for you, too, if the child is found," suggested a malicious old gentleman, whose mission in life it was to rub people the wrong way.

"Oh, I should be too delighted!" replied Martin. "But I'm afraid the old Colonel will be imposed upon, you know, and adopt some scrap of humanity that does not belong to him at all."

In spite, however, of such sneers, Colonel Poland and his wife hoped against hope, and took a somewhat melancholy

Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street Grosvenor-square.

pleasure in doing all they could to relieve the wretchedness of the poor little gutter children whom they found in workhouses and hospitals, and even in the streets.

Christmas was drawing near, and the Colonel, according to his custom, was full of benevolent plans for the welfare of these waifs and strays of infant humanity. One day an announcement caught his eye that a certain paper proposed to raise a fund for providing toys as Christmas presents for these children.

"A splendid idea!" cried the worthy man. "I'll send them a subscription at once. And we'll go round the shops, Bessie, and buy some toys for them as well."

His wife eagerly assented, and they spent an afternoon and a good many sovereigns in buying such an assortment as they felt convinced would do much to relieve the misery of many a friendless little sufferer.

"By the way, dear," said Mrs. Poland, "I see that there is a competition for the best home-made toy. I used to be rather clever at that sort of thing." The mother's voice failed her as she thought of the lost darling whose eagerly expectant face had done so much to inspire her dexterity.

The Colonel pressed her arm in mute sympathy. "Do, dear," he replied; "it will be a nice occupation for you."

They spent a good part of the evening in deciding what form the proposed toy should take.

"What do you say to a doll's house?" asked Mrs. Poland, after several other suggestions had been discarded as impracticable, "made, you know, as a model of our old bungalow. I don't think it would be difficult."

"Capital, my dear; you must set to work at once, and I'll help you."

So the bungalow was duly begun, and in time finished off to admiration. Mrs. Poland was really sorry when the moment came to part with it; the sweet and bitter memories it called up, although they cost her many tears, seemed to lift her out of her terrible sorrow; and, womanlike, she took a sad pleasure in reproducing in miniature the house where she had endured so much misery. The little model seemed to bring her nearer to her lost boy, and she loved it almost as a friend.

"I wonder who will get the bungalow?" she said to the Colonel, when the doll's house had been duly packed and sent off to its destination.

"I'm afraid I can't say, dear," answered her husband, "but I believe we can easily find out."

"I think I should like to know what becomes of it."

"So you shall, Bessie; I'll see to that," said Colonel Poland, always eager to gratify her every fancy.

* * * * *

The scene was a ward of an East-end Hospital for Children.

Low-voiced, neatly-dressed nurses were passing to and fro among numbers of little cots, each of which contained some tiny scraps of suffering humanity. But the restless limbs were quieter than usual, the querulous cries less frequent; there was a rare look of delighted expectation upon the upturned faces; eyes were brighter, cheeks flushed with a colour that was not altogether hectic, and small tongues showed an invincible disposition to chatter, which the nurses' authority could not altogether restrain. For Christmas was close at hand, and with Christmas came, so the children had heard, all sorts of beautiful toys, such as none had ever dreamed of being able to call their own; Christmas-cards, new sixpences, and joys wonderful and altogether beyond imagination. And presently rapturous expectation ended in blissful reality; a chorus of delight and surprise filled the long, formal room, where cries of pain were, alas! much more frequent, and every child in the ward fondled some toy which chased the look of suffering from its face and infused into its dull life a new and exquisite pleasure.

One little fellow alone did not seem satisfied with the splendid woolly donkey which had fallen to his share. He cast wistful and wondering looks upon the prize which had been bestowed upon his neighbour—a doll's house of a somewhat unusual pattern.

"What's the matter, Bob?" asked a nurse, with whom Bob was an especial favourite.

"Please, nurse, may I see Ada's doll's house?" pleaded the child.

"But, Bob, you know you ought to oe content with your own donkey."

"Oh, *please,* nurse, may I look at it?"

And the good woman had not the heart to refuse. Ada was a contented child, and was easily prevailed upon to relinquish her claim to the doll's house, and to transfer her affections to the donkey. And Bob lay staring at his new toy as if he could never take his eyes off it.

"Are you satisfied now, young man?"

But Bob's eyes filled with tears, and he touched the house with trembling and careful fingers, as though he half expected it to vanish away from his sight.

"It's like the house we used to live in, nurse, ever so long ago," he said. "This is where the nursery was; and mamma used to sleep here. Oh, nurse, nurse, shall I ever see mamma again?"

"Of course you will, Bob," answered the nurse, with a catch in her throat, and wondering what the little fellow could be thinking about. "But cheer up, darling; you mustn't cry to-day, of all days in the year."

There was a stir at the other end of the ward, as some visitors entered to see the children and their toys. Two of them were a tall, grey-haired gentleman, very erect and stiff, accompanied by a lady some years younger than himself, with a sad expression and wistful eyes.

"I think, madam, your toy was sent into this ward," said the superintendent, who acted as guide; "but Mrs. Price will know. A doll's house, Mrs. Price, made with only one story and a verandah."

"Yes, madam," said Mrs. Price, hurrying up. "I gave it to one child, but another one pleaded so hard for it that I let him have it instead of his own toy. This way, if you please."

"What is the name of the little pleader?" asked the Colonel, strangely interested.

"Robert Home," answered the nurse, surprised—"at least, so we were told. He was found a month ago in a wretched den in Shoreditch, and has been very ill with low fever. His mother went off with a sailor, and left him starving—the wretch! In the cot, just beyond there."

As she spoke, they approached the cot, but the little occupant was too much absorbed in the contemplation of his new treasure to notice them. He was talking to himself about it.

"Yes, I'm sure we used to live here; this is my room—and papa's study—and the dog-kennel—and——"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the Colonel, "what can this mean?"

But almost before the words were uttered; his wife sprang forward, and seizing the child by its little shoulders, turned its startled face full into her own. And a great cry of joy filled the ward, and the children wondered as they heard a woman's voice sobbing out,

"Oh, Rupert, my own sweet darling! Thank God, we have found you at last!"

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR DAISY,—What has happened? You've not quarrelled, surely? Yet how else can I account for a rational and coherent letter from you? But, perhaps, love's fitful fever has "struck in," as the doctors say, and the disappearance of its outward signs from your letter shows only that the disease has become deep-seated. However, it's not for me to complain.

> Except wind stands as never it stood,
> It is an ill wind turns none to good.

Would you believe, by the way, that this vulgar proverb is as classical a quotation as "Rich, not gaudy," or "Very like a whale"—from an older writer than Shakespeare even? Ask the encyclopædic Mr. Sinclair whence it's taken, and, if he answers right, reward him with the daintiest little book in all the world, (1) "Love Letters by a Violinist," an exquisitely got-up book of poems which

> Gives a very echo to the seat
> Where love is throned.

Or, to quote from a new and true poet, whose striking book, "Dramatic and Narrative Poems" (2) I have just closed:—

> The fair volume in its beauty brings
> A living portrait of your face and form,
> Like a soft prophecy of lovely things.

Or, what do you say to presenting so leal a Scotchman with the sumptuous edition of "Tam o'Shanter" (3), illustrated to absolute perfection by Cruikshank and exquisitely printed in colours? No more superb book have I seen this season, in which superb books abound. Or, if poetry, even Scotch poetry, is not to his stern taste, and he holds with St. Augustine that it is a kind of "wine of demons," then present him with the *édition de luxe* of Hepworth Dixon's "Her Majesty's Tower" (4). It is in two vast volumes—type, paper, and its fifty fine portraits (taken from Walpole's "Royal and Noble Authors") all in sumptuous keeping with each other. Or, there is the same author's less known but no less brilliant, "Life of Admiral Blake" (5), the foremost Englishman, next to Cromwell, of his great day. It also has the advantage of most admirable portraits—of Blake himself and his great contemporaries—done in permanent photography. Or, there is Mr. Dixon's "Holy Land" (6), with David Roberts' illustrations, reproduced in permanent photography; but this, I fancy, would better suit your aunt. It savours too much of Canon Farrar's *Daily Telegraphese* style of "Our Special Correspondent in Palestine" to suit Mr. Sinclair. Or, once more, to give you a wide field of choice, there is a new and superb edition of "Elia" (7), illustrated. Fancy *Elia* illustrated! Only Queen Mab could adequately illustrate it. But Messrs. Gifford, Smillie, Platt, & Church have attempted it, and have succeeded so far as success was possible. I am not quite sure, however, whether Lamb's antipathy to Scotchmen may not be reciprocated by Mr. Sinclair; or whether the humour of "Elia," which is so subtle and exquisite as to be rather a scent than a flavour, would even be perceived across the Tweed. There are sounds so fine as not to be caught by some ears, while others can hear the grass grow! It is, however, a Scotch House which has done itself and Lamb the honour of this *édition de luxe*. But you will retort upon me the charge of writing at random and irrelevantly. "What has all this to do," you say, "with my request for a list of books suitable for *little* children?" Truly I have been putting off the perplexed hour of choosing for you with such an *embarras de richesses* before me. Besides, I am by no means sure that my choice would be the choice of your little friends. A popular novelist told me the other day that reviews, favourable or unfavourable, affected but slightly the sale of a book, because the difference between the tastes of the critics and of the public was wide and was widening daily. How much more likely is the taste of the up-grown to differ from that of the child? Here is this really wonderful book, "Une Journée d'Enfant" (8), for instance, of which the author of "Helen's Babies" truly says, "It is the most charming book ever prepared for lovers of children. It is no exaggeration to say that in naturalness no other collection of pictures of children is worthy of mention beside this." This is true, and within the truth. The beauty, grace, and naturalness of the designs are something surprising; but would they not be "caviare" to children? Present the book, however, to a young mother still in her rapt transports over her first-born, and she will prize it far beyond all her other Christmas presents. These three exquisitely illustrated American books, again, "Hark! the Herald Angels sing" (9), with illustrations from the Old Masters; "Annie and Willie's Prayer" (10), illustrated by Messrs. Garrett, Fraser, and Snider; and "Sweet By and By" (11), illustrated by Messrs. Harper, Rogers, McDermott, Tucker, and Taylor; would children appreciate them duly, or at all? The distinctive merits of the illustrations are of the precise kind that would escape children; but to

(1) "Love Letters." By a Violinist. (London: Field & Tuer. 1884.)
(2) "Dramatic and Narrative Sketches." By W. St. Clair Baddeley. (London: Robson & Kerslake. 1885.)
(3) "Tam O'Shanter: A Tale in Verse." By Robert Burns. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. (London: Griffith, Farran, O'Keden, and Welsh. 1884.)
(4) "Her Majesty's Tower," By William Hepworth Dixon. 2 vols. (London: Bickers & Son. 1885.)
(5) "Robert Blake." By William Hepworth Dixon. (London: Bickers & Son. 1885.)
(6) "The Holy Land." By William Hepworth Dixon. (London: Bickers & Son. 1885.)
(7) "Essays of Elia." By Charles Lamb. (Edinburgh: William Patterson. 1885.)
(8) "Une Journée d'Enfant." Compositions Inédites. Par Adrien Marie. Vingt Planches en Héliogravure de Dufardin. (Ediuburgh: William Patterson. 1885.)
(9) "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing." By the Rev. Charles Wesley, M.A. With Illustrations from the Old Masters. (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; London: Griffith & Farran. 1885.)
(10) "Annie and Willie's Prayer." By Sophia P. Snow. Illustrated. (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; London: Griffith & Farran. 1885.)
(11) "Sweet By and By." By S. Fillmore Bennett. Illustrated. (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; London: Griffith & Farrau. 1885.)
(12) "Out of Town." By F. E. Weatherly. Illustrated by Ann Watts. Monotints by Ernest Wilson. (London: Hildesheimer & Faulkuer.)
(13) "Children's Voices." A Book of Simple Songs set to Music by Robert B. Addison. Illustrated by Harriett M. Bennett. (London: Hildesheimer & Faulkner.)
(14) "The Song of the Bell." By F. E. Weatherly. Illustrated by M. Ellen Edwards and John le Staples. (London: Hildesheimer & Faulkner.)
(15) "Little Miss Marigold." By Fred E. Weatherly. Illustrated by Jane M. Dealy. (London: Hildesheimer & Faulkner.)
(16) "There's Many a Slip 'Twixt Cup and Lip," and other Proverbs in verse. By Fred E. Weatherly. With Illustrations by W. J. Hodgson. (London: Hildesheimer & Faulkner.)
(17) "Heroes and Heroines of Nursery History." By G. Sadler. Illustrated by Frank Cox. (London: Hildesheimer & Faulkner.)
(18) "The Feathers and Fur Picture-book." (London: George Routledge & Son.)
(19) "Large Pictures and Little Stories." (London: George Routledge & Son.)
(20) "Tom Tit's Wedding-day," and other Poems. By the author of "Aunt Effie's Rhymes." (London: George Routledge & Son.)
(21) "Memoirs of Bob, the Spotted Terrier." Written by Himself. (London: George Routledge & Son.)
(22) "Roundabout Tales Told to Children." (London: George Routledge & Son.)
(23) "The Stories Maggie Told." (London: George Routledge & Son.)
(24) "Chatterbox" and (25) "The Prize." (London: Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.)
(26) "Good Day. An Album of Pictures in Chromo Colours." Verses by Emma Jane Taylor. (London: Dean & Son.)
(27) "Cherry Pie." Designed by W. Claudius. Verses by Mrs. Whitchurch. (London: Dean & Son.)
(28) "Amy Lloyd," &c. (29) "The China Jug," &c. (30) "Patty's New Hat," &c. (31) "Dora Cresswell," &c. (32) "The Two Dolls," &c. By Mary Russell Mitford. Illustrated. (London: George Routledge & Son.)
(33) "All in the Sun." By Mrs. Christophine Goddard. (London: Dean & Son.)
(34) "The Princess Nobody." By Andrew Lang. After the drawings by Richard Doyle. (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.)
(35) "Amateur Work Illustrated." Edited by the author of "Every Man his own Mechanic." Vol. III. (London: Ward, Lock, & Co.)
(36) "The Boy's Own Annual." (37) "The Girl's Own Annual." (London: The *Leisure Hour* Office.)
(38) "Every Boy's Annual." Edited by Edmund Routledge. (39) "Every Girl's Annual." Edited by Miss Alicia A. Leith. (London: G. Routledge & Son.)
(40) "St. Nicholas." An Illustrated Magazine for Young Folks. Conducted by Mary Mapes Dodge. Two Parts. (New York: The Century Company. London: F. Warne & Co.)
(41) "Olivia Raleigh." By W. W. Follett Synge. Author of "Tom Singleton, Dragoon and Dramatist." (London: George Routledge & Son.)

Minton's (Limited). — Minton's China. A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century and a half.

their parents these three beautiful books would certainly be the most acceptable of presents.

I admit that even children must admire as much, or almost as much, as their elders Messrs. Hildesheimer & Faulkner's lovely books; but then it would go to my very heart—an old maid's heart, you will say—to see such exquisite pictures soiled or torn as adorn "Out of Town" (12)—a present for a princeling; "Children's Voices" (13), a book of simple songs set to music; "The Song of the Bell" (14), and "Little Miss Marigold" (15). Order any of these, or any of Messrs. Hildesheimer & Faulkner's books for children, and you will hardly have the heart to part with them. Some of the illustrations are so charming, and even fascinating, that I have recurred to them again and again with ever-new admiration. The same publishers' "There's Many a Slip 'Twixt Cup and Lip" (16) almost makes me recall what I said in my last, that Mr. Randolph Caldecott had no rival. Its illustrations are as bright, fresh, humorous, and suggestive as many of those in the famous "Picture Book" Series. Another pretty booklet of theirs, "Heroes and Heroines of Nursery History" (17), is not as happy in its execution as in its conception. It was a pretty thought to weave together into one the old nursery tales of "Jack and Jill," "Queen of Hearts," &c.; but the stories are not so much woven as flung together in a tangle, without the slightest inter-connection or coherence. Still there are the illustrations—some of them capital, and all of them good—and in children's books the text is to the illustrations little more than what a catalogue is to a picture-gallery. To very little children, of course, the illustrations are the text, and for them I've seen nothing to compare with the wonderful coloured pictures of birds and beasts, in "The Feathers and Fur Picture Book" (18); and the not less lifelike and striking pictures of children and their pets in "Large Pictures and Little Stories" (19). Next below these—below them only because of their uncoloured illustrations—I should unhesitatingly set four charming little children's books, "Tom Tit's Wedding-Day" (20)—a dozen pretty tales in verse—"Bob, the Spotted Terrier" (21), of which it is enough to say that the illustrations are by Harrison Weir; who also has drawn all the birds and beasts in the natural history sections—the largest sections—of "Roundabout Tales Told to Children" (22), and of "The Stories Maggie Told" (23). I need say nothing of "Chatterbox" (24) and "The Prize" (25), two universally-known Sunday-school books; I cannot say anything for the fashion-plate illustrations in "Good Day" (26) and "Cherry Pie" (27); and I dare not say anything against Miss Mitford's "Amy Lloyd" (28), "The China Jug" (29), "Patty's New Hat" (30), "Dora Cresswell" (31) and "The Two Dolls" (32). And yet—and yet—is it possible that little children like this style? "She was much amused to see it received with grave, officious tenderness by the nicely-dressed hostess, whose consternation, when, still taking it for a living child, she caught a glimpse of the complexion, is said to have been irresistibly ludicrous. My friend did not undeceive her, but humoured the mistake, to the unmistakable astonishment and mystification of chambermaids and waiters." Perhaps it is the very style which children admire most, since poor people, who are as to literary taste mere children, find a kind of fascination in mysterious Mesopotamia-sounding words. I have no doubt at all about the delight of a little one with "All in the Sun" (33), though one or two of its coloured pictures have something of the affectation of the title of the book about them, and though Mrs. Goddard's rhymes are "after the school of Stratford atte Bow." For instance:

> When I was born
> I used to yawn!

But the majority of the illustrations are exquisite. Exquisite, also, I need not say, are the fairy fancies of dear old Dicky Doyle in "The Princess Nobody" (34). But why should these Queen Mab designs have been dwarfed and divorced from their original size and setting? Originally, in their unmutilated form, they illustrated—or at least were adequately interpreted by—a poem of William Allingham's; but they have been "reduced" in every sense, to illustrate, or rather be illustrated by, a not very brilliant children's fairy tale. It is Puck in a go-cart. Still Dicky Doyle is Dicky Doyle, however reduced and mutilated; and the designs of "The Princess Nobody" are, in delicacy, grace, and playfulness, unapproached by those of any book of the season. And now a word as to the two or three books for boys and girls you say you still want. If you know a boy of a mechanical turn, against whose parents or guardians you bear a grudge, I recommend to you most strongly "Amateur Work" (35). I shudder to think of the desolation of that house into which this encyclopædic work comes, for it teaches admirably the use of every constructive (or destructive) tool devised by man.

Still more encyclopædic are "The Boy's Own Annual" (36), whose motto, amply justified, is "*Quicquid agunt pueri nostri farrago libelli*," "The Girl's Own Annual" (37), "Every Boy's Annual" (38), and "Every Girl's Annual" (39). Which is the true Amphitryon, "The Boy's Own" or "Every Boy's Annual," "The Girl's Own" or "Every Girl's Annual"? The test of the true Amphitryon was, you know, hospitality, and this test both sets of books stand well, but stand differently; for, while "The Boy's" and "The Girl's" Own Annuals spread the more plenteous table, "Every Boy's" and "Every Girl's" Annual offer the choicest dishes. But, to my judgment, no English annual or magazine for boys and girls is even comparable with "St. Nicholas" (40), their American cousin, whose illustrations, in number, humour, finish, delicacy, and naturalness, are unapproached by those of our own serials. To the letterpress I cannot speak, for even my stout heart quailed before a thousand double-columned pages of small print.

Now, have I not earned the book which you sent me, I presume, as a payment in advance for my literary advice? On the other hand, I admit the payment to be ample. You know how I admired *Tom Singleton*, and for that reason probably you sent me "Olivia Raleigh" (41), from which I expected much, and was certainly not disappointed. Its flaming-coloured cover repelled me with the dread that it was a story in the *Tom Bulkeley* style; but I was relieved to find it a quiet, old-fashioned tale, evidently written by an admirer of Miss Austen. Father Jem and his quaint Anglo-French cousin Penelope, are personages to whom I am quite grateful to you for an introduction; and I consider the book, as a whole, a great improvement even upon my old friend *Tom Singleton*. Let me know if you want another list, and I shall be very glad to supply it.—Believe me, dear Daisy, ever yours affectionately,

JESSIE RAINE.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—Bee has just been in for a little talk, and was looking perfectly delicious in a frock of dark violet velvet trimmed with beaver.

She has been inveighing against the laziness of what she calls "ornamental servants." On the previous afternoon she had made three calls, and at each of the houses a man-servant opened the door, while at one of the three the butler had a footman to assist him in this difficult and onerous undertaking. Not one of them, however, deigned to open her carriage door for her when she was leaving, or offered her the protection of an umbrella from the rain, which was falling heavily. Her bonnet was injured and her gloves were spoiled, so that it is small wonder she felt aggrieved.

I suppose these gentlemen-in-waiting think that a lady who keeps no footman deserves no better treatment at their hands. A very natural view for them to take, of course, but I wonder what their employers would think if they knew it.

Have you ever heard of Lady Wolverton's Needlework Guild? If not, I will send you a little pamphlet about it. Your remarks about that dear old Miss Montmorency and her incessant production of absolutely useless and wholly

Iron Wine Bins.—The original makers. Medal and Five Awards, Sydney Exhibition, 1880. Farrow & Jackson, 16, Great Tower-street; 8, Haymarket, London. Illustrated Price Lists post free.

Old Lace.—The finest collection in London at A. Blackborne & Co.'s, 35, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square.

hideous crochet antimacassars made me think that, if more people knew about the Guild in question, their busy fingers might produce something useful, with benefit to themselves as well as to others; for it must always be better to work with a good object in view than merely for the aimless purpose of filling up one's time.

The Guild, of which Lady Wolverton is President, belongs to Dorsetshire, and consists of over five hundred workers, each of whom, on joining, pledges herself to send in two articles every year; and there were 1,429 articles sent in by these gallant five hundred in one year. The bulk of the things were distributed to the hospitals, homes, and other charitable institutions in Dorsetshire, and some to London charities.

Mr. Haweis, in one of his sermons, warned his congregation not to be "provincial in their prayers." That the warning is by no means unnecessary has been proved by Lady Wolverton, who says that many persons have refused to join her Guild without a promise that all their work should be retained for their own neighbourhood, an arrangement which the more widely charitable President, of course, declined.

Her own Guild is so well started, that Lady Wolverton now wishes to turn her energies towards London, and proposes beginning with St. George's, and developing that one large parish thoroughly before going on to others. I shall be glad when the East-end is reached, for, though there is much poverty even in rich St. George's, there is an immense amount of daily privation being endured in the "far East." But you must study the pamphlet, which is published at 146, Marylebone-road, and is called "Our Needlework Guild."

A concert was got up for the patients in Hanwell Asylum last week by the chaplain, the Rev. Robert Andrews, who doubtless remembered the effect of music upon the distraught spirit of Saul. The entertainment was a great success, and the patients were well amused. One of them wrote a critique upon the performance, in which he testifies to the impression made upon the ladies' side of the house when a favourite doctor sang "Once I loved a maiden fair; but she did deceive me." "Poor fellow!" said some; while others laughed as at an excellent joke.

The chaplain, as well as the doctors, find that these entertainments form a valuable item in the treatment of the insane. Any volunteers in the good work will be welcomed; and to be instrumental in brightening an hour or two of the lives that are darkened by the awful cloud of insanity must surely carry with it its own reward.

The home-made competitive toys sent in to the Editor of Truth, as well as those that have been purchased with a view to distribution among the children in the hospitals and workhouses of London, are to be on view in the large Banqueting-hall of Limmer's Hotel in Conduit-street, next Friday and Saturday, between ten and half-past five. I shall go and make some notes, with a view of telling you a little about them.

Did you see that the same generous person who anonymously sent the Editor 5,000 new sixpences last year for distribution among the poor little things, has this year sent 8,000 for a similar purpose? I know, from experience, that, dearly as children, especially those of the poor, love toys, they love money still better. It gives them, I suppose, a sense of power and of being grown-up. I hope none of the masters of the workhouses will, this time, refuse to let the little ones have their pretty new sixpences.

You who live in the country enjoy, among certain deprivations, at least an immunity from the piano nuisance. Some fresh people have recently taken the house next to us, and they have evidently placed their piano against the wall that separates their drawing-room from ours. If they could play even tolerably it would not so much matter, but they can't. Every few bars there comes a false note, or a wrong chord pounded out relentlessly. The same mistakes are made each time a piece is played, though the errors are such as a very slight sustained effort would suffice to correct, even with people who possess no soul for music. We have borne it in silence for some time, though scraps of the "See-saw Waltz" have every now and then distracted our ears, being played with the bass belonging, apparently, to some other composition. This afternoon, however, the performance has consisted chiefly of the Dead March in "Saul," played all out of time, and alternating with the "See-saw Waltz." Could any one be expected to stand that? The Dead March is not at any time a cheerful or exhilarating piece of music, but the people who deliberately select it in such December weather as this, without provocation of any kind from their suffering neighbours, ought at least to be indicted as a nuisance, if not accused of malignant homicidal intent, inasmuch as their "raging upon the piano," as Carlyle most graphically described such aimless and purposeless strummings, must assuredly incline their hearers to contemplate self-destruction in the dull months of the year.

What can we do? Papa suggests that we should write a civil note, asking them to move the piano from the close vicinity of our wall. Charlie says he believes there is a little law that forbids people to allow their so-called musical propensities to disturb the peace of such innocent persons as may happen to live next door to them. He remembers some case about a man who ground out a barrel-organ in his chambers in Lincoln's-inn, to the utter discomfiture of some busy man living above him. But as Charlie cannot recollect how the case was decided, his reminiscence is not of much practical value.

There are many hundeds of families in London who are daily tormented by the piano next door. Surely there must be some remedy for a grievance so far from uncommon, and occasionally so distressing.

I think I could suggest a certain cure, though not the means of applying it. If the ladies who destroy their neighbours' peace could but overhear the comments their performances excite, there would soon fall a delicious silence upon street and suburb, broken only by the occasional bellowings of the discordant German band or the grindings of the itinerant organ.

At the Prince's Cinderella, one of my partners told me that a new fashion in dancing is about to be introduced into England. It is that in round dances your partner is only to have one turn with you, and then is to go off and secure some one else for the next; and so on. I have occasionally divided a waltz in a somewhat similar way; but I am not sure that I should approve of this new idea. What is to become of the pleasant practice of sitting out? You can't possibly sit on the stairs or in the conservatory with *two* men. Or is the wretched man supposed to divide his attention at the end of the dance with all the women with whom he has made the tour of the room? Or, suppose that he has danced a valse with three girls, and that each of the three has had two or more partners for it, what kind of chaos would take place at the end of it? Is each girl to be consigned to a (possibly) unwilling chaperon, and are the delightful intervals between the dances to be spent by the sexes apart?

Somebody said the innovation would be useful as a means of getting rid of a disagreeable partner; that, however, would be of but little service to me. I have had sufficient experience to know how to select my partners with discrimination; and I have a whole set of nice little polite fictions on hand wherewith to avoid the inexpert dancers. I may confide to you one of them. When programmes are used, I send Charlie early in the evening to get me two. One of these I fill with names and initials, and keep it ready to show as a proof that I have no dances to give away. The other is the *real* one, of course, and I never allow it to be quite filled, for there is always a chance of some one very nice arriving rather late—some one too nice to be put off with an extra or so. Speaking of the Prince's, I do wish some one would take the floor in hand. It is really too dreadful. It may be all right for people to tramp about on to look at pictures, but at present it is far from satisfactory, so far as dancing is concerned.

"Phan" recommends the following way of cooking a Christmas turkey, which I shall certainly try:—

Take a plump young turkey, wash well inside and out, thoroughly dry, and dust lightly with flour. Take half a pound of bread-crumbs,

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half a ponnd of suet, a small bnuch of parsley, three small shalots, and chop finely altogether. Mix with a pint of cream, some white and red pepper, salt, and a little nntmeg. Make this up into balls, abont two inches in circumference. Take six Euglish tomatoes, and then place inside the turkey, alternately, one ball and one tomato, nntil full. Melt half a pound of butter. and pour it over the bird, after rnbbing a little pepper (black) and salt into it. Then take the juice of as many tomatoes as you think fit, half a ponnd of bntter, a little more pepper and salt, and a little flonr (teaspoonful). Allow this to simmer in a sancepan slowly until thick. When the turkey is first taken out of the oven to baste, throw the whole of the sauce well over it. Put back and continue to baste nntil thoroughly well-browned and crisp. The gravy is made by pouring a cnp full of cream and a cup fnll of milk into the dripping-pan, which put back into the oven and stir until it boils well. Place in a sauce-tureen and serve both as hot as possible. A more delicious way of cooking a turkey it is impossible to imagine. Remember, before putting the tomatoes inside with the balls, to prick them well with a silver fork.

And here is a quite too-too lovely sweet dish, called velvet cream :—

Dissolve ½ oz. of isiuglass iu a cup of white wine, add the juice of a large lemon, and three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, strain iuto a mould, and when nearly cold, fill the mould up with about a pint of cream, stir it up well, and then put it on the ice to set.

I find that a wineglassful of old brandy, instead of the wine, is a great improvement and highly appreciated, especially by total abstainers.

Here is a receipt for "cocktail," from Lady Brassey's new book, which sounds seductive :—

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Bird's Indiarubber Tyres for Carriage and Invalid Chair Wheels.

AS USED BY H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Perfect silence and luxurious comfort are attained by the use of Bird's Rubber Tyres, which can be fitted to any wheels. The unsightly Iron Flanges are also avoided. Bird's Rubber Tyres have now stood the test of the last 12 years and cannot be surpassed by any others for appearance, durability, ease, silence, and economy. Guaranteed not to come off the Wheels.

INDIARUBBER BREAK BLOCKS.

Grip the wheels perfectly, prevent all Jar or Strain on the Carriage, and are silent.

Prospectus free on application.

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Now Ready. Price Three Guineas.

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or purchase, is the Course of PROF. LOISETTE'S PHYSIOLOGICAL ART of NEVER FORGETTING, which uses none of the "*Localities*," "*Pegs*," "*Links*," or "*Associations*" of Mnemonics. Lost Memories restored—the worst made good, and the best better. Any book learned in one reading. PROSPECTUS POST FREE, giving recommendations of Mr. Richard A. Proctor, Dr. Andrew Wilson, and Others. Great inducement to Correspondence Classes in all parts of World in "NEVER FORGETTING" and for Cure of "MIND WANDERING."

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Has been brought to the highest state of perfection, and is warranted superior to all others. Every Pen stamped "Stylographic Pen Co." Refuse all others. For sale by all first-class Stationers throughout the world.

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THE FLORAL DEPOT,

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Still maintains its prestige, and stands in the front rank for originality and general excellence in

HIGH-CLASS ART,

combined with the most MODERATE CHARGES.

The Choicest Selection of Floral Gems in London.

PRESENTS.

WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL.

CRAMER'S extensive CITY WAREROOMS, 40 to 46, Moorgate-street.—New Grand and Cottage PIANOFORTES in great variety, by Broadwood, Collard, Cramer, Erard, and Pleyel, for SALE, Hire, and on Cramer's Three Years' System. Also Second-hand Instruments, including Pianofortes, American Organs, and Harmoniums of all kinds, at moderate prices.—J. B. CRAMER & CO. build, repair, and tune church and chamber pipe organs, and have at present in stock a number of instruments of various sizes, that have been in use, and are now to be SOLD at a large reduction from the original cost. CRAMER & Co. are also now clearing their stock of American Organs, and are offering a number of these reed instruments at prices so extremely moderate as will command the attention of cash purchasers.—40 to 46, Moorgate-street, E.C.

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GOLD MEDAL awarded for EXCELLENCE OF QUALITY to

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EAST INDIA PALE and BURTON ALE BREWERS,
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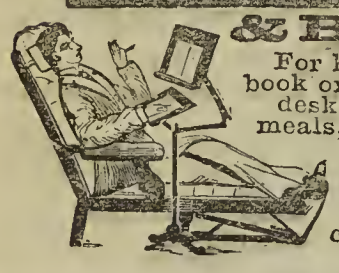
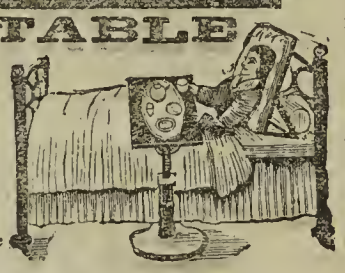


For holding a book or writing desk, lamp, meals, &c., in any position over an easy chair, bed, or sofa.



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Invalid Carriages of all kinds.

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MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY.
Queen's Quality, for Household use and for the Weak and Aged.
Sportsman's Quality, for Outdoor use and for Travellers.

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A fascinating liqueur of high quality, made with choice Brandy.
A fine appetiser; pleasant with aërated waters.

GRANT'S GINGER COGNAC.
A Stomachic of extra superior quality, made of the finest old Cognac.
Sold by all Wine Merchants, Hotels, &c.
Manufacturers, T. GRANT & SONS, Maidstone,
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ASK FOR

MOIR'S

SOUPS,

PEAS, MUSHROOMS, and

MACEDOINE of VEGETABLES.

IN TINS AND GLASSES.

HARVEY'S SAUCE

FOR FISH, GAME, STEAKS, &c.

CAUTION.

EACH BOTTLE OF THIS CELEBRATED SAUCE PREPARED FROM THE ORIGINAL RECIPE BEARS THE WELL-KNOWN LABEL SIGNED

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JAMS, JELLIES, MARMALADE, AND BOTTLED FRUITS.

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SILVER MEDAL Awarded for

GENERAL EXCELLENCE OF EXHIBIT.

Specialties: 'Home-made' Strawberry Jam & Orange Marmalade.

SOLD BY ALL THE PRINCIPAL GROCERS, ITALIAN WAREHOUSEMEN &c.

Christmas Presents.

THE Largest Assortment of INDIAN, Persian, and Turkey CARPETS always in Stock, superior qualities. Purchasers should beware of inferior Turkey Carpets, which are now being imported and sold as best quality at so much per square yd. MAPLE & CO., London. Catalogues free.

TURKEY CARPETS.

TURKEY CARPETS.—MAPLE & CO. have just received large consignments of fine TURKEY CARPETS, unique colourings, reproductions of the 17th century, being the first delivery of those made from this season's clip.—Maple & Co., London, and 17 and 18, Local Baron Aliotti, Smyrna.

TURKEY CARPETS.—These special carpets are exceptionally fine, both in colour and quality, while the prices are lower than ever known before. Appended are a few examples of useful sizes, with prices. The trade supplied:—

11 ft.	4 in.	by 8 ft. 3 in.,	£6. 10s.
12 ft.	0 in.	by 10 ft. 6 in.,	£7. 15s.
13 ft.	0 in.	by 11 ft. 9 in.,	£8. 10s.
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TURKEY CARPETS.—10,000 Indian, Persian, and Turkey carpets in Stock to select from, in all sizes. MAPLE & CO., the largest furnishing establishment in the world. Acres of showrooms for the display of first-class furniture for immediate delivery.—Tottenham court-road, London,—and Paris.

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WOODSTOCK CARPETS, from 20s.

These are inexpensive but most artistic productions of the English loom, woven in one piece, without seam, bordered and fringed, suitable for reception and bedrooms. Can be had in many sizes.

Each carpet is protected by the trade mark "Woodstock." Can only be had of MAPLE & CO., Carpet Factors. Purchasers of fringed carpets should beware of imitations.—MAPLE & CO.

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CARPETS, ready for use. 3,000 in Stock. A great variety of Patterns to select from, of the best quality, but old patterns. A Carpet, 15ft. by 11ft. 3in., price 50s., which can be laid same day as ordered.

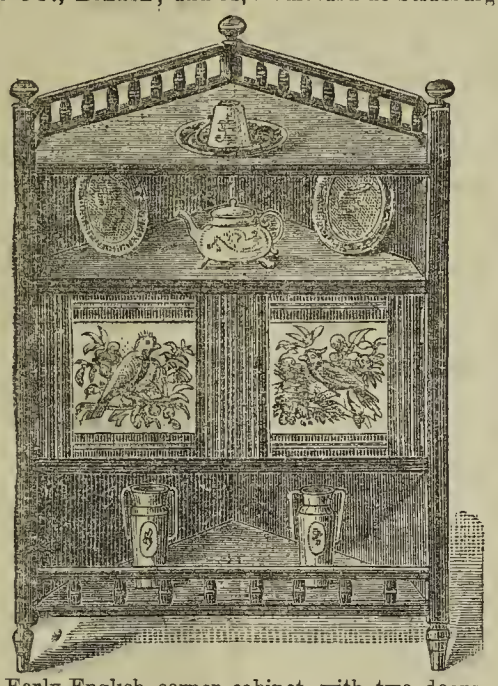
MAPLE & CO.

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD,

THE LARGEST AND MOST CONVENIENT

FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT.

NOVELTIES EVERY DAY from all parts of the Globe.
MAPLE & CO., London; and 64, Boulevard de Strasburg, Paris.



Early-English corner cabinet, with two doors, and nicely decorated, 1ft. 10in. wide, 3ft. 5in. high ..... £2:12:6.

CHINA.

MAPLE & CO. have the largest assortment of BARBOTINE, Tunisian, Hungarian, Doulton, Doulton Faïence, Silicon Doulton, and Doulton Impasto WARES, also in Worcester, Coalport, Dresden, Sèvres, Chinese, Japanese, and Crown Derby China.—MAPLE & CO.

Christmas Presents.

MAPLE & CO., Upholsterers by Special Appointment to Her Majesty. The largest FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT in the world. Acres of Show-rooms for the display of every possible description of household requisites.—Tottenham-court-road, London. Established 45 years.

THE SPECIMEN ROOMS at Messrs. MAPLE & CO.'S are good examples of HIGH-CLASS DECORATIVE FURNISHING, carried out in perfect taste, without extravagant expenditure. Every one about to furnish, or re-arrange their residences, should by all means inspect these apartments.

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MAPLE & CO. have a SPECIAL DEPARTMENT for IRON and BRASS four-post BEDSTEADS, CRIBS, and COTS, specially adapted for Mosquito Curtains, used in India, Australia, and the Colonies. Price for Full-size Bedsteads varying from 25s. to 80 guineas. Shippers and Colonial visitors are invited to inspect this varied Stock, the largest in England, before deciding elsewhere. Ten thousand bedsteads to select from.—MAPLE & CO., Export Furnishing Warehouses, Tottenham-court-road, London.

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AT EXTREMELY LOW RATES.

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PROSPECTUS AND ESTIMATES POST FREE.

Advances made on goods warehoused if required.

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BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

THE NEW SANITARY WALL-HANGING.

CHEAPER than a Painted Wall, and MORE DURABLE.

MAY BE SCRUBBED WITH SOAP AND WATER WITHOUT INJURY.

Manufactured by THE EMBOSSED TAPESTRY COMPANY,

LONDON DEPOT: 33, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

Patterns, Prices, and Particulars on receipt of 6 stamps.

PURE IRISH LINEN GOODS.

Samples Post Free on application to

FORRESTER BROS.

Linen Manufacturers and Bleachers.

BELFAST.

"It is a low ebb of Linen with thee."—(HENRY IV., *Part* 2.)

Pure Linen Sheeting, grass bleached, 2 yards wide, from 1s. 10d. yard; unbleached twilled, 66 in. wide, from 1s. 3½d. yard; Linen Diaper, from 7d. yard; Huck Towels, unbleached, from 6s. doz., bleached, from 7s. 6d. doz.; Cream Damask Table Cloths, from 1s. 10d. each; Bleached, 2 by 2 yards, from 2s. 11d. each; Breakfast Napkins, from 2s. 6d. doz.; Cambric Handkfs. (Ladies'), hemmed, from 2s. 6d. doz.; (Gents'), from 4s. doz.; Hemstitched Handkfs, Ladies', from 6s. 3d. doz.; Bleached Linen, 1 yard wide, from 8d. yard.

Also all the VERY BEST Goods at Proportionately Low Prices.

BECKETT'S (WINTER PUNCH) WINTERINE

REGISTERED

Non-Alcoholic. The Best Substitute for Brandy. Invaluable for Pains in the stomach. An excellent Preventive to Cold. Can be used with either hot, cold, or aërated water. Pints, 1s. 9d. (sufficient for twenty tumblers); Half-pints, 1s. SPECIAL.—A Sample Bottle, sufficient for five Tumblers, sent free for nine stamps; Two Pints, 4s.; Six Pints, 10s. 6d. BECKETT'S FRUIT CORDIALS.—Gingerette, Clove, Peppermint, Raspberry, Black Currant, and Lime Fruit, are capital Winter Drinks. Testimonials on application. Sole Manufactnrer, W. BECKETT, Heywood, Manchester. London Depot: 95, Farringdou-street, E.C. Sold by Chemists, Grocers, and Coffee Tavern Co.'s.

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High-Class Tailor for Ladies and Gentlemen on the Modern Cash System.

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The ONE GUINEA TROUSERS,
The FOUR GUINEA SUITS,
And the FOUR GUINEA ULSTERS.

A Large Assortment of ULSTERS in all the Newest Styles and Materials kept in stock ready for immediate wear, or as models to take orders from.

Also the NEW INVERNESS CAPE for evening wear as worn by Royalty and the Élite.

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TRICHINOPOLY

CIGARS & Cheroots (Dawson's Muster),

OF EXTRAORDINARY FINE QUALITY AND FLAVOUR.

GOLD MEDAL, CALCUTTA EXHIBITION, 1884.

BEWLAY & CO.

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per 100 (free by Parcels Post).

Sample 4 for 1/- (14 stamps).

If you care to smoke a cigar of exquisitely choice aroma, costing less than one half the price of any other you can purchase of similar size and quality, send for a sample, 4 for 1/- (14 stamps), of Bewlay & Co.'s own imported genuine Trichinopoly Cigars or Cheroots (Dawson's Muster) which are preferred to any others by all officers and gentlemen who have visited our Indian Empire.

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BEWLAY & CO.

Direct Importers of the very finest Indian and Havannah Cigars, and Tobacconists to the Royal Family.

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ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS.

Price Lists of Indian, Havannah, Manilla Cigars, and BEWLAY'S CELEBRATED TOBACCOS, Post free.

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GOUT and RHEUMATIC GOUT: a New Method of Cure, with Cases. By J. W. FOAKES, M.D.

"We now pass from the deleterious nature of mercury and colchicum to the new practice of Dr. FOAKES. This really great discovery is extremely simple."—*Morning Advertiser.*

The treatment of gout recommended is sound and rational."—*Medical Press and Circular.*

We think it a public duty to call attention to this book."—*Christian World.*

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MENDS EVERYTHING.

WOOD, GLASS, CHINA, LEATHER, FURNITURE, METALS, &c.

Strongest and Most Elastic Glue on Earth. Absolutely Unbreakable and Inseparable!!—No Heating!—No Preparation!—Always Ready!—Always Liquid!!!—Mends China, Glass, Wood, Leather, Patches on Shoes, Rubber, Crockery, Billiard Cue Tips and Cloth, Ornaments, Stone, Furniture, Jewellery, and Book Backs, with Everlasting Tenacity!!—Sold Everywhere. Trial Bottles, 6d. and 1s. RICHARDS, TERRY, and Co, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., Sole Agents.

PEPPER'S QUININE AND IRON TONIC.—Bottles, 32 doses, 4s. 6d. Sold by Chemists everywhere. There is no Tonic so certain in effect as Pepper's Quinine and Iron. Insist upon having it.

TARAXACUM AND PODOPHYLLIN.—This fluid combination is used instead of blue pill and calomel for the cure of dyspepsia, biliousness, and all symptoms of congestion of the liver, generally pain beneath the shoulders, headache, drowsiness, no appetite, furred tongue, disagreeable taste in the morning, giddiness, disturbance of the stomach, and general depression. It sets the sluggish liver in motion, very slightly acts on the bowels, giving a sense of health and comfort within 24 hours. It is the safest medicine. Taraxacum and Podophyllin is made only by J. PEPPER, Bedford Laboratory, London, whose name is on every label. Bottles, 2s. 9d. Sold by all Chemists.

"SULPHOLINE LOTION."—An External Means of CURING SKIN DISEASES. There is scarcely any eruption but will yield to "Sulpholine" in a few days, and commence to fade away. Ordinary pimples, redness, blotches, scurf, roughness, vanish as if by magic; whilst old, enduring skin disorders, that have plagued the sufferers for years, however deeply rooted, "Sulpholine" will successfully attack them. It destroys the animalculæ which cause these unsightly, irritable affections, and always produces a clear, healthy skin. "Sulpholine" Lotion is sold by most Chemists. Bottles, 2s. 9d.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS, FOR LIVER.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS, FOR BILE.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS, FOR INDIGESTION.

LEATH & ROSS'S SPECIAL PREPARATIONS.

AUROSINE.—Has a softening and soothing influence upon the Hands, keeps them free from chaps, also from the irritating effects of cold and the use of hard water in washing. Those who suffer from roughness of the Skin in any way will do well to try

AUROSINE.—If used after washing it keeps the Hands and Skin soft, white, and free from roughness. In bottles, 1s. 3d., 1s. 9d., and 2s. 9d., carriage paid.

ANTISEPTIC TOOTH TINCTURE, or LIQUID DENTIFRICE. Highly recommended as a preservative of the Teeth, preventing the formation of, and removing tartar, sweetens the Breath, stops and prevents receding of the Gums, and keeps the Teeth white and sound. In bottles, 1s. 3d., 1s. 9d., and 2s. 9d., carriage paid.

DORE'S TRANSPARENT SOAP Produces a soft, smooth, and pleasant lather, very soothing to the Skin, and counteracting the irritating effects of hard water and exposure to cold. No better soap made. Very pleasant to use. In cakes, 6d. each, or 1 dozen cakes, 5s., carriage paid.

OZONISED OIL.—THE NEW PREPARATION FOR THE HAIR. Nourishing the roots, stops the falling off, preserves the colour, arrests decay, and is very cleanly in use, having a most pleasant odour. In bottles, 1s. 3s., 1s. 9d., and 3s., carriage paid.

ODONTALGIC ESSENCE, or Liquid Stopping for Decayed Teeth. Cleanse the cavity of the tooth with a little wool, then saturate a piece of wool with the liquid, with this fill up the cavity. This presently becomes hard, and will remain in the cavity some time. In bottles, 1s. 3d. and 3s., free by post.

PHOSPHO-MURIATE of QUININE.—A Nerve Tonic, and specially recommended for Debility, Nervousness, Brain-weariness and Sleeplessness. In bottles, 1s. 3d., 3s., and 4s. 9d., carriage paid.

WORM POWDERS for Adults and Children. All kinds of worms quickly removed from the body by the use of these powders, especially the thread worms so troublesome to little children. In boxes, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. by post.

GLYKALINE, AN APPROVED REMEDY FOR Colds or Catarrhs. Do not neglect a cold, to do so is dangerous. This remedy if taken at once, cuts short the cold and prevents all further mischief. It should be in every house. Cures a cold in a surprisingly short time. In bottles, 1s. 3d., 3s., and 4s. 9d. by post.

NEURALINE.—Specially recommended in all cases of Neuralgia, Faceache, Toothache. An external remedy, and one single application often puts an end to the most distressing pain. Confidently recommended. In bottles, 1s. 3d., 3s., and 4s. 9d. by post.

LEATH & ROSS, HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS,
9, VERE STREET, W.; and 5, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, E.C.

DENTISTRY.—Dr. G. H. JONES will forward from his only address, 57, Great Russell-street, opposite the British Museum, a 64-page ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET, GRATIS and post free, with list of medals, diplomas, and awards at the great Exhibitions. *Christian Union* says:—"Before consulting a dentist the Pamphlet by Dr. G. H. Jones should be read by every one, to find where prize medal teeth and workmanship can be had at charges generally paid for the most inferior description of dentistry."

A FACT WORTH KNOWING.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Are admitted by thousands to be worth above a guinea a box, for Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as wind and pain at the stomach, sick headache, giddiness, fulness, and swelling after meals, dizziness and drowsiness, cold chills, flushings of heat, loss of appetite, shortness of breath, costiveness, scurvy, blotches on the skin, disturbed sleep, frightful dreams, and all nervous and trembling sensations, &c. The first dose will give relief in twenty minutes. This is no fiction, for they have done it in thousands of cases.

Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one box of these pills, and they will be acknowledged to be

Worth a Guinea a Box.

For females of all ages these pills are invaluable. No female should be without them. There is no medicine to be found to equal Beecham's Pills for removing any obstruction or irregularity of the system. If taken according to the directions given with each box they will soon restore females of all ages to robust health.

For a weak stomach, impaired digestion, and all disorders of the liver, they act like "MAGIC," and a few doses will be found to work wonders upon the most important organs in the human machine. They strengthen the whole muscular system, restore the long-lost complexion, bring back the keen edge of appetite, and arouse into action the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "FACTS" admitted by thousands, embracing all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the nervous and debilitated is

Beecham's Pills have the largest sale of any Patent Medicine in the world.

Full directions are given with each box.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND PATENT MEDICINE DEALERS.

REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS OF

THE GRESHAM LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, to the ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of SHAREHOLDERS, held on the 11th of December, 1884.

Chief Office—St. Mildred's House, London.

FUNDS, 1884:—

Assets	£3,491,376	10	0
Life Assurance and Annuity Funds	3,391,789	3	9
Annual Income	685,369	0	10

The Directors have now to present their Report on the operations of the thirty-sixth financial year of the Society, ending 30th June, 1884.

During the year 7,340 proposals were made to the Society for assuring the sum of £2,559,691, and 6,264 policies were issued, assuring an amount of £2,199,195. The immediate annuities granted during the year were for the yearly payment of £9,074 15s 2d.

The income received from premiums, after deducting the amount paid for re-assurance, was £547,434 4s. 8d., of which £77,378 3s. 1d. was in premiums for the first year of assurance.

The balance of the interest account amounted to £137,934 16s. 2d., which, together with the receipt from premiums, raised the income of the Society for the year to £685,369 0s. 10d. The accrued interest which had not been received at the date of closing the accounts, is included among the assets, in the item of "Outstanding Interest."

The claims paid by the Society during the year were for £244,972 18s. 7d., under Life Assurance policies (of which 1,500 was re-assured), and for £102,807 2s. 1d. as Endowments. The sum of £45,764 7s. 1d. was paid for the surrender of policies.

After providing for these amounts, for the annuities falling due within the year, for office expenses, and other charges on the income of the year, both ordinary and special, there remained a balance of £148,500 17s. 9d., which augments the fund available for the existing policies of the Society. This fund amounted at the end of the financial year to £3,413,501 3s. 9d., which, with the amount of £77,875 12s. 3d. reserved for the settlement of claims outstanding, for the payment of annuities not applied for, and for other purposes specified in the Balance Sheet, makes up the total of assets to £3,491,376 16s. as shown in the second Schedule appended to this Report.

The accounts have been duly audited by Mr. William Webb Venn (Notary Public), a Policy holder, on behalf of the Policy-holders, assisted by Mr. John G. Ladbury (Chartered Accountant), a Shareholder of the Society, who has completed the work left unfinished by his late father. The whole of the securities and documents representing the assets of the Society have also been verified.

It is with deep regret that the Directors have to announce the death, during the year, of Mr. James Lyne Hancock, one of the original members of the Board. Acting under the powers conferred upon them by the Deed of Settlement, the Directors have elected Mr. Frederick William Butterworth, a duly qualified Shareholder, to fill the vacancy thus occasioned, until the Annual General Meeting, when he retires in rotation, as the late Mr. Hancock, if living, would have done.

The other Directors retiring on the present occasion are Messrs. William Henry Thornthwaite and Edward Solly, F.R.S., who, together with Mr. Frederick William Butterworth, being eligible and willing to serve, are recommended by the Board to constitute the list for re-election.

It is also with much regret that the Directors have to report the decease of Mr. George H. Ladbury, one of the original Auditors. The surviving Auditor Mr. William Webb Venn retires in accordance with the provisions of the Deed of Settlement; and, being eligible, will be submitted for re-election on behalf of the Policy-holders; and Mr. John Gascoigne Ladbury, F.C.A. (a duly qualified Shareholder), will be proposed for election as Auditor on behalf of the Shareholders, in place of his deceased father.

The Directors have given the usual order for the triennial valuation of the Assurance and Annuity Contracts of the Society in force on the 30th June next, which has been already commenced. The result of the valuation will be submitted at the next Ordinary General Meeting.

By order of the Board,

JOSEPH ALLEN, Secretary.

December 11th, 1884.

FIRST SCHEDULE.

Revenue Account of "The Gresham Life Assurance Society," for the year ending June 30, 1884:—

Amount of Funds at the beginning of the year					£3,265,000	6 0
Premiums—First year	£77,378	3	1			
Renewals	472,394	17	0			
				£549,773 0 1		
Less Re-Assurance Premiums				2,338 15 5		
					547,434	4 8
Consideration for Annuities granted					91,459	9 9
Interest and Dividends					137,934	16 2
Other Accounts:—						
Loan Charges and Assignment Fees				24 6 0		
Profit on Securities realised				11,833 19 8		
Exchanges				177 11 7		
					12,035	17 3
					£4,053,864	13 10

We have examined the above Statement with the Books of Account, and hereby certify the same to be correct.

Dated November 28, 1884.

(Signed) WILLIAM W. VENN, Auditor.
JOHN G. LADBURY, Chartered Accountant.

Claims under Policies:—						
Deaths	£244,972	18	7			
Endowments	102,807	2	1			
				£347,780 0 8		
Less Re-Assured				1,500 0 0		
					£346,280	0 8
Surrenders					45,764	7 1
Annuities					82,807	7 2
Commission					54,099	6 8
Expenses of Management:—						
Specially for New Business:—						
Inspectors, Agency, and Travelling Expenses				30,114 6 11		
Advertising				7,675 11 8		
Medical Fees				4,402 8 0		
				42,192 6 7		
General Expenses for New and Old Business				47,625 15 9		
					89,818	2 4
Fiscal Expenses:—						
Stamps and Income Tax (English and Foreign)					7,956	19 8
Dividends to Shareholders					1,085	12 0
Bonus in Cash to Policyholders					12,551	14 6
Amount of Funds at the end of the year as per Second Schedule					3,413,501	3 9
					£4,053,864	13 10

(Signed) W. H. THORNTHWAITE, Chairman.
EDWARD SOLLY, Director.
A. H. SMEE, Director.
JOSEPH ALLEN, Secretary.
THOMAS G. ACKLAND, F.I.A., Actuary.

SECOND SCHEDULE.

Balance-sheet of "The Gresham Life Assurance Society," on the 30th June, 1884:—

LIABILITIES.

Shareholders' Capital Paid up	£21,712	0	0			
Assurance Fund	2,610,200	3	7			
Annuity Fund	767,762	13	7			
Deferred Annuity in Italian Rentes Fund	13,826	6	7			
Total Funds as per First Schedule					£3,413,501	3 9
Claims admitted, but not paid	70,846	3	3			
Less Re-Assured	nil.					
					70,846	3 3
Annuities outstanding					6,833	5 0
Share Dividends and Bonus not applied for					196	4 0
Other Accounts					nil.	
					£3,491,376	16 0

ASSETS.

Mortgages on Property within the United Kingdom	£265,466	2 2
Mortgages on Property out of the United Kingdom	nil.	
Loans to Corporations and other Public Bodies	149,734	10 4
Loans on the Society's Policies	229,757	9 4
Investments:—		
In British Government Securities	64,878	6 0
,, Indian and Colonial Government Securities	66,457	9 11
,, Foreign Government Securities	665,411	12 8
,, Railway Debentures and Debenture Stocks	1,018,660	8 5
,, Railway Shares (preference and guaranteed)	64,005	18 5
,, House Property	578,127	2 11
Loans on Personal Security	30,851	14 11
Credit Premiums	32,230	5 2
Advances on Reversionary Interests and on Deposit of Securities	66,498	18 7
Furniture and Fittings	9,059	6 6
Stamps and Stationery	1,672	2 11
Agents' Balances	81,470	11 4
Outstanding Premiums	101,059	6 3
Outstanding Interest and Rent	42,325	16 9
Cash in hand and on Current Account	23,709	13 5
Other Accounts	nil.	
	£3,491,376	16 0

(Signed) W. H. THORNTHWAITE, Chairman.
EDWARD SOLLY, Director.
A. H. SMEE, Director.
JOSEPH ALLEN, Secretary.
THOMAS G. ACKLAND, F.I.A., Actuary.

We have verified at the Bank of England the inscription of the Government Funds in the name of The Gresham Life Assurance Society, and have examined the Books, Documents, and Securities, representing the Property contained in this Balance Sheet, and hereby certify the correctness of the same. Dated 28th November, 1884.

(Signed) WILLIAM W. VENN, Auditor.
JOHN G. LADBURY, Chartered Accountant.

BONUS YEAR, 1885.

Policies effected before the 1st of July, 1885, on the profit tables, with annual premiums, will participate in the Bonus to be declared next year, in the manner prescribed by the regulations of the Society.

Proposal forms, &c., to be obtained on application to the Society's Agents, or to

JOSEPH ALLEN, Secretary.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING WITHOUT MACHINERY.

The House and General Electric Lighting Company,

LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1883, where the liability of Shareholders is limited to the amount of their Shares.

CAPITAL £175,000, in Shares of £1 Each.

FIRST ISSUE OF 50,000 SHARES OF £1 EACH.

Payable 5s. per Share on Application; 5s. per Share on Allotment; the remainder to be called up as required, in two instalments of 5s. per Share, at intervals of not less than two months.

DIRECTORS.

Major General John Bates, Heathfield, Sussex.
William Leigh Bernard, Esq., barrister-at-law, 1, New-court.
*Arthur Beckwith, Esq., 10, Noble-street, E.C.
John B. Campbell, Esq. (of Lerags), 31, Powis-square.
Douglas Arthur Onslow, Esq., J.P., A.M.I.C.E. Selby Lodge, Carlton-hill, N.W.
*Will join after allotment.

BANKERS.—Messrs. Robarts, Lubbock, and Co., Lombard-street.

SOLICITORS.—Messrs. Davidson and Morriss, 40 and 42, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.

SECRETARY (pro tem.)—Mr. James Adams.

Temporary Offices—31 Lombard-street, London, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring and working the Patent Rights for the United Kingdom and elsewhere, granted to Mr. Theophilus Coad in respect of his system of Electric Lighting, and his future inventions relating thereto, and to carry on the business of Electrical Engineers and Contractors.

The distinctive characteristics of "Coad's" system are that Electric Light can be supplied at a reasonable cost for lighting houses, without the aid of machinery.

Mr. Coad, after much experience and experiment, has at last been successful in producing a Voltaic Generator, which is constant, economical and easily managed. Householders can, therefore, now have their own supply of Electric Light or Force, independently either of dynamos or accumulators.

By this system, houses, billiard-rooms, shops, offices, railway and private carriages, tramcars, omnibuses, ships, &c., can be readily lighted; and motive power can at the same time be supplied for driving all kinds of small machinery, such as Sewing Machines, Lathes, &c., thus dispensing with much tedious labour.

In the event of no Allotment being made the application money will be returned in full.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares may be obtained from the Bankers, the Solicitors, and at the Offices of the Company. The system can be seen in operation at the Offices of the Company.

THE TULSE HILL and DULWICH ESTATES COMPANY, Limited.—Capital, £150,000, in 15,000 shares of £10 each, of which 7,500 only are now offered, payable as follows: £1 on application, £3 on allotment, £2 on the 1st of March, £2 on the 1st of June, and £2 on the 1st of September, 1885; or the amount may be paid up in full under a discount of 5 per cent.

DIRECTORS.

J. Kinloch Malcolmson, Esq. (of Larkins, Malcolmson & Co., Merchants), Director of the Billiter-street Offices Company, Limited.
Major Heane, Franklands, Burgess-hill, and Reform Club, Pall-mall.
John Bennett, Esq., Waddon, Surrey, Director of the Minas Central Railway of Brazil.
Septimus F. Porter, Esq., The Avenue, St. Margaret's, Twickenham, Director of the Plymouth Pier Company, Limited.
*Edward Van Vliet, Esq., Bloomfield, Selhurst-road, South Norwood.

*Will join the board after allotment.

Bankers—The London Joint Stock Bank, Limited, 11, Great Tower-street, E.C.
Solicitors—Messrs. Tatham, Oblein, & Nash, 11, Queen Victoria-st., London, E.C.
Architect and Surveyor—F. H. Fowler, Esq. (Messrs. Fowler & Hill), 9, Sergeants' Inn, Temple, Member of the Metropolitan Board of Works, Surveyor to the Eversfield Estates, St. Leonard's-on-Sea, and to the De La Warr Estates, Bexhill.
Auditors—Messrs. Theobald Brothers & Miall, Chartered Accountants, 23, St. Swithin's-lane, E.C.
Secretary—T. J. Hogg, Esq. (pro tem.)
Office—39, Palmerston-buildings, Old Broad-street, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring and developing two valuable building estates, viz., the Tulse-hill Park Estate, together with 35 houses already erected thereon, and the Dulwich (Manor House) Estate.

The Tulse-hill Park Estate is situate a few minutes' walk from the Tulse-hill Railway Station (L. B. and S. C. Railway), about six miles from the Royal Exchange, and a short distance from the Crystal Palace, and is undoubtedly one of the healthiest spots for residential purposes easily accessible to the City. It consists of about 24 acres of freehold land and 35 recently-erected leasehold houses, held direct from the freeholder for a term of 99 years from the 25th of March, 1877, subject to ground rents amounting in the aggregate to £542 per annum.

20 of these houses have been already let to first-class tenants, at rents varying from £65 to £100 per annum, and it is estimated that when the remainder are let the gross annual rack rental of £2,517 will be obtained by the company in respect of the entirety of such houses. Messrs. Hards, Vaughan, & Jenkinson, of Moorgate-street, in the City of London, who have surveyed and reported upon both properties, consider that their estimate is 15 per cent. lower than the houses might be expected to realise in good times.

The estate will be purchased by this company subject to and with the benefit of an agreement with the Prudential Assurance Company, under which, as soon as the ground rents are created on the freehold portion thereof, the latter company will purchase the freehold ground rents, including the reversions, at 25 years' purchase. This will of itself afford an assured source of income to this company.

Indeed, as the proposed building frontages are about 9,135 ft., it is estimated that about 400 houses can be erected on the freehold ground, and that ground rents to the value of £3,050 per annum can be created. This will produce £76,250.

Under the agreement between the British Mutual Banking Company and one of the vendors to this company, the benefit of which will be purchased direct from him, the British Mutual Banking Company has agreed to allow £63,840 (included in the total purchase money of £115,000 to be paid by this company in respect of both estates) to remain on mortgage on the Tulse-hill Estate at 4½ per cent.; and it also has agreed to advance £20,000 at 6 per cent. for the purpose of erecting buildings upon and otherwise developing the same freehold land as a building estate.

The Dulwich (Manor House) Estate is situate at Dulwich, near the Dulwich and Gipsy-hill Railway Station (L. B. & S. C. Railway), and consists of 21 acres. This estate (together with other property) was originally held by a Mr. Westwood, under a building agreement by which the Governors of Dulwich College agreed to grant a lease to the said Mr. Westwood for a certain term of 81 years, since extended to 84 years, from June 24, 1881.

This estate has been agreed to be let to Mr. Van Vliet (the vendor to the Company of the Tulse-hill Park Estate, a well-known owner of property) under a building agreement, the benefit of which will also be vested in the company. Under this agreement 150 houses are to be erected, and in the course of a year £855, and in the course of three years £1,855, per annum will be payable by him to this company, by way of improved ground rent, leaving a net improved ground rental at the end of one year of £455, and at the end of three years of £1,305 per annum. This has been valued by Messrs. Hards, Vaughan, and Jenkinson at 18 years' purchase, which amounts to the sum of £23,490.

The said Mr. Edward Van Vliet is well known as an owner of first-class houses in and about the neighbourhood of Norwood, having built 300 houses in that vicinity, all of which have let rapidly.

The company is to pay for the above two properties, including the above-mentioned 35 leasehold houses already built, the sum of £115,000, the aggregate price fixed by the vendors to the company who are promoters of the company. Of this purchase-money the above-mentioned £63,840 will remain on mortgage of the Tulse-hill Estate.

It is estimated that the development of the above properties will be fully carried but in the course of five years, and produce during that period (after deducting estimated costs of roads and sewers) profits to the amount of £70,440.

The directors have, therefore, the fullest confidence in recommending the investment to the public.

Both properties have been surveyed and fully reported upon by Messrs. Hards, Vaughan, & Jenkinson, the well-known Surveyors and Estate Agents, of Moorgate-street, in the City of London, whose report as to the value of the properties, together with plans, can be seen at the offices of the solicitor to the company.

The list of contracts entered into is set out in the full prospectus, which, with forms of application for shares, may be obtained from the company's secretary or bankers.

Concession for 90 years under Royal Decree of his Majesty the King of Italy.

ISSUE OF £100,000 £6 PER CENT. PREFERENCE SHARES, with half-yearly coupons attached. A subsidy of £40 000 in cash is payable, and will be vested, as received, in Lord Brabourne and Lord Thurlow, in trust to invest the same in Five per Cent. Italian Government Rentes, and thereby constitute a fund which, with its accruing interest, is to be applied half-yearly in payment of the dividends on the £100,000 Preference Shares now offered for subscription, and thus afford for about 10 years an Italian Government security for the payment of these dividends, after which they will be payable out of the traffic receipts

THE METAURENSE VALLEY RAILWAY, Limited. Capital £120,000, viz.: £100,000 in 5,000 shares of £20 each, bearing a cumulative preferential dividend of £6 per cent. per annum, and £20,000 in 1,000 ordinary shares of £20 each. The dividends on the £100,000 preference shares will date from the payment of the various instalments from time to time falling due, commencing with the moneys paid on allotment.

TRUSTEES.

On behalf of the Preference Shareholders for the administration of the funds set apart for the payment of the 6 per cent. on the preference shares.
The Right Hon. Lord Brahourne.
The Right Hon. Lord Thurlow.

DIRECTORS.

Chairman—The Right Hon. Lord BRABOURNE, Deputy-Chairman South-Eastern Railway.
The Right Hon. Lord Thurlow, Director Highland Railway.
H. F. Giles, Esq., Director Grahamstown and Port Alfred Railway.
J. Dick-Peddie, Esq., M.P., Extraordinary Director Scottish Equitable Life Assurance Society.
A. Curzon Tompson, Esq., Director Cape Central Railway.
CHIEF ENGINEER—Robert Elliott Cooper, Esq., M.I.C.E., The Sanctuary, Westminster.
BANKERS—Messrs. Herries, Farquhar, & Co., St. James's-street, S.W.
SOLICITORS—Messrs. Wild, Browne, & Wild, Ironmonger-lane, London, E.C.
SECRETARY (pro tem.)—Mr. Henry Stoneman.
LONDON OFFICES—10, Pancras-lane, E.C.

Messrs. Herries, Farquhar, & Co. are authorised to receive subscriptions for the preference shares, payable as follows:

£2	per share	on	application.
3	,,	,,	allotment.
5	,,	,,	March 1, 1885.
5	,,	,,	July 1, 1885.
5	,,	,,	November 1, 1885.
£20			

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This company is formed for the purpose of constructing and working a railway, 23 miles in length, from the Fano station on the main Brindisi Line, to Santa Barbara, situate in close proximity to Urbino.

The railway will traverse the valley of the Metauro, and connect the three important cities of Fano, Fossombrone, and Urbino.

The total cost of the railway, fully equipped, with rolling stock, &c., including all the benefits of the concession, is £93,000 in cash, £30.000 in debentures, and £20,000 in ordinary shares—this is at the low rate of a little over £6,000 a mile.

The construction of this line is authorised by the Parliament of Italy and by Royal decree. A subsidy is payable of £40,000 in cash, by monthly instalments, as the works proceed, which sum will be invested in Italian Government Five per Cent. Rentes in trust to apply the same, with its accruing interest, exclusively to the payment of dividends on the preference shares now offered for subscription; thus securing their due payment for a period of about 10 years, without consideration of traffic receipts.

Fano has a station on the main Brindisi line, on the coast of the Adriatic. At a short distance north and south are the ports of Pesaro and Ancona, at the latter of which all the mail steamers stop.

Fossombrone is about 15 miles from Fano; it is a market town, and the centre of a large manufacturing and commercial district.

Urbino, the capital of the province, is a large military centre, an assize town, and the seat of a large university.

It is computed from the traffic returns of Fano and the actual present trade of the valley, that a net income of at least £7,000 a year will at once accrue to the company, which will be greatly increased by the facilities which the line will afford for the developement of the district; and beyond the local traffic thus estimated, the probable future extension of the railway to Florence would open up a further through traffic, the importance and value of which can hardly be over-rated.

In addition to the three important cities of Fano, Fossombrone, and Urbino, the district to be served by this line embraces numerous other towns and villages.

A contract has been entered into, dated August 15, 1884, between Christopher Firbank, the Italian Railways Syndicate, Limited, Henry Kendrick, and the Metaurense Valley Railway, Limited.

Full prospectuses may be obtained of the bankers, solicitors, and secretary.

Extracts from leading article of the *Times*, of Dec. 10, 1884.

"Communications are the urgent want of a country broken up till a very recent period into political divisions which preferred to isolate themselves. Demands are pressed upon the State to subsidise railway construction, and during the past twelvemonth the State has granted them not less generously than before. A year and eight months ago it was finally decided to exchange the forced paper currency for a metallic currency. . . . . Their consolidated debt occupies a respectable position among European subjects of investment. Signor Magliani's proposed change in the times for payment of the dividends, and the facilitation of dealing with it on Foreign Stock Exchanges, will augment its favour among capitalists at home and abroad. Italian credit is as good in European markets as that of all but two or three States, and better than that of most. . . . . Their country has in a few years taken a marvellous leap upwards in virtue of exceptional natural capacities which remain still only a quarter developed. No European country can match Italy for its variety of physical gifts and powers. . . . . Scantiness of railways leaves the provinces of the kingdom little better than the separate States they once politically were. . . . . Europe is ready to congratulate the Italian people on the progress it has made more as an earnest of the future than as fulfilment. The fairest portion of this quarter of the globe is in its keeping, and its neighbours will be entitled to complain if it do not turn its unsurpassed advantages to much more account than hitherto."

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED,
HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.
Every description of Life Assurance and Annuity Business transacted.
Reversions Purchased.

The invested assets exceed Four Millions. Whole World Licenses granted to Seamen and others permanently engaged on board ship at an extra premium of £1 per cent. Limited licenses for voyages not extending beyond 33 degrees North Latitude 10s. per cent.

The last Annual and Valuation Reports can be obtained upon application to the Secretary.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY (Established 1803).
1, Old Broad-street, E.C., and 22, Pall Mall, S.W.—Capital £1,600,000; Paid-up and Invested, £700,000. E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

British Empire Mutual Life Assurance Company,

NEW BRIDGE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Established 1847. *Empowered by Special Act of Parliament.*

ACCUMULATED FUND exceeds	£1,000,000
ANNUAL INCOME, 1883	£184,101
PROFITS DIVIDED	£847,000
CLAIMS PAID to December 31, 1883	£1,166,027

EDWIN BOWLEY, F.I.A., F.S.S., *Secretary.*

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited),
No. 10, St. Swithin's-lane, London, E.C.

General Accidents.	Personal Injuries.
Railway Accidents.	Death by Accidents.

C. HARDING, Manager.

TO MANITOBA.

Vid Canadian Pacific Railway.

LUXURIOUS TRAVELLING. MAGNIFICENT SCENERY.
PURE AIR AND FINE SPORT. THE MOST EXPEDITIOUS AND CHEAPEST ROUTE TO THE NORTH-WEST.

The completion of

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

(which is the ONLY DIRECT route to the Canadian North-West) to the summit of the Rocky Mountains has thrown open to settlement some of the finest Agricultural Lands in Manitoba and the North-West, of which the Dominion Government offer 160 ACRES FREE.

For further information apply to *any Steamship Agent*, and for new Maps Pamphlets, and the fullest particulars about the country (free of charge), as well as the new tourist guide "From Quebec to the Rocky Mountains," when published, apply either personally or by letter to

ALEXANDER BEGG,
Canadian Pacific Railway Offices,
88, Cannon-street, London, E.C.

LONDON AND COUNTY ADVANCE AND DISCOUNT COMPANY, Limited.—Cash advanced from £10 to £500, without preliminary fees or deductions for interest, for short or long periods, repayable by easy instalments, at moderate rates upon approved security. Bills discounted. Forms free. Offices, 57 and 58, Chancery-lane, W.C.—JOHN STONE Secretary.

The Subscription List will Open on Friday, the 12th, and Close on or before Saturday, the 20th December instant.

414,500 ACRES FREEHOLD LAND.

The Espuela Land & Cattle Company, Limited.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1883.

Capital, £200,000 Ten Per Cent. Preference, in 40,000 Shares of £5 each; £300,000 Ordinary, in 60,000 Shares of £5 each, the whole of which Ordinary Shares are to be paid to the vendors on account of the purchase.

Issue at par of the above £200,000 Ten Per Cent. Preference Capital,

In 40,000 Shares of £5 each, which are entitled to cumulative dividend of 10 per Cent.

With preference also as to capital, and have the right any time before the 1st March, 1890, to convert into ordinary shares—share for share. Payment: £1 on application, £1. 10s. on allotment, and the balance—£2. 10s., on 1st April next, when the liability of shareholders terminates.

DIRECTORS.

Sir ROBERT BURNETT, Bart., of Leys (Crathes, by Aberdeen), 3, Charles-street, Berkeley-square, W.
A. STAVELEY HILL, Esq., Q.C., M.P., 13, King's Bench-walk, Temple, E.C. (Director of the Land Securities Company, Limited).
CHARLES E. LEWIS, Esq., M.P., 29, Norfolk-street, Park-lane, W. (Director of the American Investment Trust Company, Limited).
J. BADENACH NICOLSON, Esq., of Glenbervie, Fordoun, N.B. (Director of the Caledonian Railway Company).
ALEXANDER McNAB, Esq., of Techmuiry, Middleton Kerse by Menstrie, Clackmannanshire.
JOHN GILL, Esq., S.S.C., 35, Frederick-street, Edinburgh.
GEORGE J. WALKER, Esq., Portlethen, Kincardineshire, and Land Surveyor, Aberdeen (Director of the North of Scotland Bank, Limited).

MANAGING DIRECTOR.

A. M. BRITTON, Esq., Fort Worth, Texas (President of the City National Bank and Director of the Matador Land and Cattle Company, Limited).

NOTE.—The articles of association of the company provide that the majority of the directors shall always bo elected by the preference shareholders.

BANKERS—Messrs. SMITH, PAYNE, & SMITHS, 1, Lombard-street, London, E.C.; the COMMERCIAL BANK OF SCOTLAND, Limited, Edinburgh and Branches.

SOLICITORS—Messrs. MARKBY, STEWART, & CO., 57, Coleman-street, Loudon, E.C.

BROKERS—In Londou: Messrs. HOLLAND, BALFOUR, & HAMILTON, 2, Cushion-court, Old Broad-street, E.C. In Scotland: Messrs. TORRIE, BRODIE, & MACLAGAN, 53, George-street, Edinburgh; Messrs. HORNE & SMITH, 31, Adelphi, Aberdeen.

AUDITORS—C. F. KEMP, Esq., F.C.A. (Messrs. Kemp, Ford, & Co.), 8, Walbrook, London, E.C.; JOHN BRODIE, Esq., Chartered Accountant, 53, George-street, Edinburgh.

SECRETARY (pro tem.)—J. E. HODGES, Esq.

OFFICE (pro tem.)—10, MOORGATE-STREET, E.C.

THIS company is formed to purchase the Espuela Ranche from the Espuela Land and Cattle Company of Fort Worth, Texas, and to carry on the business.

The ranche consists of 494,500 acres in one solid block (almost a square, enclosed in a fence, cedar posts and four wires, and 8,960 acres outside the fences. 414,500 acres are freehold, the title of which is duly registered, 88,960 acres (more or less) are School or Public Lands, held under the usual grazing lease from the State.

The ranche is situate in Crosby, Dickens, Garza, and Kent counties, Texas, sufficiently near the railway to the markets, and is bounded on the north and east by the ranche of the Matador Land and Cattle Company, Limited, of Dundee. It has been reported upon by Mr. William Smith, of Benholm, Kincardinesbire (a director of the Matador Company, and also a director of the Scottish American Mortage Company of Edinburgh, an eminent Scotch authority on all matters concerning land and cattle, and haviug considerable experience in regard to them in the United States).

Mr. Smith reports that it is well grassed, and has an ample supply of living spring water all the year, while its surface is sufficiently varied to afford the changes necessary to provide against the cold of winter or heat of summer, and concludes his report as follows:—"Tho whole property is, in my opinion, a very desirable one, and increasingly valuable as the possession of one concern."

The ranche has also been reported on by Mr. W. F. Sommerville (late of Dundee), Assistant-Manager of the Matador Land and Cattle Company, Limited, Mr. Sommerville going between the Texas office of the Matador Company, at Fort Worth, and that company's ranche has had to drive over the Espuela ranche many times during the two last years, and he most strongly recommends the property to the directors.

A copy of Mr. Smith's report, dated September 17, 1884, and of Mr. Sommerville's report, dated November 3, 1884, and a map of the property, accompany the prospectus.

The herd, which is well graded with Durham stock, will be taken over by the company ou February 1, 1885. The herd-books show that the herd will then be composed as follows:

Cows, three years old and over	36,128	
Heifers, two years old	4,745	
Bulls	1,000	
Steers—three years old, 1,761; two years old, 1,841	3,602	
Yearlings	15,000	
		60,475

Total to be delivered, 60,000 head. The vendors guarantee this number on actual count (the yearlings not to exceed 15,000, and no calves to be counted) to be carried out in the summer by driving the cattle to one side of the ranche, and running a fence down the middle of the ranche from north to south, and then counting the cattle through gates, by English nomiuees of the board. The expenses of this fence will be borne joiutly by the vendors and the company.

TERMS OF PURCHASE.

Freehold land, 414,500 acres, at $2½ per acre	£207,250
Mr. Wm. Smith reports the same as being "well worth $2½ per acre."	
Herd, 60,000 head, at $25 each	300,000
Mr. Wm. Smith valued the herd when on the property in April last: "I consider them good value at $25 per head all round." Mr. Sommerville, under date, Fort Worth, November 3, 1884, also places the value at $25 per head all round.	
Horses, 500, at $50	5,000
Equipments, improvements, value of lease, &c.	25,000
	£537,250
There are various charges on the laud, payable at dates from one to 27 years, mostly bearing 6 per cent. interest, which the company assume, and which, therefore, have to be deducted	130,000
	£407,250

This is to be paid to the vendors as follows: £300,000 iu ordinary shares, £107,250 (536,250 dollars) in cash. No payment is to be made to the vendors except against a valid title and a proper legal transfer to the company to the satisfaction of its solicitor, nor until an agent of the company, specially appointed for this purpose, has satisfied himself by inspection of the herd-books, and other evidence, of the substantial correctness of the numbers of the herd as given above. Further, the vendors will deposit with the company £50,000 in ordinary shares to await the aotual counting of the cattle according to their guarantee.

After completing the purchase of the ranche and cattle, the proceeds of the preference shares will therefore leave the company with a considerable amount in hand to purchase bulls, or to forestall some of the payments ou the laud, or for making other purchases to improve the company's property.

The directors believe that the arrangements with the vendors give, to the investor in the preference sharos now issued, terms and security more favourable than those of any other ranche company which has been offered to the public.

The ordinary shares will be allotted among the shareholders of the vendor company in America, the list of whose shareholders can be seen at this company's offices. The preference shareholder will have a preference cumulative dividend of 10 per cent., and the capital of his share will, in case of winding-up, be payable out of the assets of the company, in priority to any payment in respect of the ordinary shares. The preference shareholders will have the right till March 1, 1890, of exchanging iuto ordinary shares—share for share. In this manner the holders of preference shares will be practically as well secured as if lending ou freehold land at $1 the acre, and cattle at $10 per head, and have at the same time the full benefit of the success of the enterprise by changiug there preference shares into ordinary shares whenever they are quite satisfied that the ordinary shares will pay regularly more than 10 per cent. This option of exchange may be exercised by individual shareholders at any time.

It is the intention of the directors next season to replace the two and three-year-old steers by cows, so as to keep the herd a purely breeding one of 50,000 cows, selling annually the produce as yearlings (after providing for the weeding out and replacing old or useless cows). This will ensure a more certain and regular dividend than if it were a mixed herd, while at the same time a breeding herd increases in value more quickly than a mixed herd.

The natural increase of the herd will, it is believed, next year, after providing all expenses, pay the 10 per cent. dividend on the preference shares, and leave a considerable sum for dividend on the ordinary shares, but the vendors have agreed that the dividend on the ordinary shares shall be restricted for the first year to a maximum of 5 per cent., and up to 1890 to a maximum of 10 per cent.

As to the future income—at a very low estimate 70 per cent. of the females above two years old will annually produce calves, and taking the sale price at that of this year ($18), and allowiug an ample sum for expenses, the following (according to Mr. Sommerville) may be taken as a moderate estimate of the net profits:

Head of Calves.						
1885	=	20,000	Estimated net profit for the year		1886	£60,000
1886	=	28,000	,,	,,	1887	88,800
1887	=	32,000	,,	,,	1888	100,200
1888	=	35,000	,,	,,	1889	111,000

The services of Mr. A. M. Britton, one of the directors and the manager of the Matador Land and Cattle Company, Limited, have been secured as managing director, and of Mr. S. W. Lomax (a thoroughly responsible and experienced cattleman) as mauager, to give all his time, on a moderate salary. No commissions to be paid to either.

The vendors pay the whole expeuses of the formation of the company—printing, advertising, solicitor's costs, up to the allotment of the shares.

That cattle companies are a safe and lucrative investment has been amply proved by the success of every company established by Scotch and English investors during the last four years, the last yearly dividends paid ranging from 8 to 20 per cent.

It might appear, ou superficial reflection, that the business of cattle ranchiug is being over-done. Those who have this impression are probably not aware that less than 2 per cent. of the cattle rauches in the United States are held by British companies or individuals, that the population of the United States is increasing much more rap dly than the cattle; and the fact is apparently lost sight of that tho production of calves is not, and cannot be, augmented by the mere transfer of a ranch from one owner to another. Moreover, substantially all the available land for cattle-raising in the United States has been appropriated to that purpose, and tho area is being gradually diminished by the absorption of land for agriculture.

The only contract which has been entered into is a contract dated the 9th day of December, 1884, between the Espuela Land and Cattle Company, of Fort Worth, Texas, and Hercules Nicol as trustee for the company.

If any subscriber should receive no allotment his deposit will be returned in full.

The memorandum and articles of association of the company, together with the above-mentioned contract, and the reports by Mr. Wm. Smith and Mr. Sommerville, may be seen at the company's office in London, and copies of the same can be seen at the chambers of Messrs. Torrie, Brodie, & Maolagan, 53, George-street, Edinburgh, and of Messrs. Horne & Smith, 31, Adelphi, Aberdeen.

Prospectuses and forms of application may be obtained at the offices of the company, and from the brokers and bankers in London and Scotland.

December 11, 1884.

THE WONDERFUL VELVETEENS AT 2/- A YARD.

LEWIS'S, in Market Street, Manchester, are the Manufacturers of fine, first-class Velveteens, which are now known all over the world. They are fast pile and fast dyed, and every inch is guarauteed.

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The price of these beautiful Velveteens in Black and all the most beautiful Colonrs now worn is 2s. a yard. This quality Velveteen is sold by the best Drapers at 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. a yard. The public, although they don't know it, have to pay two or three profits, the difference between the manufacturer's price and the price the consumer pays for Velveteens.

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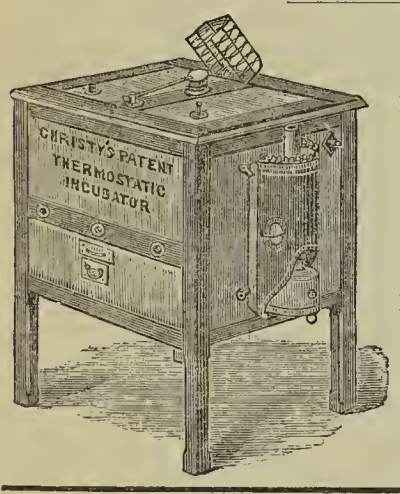

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Major Murray, in a letter published in *The Field* of July 5, 1884, states his results to be: April, 41 chicks from 42 good eggs. May, 38 chickens from 45 eggs. June, 41 chickens from 42 eggs.

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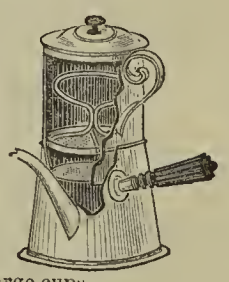

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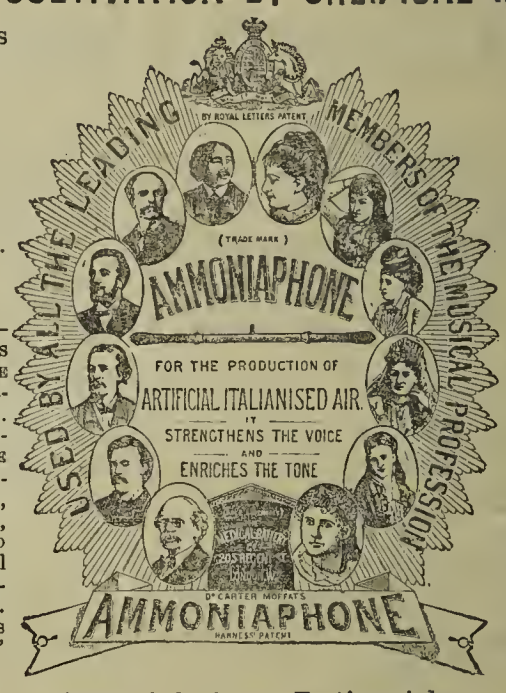

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The Very Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Dean of Llandaff and Master of the Temple, November 5th, 1884, writes:

"My voice has now nearly recovered its tone, and I have certainly derived benefit from the use of your Ammoniaphone."

Lady Macfarren (wife of Sir G. A. Macfarren, the distinguished President o the Royal Academy of Music), 7, Hamilton-terrace, N.W., October 22, 1884:—"I consider the Ammoniaphone to have a wonderfully bracing effect on the vocal organs, and shall have great pleasure in recommending it to such as have weak or relaxed throats, indeed I have already done so."

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OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 304.—DRAWING-ROOM SONG.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

I have much pleasure in again calling the attention of the readers of these pages to the fact that the Annual Christmas Exhibition of Home-made and other Toys, which will be distributed next week to more than 11,000 children in London Hospitals and Workhouses, will be held in the large banqueting-hall of Limmers' Hotel, Conduit-street, Regent-street, W., on Friday and Saturday, the 19th and 20th inst. The Exhibition will be open to any one who chooses to leave an address card with the commissionaire at the door, between the hours of ten and half-past five; and, as I stated last week, whilst the Home-made Models and other Toys will occupy the place of honour, there will be a very large assortment of small and large new Toys, which have been bought with the money so kindly contributed for the purpose. The musical-boxes purchased with £100 specially presented by a lady will also be on view, as well as the 8,000 new sixpences given by an anonymous donor for the further delectation of the poor children whose Christmas it is sought to make happier. Crackers, Christmas-cards, and other gifts will add to the variety of the Exhibition, which I confidently appeal to the friends of Truth generally, and the readers of these Puzzle pages especially, to make the most satisfactory of a successful series.

"TRUTH" PUZZLES, Nos. 299 and 302.

The Prize has yet to be awarded in these competitions. The names of the Prize Winners will be shortly announced.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 305.

I cannot say that I consider the Christmas Card verses well done on the whole. The stanzas received are, as a rule, lacking in grace and fancy; being, I am bound to add, commonplace, with but few exceptions. Christmas as a subject for verse has, possibly, been played out. However this may be, there is little to commend in the last efforts of Truth's poets, and I will content myself with stating that the Prize goes to Letty Hawthorne for these lines:—

Prize Verse for Christmas Card.

"A merry Christmas" is the wish I send thee from my heart,
A life all full of love, in which no sorrow finds a part;
Or if some pain fall to thy lot, love-guarded though it be,
May He who came at this glad time then make it bless'd to thee.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 308.

I have to thank an old and valued competitor for the suggestion on which this week's Puzzle is founded. We have had in times gone by attempts at monosyllabic and alliterative verse; and, indeed, at verse of very many eccentric kinds; but never yet have Truth's "poets" been asked to write a verse in as few words as possible. This is the task then required of them this week. The Prize will be given to the Competitor who best succeeds in writing

Three Rhyming Four-Lined Verses, on any Subject, in Heroic Metre (*i.e.*, Ten Feet in the Line), with the Fewest Words.

By way of explanation, let me first give a sample of what "heroic metre is. Here are two lines written in that measure:—

"Great Jove, descend in answer to our prayer,
And end the combat which we cannot share."

It will be seen there are ten syllables, or feet, in each line, and the lines of the competing verses must contain a similar number, unless the competitor elect to end two or more lines with a double or triple rhyme, such as "praying" and "slaying," and "vindicate" and "indicate," when the number of feet will become eleven or twelve, as the case may be. In trying for the prize competitors must not think that the stringing of a few long words together will suffice unless they make sense, and are, in fact, good English. Due attention must be paid to rhyme, too. The choice of subject is left to the competitor, but the twelve lines must all relate to the topic chosen. I do not suppose competitors can fail to understand what is meant by the above conditions; but to prevent all possible mistake, let me add that, were I competing, I might use such lines as these:—

"Unparalleled audacity!" cried John,
"That field's a parallelopipedon," &c.

The words used must be such as may be found in an English Dictionary, and no compounds must be manufactured by the competitor. The usual abbreviations of rhymesters will be permitted. Will each competitor, please, give at the end of his lines the number of words they contain? In arriving at this total, the title need not be reckoned, but every repetition of a word must be counted.

Answers to Correspondents.

*** As the Rules are omitted this week, it may be stated that all Puzzle letters must be addressed to the Puzzle Editor, Truth Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, London, S.W., on or before the first post on Friday the 26th inst.

*** For the last time, "Porpoise" and "Dhu" are called on to forward their real names and addresses. Unless these are received during the coming week, the sums awarded to them as part winner and winner of prizes No. 291 and No. 298 will be forfeited, in accordance with Rule 10.

*** The real name and address of "Bow-Wow," winner of Prize No. 303, are J. M. Haddow, 21, Bow-street, W.C.

Rogger Shurt.—Many thanks for your kind suggestion.

Pazie.—Your verses are quite safe. I regret the omission of your name.

Sir Pat Felis.—Thanks for your letter and your kind present. I will try and oblige you in the direction named.

Chee, John, The Midge, and Weston-super-Mare.—Your Christmas card verses reached me too late for publication, I am sorry to say.

Englishwoman.—I shall try to print your capital song in some future number.

Jersey Blue.—Your suggestion is excellent, and I will refer to it shortly.

Crystal Palace.—Your charades are "old friends."

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 306. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

ORIGINAL CHARADES.

In acting charades, it may be a novel idea to take some of the scenes from books, thus in the word teasing:—I. Tea.—The Gamp and Betsy Prig scene. Room arranged as described in "Martin Chuzzlewit." II. Sing.—A comic singing lesson. Three old maids dressed alike having a singing lesson, learning "Three Blind Mice." They stand in a row, and gradually dance, as music is played, faster and faster. They sing and dance (*chassezing* across each other), till at last they fall down exhausted. Curtain. III. Teasing.—One of the Naggleton scenes from an old *Punch*. Or grown-ups dress like children—pinafores, socks, &c.; sit round a nursery tea-table, old nurse at the head, teasing, quarrelling, scene of confusion.—Quiz.

I. Pier.—Quiet watering-place; pier formed by ables joined together and chairs; gentleman, by gallant rescue of young lady's pet dog, lays foundation of lasting friendship. II. Sing.—Apartments at the same place; gentleman introduced to young lady's family; lady sings a song, her schoolboy brother remarking, "Swans sing before they die, 'twere no bad thing should certain people die before they sing." III. Piercing.—Same scene; gentleman makes lady a present of gold earrings, but discovers her ears are not bored. Heart-rending scene, in which the *piercing* takes place, amidst *piercing* and ear-rending shrieks.—Malignant

I. Sigh.—A garret; woman sits sewing; soliloquises on her distress; entrance of rent-collector; two weeks in arrears; must be paid by to-morrow or furniture seized; exit. Stitch, stitch, work must be finished by that evening; only hope; sinks back exhausted. Entrance of landlady; sympathy; produces letter from son abroad, contains a post order for a sovereign; relief. II. Press.—Lady discovered writing; working against time; entrance of messenger from publisher pressing for corrected proofs; exit. Entrance of lover; love scene; lady reluctant; entreats him not to press for answer then; lover persistent; half won; final triumph. III. Cypress.—Lady and two children in deep mourning; inquiry of children; mother tells how papa has been killed in discharge of duty and in battle in India; awaiting details; entrance of servant with telegram; alive; erroneous report; not killed, but severely wounded; coming home by next steamer; joy.—Nutshell.

I. Post.—A breakfast-table. Family seated. Entrance of servant with letter-bag; Xmas-cards galore for every one! II. Card.—A public hall. A lady, posing as Madame *Card*, electro-biologises the young people, making them dance, sing, jump, &c., &c. III. Post-card.—A library. An old fogey, with high collar, to represent the *G.O.M.*, scribbling *Post-cards* innumerable at the table.—Orchis.

I. Pill.—Grieving round "pater's" bed, doctor shakes hoary head. Vain prescription, nursing, skill, till Jack slily gives a pill. "Pater" takes it greedily, feels refreshment instantly. Upward springing, smartly throws over doctor all the clothes. Oh, the kissing, hugging, tears—oh, the shouting, oh, the cheers—oh, the twirling heels o'er head—oh, the hornpipes on the bed, at this banishment of ill by a single tiny pill. Instant clearance down the stairs, doctor's person, doctor's wares. Jolly scene, glorious fun, finishes tableau "one." II. Grim.—Rat-tat-tat, doctor's bill, useless physic, useless swill, all of verjuice, naught of honey, standing there, wanting money. Angry "pater" will not pay, knocks him down, runs away. Grim as Bluebeard, grim as sin, doctor puts brokers in. Universal hullabaloo grimly ends tableau "two." III. Pilgrim.—Dismal garret, dreary, bare, all except "pater" there. In he comes, bronzed sage, from a long pilgrimage. Loving joyful unity overshadows tableau "three."—Roggee Shurt.

I. Pan.—A model soup-kitchen. Rations being served. Recipients bringing vessels of all sorts. II. Try.—A village school-room. Children at lessons, with teachers. III. Pantry.—Servants' registry office. Ladies engaging cooks, housemaids, &c.—Indiana.

I. Fort.—Storming one made of chairs and brown paper. Black masks peeping round corners, &c. II. Night.—Lower gas at metre. Paint on thin calico background a cottage and soldier's return home, in a circle of clouds. Put night-light behind to make it visible. Soldier sleeping in foreground. An Arab (black mask and swathed in a sheet) approaches with a spear. Raises it to strike, when an Irish sentry seizes him with witty rage, and struggles away with him. III. Fortnight.—Make drab calico camel (two boys, light rail constructed to connect their shoulders, and pillows on it). Tie drab calico round it; ditto round four legs and feet like stockings. Short rope tail, with long end inside for back boy to pull it. Stuffed head and neck, steadied by front boy with walking-stick, so able to turn its head about). Amusing camel-corps scene, hoping to reach Khartoum in a fortnight.—Magellan.

I. Inn.—Scene from "Pickwick" in the Inn where lady discovers Pickwick in her bed. She screams, and calls "murder," when the landlord, chamber-maid, and boots rush in, and scene ends in confusion. II. Mate.—The Channel. Sofas and floor covered with passengers in last stage of misery. Amusing dialogue between Englishman and Frenchman, neither of whom understands the other, till, in despair, they apply to *mate* for assistance. III. Inmate.—A lunatic asylum. The manager points out *inmates* to a visitor, describing their delusions, which all in turn exhibit. Finally, one is shown who thinks himself an Indian tiger—the result of sunstroke, while shooting in that country. The words are scarcely pronounced, when the human tiger, with a wild cry, springs on the visitor, who is with difficulty rescued.—Vol-au-Vent.

I. Shy.—Afternoon tea. A shy man amongst many ladies. Embarrassed with hat and gloves on shaking hands, puts hat on chair, tears glove. Sits down on hat. Won't he take off overcoat? Declines, but hesitates and does; folds and sits on it. Hands cups, drops spoons, spills tea; hands sugar, drops tongs; picking them up, drops sugar. Hands bread-and-butter and cream in opposite directions, spills both; wants to sneeze, drops both. Hands scoop of coals, throws muffins into fire. II. Lock.—Costume, George II. Action fully described in Canto iii., Pope's "Rape of the Lock."—III. Shylock.—Rehearsal at Theatre. Trial Scene; Actor of Shylock finds difficulties in making actors do their "business" right. Antonio, fat man, in red cloak, at "Come, prepare!" quietly turns his back to Shylock, and goes down on hands and knees. Shylock sharpens large carving-knife furiously on floor, then on his shoe.—Hermit Crab.

I. Sell.—Auctioneer's room. Mary's pet dog lost. Great fun from miscellaneous articles sold; Smudge (Mary's father) saddled with peramhulator and warming-pan he never bought. Dog put up. "So like Snap!" Jack (Mary's lover) bids against Smudge. Jack wins. "'Tis Snap!" Mary's grief. Jack presents dog to her. Gratitude. Jack invited to call. II. Fish.—Smudge's study. Smudge, enthusiastic angler, down with gout. Jack calls. Smudge savage; must be soothed. They get him a tub, rod, magnet for hook, and toy-fish. Tableau! Picture of "The Enthusiast." Lovers in background, spooning. Smudge lands fish as Jack slips engagement ring on Mary's finger. "Landed!" III. Selfish.—Smudge in dressing-room, in vapour-bath, covered by sheet, only head visible. Rheumatism. Enter Jack. Proposes for Mary. Refusal; can't spare her. Selfish. Jack removes Smudge's clothes and ear-trumpet. A prisoner. Yields. Enter Mary. Lovers kneel; Smudge, still in bath, blesses them. Ridiculous tableau.—Wear-Gifford.

I. Hand.—(Blacksmith's Shop.) Smiths, and villagers singing "Three Jolly Smiths." Village belle appears, saying lawyer claims late squire's property; will turn her and mother out of cottage. Squire's son (left home, father wouldn't permit marriage with belle) unexpectedly returns; is told. Villagers, shaking *hands*, promise assistance in recovering rights. II. Cuff.—(Cottage.) The ejection. Meeting of lawyer and young squire. Quarrel; *cuffs*. III. Handcuff.—(Churchyard.) Young squire, disguised as father (ghost); terrified lawyer confesses forging will. Villagers (in hiding) appear; lawyer *handcuffed*. Lovers embrace Clothes-horse, covered brown-paper, and painted with blacking and whiting, for scenery, viz.: I. Across. Hole centre and red fire for forge, bellows, stool with iron weights as anvil, hammers, &c. II. Half across. Audience see interior through window. Strips imitating diamond

panes, ivy, cotton-wool as snow. III. Corner, with lancet window for church, brown and white paper on boards for gravestones, lights down, dark lantern for moonshining, bell.—Niahs.

I. Stage.—Represent "the Play Scene" in "Hamlet," thus producing a stage on a stage. II. Coach.—Give a portion of the tutor and student's scene from "Betsy." III. Stage-coach.—Let all the actors, except one gentleman (the guard), be discovered taking refreshments at a wayside inn. Luggage scattered about. After couversation relative to journey, the guard comes on and requests passengers to take seats, as he is about to start. Much bustle and confusion with luggage, &c.—old lady nearly left behind—horn heard outside.—Summeedale.

I. Don.—Don Quixote discussing heroes of chivalry with curate and barber. Housekeeper (over forty) and niece (under twenty) might take part. (Vide "Don Quixote," Pt. I., chap. 1. Or curate, barber, housekeeper, and niece, holding scrutiny of books, Pt. I., ch. 6. II. Key.—Installation of Sancho as Governor. Judgment of caps or crowns might be added, Pt. II. chap. 46. III. Donkey.—Sancho's lamentation over Dapple, stolen from under him as he slept. He wakes up on packsaddle supported by trestles, Pt. II., chap. 27, and Pt. I., chap. 23.—Sea Jay.

I. House.—House of Commons. Well-known members on either side; Speaker at back. Mock speech. Burlesque questions (local and personal). Speaker: "The dignity of this House must be maintained." Arrest of members. II. Hold.—Street. Shoeblacks, coster with (garden) barrow, &c. Jack-in-the-Green; dance. A soldier pays particular attention to "my lady," to the rage of "my lord." Proposal to fight. Walking-cane against ladle. Arrival of constable. Hold! Why fight? Lady and constable embrace. Horror of combatants. III. Household.—Tournament. Procession of knights on basket horses, esquires, &c.; tilting, &c. Mock fight between two knights on (basket) horseback. One falls. "Summon the household to see how an M.P. for Universal-Providers can die." [Note.—After each act characters to form tableaux.]—Geosvenor.

I. War.—An army (*ad lib.*) marching. Band, "Partant Pour la Syrie." Halt. Soldiers addressed by officer. March off. Euter wives, mothers, sisters, waving adieux with handkerchiefs, and applying them to their eyes. II. Rant.—Stage-struck young man. States his father has apprenticed him to a barber. Knows he possesses the germs of a great tragedian. Recites in a loud burlesque manner. Concludes by swearing that "in twenty-five years time" he will out-rival Irving aud possess the Lyceum Theatre. III. Warrant.—Ball-room. Hostess introducing the Hon. Captain Fitzflirt. Acquaintance made on the Continent. He is made a fuss with generally; dances, &c. Presently great consternation. Servant in livery states two rude men have entered room, and "want" the Captain. Are bronght forward, each holding the Captain by an arm. Hostess asks their business. They produce a warrant for William Sykes, *alias* the Hon. Captain Fitzflirt. (Tableau!)—Gobwy Gobwy.

I. Baa.—Phyllis and Corydon in Watteau costume, with crooks, tending sheep, presumably near. As Corydon woos the shepherdess with song and fife, the sheep bleat "baa," and Phyllis, coy and coquettish, escapes in search of them. II. Czar.—Band of prisoners on their way to Siberia. One, an old man, bidding farewell to weeping daughter. Cries of "The Czar!" who enters with officers. Girl flings herself down before him and obtains pardon for her father, unjustly condemned. III. Bazaar.—Merchants sit cross-legged behind piles of coloured stuffs, pottery, &c., in Eastern bazaar. Veiled women, negroes, and Jewesses in gaudy colours are the dramatis personæ.—Lough Neagh.

I. Break.—Gaming-tables, Monaco. Several nationalities represented — French, Russian, Italian, German, jabbering foreign tongues. Sir Reginald Wildoats, masher style, Lady Lucy Simple, and party. Reginald stakes five francs, wins; run on rouge; will break the bank; stakes all he has won; rouge again; bank broken. Players disperse in wild excitement. II. Fast.—Study. Paterfamilias gouty; Reginald suitor for Lady Lucy; prospects satisfactory; consent. Enter Lucy with letter for father; anonymous warning; "Reginald well-known as a fast man; broke the bank at Monaco." Consent withdrawn. Lucy falls at father's feet, on gouty toe; he dances about, swearing she shall never marry a gambler. Despair! III. Breakfast. — Reginald's country-seat. Hunt breakfast; men in scarlet; ladies, riding-habits. Horn heard outside. Incidents, flirtation, spilling of tea-cup, political quarrel; host separates disputants; has something to say. Resigns office as Master of Hounds. Going to be married. Invites all to wedding-breakfast. Cheers for the happy pair.—Repealee.

I. Waed.—The trials of a guardian with a yonng ward, who worries him to death. He finally sends her to her other guardiau, imagining him to be an old married man. II. Robe.—He turns out though to be a young student in chambers. Her old guardian, on paying her a visit, finds her amusing herself by wearing the young man's academical cap and gown. III. Waedrobe.—The yonng ward is finally sent to an old maiden lady, and for the fun of frightening her, one day conceals herself in an empty wardrobe. At this moment a dealer arrives to purchase, and locks the doors to see if they work properly, when a violent shaking takes place; the dealer rnshes out alarmed, determined to leave the "uncanny" furniture alone.—Maid of Arcadee.

I. Cha. (Shah)—Court of Persia. II. Rade (Rad).—Birmingham Riots. III. Charade.—Preparation for a Christmas party. Rehearsing a charade. Palate is also suggested.—St. Mungo.

I. Band.—Form a *band* or choir, as many as convenient, to *sing in a Cat's Concert*. Each performer sings verse of different song at the same time, led by bandmaster. II. Age.—Procession of characters representing "Seven Ages of Man," making-up and acting the different parts. The passage. "All the World's a Stage," to be well recited behind scenes as each character appears. III. Bandage. — Four couples having been *bandaged* or blindfolded, to *dance a Blind Quadrille*, each couple to have a supporter to guard it, if necessary. The fun may be increased by having two setts.—Gartee Towee.

I. Beau-.—A Drawing-room; an At-Home. Enter a gentleman dressed in the height of fashion. II. Ties.—A Bedroom, said beau with valet handing cravats, &c. III. Beauties.—A *Boudoir*; five o'clock tea; an assemblage of pretty girls—q. e.d.—Peiho.

I. Woe.—A party. "Turn the Trencher" being played. Forfeits—one forfeit to be redeemed by reciting the lines in Canto 1. of the "Lady of the Lake," beginning "Close on the honnds," &c., and ending "*Woe* worth the chase," &c. II. Man.—A doorway, where are grouped gentlemen, standing smoking, amused at the consternation caused by sudden shower. Umbrellas must be put up by those acting, who are supposed to be shopping, talking all the time, one remarking, "I wonder what the *men* at the door can see to amuse them." III. Women.—Ladies sitting with handkerchiefs to their faces, weeping, and the gentlemen in jerseys, pulling at a net (a badminton one will do), one kneels to remove a fish from the same. The song sung, "For men must work, and *women* must weep."—Nil.

I. Bride.—Clergyman draped in white; clerk in a black cloak; table in front, with a book. Bell rings, a child rushes forward, strewing flowers. Enter bride and bridegroom and bridesmaids. They kneel. II. Well.—Rebecca and Eliezer. Some arrangement in background representing a well; a man in Oriental dress, seated. Enter Rebecca bearing a pitcher on her head, which she bends to fill, and about to replace it when, in dumb show, Eliezer asks to drink. Producing a casket of jewels, he kneels, and showers them at her feet. III. Bridewell.—Room darkened and made smaller by a screen covered with dark drapery. A deal table and kitchen chair; man sitting, dishevelled, torn, and dirty. When he moves, chains clank, fetters are on his wrists.—Dieppe.

I. Mas.—Breakfast table laid, two or three sitting. One chair vacant. Enter young man. Dialogue: "Don't take that chair; it's *ma's*." "Oh, never mind. Ma's always late," &c., &c. II. Her.—Same scene. Things being cleared away. Dialogue: "Let us go out and see if we can meet that handsome woman who has just taken —— house." "No. You have only to wait here and look out of the window." "There! Did I not tell you so? That's *her!*" "You might speak grammatically. *Her* is no beauty after all," &c., &c. III. Mashee.—"Here she comes again. I'll go and have a look at her." "No good. She has got her own masher, you may be sure."—Old Log.

I. Mile.—People watching walking-match. A gentleman in athletic costume, supposed to be walking a mile. Discussion and betting, introducing word "mile." II. Stone.—Art loan collection. Adults and children admiring valuable jewels, fans, pictures, &c. Introduce word "stone" once. III. Milestone.—Lady in riding habit, much dishevelled; hat battered in and habit torn, having had a spill. Recounts adventure, stating how far she was from home by milestoue, &c.—Little Doreit.

I. Court. — King, queen, nobles, magnificently dressed king and queen on thrones with crowns, ladies and gentlemen in court dress being presented. II Ship. — On board ship, a gale blowing; people all muffled up; steward with basin, &c., all ill. III. Courtship.—A young man making love to a girl.—Caeima.

I. Sir.—Master begs Irish servant to call him Sir, not Your Honour as his fiancée, and her mother are coming, and mother hates Irishmen and does not know he is one. They come, servant constantly forgets and corrects himself. II. Peize.—Girls' school, professor comes for examination on school breaking up. All make absurd mistakes, the one blundering most gets prize. III. Surprise. — Maiden aunt meets smuggler, to buy smuggled lace to trim her wedding dress—going to marry Captain Briggs—hears steps and hides. Briggs appears with niece, urging her to elope, telling her he has bamboozled aunt, who then darts out.—Alte.

I. Nose.—Schoolroom, the teacher to have a piece of paper hung behind him, and a looking-glass, some distance off, reflecting the paper on which a boy draws his teacher with a large nose. Another boy says (aside) he knows, pointing to the glass. The teacher puts the delinquent on a stool, with a dunce's-cap on, blacking his face and nose. II. Gay.—A large sheet put over the floor; plenty of cotton-wool and tissue-paper about. Children dancing in, singing the word "Gay;" some sliding, snowballing, making a snow-man. III. Nosegay.—A room, with plenty of flowers and some evergreens, boxes or hampers. Children making and packing bunches of flowers for the children's hospital. Other bunches for a bride and her bridesmaids. Having received them, all go to see the wedding. Bells ringing.—Sunbeam.

I. Cob.—Office of a sporting newspaper. Editor seated. Enter two or three gentlemen, who discuss various merits of well-known trotting cobs in a match. A lady (Amarjon) might be of the party—wife of owner of one of the cobs. All carry on a warm argument on subject of different merits of animals. II. Den.—Thieves' kitchen (or den). Men and women huddled together, planning a robbery (and concealing plunder under floor). Have a piece of loose board to represent the openiug. Sudden entrance of police. Frantic scene, and dispersion of thieves, &c. III. Cobden.—Political meeting, and a great deal of speechifying. Amongst a great many other names, bring in that of *Cobden, re* Corn Laws, &c.—Juno.

I. Press. — A cottage kitchen. Poor woman earnestly *press*ing step-daughter to marry rich Laird. Some children begging her not to leave them. Nevertheless, Jean declares she loves Donald (a poor sailor) best, and will never marry the laird. II. Gang.—A wood-shed. Jean and Donald, sitting on fagots talking. Step-mother appears, seizes Jean's arm, hurls her to the corner. Confronts Donald, threatening him that Jean has promised Laird, exclaiming, "Gang away," &c. Donald, though unbelieving, forced to fly. Step-mother watches from doorway, suddenly, excitedly mutters, "Caught by the gang, but whisht!" III. Pressgang.—Scene, kitchen. Laird imploring (supposing Donald dead), Jean refusing, step-mother remonstrating. Jean, half yielding, hides face in apron, sobbing. Laird takes hand. Donald having returned, stands unseen in doorway. Jean presently sees him, rushes to him. Donald relates story of capture by *pressgang*, life in pirate ship, and escape. They embrace. Laird and step-mother bewail unsuccessful attempts.—Veronica.

I. Mess.—Officers seated at mess, men waiting, topical conversation carried on, word is brought that they must immediately attend headquarters to hear declaration of war. II. Age.—A village. Villagers walking and sitting about. Enter a very old soldier, tries to make himself known; but, as he left for the wars forty years ago, no one recollects him, till a very old crone recognises him as his old sweetheart. III. Message.—Courtyard of a palace or garden. Lady Jane enters, attired fancifully, with train long, veil, jewels, &c., and attended by waiting-maids. Enter young page in velvet suit and plumed hat, which he doffs, and, dropping on one knee, says he has a message from his master to say he is coming. Lady Jane, flattered, withdraws to see that all is ready, for the knight's arrive.—Sympatica.

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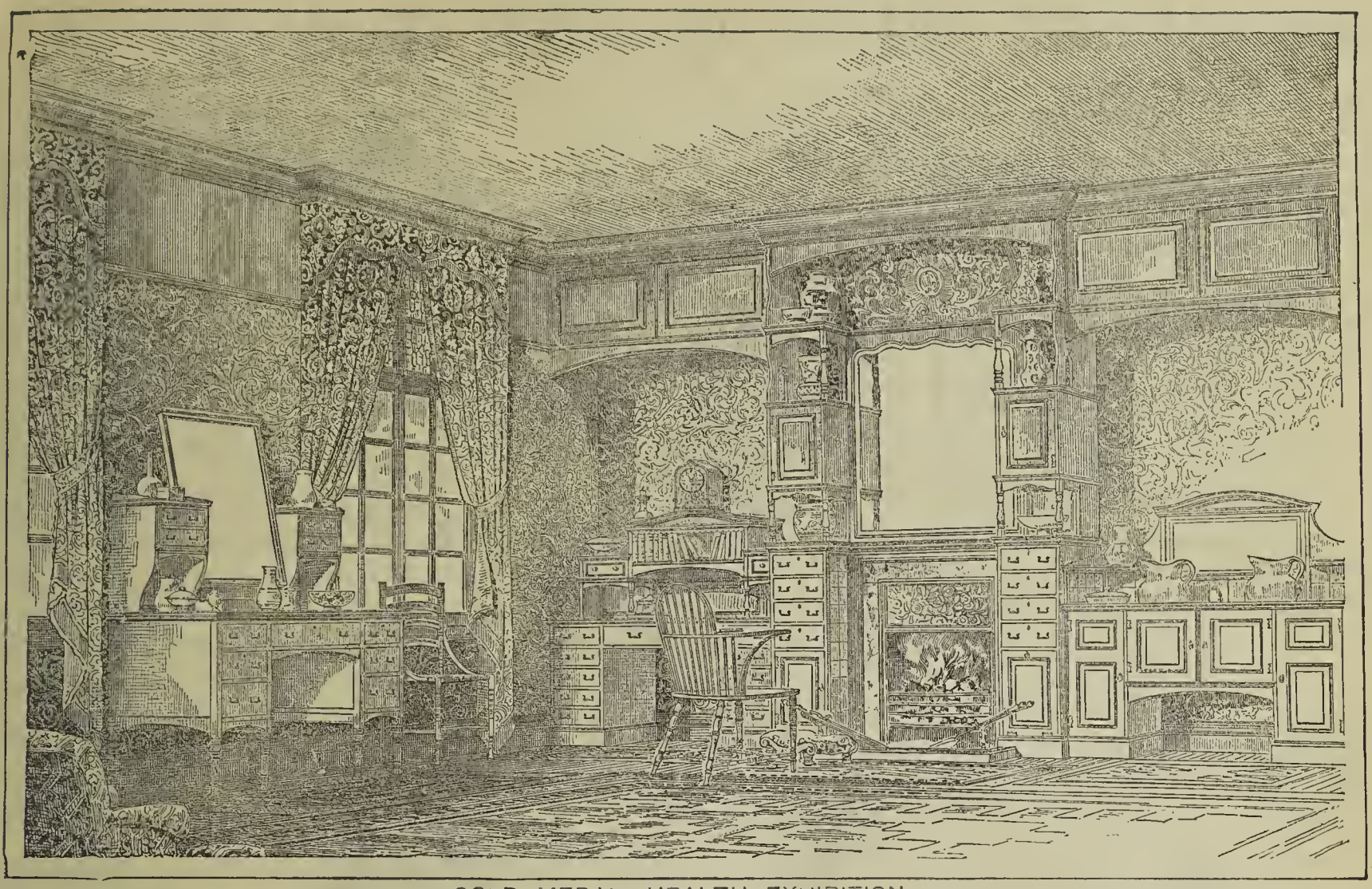

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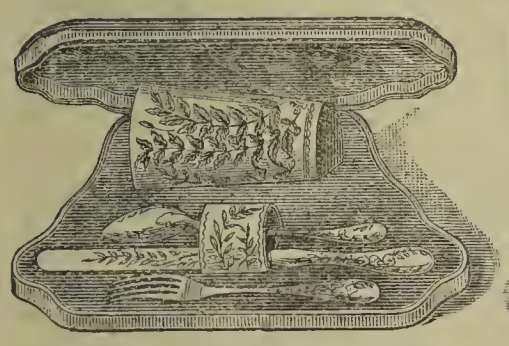

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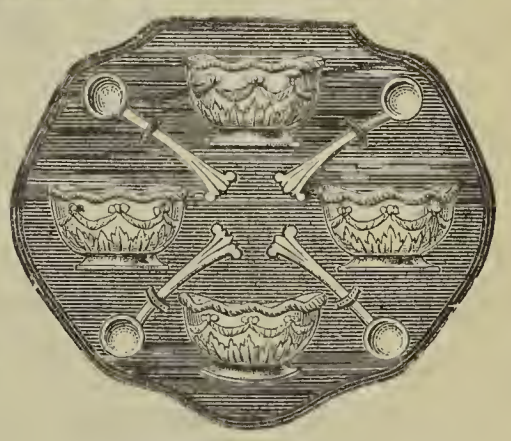

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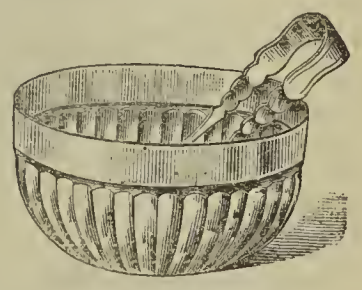

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ENTRE NOUS.

THE Queen is to remain at Osborne till the last week in February, and will then return to Windsor Castle to stay till after the anniversary of the Duke of Albany's death, on which day there is to be a memorial service, either in St. George's or the Wolsey Chapel, which will be attended by all the members of the Royal Family. The Court passes Easter at Osborne, where the Queen will receive the Duke and Duchess of Connaught on their return from India.

During her recent stay at Windsor, the Queen gave two sittings to Mr. Sargent for a picture representing her Majesty holding a Drawing-room at Buckingham Palace, which was ordered about a year ago. Mr. Sargent attended the Drawing-rooms which were held last March, for the purpose of taking notes and sketches, and several personages whose portraits will appear have since given him sittings. The work is intended to be a companion to a former picture of the Queen holding a Drawing-room, which was painted about 1860, and which is now at Buckingham Palace. It was engraved, and has enjoyed a wide popularity.

Now that a new Adjutant is appointed to the Yeomen of the Guard, it would be a good opportunity to make some change in the present ridiculous uniform of the officers. They ought to be arrayed like the men of the corps, the "Yeomen Beefeaters," as they are called. The officers wear the garb of the nineteenth century, with the addition of old-fashioned coat-tails and epaulettes, while the men are dressed exactly as they were in the days of Henry VIII. The contrast is grotesque.

The Prince of Wales has consented to become President of the Birmingham Agricultural Exhibition Society for next year, and will visit the town on the occasion of the Show.

I hear that there will be no balls during the Sandringham festivities next month, in compliance with a wish expressed by the Queen, who has prohibited the Royal Family from participating in any such diversions, till a year has elapsed from the date of the Duke of Albany's funeral.

The Duke of Edinburgh's appointment to the command of the Mediterranean fleet will probably lead to the temporary breaking up of the establishment at Eastwell Park, as it is understood that the Duchess intends to pass several months of each year in the Mediterranean during her husband's term of command on that station.

Lord Lorne arrived at Inverary Castle last Tuesday. Princess Louise is to pass Christmas at Osborne with the Queen.

The statement in the papers that the late Princess Alice was "most anxious" that her daughter the Princess Elizabeth should marry the Grand Duke Serge of Russia is pure fiction; for it happens that the Princess was desirous, for obvious reasons, that one of her daughters should marry the Crown Prince of Baden, and he was much attached to the Princess Elizabeth; who, however, was evidently determined to make a really rich match. As it turns out, she would apparently have been happier if she had contented herself with her "poor but honest" German suitor; who, moreover, may yet be rich, for the Emperor William possesses an immense private fortune, and the Grand Duchess of Baden has always been his favourite child.

I learn from St. Petersburg, from a person who is behind the scenes, that one practical result of the recent meeting of the Emperors at Skiernievice has been an understanding that, in due time, the Cesarevitch is to be betrothed to one of the younger daughters of the Crown Prince of Germany.

The Home Minister of Hungary must be desperately anxious to save the carpets on the staircases of official residences, for he lately issued an order prescribing that, in future, only officials from the rank of Ministerial Councillor upwards are to be allowed to step on the carpets which cover the staircases, while minor functionaries are enjoined to mount and descend on the uncarpeted portion of the stairs.

Mr. Henry James, the American novelist, somewhat resembles the Prince of Wales in appearance, and an American paper tells the following story :—

> He was passing St. James's Palace one day, when he noticed that the sentry saluted him, which struck him as rather curious, and so he stopped and entered into conversation with the man, who replied, very much to Mr. James's amazement, "Yes, your Royal Highness," "No, your Royal Highness." This amused the author of "Confidence" so much that he continued in conversation with the soldier for some moments.

Whatever may be the truth of this anecdote, it is a fact that several well-known gentlemen are constantly mistaken by the sentries for the Duke of Cambridge.

The following communication deals with an unnecessary eyesore in Hyde Park :—

> From the back of a house in Knightsbridge which I inhabit, I survey the east end of the Serpentine, and therefore that huge, unsightly block of bare gravel lying between it and Rotten Row. No reason is apparent why the grass enclosure should not

be extended many yards eastward, until arrested by the approach to the bridge. Thus, this "blot" on Hyde Park would cease to exist, and the beauty of the water be greatly increased by being viewed over the "green sward." In the hope that the attention of the proper person may be drawn to the matter by my letter, I venture to solicit its appearance in your columns.

Lady Spencer returned to Dublin last week, and joined Lord Spencer at the Viceregal Lodge. There are no anticipations of Viceregal festivities until the Castle season begins at the end of January.

On Thursday, Lord Plunket, Bishop of Meath, was elected Archbishop of Dublin by a very large majority. His election was not unexpected—it was, in fact, as far as such things could be, a foregone conclusion. The new Archbishop is the brother of the Right Hon. David Plunket, and the brother-in-law of Lord Ardilaun and Mr. E. Guinness.

Dr. Trench is still residing at the Palace, St. Stephen's Green, the state of his health unfortunately precluding any possibility of his moving at present.

Christmas festivity and temperance can hardly be looked on as kindred ideas. The wassail-bowl and such traditional institutions have no place of honour at the feasts of blue ribbonism; nevertheless, last week, Dublin society devoted several days to the cause of temperance as represented by coffee-palaces. A "Christmas fair" was held at the skating-rink, which was largely and fashionably attended. It may be remarked that Father Christmas in his novel and untraditional appearance as an advocate of coffee-drinking made a very successful *début*.

Lord and Lady Dudley's party at Witley Court last week included (in addition to members of the family and the Royal suites) the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Danish Minister and Madame de Falbe, Lord and Lady Gosford, Lord Cadogan, Gladys Lady Lonsdale, Lord Hardwicke, Lady Mandeville, Lord de Grey, Madame Murietta, and Colonel Oliver Montagu.

The men of the party went shooting on each of the three days of the Royal visit. The Princess and the ladies staying at the Court joined the sportsmen each day for luncheon, which was served in a large tent.

As at Lord Dudley's recent shooting-party, 1,800 head of game were shot by eight guns, even supposing that the sport lasted eight hours, each gun must have shot one head every two minutes. And this is termed sporting! I wonder what the farmers on the estate think of the devouring locusts that prey upon their crops. It must, however, be satisfactory to the farmers to know that a respectable tradesman finds it more easy to supply Lord Dudley with goods than to obtain payment for them, and that his Lordship—rich as he is reported to be—is selling his pictures in order to make two ends meet. May this fate attend all who convert the soil of this country into pastures for flocks of wild birds!

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Count and Countess Karolyi will not return to the Austrian embassy till the middle of February. The Count has recovered from his recent serious illness, but has been ordered to stay till the end of next month at Gries, in the Southern Tyrol.

Lord Anglesey has been entertaining a large shooting-party at Beaudesert, the family place in Staffordshire, which has been too seldom occupied by its owners since the death of the "Waterloo" Marquis thirty years ago.

The Duke and Duchess of Bedford have gone to stay at Woburn Abbey till the beginning of February, and will entertain a succession of small parties of intimate friends.

Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam are entertaining numerous visitors at Wentworth Woodhouse, where they are settled with a large family party, till the close of the hunting season.

The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch are going to Dalkeith Palace early next month, and will reside there for several weeks.

Lord and Lady Falmouth, who have been residing all the autumn at Mereworth Castle, her ladyship's place in Kent, go to Tregothnan early next month, and will remain in Cornwall till after Easter.

The Duke and Duchess of Abercorn are staying at Baron's Court, their place in Tyrone, till the end of February, with a large family party. They do not intend to go abroad this winter.

Sir William Hart Dyke has recently converted the large lake in the beautiful park at Lullingstone Castle into a trout preserve. It was netted and thoroughly cleansed before being stocked with trout. The lake is intersected by the Darenth, a stream well known to London anglers, and which, I believe, is considered to afford the best fishing in Kent. The pike, roach, and other coarse fish which were taken from the lake at Lullingstone were conveyed to Tunbridge, where they were cast into the Medway.

There is a bitter war between the Riviera and the northern shore of Lake Leman. At Clarens, says a Riviera newspaper, there are 13 feet of snow, and the only locomotion is by sledging. A correspondent writes to me to say, that since November 1, there have only been three slight snowstorms, not covering the ground above 3 inches deep, and melting within a few hours; and that since December 1 the weather has been beautiful, the thermometer at noon being often over 50° Fahr. The hotels are crowded. Two or three years ago, I passed a fortnight at the large hotel at Ouchy in December. The climate was all that could be desired, the hotel was well warmed and comfortable, and the table was excellent. There were a good many winter boarders, but I was surprised that there were not more.

A correspondent writing from Pau says:—

Mr. Maude, the new Master of the "Pau Fox Hounds," is giving his field a new sensation this year by hunting the wild fox one day in each week. So far he has been most successful, not having "drawn a single blank," and giving some very fast runs. Mrs.

Morgan, Lord Howth, Sir Victor Brooke, "Doctor" Green, and "Jimmy" Jameson are among the number who regularly "pursue." The "Pau and Olorvie" coach commences to rnn on Saturday, Dec. 20, and promises to load as heavily as last year. Mr. Forbes Morgan and Mr. Henry Ridgway will again "handle the ribbons." There is some talk of putting the coach later on the road betwecn Pau and Biarritz—a distance of seventy odd miles.

The revival of fox-hunting in the old Thurlow country around Newmarket has not so far been attended with much success. There are incessant complaints of the general scarcity of foxes, and it seems evident that in this district, at least, everything has to give way to pheasants.

An Australian bookmaker, named Thompson, was in England during the last racing season, and, since his return to Melbourne, he has given his "impressions" of the English turf and its supporters to several "interviewers." Mr. Thompson saw over seven hundred races in six months, in England, France, and America, and he thinks that, of the whole lot, "the Grand Prix wins the cake." Mr. Thompson reports that "English bookmakers mix with the first nobs in the land." At the magnificent house of Mr. X. he met "some of the best people in England," while he saw another ring-man "walk arm-in-arm with a nobleman." The relations between bookmakers and reporters are "most friendly," and the former would appear to be on equally familiar terms with judges, for Mr. Thompson heard a gentleman call out at Newmarket to a bookmaker, "What horse is that, Bob?" and, lo and behold! the speaker, he was told, was "the Lord Chief Justice of England." I should think that Lord Coleridge will be "surprised to hear" of this experience. It further appears that Archer "has £8,000 a year for retaining fees," and that "money alone will never get a man into Tattersalls or the Victoria Club," although most people in this country are under the impression that the possession of money is the one indispensable qualification for admission to those betting-houses. The leading bookmakers in England "are gentlemen, and are treated like gentlemen," and the jockeys "are swells, and keep their valets, while you scarcely see any of them come upon the course without their gloves on." W. Wright, the Paris bookmaker, "has a magnificent house, keeps eighteen servants, nine liveries, six carriages, and entertains statesmen, authors, artists, and all the notabilities in France." Mr. Thompson's great achievement was lunching "at Lord Rosebery's house at Ascot, with the Duke of Hamilton and a number of other leading sportsmen." It would be cruel to destroy such refreshing illusions.

History repeats itself. In Judæa, there was a man with one ewe lamb. A rich man seized on this lamb, and, it is to be presumed, ate it. In Scotland, a cottier had one pet lamb. A rich American named Winans hired a great tract of land, in order to convert it into the home of stags, instead of that of human beings and lambs. So he prosecuted the cottier for daring to own this lamb, and said that he would not leave a stone unturned until he got rid of lambs and cottiers. Had this Winans remained in his own country, and attempted any so outrageous a scheme in order to create a desert for stags, I am inclined to think that his fellow-countrymen would have turned stones in a direction which might have led them to their coming in contact with his head.

Mr. Winans is the son of the late Ross Winans, of Baltimore. His father had a garden in that town, which was regarded as one of its glories. Having fallen out with his neighbours, in one night a high wall was erected round the garden, and thus the view of it cut off.

There is a story told somewhere of a traveller in Scotland, in the last century, meeting a cart upon which lay a number of stalwart mountaineers bound hand and foot. "Who are you, my fellows?" asked the traveller, "and where are they taking you?" "Eh, sir!" was the reply, "we are just the Laird's Volunteers, and we are ganging to join our regiment." I confess, until now, I have always regarded the story as apocryphal. But the patience with which the Scotch endure this Yankee Nimrod makes me inclined to believe the tale.

The victory gained by the English Eleven in Australia over Murdoch's Anglo-Australian team is decidedly satisfactory, though I don't quite see why the editor of the *Sportsman* should claim that it will go far to recover the lost prestige of English cricket. I had not been aware that the prestige of English cricket *was* lost.

In the *Honkong Telegraph* I find the following letter. Many have neither been introduced to, nor presented to, a ballet-girl; those who have never, like Lord Garmoyle, wished to know one, are, perhaps, fewer in number :—

Oct. 26, 1884.

Sir,—With reference to your paragraph in the issue of your paper dated last Saturday, 25th inst., will you allow me to state that I have never known, been introduced or presented to, or wished to know a "Ballet Girl," and that, therefore, the statement alluded to is as false as it is ridiculous.

As for (in continuance of your statement) anybody "slapping" me on the back, &c., that is, of course, a piece of pure invention, and a statement of which any European journal would naturally be ashamed.

If journalism is to be encouraged, as it usually deserves to be, I think that you will considerately alter your idea thereof. In the meanwhile, I must beg of you to publish this short note, in contradiction of a matter which might, without this letter, oblige me to remain a fortnight in Hongkong.—I am, &c., Garmoyle.

The letter is addressed to the Editor of the *Hongkonk Telegraph*, on which the Editor remarks that he should have supposed that even a future hereditary legislator would have known how to spell Hongkong.

The Basilewski collection, which was to have been sold in Paris next month, has been purchased for £40,000 by Count Polokoff, who intends to offer it as a New Year's gift to the Czar. It includes some of the finest Limoges enamel, and furniture of the last century, in the world.

I learn that the price of Meissonier's little picture, "The Vedette," is £4,500.

The rare and splendid art collections of the late Mr. Christopher Becket-Denison will be sold at Christie & Manson's early in the spring. Mr. Denison had for many years been a prominent purchaser at all the leading sales, and he bought very largely at the Hamilton Palace sale. It is estimated that it will take at least ten days to disperse his treasures.

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Goole's Depôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

The Queen has accepted a copy of the "Song of the Norseman," a new Childe Harold's visit to the Mediterranean, by Mr. Gilbart Smith.

The forthcoming number of the *Nineteenth Century* will contain an article entitled "Religion and the Stage," by Henry A. Jones, the author of "Saints and Sinners."

A Canadian literary journal condenses the Carlyle Froude controversy into the following distich :—

"Rapt into mystic ecstasy the Prophet veiled we viewed.
Alas, the veil is lifted now! Eheu! so much for Froude."

There is a good deal of complaint about the time which is required in order to supply readers in the British Museum with the books they ask for. This is not the fault of the attendants, but is due to the fact that whilst the number of readers has greatly increased, the same is not the case with regard to the attendants.

Canon Cook, the learned editor of "The Speaker's Commentary," contemplates resigning his residentiary stall in Exeter Cathedral, in consequence of increasing age and infirmity. The preferment is worth £1,000 a year, with house, and is in the gift of the Bishop of the diocese. Canon Cook was preacher of Lincoln's Inn for many years, having been appointed on the elevation of the present Archbishop of York to the see of Gloucester. Lord Palmerston gave him his stall at Exeter when the Bishop of Winchester was appointed Bishop of Ely. Canon Cook is also Precentor of Exeter, and many years ago he was appointed Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, and usually preaches at St. James's on the second Sunday in May.

When a clergyman of the Church of England writes to the daily papers to draw favourable comparisons between the "young ladies" of the modern ballet and the Elsslers, Taglionis, and Ceritos of bygone days, we must, of course, accept the views of so well-qualified a critic. The Rev. Stewart Headlam asks indignantly, "What is 'Coppelia' at the Empire?" "What does Madame Palladino do at the Empire?" in such a way as to leave us no room for doubt, that he could answer both questions to the complete satisfaction of the most searching cross-examiner. The Elssler of the old times was content with the conquest of a prince; the Palladino of to-day may boast the conquest of a curate. But what will Mrs. Kendal say? for she, no doubt, considers that we ought to admire only those dancers whom we may accompany in the spirit to homes where they are model wives, model mothers, and model daughters; how they dance being quite a secondary consideration.

There is but little doubt that a good many people are not quite sure what they mean, when, in the Creed, they profess their belief in the "Communion of saints." I would recommend such persons to study the explanation of the phrase given by General Booth the other day. The General was defending the Army against an accusation by Canon Liddon, that they had only a "truncated creed." "Of course," remarked Mr. Booth, "they believed in the communion of saints. If he was walking along the street, and a comrade was on the top of a 'bus, that comrade would shout 'Hallelujah!' and he would respond with 'Amen!' That was the communion of saints." It is difficult to decide whether more to admire the simplicity, or the modesty, of Mr. Booth's version.

A new organ has been placed in Christ Church Cathedral, at Oxford. The original organ in this church was destroyed by the Puritans in 1644. A second one was built in 1680, which was repaired and enlarged in 1826 and in 1848. About ten years ago this second organ was removed from the south transept to the screen at the west end, where it remained until it was taken down to be replaced by the new instrument.

The great south window of Chester cathedral is to be filled with stained glass by Lord Egerton of Tatton, in memory of his father, who was for many years Lord Lieutenant of Cheshire. Lord Egerton has just presented to the cathedral a beautiful antique marble font, which he brought from Italy.

Who or what is the Church Extension Association? A body under this title is apparently connected with the well-known Church of St. Augustine, Kilburn. It issues a monthly publication entitled "Echoes from 'Our Work,'" and I learn from that journal, that during October last the Association received for various objects connected with "Our Work" subscriptions amounting, at a rough calculation, to over £1,900. In addition to these subscriptions a lengthy list is published of gifts (during the same month) of work, clothing, &c., for the sale of which the Association has a depot in the Edgware-road. Unless, therefore, October was an unusually lucky month, the Association seems to be in receipt of an income of something like £24,000 a year. Turning to the Annual Report, I find that the Association possesses a treasurer (residing at Tunbridge Wells), a lady secretary, and two assistant secretaries, also ladies. Of any executive body beyond these four there is no trace, though a list of "patrons" (whatever that may mean) is given, which includes eight colonial bishops and other dignitaries of Church and State. I am far from suggesting any doubt of the genuineness of the many works in which the Association is engaged, but it seems to me that the public have a right to inquire who is responsible for the administration of this enormous revenue.

The Bishop of Newcastle will obtain a seat in the House of Lords by the retirement of the Bishop of Lincoln, so that the Bishop of Liverpool's term of duty as junior prelate has been as short as that of his predecessor, his brother of Lichfield. They have been very lucky, for the Bishop of Ely was junior of the Bench for nearly five years, and then came my lord of St. David's, for four years.

I certainly recommend Mr. & Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most just and liberal purchasers of Cast-off Clothes, Jewellery, and every description of property. They punctually keep appointments, and remit P.O.O. for articles per return.

Minton's (Limited). — Minton's China. A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century and a half.

The will of the late Dean Law has astonished and enraged his relatives, as the bulk of his large fortune is bequeathed to some persons in whom he took a benevolent interest, but who are in no way related to him.

I regret to learn that the Dean of St. Paul's is still very unwell, and that he will not be able to occupy the Cathedral pulpit on Christmas Day, which is one of the festivals on which he is the appointed preacher.

The fine old cathedral church of St. Peter Port, Guernsey, is, thanks to the energy of the Rev. George Lee, about to be restored. The cost will amount to close upon £3,000.

I hear that the Dean and Chapter of Bristol have offered the valuable living of Olveston, which became vacant by the death of Canon Girdlestone, to Canon Wade, one of the Residentiaries of Bristol Cathedral; and, in the event of his accepting this preferment, he will, of course, resign the vicarage of St. Anne's, Soho, which he has held for nearly forty years, and where he has done much good work.

Professor Blackie has been taken to task by the Scotch Sabbatarians for the sin of breaking the Sabbath by lecturing upon that day about "The Love Songs of Scotland." His reply to these miserable critics is crushing. He asks for any text of Scripture which lays down a "law of talking monopoly in favour of Geneva gowns;" he refers his censors to St. Paul's teaching on the Sabbath; he wants to know if it is more improper to discuss the "Love Songs of Scotland" than the Song of Solomon; and, finally, he thinks that "good advice is no better for being given with a sour face," and "no worse for being seasoned with a smile." For my part, I think there is more real religion in the genial Professor than in the sour humbugs who find fault with him.

Naturally, the Charity Organisation Society has enemies, for a vast number of charities only exist for the benefit of their officials. Out of every shilling subscribed to these charities, a few pence go in charity and the rest in salaries, &c. There are others, which it is to be presumed are swindles, because those who manage them are persons to whom no one would entrust untold gold—or, indeed, told pence. In addition to this, there are many people who, it is true, have no money of their own, but prefer begging to working. The Society, therefore, is a most useful one, and this is shown by the virulent opposition to it of interested persons. I am not surprised that its meeting was of a riotous character. It was a mistake to make it an open one. Only those who were members should have been admitted.

The reluctance of the authorities of Wellington College to institute an inquiry into the probable causes of the recent deaths from "blood-poisoning" is believed to be connected with an impression that such an inquiry would be displeasing in high quarters, as tending to throw doubts on the wisdom of Prince Albert's choice of a site for the school. If this be really the case, it is as unwise on the part of the authorities as it is unworthy. For I imagine that, until the British parent is reassured as to the sanitary conditions of the place, the popularity of the school will inevitably decline; and the discovery that the school was empty would surely be less agreeable to Prince Albert's memory than the discovery that there is something wrong with, say, the subsoil drainage. Besides, the Prince had, I believe, devised a very complete system of drainage, which nothing but the lack of funds prevented being carried out long ago.

A correspondent writes:—

> One of the German masters in the City of London School, who seems to have a peculiarly German dislike to the Israelite, is in the habit of opening his class with these few words to the young Hebrews under his charge:—"Jew boys, stand up."

If my correspondent be correct, I should like to know why this teacher should make a point of ordering the "Jew boys" to "stand up" to receive the instruction which the rest of their schoolfellows take sitting. I commend the matter to the consideration of the head-master between this and the beginning of the next term.

Lord Wolseley's offer of a £100 prize as an incentive to valour has soon found its level. I hear that the proprietors of a well-known patent pill have sent the General several thousand handbills, to be distributed amongst the soldiers, together with a cheque for £150 as a guerdon for the man who is first in placing one of the said handbills upon the front-door of Gordon's Palace at Khartoum.

I hear that Lord Wolseley prognosticates that his advance guard will be at Khartoum in the second week of January. It is difficult and expensive to get there, and "our only General," I trust, will bear in mind that he will earn the thanks of his countrymen, not only by reaching the town speedily, but by withdrawing from it, and the Soudan, with Gordon as speedily.

The consequences to the Marines of their sojourn at Suakim are as follows:—Out of a force of 900 men, one officer, Lieutenant Hamper, and 27 men have died, 109 have been invalided home, and 206 have been in hospital at Suez. And what for? What for?

News comes from Malta that the *Agamemnon*, which left Plymouth three weeks ago for China, has gone into the Valetta Harbour for two months, to make good her numerous defects, while her steering qualities have proved so thoroughly unsatisfactory that it will probably be necessary to dock her, with the object of renovating the apparatus, if, indeed, any permanent improvement is practicable. Was it not utterly foolish and unbusinesslike to despatch a ship to a foreign station, which was notoriously and grossly defective in a vital matter?

It is the imperative duty of the Admiralty, at the present juncture to economise by cutting off superfluous extravagance. "My lords" would do well, therefore, to at once take steps to reduce very considerably the profligate expenditure in connection with the training ship *Britannia*.

Neuralgia promptly dispelled by Hockin's Eucalyptus and Menthol Pencils. The best remedy for neuralgia, tic-douloureux, toothache, &c. Is perfectly harmless. Of Chemists, or a trial box can be had for 1s. 1½d. from Hockin, Wilson, & Co., 38, Duke-st., Manchester-sq., W.

Sanitary Inspection.—Fee, 2 Guineas. Improvement works undertaken. The Sanitary Engineering Co., 115, Victoria-st., Westminster.

This vessel costs nearly £35,000 a year for the education and training of 128 "sucking Nelsons," while about the same number of engineer students are educated at Portsmouth for less than £8,500 a year, and at Devonport for £8,000 a year. I have more than once called attention to the scandalous waste of public money in connection with the *Britannia*.

The powers of courts-martial for evil have been somewhat curtailed of late, but the ferocious sentences which they still persist in inflicting render abundantly manifest the necessity for more sweeping reforms. Last week a boy named Thomas Heffer was charged before a court-martial, on board the *Royal Adelaide* at Devonport, with having struck his superior officer. The prisoner was one of a seamanship class, superintended by Lieutenant Oldfield, and, in a fit of passion at the difficulty of his lesson, he struck the lieutenant. For this childish offence he was condemned by the Court to receive twenty-four stripes with the birch, to be imprisoned for twelve months, and afterwards to be dismissed the service. The boy pleaded in vain that he was a mere child, that he could not learn, although he had tried his best, and that the constant stopping of his leave had driven him desperate. The officers who composed this tribunal were Captains Carter, Bosanquet, and Kelly, and Commanders Hammick, Lion, and Atkinson. I have no doubt that, if they had the chance, these martinets would send a public-school boy to penal servitude for throwing a book at his master's head. It is, however, simply outrageous that they should be permitted to inflict on this unfortunate lad three punishments, any one of which would have been more than sufficient for the offence he committed.

Still the question of providing lodgings for the Judges at Cardiff troubles the Town Council. The Judges have formally refused to go again to an hotel, and the Corporation, after casting about, fixed upon a comfortable private house, which it was thought might accommodate at least one of the august visitors. Here again, however, they were met by a judicial *non possumus*. The Sheriff and under-Sheriff, who came to town for the purpose, were informed that the two Judges who will visit Cardiff must not be separated. Surely this is a little too much. I know that by a legal fiction her Majesty's Judges are all "brethren," but they must be most extraordinary brothers if they cannot bear to pass the night under different roofs.

One thousand, five hundred, and forty-one, out of 3,887 magistrates of petty sessions in Ireland never attended at all last year; 1,434 attended 5 times or less; 25 attended 40 times; and only 23 attended 50 times.

Great regret is expressed in Newcastle at the death of Judge Bradshaw, who died suddenly at a concert last week. He had been for many years Judge of the Newcastle County Court, and not only had he won golden opinions in his judicial capacity, but he was socially one of the most popular men in Newcastle. His first wife was a Miss Devereux, a Maid-of-Honour of the Queen.

Mr. Justice Hawkins has waxed greatly wroth over Dr. Diplock's bad writing, and the Lord Mayor has severely criticised the manner in which policemen deliver their evidence. It has never been my fate to read a coroner's depositions, but I cordially endorse the worst that can be said about policemen's evidence. The Lord Mayor made the very sensible suggestion that an elocution class for the benefit of the City Police should be started at Old Jewry. Perhaps a writing-class for coroners might be attached to it.

There can be no doubt that in the case of Lotinga *v.* The Commercial Union Insurance Company, there has been, on one side or the other, the most wilful and unblushing perjury. This action has also furnished a most remarkable story of Semitic precocity. Miss Rachel Lotinga, according to her statement in the witness-box, began business on her own account as a money-lender at the tender age of sixteen. She was too prudent, however, to use her own name, and it was as "F. Smith & Co." that this enterprising child laid her net for the insolvent trader or impecunious masher.

Looking at the evidence, I should say that the late Lotinga absorbed enough spirits to destroy the coats of his stomach, but that, like many another nipper, he was so seasoned a cask that he was seldom drunk.

The most scandalously inadequate punishment of modern times was that inflicted on John Batty, under-manager of a coal-mine at Barnsley. This amiable creature discovered that there was a large volume of explosive gas loose in the colliery under his control, but did not remove the men from their work. The consequence was that every soul in the mine worked on in imminent risk of a horrible death, and Mr. Batty would have, had they perished, been morally responsible for their death. For his unwillingness to avoid the responsibility he was fined the magnificent sum of £2.

I see that a man got fifteen months' imprisonment last week for the most inhuman conduct to his daughter, a little child. He beat her head with a shovel, broke her arm by kicking it, and in this condition forced her to clean his boots. Ought not the law to allow the infliction of the lash in such cases? As for wife-beating, I observe that at Bolton there is a club of husbands who pay collections when one of their members is fined for such domestic discipline. Here, too, the lash would be advisable. The club might then subscribe together to receive the allotted number of lashes.

The City authorities appear doomed to squander our money so long as we leave it in their hands. Why is there to be a reward of £5,000 for the discovery of the persons who placed dynamite under London Bridge? If any one in the secret is prepared to confess, he would do so for £500. If the knowledge comes to a person by chance, he would inform the public without a reward.

Native Oysters.—Great Reduction in Price. Sweetings are supplying the Finest Native Oysters in barrels, 22s. 6d., half-barrels, 15s.—London, 158, Cheapside; Brighton, King's-road.

Screens, with tea-cup shelf on each fold, from 21s. A large variety of screens in Japanese leather paper, needlework, stained glass, and hand-painted in all sizes and styles.—C. Hindley & Sons, 290 to 294, Oxford-street, London.

While the subject of the impossibility of obtaining work is uppermost, it is difficult to avoid mention of the action of the Nottingham authorities, who are instituting certain public works with the view of employing, at a small wage, the unemployed labourers in the district. The realisation of the project will, no doubt, involve some expense to the ratepayers, but it will save them something in the way of poor rates. For the extra expenditure there will be a tangible result; but if the lesser sum had been expended in parochial relief, nothing would have been produced.

I recommend this course to the authorities of Newcastle. Without wishing to interfere with those charitably-disposed, I cannot help thinking that the town is rich enough to be able to spend £250 per week (the amount required) from its own resources: £250 per week for six months would amount to £6,800, and this borrowed at 3 per cent. would only involve an annual charge of £204 per annum.

A widow complains that, having got a nomination for the Bluecoat School, her son has been rejected because he could not pass the entrance examination. This examination ought not to be made too difficult; but I hardly think there is ground for objecting to boys being expected to know reading, writing, and arithmetic before admission.

On Sunday, the 14th inst., Margaret Moran, aged 76, and so decrepit that she can scarcely stand, was allowed by the gracious custom of Bumbledom to go out of St. George's Workhouse for her weekly holiday. So utterly dead, however, was Mrs. Moran to all sense of what is due to her position as a "parochial pauper," that on her return she was found to have a quartern of gin in her possession. The outrage was reported to the master, the master sent Mrs. Moran to the Guardians, the Guardians sent her before the magistrate, and the magistrate fined her 20s. or ten days' hard labour. Not having 20s. about her, she went to prison. I hope all paupers who may be tempted to commit any such "gross indulgence" about Christmas time will think of Margaret Moran, aged 76, and so infirm that she can scarcely stand, doing her ten days' hard labour at Millbank.

I am, I hope, a humane man, and I believe in the sanctity of human life; but I am gradually coming to the conclusion that the director of a Water or Gas Company ought to be treated as a creature *ferœ naturœ*. If a person wins an action against one of these Companies, and the judgment is supposed to be likely to benefit us, we are punished by our rates being at once put up. If we have a river, its water is abstracted. We pay for quenching our thirst with a liquid full of organisms, and our rooms are rendered unhealthy by the fumes of the foul gas which lights them. Last week the inhabitants of Tooting found their springs and wells dried up. Upon inquiry, they discovered that this was due to one of the Water Companies tapping their supply of water by means of a deep well at Streatham. On this they consulted the Solicitor-General, who gave it as his opinion that there is no legal remedy, because any person may pump on his own land, although in so doing he should dry his neighbour's wells. A somewhat similar case occurred in Prussia under Frederick the Great. A miller found a neighbour abstracting the water from the mill stream. The judges held that he had a perfect right to do so. Frederick, being a man who regarded justice as superior to law, sent for the judges, and having severely kicked them, consigned them to prison.

The Metropolitan Gardens Association are about to plant trees in the Mile End-road, and have offered the Vestries of St. George's-in-the-East, Lambeth, and St. Pancras, £100 each, if they will spend a like amount in planting trees. Why are not trees planted in Portland-place? It is surely wide enough, and nothing would be prettier than a green avenue there.

Whatever faults the Metropolitan Asylums Board may have, it has, at any rate, some sense of humour. It has a hospital at Plaistow, and in the immediate neighbourhood of it there is quite an epidemic just now of small-pox. The Local Board being at the end of its resources, applied to the secretary of the Asylums Board to admit a case at the end of last week as a matter of urgent necessity; but, Plaistow, though one of the most crowded parts of the metropolis, is outside the metropolitan area, and the Asylums Board refused to admit the case. This small-pox hospital, with locked doors, in the midst of an infected district, is a humorous illustration of the absurdity of existing boundaries in London; but it may be doubted whether the joke is not being carried too far. The police magistrate before whom the circumstances in question were reported, thought it was "a most extraordinary state of things," and "almost a scandal." Not almost, I should have said, but quite.

Here is another illustration of how small-pox is spread. It is a case which was brought before the magistrates on the same day as the last, and is exactly like hundreds of others:—

> Andrew Lyon, the owner of twenty houses in Persevoranee-place, St. George's-in-the-East, was summoned to show cause why such dwellings should not be closed as being unfit for human habitation and injurious to health. Medical evidence was given, showing that it was impossible to make the houses suitable for human beings to inhabit, and that there had been several cases of small-pox amongst the tenants. The houses were ordered to be closed.

Now, surely this is a most lame and impotent conclusion—as impotent as it would be to punish a murderer in no other way than by taking away his knife. A man who knowingly sends poor people to live in houses which are

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"Liberty" Art Fabrics.—Original inventions for Ladies' Costumes and Toilets. Patterns post-free. Regent-street, W.

Pfungst's Extra Quality Champagnes can be obtained in London at the House of Commons Restaurant, Bristol Hotel and Restaurant, Claridge's Hotel, Café Verrey, Grand Hotel, Woods' Hotel, First Avenue Hotel, Great Eastern Railway Hotel (Liverpool-street), Holborn Restaurant, Palmerston Restaurant, Stock Exchango Restaurant (Mabey's), Queen Anne's Restaurant (Cheapside), Magog Restaurant (Cheapside), Anchor Restaurant (Cheapside), City Restaurant (Milk-street), London Tavern, (Fenchurch-street), Salutation Restaurant (Newgate-street), Krehl's Restaurant (Coleman-street), The Oriental Restaurant (Rood-lane) Royal Forest Hotel (Chingford), Ship and Trafalgar (Greenwich), Star and Garter (Richmond), &c., &c.

mere hotbeds of disease is morally guilty of manslaughter; and if the dwellings question is ever to be settled, that, or something like it, will have to be the legal aspect of the matter too.

The North-West Hospital is greatly in want of funds; the beds are full and the treasury is empty, whilst there is a debt of £937, which is weekly increasing. Mr. George Herring, the treasurer, offers to add a guinea to each guinea given to the hospital. It will be greatly to be regretted if donations do not come in, for the hospital is one of the best managed in London; and, in view of the distress which is threatening this winter, it would be a thousand pities if the hospital had to close its doors to applicants.

I am afraid that many hospitals are in a bad way, and are eating into their capital. I have always thought that hospitals ought to be supported by the rates, for, as it is, the liberal keep them going and the stingy do nothing for them. The hospital rate ought, however, to be thrown on the rich, and not on the poor, who have quite enough already to pay. Would it not be possible to levy a hospital rate on ground landlords? Or there might be a licensing fee for places of amusement based on receipts, the proceeds of which would go to the hospitals. In Paris, hospitals are supported by a tax of 10 per cent. on the gross receipts of places of amusement.

Another hospital which is greatly in want of funds is the Hospital for Consumption at Brompton. With the proceeds of a legacy which was received some years ago, the accommodation has been greatly extended, and there are now 331 beds; but unless subscriptions flow in, these beds will be practically useless.

Eight of the great Railway Companies have given notice of Bills to allow them to raise their rates. Is not this a deliberate waste of the shareholders' money? The Bills will, of course, be thrown out upon second reading, and never even be referred to Committees. We must have a clear—and a very clear—understanding in regard to terminal charges before we give Railroad Companies power to raise their rates. Curiously enough, the South-Eastern Company is not amongst this railroad syndicate. This is because there is no legal limit on the rates of the South-Eastern Company, and it can charge precisely what it pleases.

The general station at Perth, so well known to all travellers in Scotland, is to be enlarged and improved at a cost of £120,000. Perth is already one of the largest stations in the country, but the accommodation is altogether inadequate in the summer and autumn. A suite of apartments for Royal travellers is to be provided, including dining, dressing, and bath rooms.

A correspondence about railway signalmen has been going on in the *Daily Chronicle*, from which it appears that the average wages of these men are about 25s. a week, the lowest pay being 20s. If this be so, no one but a railway director can deny that the men are grossly underpaid. Some lines, it seems, give bonuses of £5 a year or so, but these are forfeited upon the slightest hitch or accident. The Railway Passengers' Protection Association might do worse than take up the grievances of signalmen, if the Companies cannot see their own interest in the matter; but considering what signalmen's mistakes cost, it is difficult to understand how shareholders can be so indifferent to the consequences of underpaying them.

It is a somewhat remarkable fact that the cheapest way to send a certain class of goods from Liverpool to London is *viâ* New York. This arises from the keen competition between outward-bound Atlantic steamers for profitable dead-weight. The other day about 1,000 tons of rough freight was offered for carriage to London, no time being specified. The London lines tendered at 10s. a ton, but one of the Atlantic firms undertook to deliver it for 6s. a ton, and the offer was accepted.

Free trade and foreign competition cannot be the only causes of the low price of cereals. I see, by a reprint from the *London Chronicle* for October, 1760, that in that month the "best red lammas" wheat was selling at Wellingborough Market at 21s. per quarter, and the best barley for 14s. I should like to know what the fair-traders make of this significant fact.

The following statistics of the increase in rent, wages, and cost of living since 1770 are curious:—

	1770.	1850.	1880.
Rent of Land ..... per acre	13s.	27s.	30s.
Price of Bread ..... per lb.	1½d.	1¼d.	1½d.
„ Meat ..... „	3¼d.	5d.	9d.
„ Butter ..... „	6d.	1s.	1s. 8d.
Wages of Agricultural Labourer ... per wk.	7s. 3d.	9s. 7d.	14s.
Rent of Labourer's Cottage ..... „	8d.	1s. 5d.	2s.

Comparisons taken from the books of a Dairy Farm, situate between Lancaster and Garstang.

In 1770.	and In 1850.
Rent, 21s. an acre.	Rent, 41s. an acre.
Rates, 3d. per pound.	Rates 3s. 9d. per pound.
Tithes compounded for.	Tithes commuted, and included in rent.
4-7ths of farm in grass.	4-5ths of farm in grass.
3-7ths arable.	1-5th arable.
Annual produce of a cow, £4.	Annual produce of a cow, £9.
Six horses in a plough, and do an acre a day.	Two, and sometimes three, horses in a plough.
First man's wages, £9 a year, and his board.	First man's wages, £15 to £16 a year, and board.
Second man, £5 a year, and board.	Second man, £10 a year, and board.
Dairymaid, £3 and board.	Dairymaid, £7. 10s. and board.
Bread (oat), 11 lb. for 1s.	Bread, 4d. per 4 lb. loaf, coarse wheaten bread; 5d. per 4 lb., best.
Cheese, 3d. per lb.	Cheese, 5d. per lb.
Butter, 8d. per lb.	Butter 11d. to 1s. per lb.
Beef, 2½d. per lb.	Beef, 5d. to 6d.
Mutton, 2½d. per lb.	Mutton, 6d.
Labourer's house-rent, 20s.	Labourer's house-rent, 50s. to 100s.

A gentleman writing from Concordia, Entre Rios, in the Argentine Republic, says that the following question has been referred to me for decision:—

> Taking the Commercial Exchanges of London, Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow (shipowners, underwriters, produce, corn, bankers, metals, colliery proprietors, and stockbrokers), may it not be correctly assumed that amongst the various members daily assembled at *each of the above four centres*, more than ten individuals could be readily selected, whose income reaches and exceeds thirty thousand pounds per annum?

The members of these Exchanges have not confided their financial positions to me. But I certainly think that there are more than ten persons at these Exchanges with incomes derived from interest on capital and profits on business exceeding the sum named.

This festive season—bound to be the death of so many people—seems the right time to say a word about funerals. The genteel British funeral, only just emancipated from the mockery of scarves, hat-bands, ostrich-feathers, and undertakers' upholstery generally, bids fair to become as absurd in a different way. The floral frenzy is being carried to ridiculous and grotesque lengths. I can understand a few flowers being scattered upon the grave of an innocent child, or of a young girl—"Sweets to the sweet," by all means—that is to say, in moderation. But to see some hoary Statesman or City capitalist buried under a cart-load of costly but altogether inappropriate vegetables, is really too absurd. Take some old general who has eaten rice pudding (the favourite dish, I am told, of veterans) for the last forty years at the Senior United Service Club. Why should his coffin be piled with lilies of the valley and maidenhair ferns? Was he a lily of the valley, even when he was young? Did he look in the least like a lily of the valley of late years, when he told his old bachelor stories in the smoking-room? Not a bit. Surely it would be more decent to put his sword by his side, and "his martial cloak around him," and bury him like a man; not like a baby.

I sincerely hope that Mr. Shaw Lefevre will not follow the example of the Postmaster-General of the United States, and start a "prompt special delivery" for letters, which have two instead of one penny stamp on them. The result would be that the ordinary service would be delayed, and that persons complaining would be told that they ought to have paid double postage.

Why does not some intelligent stationer bring out a letter, book, and parcel weight, all in one?

In an article that appeared in Truth of the 4th inst., under the heading "Forgery and Usury," the following sentence occurred:—"Marks, who used to be Hart, is not unknown at the police courts, and he has in turn been a carriage-builder, horse-dealer, bill-discounter, and convict." I have now received a letter from Mr. S. Hart, the carriage-builder in Bond-street, who says "there is no other Hart—coach-maker—nor ever has been, except myself," and he asks me to make this statement, as he "knows full well I have no wish to do him an injury." Why a tradesman who has traded at one address for over a quarter of a century should think himself called upon to explain that he is not a man who is described in the way the man Hart was described by me, I cannot understand. Fancy, if the Member for Westminster thought it necessary to write and explain that he was not the Smith referred to whenever an individual of that name broke the laws of his country!

I gather from a circular that the *Chelsea Herald* has been purchased by a committee of gentlemen intimately connected with the Conservative party, and that the Chairman of the Conservative Association recommends its purchase by all Conservatives. When will Tories understand that puffed and subsidised newspapers never have answered, and never will answer?

The following story of Sir H. B. Loch, Governor of Victoria, is going the round of the Australian papers:—

On his Excellency visiting the Echuca Hospital lately, he found only one patient. "Are you the only inmate?" asked the Governor. "No, sir, the place is crowded!" was the reply. "Then where are the others?" was the natural inquiry? "Some's gone to see the procession, some to the sports, but most is playing in the cricket-match. It was too far for me," he continued. Then, brightening up, added, "But I'm going to the play to-night, I am. I'm goin' in a barrer."

The Governor's opinion of the way in which this remarkable institution is conducted is not given.

I greatly doubt whether ladies would wish the grating to be removed from the Gallery in the House of Commons. This secures to them privacy. One real objection to the Gallery is that it is so near the roof, that little can be seen of what is going on, and from the back seats nothing. I would suggest that this Gallery should retain its grating, but that men and women alike should be allowed entrance to the public Gallery.

The discussion about the advisability of building a new chamber for the House of Commons still rages in the *Daily News*. But why are we told that a new chamber would cost £200,000? I would take the contract for £20,000, and make money by the transaction. This is in excess of what most London theatres have cost, exclusive of the ground. My plan would leave the form of the chamber an oblong; it would be wider, however, than the present one; its two sides would bulge out, inclusive of the end facing the Speaker; and, exclusive of the Speaker's chair, there would be five sides, each side having six or seven grades of seats. My architecture would be neither Grecian, nor Gothic, nor Early English: it would be House of Commons' architecture—that is to say, a room based on requirements.

Included in the expenses of each Permanent Office there is a sum which is stated to represent the amount which the audit of its accounts by the Exchequer and Audit Department costs. Now, it so happens that Parliament every year votes the full sum required to maintain in efficiency the Department in question. To divide its cost also amongst the offices whose accounts it overlooks must be, in effect, to provide for its expenditure twice over. How is this?

There are rocks ahead for the Income-tax collectors. A friend of mine was summoned the other day, and subjected to a minute inquisitorial examination as to his income. He went home, and made a fresh return, but the tax-man was not satisfied, and ended in sending him in a bill for *arrears*, which he declared had been due, though never claimed, from previous years. My friend smarted under the exaction, but submitted, thinking that, perhaps, the tax-man was, after all, actuated by a zeal for the interests of the Government. On comparing notes, however, he found that other people in the same district had been badgered and mulcted in the same way; and he then referred to a lawyer friend, and his eyes were opened. "Would you be

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surprised," said the lawyer, "to hear that these fellows get paid *according to the amount of money they screw out of the public?* Hence their zeal."

The system is as iniquitous in principle as anything since the old farming of the Roman taxes, or the vicious profits of the summoner of Chaucer's day. It is scandalous that any respectable Government should put a premium on the exactions and exorbitant demands of its own officers, relying on the timidity, indolence, or law-abiding instincts of the oppressed community. "What would you do?" asked my friend. "Do!" his lawyer friend replied. "Why, when the income-tax paper comes, make a return of '*nil!*' They would be forced to assess you, and you would then appeal against the assessment to the Commissioners. The Commissioners are honest men. Nobody bribes them to be otherwise." Depend upon it, before long this whole question will come up for pretty full and free discussion; then we shall see what we shall see.

So simple is Mr. Courtney's plan for Proportional Representation, that his explanation of it at Manchester occupied a column of the *Times* in the report of his speech, and he advised those who did not understand him diligently to study the report next day. The plan, however, has the disadvantage of not remedying the very evil which it is intended to cure. Let us suppose that a town has the right to send three members to Parliament, and that there are in the town 15,000 electors, of whom 10,000 are Liberals and 5,000 Conservatives. Under the existing system, three Liberals would be returned, and the Conservatives, representing one-third of the electorate, would not have a member. Mr. Courtney meets this by giving each man one vote for one member, and as 5,000 votes would ensure a return, the 5,000 Conservatives, by voting for one man, would return a member.

But the Conservatives might have two candidates and the Liberals half-a-dozen, in which case the 5,000 Conservatives might return two members, and the 10,000 Liberals only one. To meet this, Mr. Courtney proposes that each elector should vote for as many members as he pleases, numbering them 1, 2, 3, &c. So soon, therefore, as a member has the proportion of votes necessary to his return, all votes given to him would be passed to the No. 2 on the voting paper. Thus the minority would be represented in a locality. But supposing that the minority in a dozen localities was not sufficiently large to return a member in any one of them, it is evident that these collective minorities—no matter how large they might be—would not collectively be represented. Take, for instance, fifty constituencies returning three members, in each of which there are 3,000 Conservatives, and in each of which a candidate would require 5,000 votes to be elected. Here it is clear that 150,000 persons, entitled to have their views represented, would not be represented.

The difficulties in the way of Mr. Courtney's scheme, indeed, are endless. Here is one. Suppose that there are two seats to be contested, and three candidates, A, B, and C, the first two being Liberals and the third a Conservative; and that there are 3,000 electors, 1,900 of whom are Liberals and 1,100 Conservatives. The two Liberals would each obtain 950 votes, and the Conservative would obtain 1,100 votes. He would, therefore, be at the top of the poll; but as each Conservative elector would have a No. 2 vote, and there would be 100 of these votes to be handed over to the Liberal candidates, the result would be, not only that the Conservative minority would elect their candidate, but that the selection between the two Liberal candidates for the second seat would rest with them—that is to say, the less Liberal of the two candidates would beat the more Liberal by the second votes of the Conservatives.

Another, and still more fatal objection is this:—There are on an average ten vacancies each year on the minority side of the House of Commons. Every vacancy leads to an election; and, as in these elections every elector in a constituency would have a vote, in every single case a majority representative would take the place of a minority representative. How does Mr. Courtney propose to meet this?

As a matter of fact, Mr. Courtney's plan only alters the present system, but does not cure the evil—if evil it be—of a number of persons, collectively large enough to entitle them to a member representing their views, being without such a member. The only way to meet this is Mr. Hare's scheme, which does away with all localisation, and gives a member to any body of men large enough to entitle them to one, even though they may reside in all parts of the Kingdom. The objections, however, to this are greater than its advantages.

The right of Trinity College, Dublin, to two members of Parliament, or, indeed, to a member at all, finds little favour in Ireland outside the College precincts. The Nationalists are very wroth on the subject; and I sincerely hope they will keep hammering away at it until so ridiculous an anomaly is got rid of. For my part, I am opposed to University representation altogether. I see no reason whatever why a degree should confer a vote. There are other people who pass examinations besides University graduates, *e.g.*, apothecaries, attorneys, barristers, army and navy officers, and School Board children; but they are not considered entitled to votes on that account.

As for Oxford and Cambridge, their Parliamentary history is certainly not of a character to bear out the theory that clerical and mathematical studies tend to enlarged political views. Rather does it seem to lend force to Professor Ruskin's doctrine that "the more you teach a fool, the more manifold a fool you make him." But Trinity College, Dublin, stands in a far worse position than either of the English Universities. It never by any chance returns any but ascendency candidates. Just now, the College has the good fortune to be represented by two remarkably able members. But it is notorious that they have been chosen, not because they are strong men, but because they are strong anti-Irishmen. Trinity College is merely, for practical and political purposes, a little Orange borough. If there is to be University representation in Ireland at all (and, as I

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have said, I think all University representation an absurdity), the bounds of the University should be extended by grouping Trinity College with the Royal University. But, for my part, I should be sorry to see this, because so long as Trinity College stands alone, nakedly Orange and unashamed, there is a better chance of doing away with Irish University representation altogether; and if Ireland's University is once disfranchised, the disfranchisement of Oxford and Cambridge must soon follow.

Of the three single-seat constituencies into which the present borough of Greenwich is to be cut up, Greenwich and Woolwich are supposed to contain a majority of Conservative electors, and Deptford a majority of Liberal electors. As the united boroughs return now two Conservatives, Baron de Worms and Mr. Boord, one would have supposed that these two gentlemen—assuming that they still retain the confidence of their constituents—would have been allowed first choice of the new constituencies, and in this case they probably would have arranged, not to fall out, if by no better method, by that of tossing up a coin in the air. But in Greenwich, I gather from the curious correspondence which has appeared in the newspapers, there is a sort of Conservative Boss, named Hughes, who, if he is to be believed, is good enough to select Conservative candidates, and to ensure their return. Boss Hughes has, it would seem, decided to return himself at the next election. He therefore orders Greenwich to return Mr. Boord and Woolwich to return himself, thus leaving Baron de Worms to the cold comfort of being the defeated Conservative candidate of Deptford.

With charming naïveté, the Boss says: "I kept my promise to secure his (Baron de Worms') election by 1,000 votes, and I do not see why the Baron refers to it, except to show the obligation he is under to me, and how little he regards it." I am politically unprejudiced in the matter; but fair is fair. From the Conservative stand-point, Baron de Worms has proved an excellent member, and I think that not only is he hardly treated, but that the pretensions of Boss Hughes are so outrageous, that I can hardly suppose the Conservative electors of the three new boroughs will submissively accept the position before the public of being branded as his sheep. When Baron de Worms and Mr. Boord have made their choice, and this choice has been ratified by the constituencies, it will be for the Boss to submit his claims to the division which is in want of a candidate.

I am glad to see that the "payment of members" idea is beginning to be taken up in a business-like spirit in Ireland. Queen's County, if I remember rightly, was the first to adopt the notion. Then came Wexford, with its rate of twopence in the pound, and now Kilkenny (having got rid of Mr. Marum, who committed political suicide, to save himself from slaughter) is bestirring herself. It is obvious to anybody who knows Ireland that, in her present circumstances, the only way in which she can get men in sufficient number to do her work for her in Parliament, is by paying them. The majority of English and Scotch members, be it remembered, are paid in one way or another, either *in esse* or *in posse*—that is to say, either by place or social consideration, or by the hope of one or other of these advantages. But the Irish member's labour (unless he means to rat) is a mere labour of love. Now, amateur work is rarely good work, and never for any length of time.

Our Jingoes' doctrine in regard to foreign nations is, that, as it is so well known that we are only actuated by an honest desire to benefit the entire world, and that the greatest blessing which we can confer upon any portion of the world is to bring it under our sway, we have a right to annex any country that we please, even though we have entered into the most distinct pledges not to do so. If other countries pursue the same course, it is, of course, our duty to resist such nefarious conduct. The British Empire, think our Jingoes, ought to be surrounded, where there is no sea-frontier, with a zone of desert or of semi-civilised States, and, therefore, any attempt on the part of foreign Governments to convert these deserts into fertile fields, or to civilise these States, is flying in the face of a higher law. As we own India, Russia ought not to endanger the security of India by building railroads or by entering into commercial relations in Central Asia. As we own land at the Cape, neither Russia, France, Italy, nor Germany ought to meddle in African affairs below the Equator. As we use, in common with the other Powers, the Suez Canal, we ought to annex Egypt. As we are not prepared to make a canal across Central America, the western sea-board of the United States ought to continue to communicate with California *viâ* Cape Horn. As we do not aspire to annex any more islands in Polynesia, no Power ought to make annexations in that quarter of the world. Is it quite surprising that Foreign Powers decline implicitly to admit these postulates?

We used to have a sort of feudatory called the King of Mosguilto, and on what he called his territory Greytown was built. The King was a loafer, who hung about the pot-houses. Whenever we wanted to interfere, we gave this Monarch a bottle of spirits, and then made him assert his rights, which we said were ours. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty put an end to this nonsense, and both we and the United States pledged ourselves not to own land in Central America, and, if a canal were ever built, to build it jointly. This was thirty-seven years ago. Such a treaty cannot be supposed to last for ever. If the Americans like to make a canal, and as a condition, to obtain a cession of land from Nicaragua, it is a dog-in-the-manger policy to hinder them. If we wish for a canal, there is nothing to hinder us from getting a concession from some Government in Central America.

I have had anopportunity of conversing with a gentleman who is more likely to know what is transpiring in Egypt and the Soudan than most of our guides, philosophers, prophets, ministers, editors, and correspondents. He tells me that the Mahdi has a large force of Egyptian soldiers and officers, and that even if he were to wish it, he could not allow Gordon and the garrisons to withdraw, because this Egyptian force is closely allied with the National

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Vanity Fair says:—"Mr. Benjamin is still the Prince of Ulster and Stalking-Coat Makers." Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

Party in Egypt, and wishes for the triumph of nationalism in Egypt as well as in the Soudan.

The Mudir of Dongola, my informant tells me, is in constant communication with the Mahdi, and the feeling for Islamism is so strong, both in Egypt and in the Soudan, that we are without a real friend in either country. The Mahdi, he says, is drawing us on under the impression that he can destroy us if we advance far enough, and all the people who come in with news about what is passing at Khartoum are his emissaries.

As regards Egypt, he says that not only the fellahs but the larger Egyptian proprietors are ruined. They cannot get men to work on their estates, because the fellahs prefer to work on those of foreigners, as they are better protected against the exactions of officials. Every day fellahs are being expropiated in the international tribunals, either for non-payment of interest on mortgages or of taxes. They have no money and no cattle. If they complain, or if they are supposed to have any money, they are flogged and tortured. As for Tewfik, he is making a private purse by selling justice; and if a man has money and a friend at Court, he may rob or murder as he pleases.

I suggested to my Egyptian friend the expediency of a no-rent and no-tax league, and pointed out how the former had brought the landlords to their senses in Ireland. But he replied that in Ireland there had not been a foreign army to protect officials who would beat and torture those who did not pay rent.

My own conviction is that Egypt is a hell on earth to its labouring population, and that the condition of the fellahs is carefully concealed from us by our officials and our correspondents, all of whom are more or less allied with the Europeans who are there to make money, no matter how.

Eventually we must accept the fact that Europe, very rightly, will not stand our laying hands on Egypt, after promising that we would not do so. Some years ago, the French went to "restore order" in Syria. Had they seized the opportunity to benefit the Syrians by establishing a Protectorate there, what should we have said? So long as we are in Egypt, we shall be in the wrong with Europe, and especially with France. Surely even our Jingoes must perceive that this is the object of Bismarck in kindly urging us to remain in Egypt. We must negotiate with Europe upon the basis that it is just as undesirable for us to be masters in Egypt, as it would be for the French, Russians, or Germans to be masters in that country. As for what we have spent there, we must write it off as a bad debt, and not send good money after bad.

I have received the following donations towards the Toy Fund:—

Weeda, £1; Harry, Tiny, and Frankie, £1; Idrys, 1s.; A Friend, £2. 2s.: Dry Monopole, £1. 1s.; W. A. Hammond, £2; Weaver, £1. 1s.; R. W. B., £5; Harriet, Jim, and Charlie, 3s.; Michel, 10s.; R. Horniman, £1. 1s.; F. C. W., 10s.; Blossy, Edith, Lillie, and John, 10s.; A. M. W., 10s.; H. C., £1. 1s.; E. M. R. T., £1; R. N. W., £1; T. T., 10s.; Three Little Sisters, 7s. 6d.; Bull Dog Bank, 6s. 6½d.; A. H., 10s.; Lieut.-Col. A. G. Fife, £2; R. C., £5; Mrs. Laycock, £2. 2s.; Bull Dog Bank, 13s. 2d.; H. T. C., 10s. 6d.; G. S. S., 10s.; R. D'Oyly Carte, Esq., £1. 1s.; S. S., 25s.

SCRUTATOR.

CONCERTS.

CHRISTMAS week is never very rich in music. Mr. Cusins keeps up the season, as usual, with a performance of the "Messiah" on Tuesday, at St. James's Hall, and baits his programme, as usual, with the names of Sims Reeves and Santley; whilst Mr. Ambrose Austin gives a grand Holiday Festival on Boxing Day at the Albert Hall, at which Sims Reeves, Santley, Lloyd, Madame Patey, and Mary Davies are to appear, weather permitting. Mr. Ambrose Austin is usually in luck, and I hope that the sun may shine, and the artists be found in their places without sore throats.

At the closing "Monday Pop." Signor Piatti played a new sonata of his own composition, with a new pianist, Madame Haas. Of new pianistes there seems to be no end. On Friday night, Herr Bach, Court pianist in Germany—every one seems to be Court pianist somewhere—played three of Beethoven's Concertos, with a scratch band conducted by Signor Randegger. There was nothing else in the programme. I kept wondering why Herr Bach should have gone out of his way to do this. Of course, neither Herr Bach nor Beethoven so produced, nor Randegger's scratch band, could possibly draw or pay. Who, then, paid? Well, there was a grand piano with the name of "Schiedmayer" in huge gold letters on it. I suspect the concert was a job, and that Schiedmayer & Sons paid. I should think the affair could have no other *raison d'être*. I only hope that Herr Bach got a heavy fee for producing Beethoven before a London audience in that style, for it must have been pain and grief to him, as he appears to be an artist of some standing. Of course, there had been no time or money to spend on rehearsal, and the usual orchestral players were at the Sacred Harmonic that night. Signor Randegger did his best. I hope he got a good fee, too. His agonised face at each slip and bungle was quite a study—a brown study.

Yet another pianiste—Mdlle. D'Esterre Keeling—who, with a respectable artist, one Emil Mahr, a couple of vocalists, and *another* pianist (what a mistake!), one Herbert Koch, gave a concert at Steinway Hall. About one hundred and fifty people had been got together somehow. The concert might have gone down very well at a seaside place, after a fortnight's bill-posting; but to suppose that the London public would go to listen to such a colourless affair was a little too much. These worthy artists, who come over and fancy that if they are but German all will be well, forget that even Von Bülow ceased to draw St. James's Hall full after his first two seasons. Rubinstein is about the only man who can do that. For an unknown artist to give a concert in London is not the right way to get known. The proper way for such an individual is to get himself or herself

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engaged at *somebody else's* concert, and make a *hit*, and then get some one in the press to say that an otherwise dull concert was redeemed by the extraordinary playing of Signor Gallopado, or the exquisite vocalisation of Mdlle. Tenerezza.

Miss Keeling is an artist of merit—fairly clever, and nothing more. She does not approach Mdlle. Kleeberg in calibre. By the way, this latter lady went to work entirely in the right way—she made her *hit* at the "Monday Pops." and the Crystal Palace, and then gave a successful recital on her own account.

I liked Miss Zimmerman's playing at the last "Saturday Pop." of the season. I do not always like her, though; she often seems to me a little hard and unsympathetic. Nor is the *Sonate pathétique* the one I should have chosen for her, yet she played it admirably well. But every one played well on Saturday. I never heard anything finer in its way than the finale of Beethoven's "Quintet," under Mdme. Norman-Néruda's inspiration—something like real perfection and finish was reached in the remarkable *piano* and *crescendo* passages, which give such singular lift and freedom to the close. By-the-way, why was Joachim's name printed inside the programme? Mr. Thorndike sang admirably, "Trocknet nicht," Beethoven's setting to Goethe's exquisite words. I should like to know why translators cannot be a little more literal? I remember an exquisite translation to this "Trocknet nicht." ("Trocknet nicht, Thränen der ewigen Liebe!") It certainly did not run as in the programme—Tate and Brady's version—

"Flow on, flow on, ye bitter tears
Of never-dying love;"

but it ran thus—

"Dry not away, dry not away,
Tears of unending love."

That is as literal and as good as any of Swinburne's translations of Victor Hugo.

I must not forget to say that Mdme. Sainton-Dolby's concert at Steinway Hall last week was as attractive as usual. I was glad to see Mdme. Sainton-Dolby herself there. She presides fitly over the rising generation of young vocalists, but there is something to me quite pathetic in the thought that we shall never hear again in oratorio or concert-room that incomparable artist. At one time the public got into the way of identifying the "Messiah" and "Elijah" with Clara Novello, Sims Reeves, and Miss Dolby. There are splendid artists about now, and the wrecks of other splendid artists, and I hear them at the great festivals; but there was a certain freshness and glory about the great day of the old Sacred Harmonic under Costa and those leading—ah! well, vocalists that sang for him. When I see the amiable Sainton-Dolby smiling at her young pupils, who can never know what she was, and when I turn up at a concert and read the slip that Sims Reeves has got a cold, &c., I get a sort of rising in my own throat, and say, quite like any old fogey: "We shall not *hear* their like again."

M. Sainton—not the slight French gentleman, with the jet-black hair, who used to play quartets with Hill, Piatti, and Cooper, but an elderly, genial gentleman, with snow-white hair and moustache—conducted his bright, fresh-voiced girl-choir, and admirably they sang from A. C. Mackenzie's "Rose of Sharon"—a work I do not much care for, in spite of the puffs universal. Miss Hilda Coward took the chief solo part, and showed herself an artist of singular intelligence and force. Slight and unimpressive in appearance, she wins her audience by sheer artistic excellence.

In music, as in most things, soul is, after all, everything. I don't say that appearance goes for nothing. Appearance may push a musical reputation, but can never win it or keep it. Miss Hyde sang two of Madame Sainton-Dolby's songs very charmingly, "Three Sprays of Heather," and "The Little Maiden;" in the last she was encored. Miss Hyde possesses sensibility. She has a sweet pure voice, and a good manner, but she lacks force. From Miss Hyde's physique we expect more than we get. From Miss Hilda Coward's we get more than we expect. I was delighted with Miss Winifred Robinson's playing of the andante and finale of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto. The young lady looks about fifteen, and is, of course, a pupil of M. Sainton. Her fingering is singularly firm and correct, whilst her style is free, if not yet quite emancipated; perhaps a touch of deeper feeling will come with the coming years. But, without that touch—the "sens intime"—the violin seems to be without its heart. Madame Sainton-Dolby's three concerts are announced for April 23, July 9, and Dec. 17. After Christmas, musical London looks for the appearance of M. Joachim.

THE BARREL ORGAN.

Tune.—Skeletons at the Christmas Board.

HERE'S a typical table, most lavishly spread!
Here's a typical host, in his chair at its head!
And here, in a row on his left and his right,
With their faces shown up in the glow of warm light,
Are the typical guests, such as now may be found,
Full many a well-ordered table around;
Yes, here are the guests, and we think 'twould be well
To see what the tales are their faces all tell;
And to find out what truth in the saying abides—
That each breast, like each cupboard, a skeleton hides.
Aye, let us endeavour to settle at least,
What skeletons haunt this gay Christmastide feast!

The Host is all smiles, and e'en foes would allow
There is "Honesty" written full large on his brow.
He knows that his fortune was fairly made,
He knows his just debts have been righteously paid,
He can boast, if he would, that throughout the past year
His course has been candid, and kind, and sincere;
And yet, could we know, spite his genial smile,
A sorrow is gnawing his heartstrings the while,
For an act of dishonour, alas! has been done
By his much-beloved boy, now a fugitive son!
So we in this prodigal outcast at least,
May one skeleton find that is haunting the feast!

The Guest on his right has an income untold;
He smells, as they say in the City, of gold.
His house is a palace; his proud ostentation
Is ever the theme for the snob's admiration.
And yet, as he sits in his chair, all around
The skeleton forms of his victims abound.
The widows and orphans on whom he has preyed,
And out of whose pittance his fortune he's made;
The dupes of the schemes he's contrived to promote,
And of villanous swindles he's managed to float.
'Tis an army he sees of these victims at least
As, like skeletons grim, they crowd round at the feast.

Spectacles scientifically adapted to assist & strengthen the weakest sights by Mr. Laurance, F.S.S., Oculist Optician, 1a, Old Bond-st.

By the side of this Capel-court Crœsus we see
A Lady who seems in dire anguish to be!
Though the laugh waxes louder, she sits still as death,
As though she were fearful of drawing a breath.
The weight of some crime, then, must lie on her soul—
Some horrible nightmare her senses control!
Go close, though, and what in the distance looked fair,
You will find is a ruin art's tried to repair:
A hag, just enamelled, face, shoulders, and back,
Who is stricken with terrible dread lest she crack!
'Tis a skeleton, scraggy and bony, at least,
Which haunts this be-Racheled old dowager's feast.

As the Hag's *vis-à-vis* sits a Heavy-browed Man,
A patron of every beneficent plan;
His cheque any charity safely can claim,
Provided it's certain they publish his name!
But yet, though persistent his good actions are,
Some thoughts seems his present enjoyment to mar.
Can it be that he thinks of the filth-reeking courts,
From whose half-starving tenants his wealth he extorts?
Does he see all the wan and the fever-racked crowd
That to rot in his pestilent dens he's allowed?
Aye, it may be he sees his last victim at least,
Like a skeleton grim gliding in to the feast.

The Girl by his side is as fair as she's young,
With charms which might well by a poet be sung!
Her voice is sweet melody; when she is dumb,
Looks sweeter than music from out her eyes come.
Her breath is a perfume, her touch is a spell,
And yet bitter thoughts in her heart seem to dwell.
And, listen! She sighs! Yes, in spite of her smiles,
She remembers the man she's just killed with her wiles;
A lover she jilted, cast off like a glove,
And who died when he knew she was false to his love.
There's a transient sigh of remorse, at the least,
As she watches his skeleton come to the feast!

On the opposite side sits a shaven Divine,
Who seems at a table intended to shine;
For the laughter is loud as this racy D.D.
Tells tales of his long-left Colonial See.
And yet, in the pauses of mirth, it is plain
Some sight or some thought fills his bosom with pain.
Is he thinking that, whilst he is living in ease,
His flock is untended away o'er the seas?
And can his mind's eye see the weak native church
He is paid to protect, but has left in the lurch?
Or is it the donors, whose mites have increased
His pay as a Bishop, he sees at the feast?

The Officer placed at the Hostess's side
Has performed daring deeds which are talked of with pride;
He has slaughtered, that is, scores of badly-armed foes,
And is therefore allowed as a hero to pose.
Yet see how he winces again and again,
As the wind, in fierce gusts, blows the sleet 'gainst the pane.
In truth, he is thinking of one whose frail form
May e'en, as he sits there, be facing the storm,—
A poor trusting girl, whom he's doomed to the street,
And who, brave as he is, he would tremble to meet.
Look, now, how his evident dread has increased!
He, too, has a skeleton here at the feast!

And so we might visit, in turn, every guest,
And find that a skeleton lurks in each breast;
The thought of some sin, some remembrance of sorrow,
Some yesterday's ghost, or some dread of to-morrow!
We should find they are playing but pre-arranged parts,
In which they'd fain hide what is locked in their hearts;
That a villain may mask keen remorse with a smile;
That the merriest feaster may falter the while;
That the calmest demeanour dire anguish may hide;
That Grief's ever present though Mirth may preside!
And that, till the play of existence has ceased,
Grim skeletons ever will swarm at the feast!

Riding Habits.—Specialty of John Redfern & Sons. Ladies' Tailors by Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 26, Conduit-street, London, W. Also at Cowes, Paris, and New York

NOTES FROM PARIS.

QUEER, BUT TRUE.

MUCH indignation is being expended upon Mouchards of the class to which the late M. Morin belonged. The fair and exalted friends of M. Waldeck-Rousseau—and they are legion—implore him to enrol these men in a regular manner in the Department of Public Safety and the Prefecture of Police, so as to have them under his finger and thumb. This would be very well if he were always sure to remain at the Place Beauveau. But suppose he went, and an enemy took his place? The only way to suppress private-inquiry spying, and the false swearing which comes of it, is to re-establish divorce by mutual consent. It must be owned that this form of espionage is in one respect thoroughly impartial. The agent employed by a husband to get up a case against his wife will, when he has pocketed the fee, offer his services to the lady to enable her to defeat the suit that is being brought against her. At a recent dinner, at the house of Maître Georges Lachaud, to whom the Naquet law has opened a new and, there is reason to suppose, lucrative vein of business, the conversation, apropos of Madame Clovis Hugues, turned upon a case which was heard in the course of the week. A certain Bourse Baron was jealous of Madame la Baronne, whom he had solely married to serve as an advertising spouse, but with whom, to her horror, he fell seriously in love subsequent to their union. She understood when she was going to the hymeneal altar that she was every morning to ride in the Bois, to go to picture exhibitions, flower shows, and so on between one and five, then to take an airing in the Allée des Acacias, visit from five to six, dine at home or somewhere else *dans ses plus beaux atours*, and wind up by showing herself at the Français, the Italiens, or the Opera House. It was to be her business to get her equipages, dresses, jewels, dinners, and receptions talked of in the high-life journals, and to attract to her house rich admirers whose names might have a good effect in financial prospectuses. But while drawing them on, she was to make them feel that she was worthy to act as a priestess of Diana: the Baron on no account was to be made ridiculous.

This sort of thing went on for some time; but feminine vanity at length got sated, and the Baroness longed for simplicity and a spice of romance. In her muslin dresses she looked so captivating that her lord and master thought what a fool he had been to use her as an advertisement. This made him very wretched. He became possessed with the idea that he had a hidden rival, and he applied to an *Agence de Renseignements* to obtain the verification of his misfortune. A large fee was demanded. Some weeks later the Monsieur Morin who had been sent to spy the lady called on the Baron to inform him that a divorce case had been made out. He was a handsome fellow, and might have been an attaché to an embassy. The notes in his memorandum-book, which were countersigned by witnesses to the facts they set forth, were to this effect: "Saw Mdme. la Baronne X. enter a Maison Meublée in the Avenue d'Alba at one in the afternoon of Saturday,

"Liberty" Arabian Furniture and Decoration. A new Sketch-book post-free. Liberty & Co., Chesham House. Regent-street, W

Nov. —. Saw an aristocratic-looking gentleman follow her in. Waited until six, when they both came out together. Heard them appoint to meet at the same place and at the same hour on the following Monday. Witnessed, with two other agents, their arrival at the house and their departure thence together. Witnessed a third meeting." "Perfect!" cried the Baron, "that is, if it can be all proved." "Oh, you may be easy on that score," replied the stylish detective. "I think I deserve a handsome reward, and, as I am in immediate need of money, I should be glad to receive it at once." "Certainly," said the Baron, who handed him several bank notes. "Another capital fact, which is not in my memorandum-book, remains to be told." "What is it?" "Before I tell it I shall require a supplementary fee of 300 francs. I have not stated who it was the Baroness met in the Avenue d'Alba." "No; but that surely should be comprised in the information already given." "You may think so, but I don't." "Well, here's the money, now let me know the name." The bank-notes were coolly put away in a pocket-book, and then the gentlemanly-looking agent astounded and confounded the Baron by saying: "It was I. You said you wanted evidence against Madame your wife, which would enable you to divorce her. I was directed by my employers to obtain it by hook or by crook. As I could get nothing to go upon, I followed her about, and acted the part of a despairing adorer, and besought her to have pity upon me. I have nothing more to say."

The suit was brought against the Baroness. Before it came on, a third and bouncing fee was demanded by the handsome agent as an indemnity for being obliged to appear in a compromising character. But throughout the facts of this case were stranger than fiction. The lady threw herself on her knees in court before the chief witness, whom she vowed she had never seen before. He appeared painfully agitated—as well he might; if what she said was true, he had let himself in for a charge of swindling, which liability was explained to him by the pursuer's counsel. The Baroness continued to weep, implore, and deny. The Judges were all *attendris*, and the President appealed to the moral feeling of the witness; and not in vain, for he said, in answer, "It is never too late to repent. I have cruelly wronged the lady. She is perfectly innocent. But I was in distressed circumstances; was offered a large bribe to make her out guilty, and yielded to the temptation." The young man has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for calumny. The lady is suing her husband for conspiracy and cruelty. It is quite on the cards that, if she gets a divorce and remarries, it will be to the penitent detective.

SPORTING NOTES.

THERE is a shoal of turf statistics at the end of every season, and among so many laborious compilations it is no small distinction to be the most ridiculous and misleading. I should think that in such a competition it is as near as possible a dead heat between the lists of successful jockeys and of winning owners. As to the former, it is utterl foolish and absurd to attach the smallest significance to the achievements of a few fashionable riders who in these degenerate days are able to pick their mounts. Nothing can be more flagrantly dishonest than to eulogise these "popular" riders at the expense of others; for, under the circumstances, it would be marvellous indeed if they did *not* succeed in being far ahead of their brethren. To rave of their "skill" when discussing the season's score is analogous to commending the luck of a man who cheats at cards. These glorified stable-boys are never mentioned in some journals except to be magnified, and never has there been so much scandalous gossip in connection with jockeys, for if one quarter of what is said is true, half of them must have graduated in the school of Barabbas.

The list of winning owners is compiled on a preposterous principle, for it simply means that each name is credited with the gross amount of stakes won, without even the forfeits being deducted. It must, of course, be apparent that what may be termed the preliminary expenses of an owner are enormous, if he keeps a large stud. To say nothing of the capital which is originally sunk in the purchase of race-horses, there are the great and manifold expenses of training and racing them. Lord Falmouth, whose "gains" were, ignorantly or dishonestly, discussed every year, had often a forfeit account of £1,000 after a great meeting at which his colours had been unfortunate, and Mr. Stirling Crawfurd was frequently a sufferer to a still larger amount, as he patronised handicaps quite as freely as weight-for-age stakes. The first place on the English list is filled this year by Mr. Hammond, who has won £14,800, including the value of the Baden Jubilee Prize. In reality, however, Mr. Lefevre is entitled to be placed at the top of the list, for he has won £29,600, of which £19,700 was secured in France, principally through Archiduc, who proved a most remunerative investment. Mr. Lefevre deserves to win, for he possesses one of the largest and most costly studs in Europe. The Duc de Castries is first on the French list, with £20,200, of which more than half was contributed by Little Duck, while most of the rest was won at meetings in the south of France, where his horses have an advantage, as, being bred at Moulins, they are entitled to start for numerous stakes from which horses bred in Normandy and other northern departments are excluded. Count Hallez-Claparede and Baron de Soubeyran are the "confederates" of the Duc de Castries. Not only do these French owners beat the best English score by several thousands, but we are also behind the Americans; for Mr. Lorillard has won £16,800 (over £7,000 with a two-year-old filly by Mortemer), and Mr. Corrigan, the leading owner in the Western States, comes next to him with £14,400. Mr. Hammond, whose highest score hitherto has been £1,500 last year, has *really* won most of the amount with which he is credited, as he has only a small stud, and his horses have never been heavily engaged, so there has been no long bill for forfeits. His great and continued "luck" has been a congenial and fertile theme for the rhapsodies of the sporting papers, and he has been compared with the late Baron Rothschild in 1871; but all auriferous mushrooms should remember that the spring-tide of good fortune is invariably followed, sooner or later,

by an ebb which runs in proportion to the original flow. This is as certain as that thunder follows lightning. Baron Rothschild, during the two seasons which followed his great year, languished under a persistent run of ill-luck, which in half the time would have amply sufficed to relegate any plunger to the great company of the defeated. Mr. Hammond cannot expect to be so high up next year, as St. Gatien and Florence will be well taken care of in handicaps, and there are not many weight-for-age races which they are likely to win, because there are comparatively few really rich stakes which will be open to them, and in the Cups St. Simon will be a troublesome opponent. R. Peck is second on the list, with £11,900, while last year he won £16,500. The collapse of Superba was a grievous blow to the hopes of these colours, and Grosvenor, her two-year-old half-brother, by Muncaster, has been turned out of training. The Duke of Westminster is third, with £11,700. He has occupied a high place every year since he took to racing; but his two-year-olds were heavily engaged, and none of them distinguished themselves in any special degree, so a large sum must have gone in forfeits. On four stakes there was £550 to pay. Sandiway, Cambusmore, and the useful Whipper-in (purchased at the Blankney sale in 1880, at the same time as Shotover) were the principal contributors. "Mr. Manton" has won £11,500, but the amount cannot cover the expenses of the stud, which was egregiously mismanaged during the early part of the season. His numerous high-priced two-year-olds all turned out ignominious failures; and as they had been engaged in the most reckless manner, the forfeits must have amounted to several thousands. Mr. L. Rothschild, with £10,800, has about paid his outlay; there cannot be much profit, considering the extent of his stud; and Sir George Chetwynd's nominal £9,200 will be wofully reduced when all expenses have been paid, for his successes (so far as Kingwood is concerned) have been gained in plates and small handicaps, and this is a most costly and troublesome species of sport.

The Duke of Portland has risen from £2,200 to £8,700, thanks mainly to St. Simon and to Langwell, who has well repaid the 1,150 gs. which he cost at Hampton Court last year. The Duke would now have possessed a good Derby favourite in Rosy Morn if that colt had not turned roarer. Mr. R. Vyner owes most of his £8,600 to Lambkin, who is about as moderate a horse as ever won the Leger. Lord Zetland has £8,500, and, if St. Helena goes on well, he may do still better next year. Mr. Jardine is next, with £8,400; and then come Lord Alington and Mr. Baird. Lord Rosebery has been singularly unfortunate, having won only £5,500, against £10,000 last year; but of late he has been cursed with a lot of wretchedly bad horses. The Duke of Hamilton's colours have also been under an eclipse, for he is down from £12,500 to £3,700. Lord Bradford has been very unlucky since 1882, when he won £12,000; for last year he was only credited with £1,200, and this year he has £2,500, which will barely settle his account at Weatherby's, for his yearlings are always freely engaged. Mr. Houldsworth and Prince Soltykoff have done still worse. A remarkable feature has been the success of owners with only one horse. Mr. Foy won £4,800 with Scot Free; Mr. Quartermaine East, £2,700 with Necromancer (sold the other day for £2,500); Lord Manners, £2,400 with Sir Reuben, most of which, however, was lost over that horse during his disastrous autumn campaign; and Mr. Long, £2,200 with Dame Agnes, who is regarded by clever people as the best outsider (though no "outside" odds are forthcoming) in the Derby.

The forfeit recently declared for the Eclipse Stakes, to be run at Sandown in July, 1886, throws considerable light on the future, as we learn from it both what horses are expected to be still in training in 1886, and also those for whom either a long career is not anticipated, or else that are supposed to be non-stayers. Among the latter who have been scratched are, St. Honorat (whose hare-brained backers for the "classic" events ought to heed the tip), Risingham, Blue Grass, and Grecian Bend. The "left in" lot includes St. Simon, St. Gatien, Duke of Richmond, Fra Diavolo (M. Aumont's French crack of last season, who was poisoned by some miscreants in the spring), Necromancer, Royal Hampton, Lambkin, and St. Helena. Of course, there is an immense "dark" contingent, which may very possibly include some "flyers" of the highest class, but the race would still be one of the principal events of the year even if it dwindled down to a match between St. Simon and St. Gatien; although, of course, it is possible that they may meet at Ascot next June.

MAMMON.

THE NEW AMERICAN LAND BILL.

SOME time ago I referred to the intention of the American Government to enforce the existing laws bearing on the illegal conveyance of land to foreign capitalists and corporations, and to supplement the same by further legislation. The representatives of the Anglo-American Land Companies at the time objected to my remarks; but in the light of the latest cable news from Philadelphia, even they will admit, I should think, that there was good ground for uneasiness.

It is stated that the Committee on Public Lands of the American House of Representatives has unanimously resolved to report a Bill providing that no aliens shall acquire a title or hold land within the limits of the United States. As far as appears at present, the measure is intended to be retrospective, dictated as it is by a general uneasiness at the fact that large tracts of land have been secured by foreign, chiefly British, private capitalists and Corporations. The several Cattle Ranche Companies, started chiefly with Scotch money during the last few years, will probably be most seriously affected by the Bill. The note of warning, which I have so repeatedly sounded, as to British investments in American Land and Land Mortgage Companies, is thus fully borne out. Arbitrary and high-handed as the proceedings of the United States Legislature in this matter must be characterised, its action is nevertheless an ugly fact which must be reckoned with, as dealing a heavy blow to British investments in that country.

John Shaw, Share Broker, Wardrobe-chambers, Queen Victoria-st. deals at tape prices at an inclusive commission of one-sixteenth. Four tapes in office. Telephone 1578. Buys and sells stocks for delivery at one-eighth, and pays cash if desired.

A COLLIERY COMPANY.

A Welsh correspondent writes to call attention to the Neath Abbey and Dyffryn Estates Colliery Company, for which subscriptions are being invited. He says that in 1879 a similar Company was brought forward with a share capital of £250,000, and a debenture capital of £210,000. Amongst the directors was John Newall Moore, Esq. The Company went into liquidation in 1878, and the collieries were sublet to Mr. John Newall Moore for twenty-one years, at a minimum rent of £5,000 per annum, as from March, 1878, payable half-yearly. By the printed statement of accounts issued by the trustees to the debenture-holders of the first Company, it appears that Mr. Moore is in arrears for rent and royalties to a considerable amount. If all this be correct, I hardly think that any one will be wise in taking either shares or debentures in the new venture.

A COFFEE TAVERN.

The complaint is, that these taverns do not pay in London. The reasons are, that the coffee which they provide is generally detestable; and that they are badly managed, because any decent, but decayed, person out of employment is supposed to be able to manage one. Mr. Etzenberger is the well-known manager of the Midland Hotel. He has invented a coffee-machine, and he is determined to show how coffee-taverns ought to be managed, in order to place them on a paying basis. With this object in view, he has opened one in the Tottenham Court-road, which he invited me a day or two ago to inspect. The tavern is divided into "first class," with a ladies' room, and "second class." With the latter I was mainly interested, because I have always thought that the best way to make men and women temperate is to give them some place where they can sit, drink, smoke, and chat, besides the public-house. The "second class" is a large room, where there is accommodation for about 150 people. Along one side is a bar; the room is comfortable, and exceedingly well ventilated. Now for statistics.

To make 80 large cups of coffee:—1 lb. of coffee, 1s. 3d., makes 3 gallons = 60 cups; 1 gallon of milk, 1s. = 20 cups; 7 lb. of sugar, 1s. 9d.; total, 4s. This, sold at 1d. per cup, gives a profit of 32d. Twenty-four rolls at 1s., sold at 1d. each, give a profit of 1s. A household loaf costs 5d.; butter costs 2d.; sold at two thick-buttered slices for 1d., the profit is 5d. One pound of tea, costing 2s., makes 200 cups; add 1 gallon of milk, costing 1s., and making 20 cups, and 7 lb. of sugar, costing 1s. 9d. Sell for 1d. per cup, and the profit is 163d. At Mr. Etzenberger's coffee-tavern the staff consists of two girls to serve behind the counter, and one man to clean tables, windows, &c. Customers are expected to go to the counter, and to take their coffee, bread, &c., to their table. Thus, it is clear that a man may feed himself for 6d. per day, and do so in a comfortable place, well warmed and lighted; for no one will ever convince me that any one can really suffer from hunger, who has six large hunks of bread-and-butter and three large cups of coffee, milk, and sugar per diem. Both coffee and tea are made in machines of Mr. Etzenberger's invention. These machines are very cleverly constructed, so as to get everything out of the tea and of the coffee used. Mr. Etzenberger heats them by steam, and has a small, two-horse engine in the basement, which is worked by a boy; but they might, of course, be heated with gas, or with a spirit-lamp. I recommend all who wish to start a coffee-tavern to go themselves and inspect the one which is now opened at 120, Tottenham Court-road. Both the coffee and the tea are excellent, and Mr. Etzenberger is convinced that it will pay not only interest upon cost of installation, but a considerable trade profit in addition.

At present, provisions are wondrously cheap. But consumers—and especially those who are poor—are not deriving full benefit from this cheapness, because the mode of distribution is faulty, and many of the middle-men, whilst they buy cheap, still continue to sell dear. Look, for instance, at meat. New Zealand mutton is better than English mutton. Whenever a person gets a specially good leg, he may take it for certain that it is from New Zealand. This mutton is retailed by those who openly sell it at 8½d. per lb., delivered; the butchers, however, as a rule, charge the "fine old English" price for it.

LIFE ASSURANCE.

Among the communications which have lately reached me are the following, which fully bear out what I have said on previous occasions as to the inadequate returns made by many of our British offices to their policy-holders:—

19, St. Swithin's-lane, E.C.

With reference to your recent articles comparing the result obtained by Life Insurance in English and American offices respectively, the following instance may possibly be of interest. Twenty-one and a half years ago, when a youth, I insured my life in an office for £100 with profits. Three years afterwards the office amalgamated with the Standard Life Office, and understanding that by transferring my policy to that office I was to share in all the benefits of a policy holder in the Standard, I consented to so transfer my policy. Since the issue of the policy, I have paid in cash £39. 11s. 11d. for premiums, namely, £33. 16s. 3d. to the Standard, and £5. 15s. 8d. to its predecessor. The bonuses accrued have amounted to the total nominal sum of £15. 11s. 3d. (growing less each time), and the present surrender value of the policy and bonuses is £16. 15s. 1d.! When the policy was effected I could have got an immediate paid-up policy for £100 by a lump payment of about £34. After having paid £39. 11s. 11d. over a series of twenty-one and a-half years, I find I could now obtain a paid-up policy by the payment down of the further sum of £30. 15s. 4d. I have endeavoured to get some explanation from the secretary of this extraordinary and most unsatisfactory result, but without success.—Yours truly. J. H. Munday.

J. F. writes as follows:—

The enclosed composition statement is a genuine instance which has recently occurred. The gentleman was 84, and had paid just £100,000 in premiums. His executors received only £77,000—that is to say, £23,000 less than had been paid, saying nothing of interest. This account shows that the only office which behaved handsomely was the Provident Life Office, 50, Regent-street, W., which paid nearly £4,000 over and above moneys received. I imagine this statement will be of interest to your readers, as it somewhat bears on the subject to which you have recently alluded:—

Office.	Sum Assured.	Annual Premium.	Number of Annual Premiums paid.	Total Amount of Annual Prems.	Bonuses added by the Office.	Total Amount received by the Assured.
	£	£. s. d.		£	£. s. d.	£. s. d.
The Provident Life Office	5,000	165 4 2	62	10,242	9,176 6 0	14,176 6 0
Office, No. 2 ...	3,000	88 2 4	62	5,463	2,637 1 7	5,637 1 7
,, No. 3 ...	3,000	91 10 0	62	5,673	558 15 7	3,558 15 7
,, No. 4 ...	5,000	226 13 4	61	13,827	7,125 0 0	12,125 0 0
,, No. 5 ...	5,000	210 0 0	61	12,810	3,589 0 10	8,589 0 10
,, No. 6 ...	5,000	236 9 2	59	13,951	8,489 3 4	13,489 3 4
,, No. 7 ...	3,000	126 0 0	59	7,434	794 4 11	3,794 4 11
,, No. 8 ...	5,000	393 6 8	42	16,520	3,366 0 4	8,366 0 4
,, No. 8 ...	5,000	315 0 0	42	13,230	2,136 7 10	7,136 7 10
				99,150		76,872 0 5

The result in many of these cases is miserable beyond conception, and points the lesson that insurers should make

Options.—Explanatory Pamphlet on Stock Exchange Options, post-free. John Abbott & Co., Stock and Share Brokers, 21 and 22, Palmerston Buildings, London, E.C.

every inquiry before committing themselves to a Life Office. It is, perhaps, not to be expected that certain organs of the Insurance Press, notoriously supported by British offices, should lay bare the shortcomings of their patrons, but my readers will agree with me that, were they to do so instead of throwing the mud which seems to be their natural element, they would be more usefully employed, so far as the public is concerned, if less profitably so as regards themselves.

The following letter has been forwarded to me from Melbourne with the last report of the Australian Mutual Provident Society :—

47, Collins-street West, Melbourne, Oct. 17, 1884.

Having read an article in your issue of August 28th on Life Insurance, reflecting on the meagre information given by some English offices to their constituents, I forward by this mail, under separate cover, a copy of the report of the "Australian Mutual Provident Society," in which I have been insured for twenty-five years. The information given in this report will probably interest you, and will show that the views expressed in your article have been to some extent acted on in this colony.—I am, &c.,

Thomas Alston.

I am glad to find that the voluminous document forwarded by my correspondent is replete with information on the Society's position from all points of view, including a detailed list of the investments. The directors of this, the largest Australian Life Office, which was established in 1849, have not followed the policy of secrecy persisted in by so many British offices, but have deemed it advisable to take the members into their confidence, and to give them all the information which they themselves possess regarding the institution. As the actuary's report has it,

"This proceeding, it is not too much to say, was fully appreciated by the members and the public, inasmuch as it enabled all interested in the Society to judge for themselves of its stability and resources. . . . . The advantage which the Society has derived from the publication of the information, which has, from time to time, been communicated to the members regarding what might be called the inner life of its operations, must be obvious; the course adopted has secured for it a public confidence such as has rarely or never fallen to the lot of any similar institution. The truth is, the day has gone by when the actuary of a life assurance society could be said to have adequately performed his work when called upon to make the periodical valuation of the liabilities of his office for the purpose of ascertaining the amount of surplus available for distribution if he merely reported the bare results of his investigations. Would the members of this, or the policy-holders of any other, life assurance society be satisfied in the present day with the meagre statements regarding assets and liabilities which it was the custom of life offices to permit some twenty years ago?"

The answer is that, unfortunately, policy-holders and members of British offices have still to content themselves with such meagre and antiquated information, while the above-mentioned Colonial office voluntarily communicates particulars regarding its affairs more ample and detailed than are required by any Legislature, and very similar in their extent to those given by the American life offices, to which I have repeatedly drawn attention. Why should not our British offices take a leaf out of the book of this great Australian society?—the rapid progress of which is shown at a glance by the following table, which gives the Society's business in force at each of the last four quinquennial epochs :—

Quinquennium.	Policies in force.	Sums assured.	Annual premiums.
4th	8,888	£3,865,714	£138,784
5th	17,511	6,977,795	249,187
6th	35,218	13,392,121	457,680
7th	55,729	20,298,409	676,199

It is indeed satisfactory to find that life assurance is so prosperous in Australia, and that liberal and progressive ideas take the lead there in insurance circles.

Profitable Investments.—Our circular for December, now ready, contains particulars of several selections, paying from Five to Ten per Cent., in the safest and best paying class of securities, viz.:—Trust, Mortgage, and Investment Companies.—Abbott Page & Co., Stockbrokers, 48, Poultry, London, E.C.

QUEER STORIES.

A MYSTERIOUS MURDER.

Part I.

Somewhere in the North Riding of Yorkshire is Darkhurst Manor, the ancient residence of the Catholic family of Vanstone. Darkhurst has belonged to the Vanstones from time immemorial; parts of the old house are supposed to date from the Early Norman period; there is a chapel on the premises wherein are laid the bones of generations of Vanstones, and for miles round the head of the house is looked upon as a sort of petty king. The family has never enjoyed a very good reputation for the humbler virtues. The Vanstones, as a rule, did not care much about respectability. The men were generally soldiers, sailors, or aimless wanderers on the face of the earth, and the women were frequently the heroines of scandals in high life and *causes célèbres*. No Vanstone ever turned priest or lawyer. The old house itself seemed to suit the tone of its proprietors. It was a grim, forbidding-looking pile of irregular buildings, with a gloomy lake in front, and a mass of thick trees on either side. In the stiff, formal garden there was a mausoleum, and one or two railed-off plots, supposed to be the tombs of long-forgotten ancestors. There was not another house of any description within more than a mile of Darkhurst, and on one side a wild stretch of moorland came up within a couple of hundred yards of the grounds.

Needless to say, Darkhurst was haunted by a more than the ordinary allowance of family ghosts. There was a white lady, and a gentleman who habitually carried his head in his hands; there was a blood-stain on the floor of a musty attic, and a sort of banshee in the kitchen garden. The Vanstones themselves had long since become inured to ghostly visitants and supernatural manifestations, and nervous servants were promptly discharged with a month's wages and scant sympathy.

When Owen Vanstone succeeded to the family property by the unexpected death of an elder brother, no one had the faintest idea in what part of the globe he was to be found. After a few months, however, spent in diligent search by private detectives, the new squire was discovered in a quiet and out-of-the-way corner of Italy. He was a roving, good-for-nothing vagabond, this Owen, and nobody was much surprised to hear that, while in Italy, he had contracted a somewhat undesirable marriage with a daughter of the country. Some people said that she was the discarded wife of a *roué* nobleman, some alleged she was the daughter of a Calabrian innkeeper, while others went so far as to assert that she was the actual head of a flourishing band of brigands. Owen Vanstone had only two

relations who could be expected to have any trustworthy information on the subject—his mother and a married sister. But old Mrs. Vanstone lived by herself in a lonely dower-house, and was a stern, uncommunicative woman; while Lady Dolby was yachting with her husband in foreign seas. So the local gossips were fain to be content to await the coming of the new heir and his mysterious bride. In due time they arrived, but without the customary rejoicings, triumphal arches, and ringing of bells. A telegram preceded them only by a few hours, and the housekeeper at Darkhurst Manor was terribly fluttered at the shortness of the time left her for preparation. However, she managed to get things straight after a fashion, and, knowing her master's exceedingly awkward temper, she took good care not to make any complaint when he appeared.

Vanstone had not improved by foreign travel. He looked a good ten years older than his age, which Mrs. Bell knew to be thirty-three. His face, too, seemed worn, and there was a curious expression in his eyes, a watchful, suspicious expression, which was somewhat unpleasant to meet. His wife, of course, accompanied him, and there was an Italian maid and a cosmopolitan valet. The lady looked tired and cross, but she was certainly very handsome, and by no means impressed the Darkhurst household with the idea that her birth was either lowly or obscure. But she was a foreigner, and spoke little or no English, and the servants did not take to her kindly. Why, they asked, did Mr. Owen bring his wife home in this hole-and-corner fashion unless he was ashamed of her?

The few county families in the neighbourhood of Darkhurst called upon the Vanstones, as in duty bound, but their civilities met with very little response. The new squire seemed to be a gloomy, morose man, and his wife scarcely ever appeared in public. Stories of the most extraordinary description circulated about this curious couple, but Vanstone was evidently indifferent to public opinion, and determined to go his own way. So far as the servants could judge, he and his wife were affectionate enough after their own fashion. She was marvellously beautiful, and he was sometimes almost extravagant in his devotion. Occasionally, however, there was a violent quarrel, passionate reproaches on his side being followed by outbursts of hysterical weeping on hers, and then for weeks together the two lived almost apart, speaking but rarely, and meeting only at meal-times. As time went on, things grew a little more peaceful at Darkhurst. The quarrels were rarer, and Mrs. Vanstone was seen more frequently out of her own house. People began to think that, after all, the Vanstones would reform, and become decent and useful members of the county society. The more charitably disposed said that it was natural enough for Vanstone to keep his wife in seclusion until she knew the English language, and had some opportunity of learning British manners and customs.

It was about six months after Owen Vanstone had come to Darkhurst. Cover-shooting was on, and he had gone so far as to ask two or three friends to help him to slay the pheasants. Cords, the head-keeper, and his assistants had been anxiously watching the well-stocked preserves for weeks, determined that their master's first impression of the sport at Darkhurst should be a good one. One evening, early in October, Cords was strolling through the home coverts, a quarter of a mile or so from the manor, when he caught sight of a dark form among the trees. The sturdy Yorkshireman at once thought of poachers, and crouched down in the underwood to get a better look at the stranger. He was a curious sort of poacher. He wore a slouched hat of a kind Cords had never seen, and was wrapped up in a long dark cloak, which left nothing of him visible except a pair of high boots. Cords did not like the look of him at all, and at once concluded that he must have felonious intentions upon either the pheasants or the plate. So he crept a few paces nearer, and waited. The stranger appeared to have missed his way; he glanced about in a perplexed fashion, and peered amongst the trees as if in search of a path. Presently, he seemed to have made up his mind, and started off towards the house. But it happened that he took the exact direction of Cords's hiding-place, and half-a-dozen paces brought him fairly up against that worthy, as he rose from the ground.

"What art doin' yere?" growled Cords, making a grab at the other's collar.

The stranger drew back with considerable agility and a muttered oath. The keeper, nothing daunted, advanced to effect a capture, but the other suddenly produced a long and very unpleasant-looking knife, brandished it in the keeper's eyes, and, as he hesitated an instant, dived into the underwood and disappeared.

"If ar 'd on'y had ma goon, my fine gentleman!" cried Cords, as he plunged after the retreating figure. But pursuit in the gathering darkness was hopeless, and the keeper went on his way, feeling exceedingly savage and somewhat small. Another two hundred yards, and the gamekeeper emerged on a long, straight drive leading to the Manor. As he did so he started again, and instinctively clutched his stick, for straight in front of him was another figure. But a glance satisfied him that this time it was Mr. Vanstone, and not the black-cloaked stranger.

"Good evenin', sir," said Cords, "have you seen anybody about?"

"No."

"I met a queer-lookin' chap in there; mebbe a poacher."

"Why queer-looking?" asked Vanstone.

"Well, he had a black cloak on, a soft hat, and tall boots. Carried a knife, too."

"You met a man just now like that?" asked Vanstone, speaking very slowly; "did you notice anything else about him?"

Cords thought his master's voice sounded hollow and strange. He could not see his face, but he heard his breath come quick and short.

"He had black eyes and curly hair, like a organ-grinder."

A passionate oath broke from Vanstone; he said no more, but strode rapidly towards the house, muttering to himself, while the keeper followed at a respectful distance, greatly wondering at his master's singular emotion.

Mr. Vanstone entered the front door, while Cords betook himself to the servants' hall, where he greatly interested and alarmed a group of admiring servant girls with a graphic description of the mysterious trespasser. He did not, however, say anything about the effect which the apparition had produced upon his master.

That evening Mr. Vanstone ordered his clothes to be packed and announced his intention of going for a couple of

days to London. He seemed to be on particularly affectionate terms with his wife, and spent the evening in her boudoir. The next morning he drove off early in his dog-cart and caught the first express south. The night after Vanstone's departure was wild and stormy. The wind swept across the desolate moor and whistled dismally among the long dark avenues. The servants sat up later than usual, the more weak-minded ones being afraid to go to bed, while the case-heardened old butler told grim stories of the Darkhurst ghosts, and mightily enjoyed the effect his narratives produced upon the shuddering circle. One of the younger footmen, who had but recently arrived from London, was particularly awe-stricken. He sat in open-mouthed horror while the stories of the white lady and of the headless gentleman were unfolded to him. "Lor, Mr. Bootles," he at length ventured to remark, "'ow ever dare you stay in such a 'ouse?"

"Because I knows when I've got a good berth, you young jackass," growled the butler, and James Flint subsided into silence amidst the giggling of the servant girls. But when James retired to his somewhat narrow bed he found it utterly hopeless to attempt to sleep. He lay awake for hours, quaking with fright at every successive moan of the wind, and waiting in agony for the appearance of the white lady through the rattling window or the creaking door. The night was interminable, and the footman vowed that nothing would induce him to stay in such a terrible house. At length, just as he was on the point of falling asleep from sheer exhaustion, a sound broke upon his ears which seemed to freeze his very blood. It was a woman's shriek, a despairing muffled cry which no wind could ever produce. It sounded a long way off, but James Flint thought it must be close upon him, and with a yell of abject terror he sprang out of bed and rushed towards the butler's room. He could hear Bootles snoring, and he burst in without further ceremony.

"Oh, Mr. Bootles!" he screamed, "Murder, murder; somebody's been killed!"

The butler awoke deliberately, and struck a match.

"Oh, it's you, is it? You infernal young idiot!"

"For Heaven's sake come and see what's the matter," whimpered the boy.

"Go to the devil," rejoined the butler, blowing out the light. "Have you never heard the banshee? Go back to bed, and if you wake me again I'll skin you alive!"

So James crept back to his bed and lay shuddering with fright until daylight. But when Teresina, the lady's-maid, went to call her mistress in the morning, she rushed out of the room with a terrible scream, and fainted dead away in the passage. The other servants gathered round her awe-stricken, and, for some time, no one dared to re-enter the chamber. At length came the housekeeper, who, feeling the necessity of showing a brave front, hardened her heart, and headed a small expedition of discovery. And this is what she saw:—The room was in complete disorder. Drawers had been smashed open, jewel-cases shattered, and wardrobes forced. There had evidently been a terrible struggle, for one chair was broken to pieces, and the carpet had been torn up in places. The window was wide open, and the sash was marked by muddy boots. Lying half-dressed across the bed was Stephania Vanstone, dead and cold, her splendid eyes almost forced from their sockets, and staring upwards in glassy horror; her face blue and swollen, and her snow-white neck blackened by murderous fingers. The terrified women could see that she had been strangled, for the marks of the villain's hands were plainly visible. There was blood upon the carpet, and, on looking more closely, they saw that the unfortunate lady's jaw had been broken, and three or four of her teeth knocked out by a tremendous blow in the mouth. Mrs. Bell sternly silenced the chattering of the younger servants, and sent a groom for a doctor and the police, while she arranged the room, and decently covered the body of her luckless mistress. Presently the doctor and the local constable arrived. Mrs. Vanstone was past human aid; she had been violently strangled, most probably by a robber whom she had disturbed in the act of stealing her jewels. The policemen agreed with this theory. It was perfectly evident. The man had scaled the ivy-covered wall and opened the window. Mrs. Vanstone had surprised him, and he had murdered her. Moreover, he had got clean away with his booty, for many valuable jewels were missing. Under the window there were the marks of feet, and here the constable found something which almost solved the mystery, a black, slovenly hat of foreign make, such as is—or might be—worn by wandering Italians. Cords, the keeper, at once identified this hat as exactly resembling that worn by the mysterious cloaked stranger in the wood, and loudly bewailed his carelessness and bad luck in not having succeeded in capturing the murderous ruffian. But lamentations were useless; the constable took down all he could gather from Cords, and the available police force, aided by dozens of volunteer detectives, at once began to scour the country in search of the foreigner. A. telegram had, of course, been sent at once to Mr. Vanstone, and, later in the day, he returned to the Manor. His wife's horrible death had already produced a marked effect upon him. His face was ghastly pale, wrinkled, and worn; the suspicious look in his eyes was so intensified as to be absolutely painful; and the servants whispered to themselves that his hair had turned perceptibly grey. He went straight up to his wife's room and remained there a good hour, during which Mrs. Bell, who remained outside to warn off inquisitive passers-by, heard more than one groan of anguish, and wept silently in sympathy with her master's terrible grief.

Presently he came out with a white set face, and inquired if a search was being made for the assassin. The housekeeper noticed for the first time that he wore his right arm in a sling.

"Have you hurt your arm, sir" she inquired. "Can I do anything?"

"Nothing," he answered carelessly. "I have only broken a finger—got it jammed in a cab door," and he showed her his hand bound up and in splints.

For the next few days the entire local population, and several specially-summoned detectives, searched unceasingly for the murderer without the least success. An inquest was, of course, held; but no fresh evidence transpired.

The Scottish Widows' Fund, the oldest of the Scottish Life Assurance Offices. Accumulated Funds, £8,500,000 (the largest of any Life Assurance Institution in the kingdom). Special Notice. Persons effecting participating Assurances before 31st December, 1884, on which one annual premium is paid will rank at next Division of Profits for a full year's Bonus over later entrants.

There was really none to be given except that of the game-keeper and of the tell-tale hat. No one had the least doubt that some wandering ruffian had forced his way into Mrs. Vanstone's room in hopes of plunder, and had murdered her to prevent an alarm. So a verdict was returned of "Wilful Murder against some person or persons unknown," and the Darkhurst mystery was relegated to the list of undiscovered crimes. After his wife's funeral Owen Vanstone went abroad, his address being kept a secret from every one but his solicitor. The manor was shut up, and the servants paid off; the house was left to the bats and owls, and the country people gave it a wider berth than ever, and spoke in awestruck whispers of the terrible shriek which on dark and stormy nights was heard to echo through the wing where the murdered woman had slept.

(To be continued.)

OUR TOY COMPETITION AND EXHIBITION.

THERE can be no doubt as to the complete success of this year's Exhibition. The display of toys, both home-made and purchased, in the Banqueting-hall of Limmer's Hotel, was undoubtedly the "largest on record," and the number of people who crowded, on Friday and Saturday last, to see them was also proportionately larger than ever. Nor was it in number only that the Exhibitions of former seasons were surpassed. Never have the home-made toys, especially the model ones, excited more lively interest; never have the variety and excellence of the bought toys been more noticeable. The purchase of the latter toys, over 11,000 in all, was in itself no slight task. But, thanks to the kind and liberal way in which the chief toy-dealers, more particularly Messrs. Gorringe, Mr. Whiteley, and Mr. Cremer, junr., met Truth's wants, the money of the subscribers was laid out to the very best advantage.

Spacious as the room is, which Mr. Benskin had, for the third time, placed at the disposal of Truth, it was impossible to set out in it all the purchased toys. But many thousands were actually displayed, including all those larger and more expensive ones which are presented proportionately to the Hospitals and Workhouses for the general amusement of a ward. What a brave show they made many of the readers of these columns saw for themselves; but there are many country competitors and subscribers also, for whose benefit I should like, had I space, to describe the scene in detail. But that cannot be. It must suffice to say that, for the time being, Limmer's Large Banqueting Hall was turned into a kind of Lowther Arcardia and Fairy-land combined. All round the walls were wide tables, piled high with toys of every conceivable description—big toys, little toys, cheap toys, dear toys, instructive toys, mechanical toys, noisy toys, and quiet toys. There were dolls literally by thousands. Animals, too, admirably modelled, and each capable of making its distinctive noise, as the juvenile visitors soon found out. There were rocking-horses larger than Shetland ponies, nursery-yachts, puppet-shows, French bagatelle-boards, and grocers' and butchers' emporiums, these latter possessing every facility for unstinted indulgence in that captivating amusement of childhood known as "playing at shop."

In one corner of the room rose a Nankin-like tower, built entirely of boxes containing Crackers, presented by Tom Smith. A whole side-table had to be devoted to the quaint collection of Indian toys, elephants and pagodas, native figures, Brahmin Bulls, and what not, sent by Messrs. Procter & Co., of Oxford-street. Most eccentric, too, was the effect produced by the disposition in points of vantage of an assorted collection of grotesque theatrical masks, kindly contributed by Mr. Fox, of Great Russell-street, Covent Garden. In a conspicuous place, where it is certain they formed one of the chief fascinations of the show, were the 8,000 newly-minted sixpences, the gift of an anonymous donor; whilst flanking the glass case in which this £200 worth of shining white coins was deposited, were two substantial columns built up of large musical-boxes, which, thanks to the kindness of another anonymous donor (a lady in this case), will, in a day or two's time, be filling the wards of fifteen workhouses with lively melodies.

But I have left, for the moment, and purposely so, the description of the articles which covered the long table that filled the middle of the apartment. For it was on this table —the place of honour—that were displayed the Home-made Toys sent in by Truth's readers for competition as well as for distribution. It was here that the chief interest centred, and, as I think will be admitted when I describe some of its principal features, with good reason. I need scarcely say that I cannot pretend to make my account exhaustive. The Puzzle Editor will give next week a more systematic report of the competitive toys; all I can do is to jot down, for the sake, I repeat, of those country readers who were unable to see for themselves an exhibition in which many of them took actual part, some details of the more striking of the exhibits on this centre table. Let it be clearly understood, however, that I am not writing as either judge or jury. My report is that of a mere casual observer, and is in no way intended to foreshadow the coming award of prizes.

In offering 15 Guineas for prizes some months since, the Editor of Truth especially directed the attention of competitors to the making of what he called Model Toys. The result was that a majority of the more striking of the competitive toys were of this description; and one that was by common consent voted a marvel of patient and skilful ingenuity, was "A Model of the Seaside," the work of Mrs. Hobson, whose clever fingers, if I mistake not, constructed a Model Farm-yard for last year's Exhibition.

The locality of the scene is not stated, but it may be taken to be any popular watering-place in the height of its season. The model, covering many square feet, presents, in fact, a complete view in miniature of what life is in such a place. There are the Esplanade, the sands, and the sea, with the pier as the boundary at one end, and a ledge of rocks at the other. The whole of the space is covered with the most neatly-dressed *dramatis personæ*, each of them playing a part in the daily comedy of sea-side life. Frith's "Ramsgate Sands" are not more crowded with figures than Mrs. Hobson's model. She has seemingly forgotten no phase of marine existence. I tried to note all the various groups, but grew weary before I had jotted down half of them. In one corner a score or so of delighted Liliputians sit on the sand in a semicircle round a group of performing dogs. Punch and Judy is being exhibited farther on; and in another corner are the inevitable "niggers." Then there are the rows of bathing-machines, with their bathers; rifle-galleries, with their Cockney patrons, nursemaids, and their charges; coast-guardsmen, boatmen, acrobats, and cheap "trippers" lunching on the sands. There is the peripatetic photographer, too, the brass band, and the loungers on the pier. Even such a modern detail as the electric lamps on the Esplanade is not forgotten. The model is, in short, one that it is impossible to exhaust in anything like a cursory inspection. It requires some hours of close study, not only to detect all there is in it, but to appreciate also the wonderful neatness of the finish of its thousand and one details.

I am bound to say, though, that from the tone of current comment which I overheard, it would seem that the highly-original model of a cottage sent in by "Just in Time" was quite as popular with the visitors as the more elaborate model just described.

By way of explanation, let me remark that, as all readers of "Grimm's Fairy Stories" know, there is a tale called "Hansel and Grethel," which deals with the marvellous adventures of this juvenile brother and sister. The only part of these adventures I need recall is a certain journey of theirs to a forest, and their discovery there of a most wonderful cottage, which, strange to say, was built of gingerbread and roofed with cakes. Nay, more, its windows were transparent sugar, and I need not add that Hansel and Grethel, as soon as they were in the cottage, set about eating themselves literally out of house and home! Now, when I say that "Just in Time" has, in the model referred to, actually realised the toothsome wonders of that fairy cottage, the reason for its popularity, especially with the children, who lingered lovingly within smell of its iced-gingerbread walls, is at once made plain. The model cottage, indeed, outdoes the cottage in the forest; for, besides the gingerbread-and-cake details, the very gravel-path is cocoa, the snow is powdered sugar; there are out-houses roofed with ratafias; and a porch covered in with sticks of chocolate. The presence of a card guaranteeing the purity of the material used must, I imagine, have made the self-denial of the scores of "Hansels and Grethels" who passed by it all the more difficult.

In the centre of the middle table, towering high above

all the other exhibits, was a large model of a Christmas Ship, made by Miss Rose Maud Longden.

This gallant craft is not only fully-rigged and manned, and with sails all spread, but was sent in freighted with a seasonable cargo of toy-books, Christmas-cards, penknives, purses, pencils, and many other such things. And that no space might be lost, there are many bags of *bon-bon* ballast on board. The masts of this capital ship stand about three feet high, and altogether it is a most effective and useful toy.

Those who saw last year's Exhibition will not have forgotten Brian Boru's Football Kicking Automaton. This season the same ingenious competitor sends a much larger and more elaborate, though equally practicable, model of a muzzle-loading field-piece, on a scale of two and one-third inches to the foot, with gun-carriage, caissons, ammunition-boxes, rammer, artillerymen, and everything complete.

It is most substantially constructed, is this model, in every part, and the cannon can be made to fire a marble at a target, provided with a bell which rings when the bull's-eye is hit. I especially liked the thoroughly strong and English-like solidity of this amusing toy.

There was rather a run on seaside models. In addition to Mrs. Hobson's, Miss Edwards sent one of Margate Sands, not so elaborate, but showing much skill for so young a maker. Daisy Ellis, too, made a seaside model; and there was a fourth model, the work of Kerry Pippin, which deserves special notice, I consider, because it is a toy that can be played with as well as a model that can be only looked at.

Kerry Pippin has for this purpose not made any of the figures fixtures, but each of the dolls used is wired and can be taken out and placed on any other part of the beach, which is covered with small holes, into which they can be stuck. Thus, endless re-arrangements of the fishermen, visitors, acrobats, &c., can be made, to the certain delight of the children who are privileged to play with this admirable toy.

Several former competitors specially distinguish themselves. Roggee Shurt is one of these. Assisted by his two sons, G. L. and A. C. Hurst, he made a School-house and School, in which every possible detail is most carefully carried out.

The two rooms of the School-house are completely furnished, down even to such items as water-colours on the walls, flower-pots on the window-ledges, and fire-stove paper in the grate. In the playground are a swing and giants'-strides; whilst in the School, the twenty-one girls and boys have even their exercise-books and quill-pens (cut seemingly from a tomtit's wing) set ready for them. This model is, indeed, a marvel of minute finish, and speaks of long and patient labour.

Another competitor whose work I remember last season is Mrs. Salt, whose parent pig and litter of fine young ones attracted, this season, great and deserved attention. The modelling of these animals is marvellously close to life. A series of models by Mrs. J. Wilson Swan and her children, illustrating by tableaux the rhyme of "Sing a Song of Sixpence," was another very popular exhibit. The pie, the king in his counting house, the queen in the parlour, the maid in the garden, all fitly appear in these models with their proper surroundings. Especially praiseworthy is the drawing of the pen-and-ink pictures in the accompanying book of the words.

But I find I must condense my comments, for I noted many other toys; such as, for instance, Magellan's clever and useful Barrel organ and Monkey; Kit's Model of a Summer-house, made entirely of cedar spills, with a toy table ingeniously fashioned of a penny-piece, and duplex gas-burner; Lyceum's highly ingenious use of chestnuts and pins to form a Suite of Furniture; the large assorted collection, comprising a model Elephant, Five White Rabbits, a See-saw, and a Lawn Tennis-court, sent by the indefatigable Two Pringles; Master Clarence Brandon's Doll's Swimming-bath; Squip's Country-house and Farm-buildings; B. A. Smith's model Leotard; and H. B. M.'s Working Acrobat and model Parcel-Post Cart.

Very interesting, too, I found Sunbeam's Museum of Animals, &c., as well as two admirable Peep-shows by Mrs. Graham King; and a third, made on a similar principle, by J. Jackson. Miss Geraldine Franks, in her "Hayfield," showed a continued improvement on her former efforts; whilst her younger sister, Miss Helen, contrived, in her model, to give a most realistic reproduction of Robinson Crusoe's hut and its contents. Another elaborate model, on which I could write a long paragraph had I space, was Mrs. Hugh Bonham Carter's "Last Load Home"—a picturesque scene of rural life, with the squire and his family receiving the last waggon of wheat, amidst suitable bucolic rejoicings.

Master Kenelm Edgcumbe's model of a Drawing-room opening on to a garden, with a practicable fountain playing in it, was wonderfully good for a boy of eleven. I shall watch for his future efforts with interest. Another young competitor is A. J. M., who, though only ten, modelled a Cottage very cleverly.

Lichen's movable letters, to be used in a frame with grooves, cannot fail to amuse a sick child; and a Two-roomed Doll's-house, on which I noticed no name, will as certainly be treasured by its new owner. Flower can claim credit, too, for her ingenious plan of forming a landscape by means of cardboard cut in the shape of trees, houses, animals, &c., and then slid into grooves.

Edith, Edgar, May, and Georgie impartially divide the credit for making the large model of a Tennis-court they sent in. The only fault of this model was its lack of substantiality. I cannot pretend to mention all the competitors, I repeat, but I must allude in passing to Miss L. Frank's Model Swing and Hammock, to a very charming though scarcely, I think, home-made set of Fairy Mirrors, and to the profusion of soft worsted balls, so welcome at a hospital, made and sent by Miss Mann, A. K., Weeda, and others.

The Dolls I am, in simple truth, almost afraid to touch. Their name was legion, and most of them looked very lovely. I am advised, however, that Mrs. Basil Harrison's bore away the palm for the elegance and finish of attire, which—a most laudable feature, I believe, in doll costume—"took on and off." But I must not forget Minden's big Four-post Bedstead, with its talking doll in it. This was indeed a fine contribution. Beautifully worked, too, were the robes worn by Daisy Chapman's Baby Doll. But of all the individual dolls, I think the most popular was "Miss Rose," dressed ready for a journey, with her trunk and bonnet-box packed. This was a happy thought by Miss Saunders, most happily carried out. Another doll that ran "Miss Rose" very close was Miss M. Gironci Dixon's "Gipsy Hawker," a most realistic old Zingara, covered with pots and pans and brushes. To Miss Dixon, too, belongs the credit of sending a doll ingeniously provided with two heads, one for day, and one for night; each of which could be easily adjusted to the same body in turn.

I find noted in my list, too, the name of Mrs. Ewen, whose big cradle and its dolly occupant I recall, as well as A. Duncan's military doll; Winifred C. Larkin's six home-made Punches; Chicky's bedstead, ingeniously made from a boot-box, the dancing Highlander of the Two Pringles; Gridel Cake's bassinettes, and Juno's charming quaker dolls, together with large families of dolls of all sizes sent by Mrs. Gates, Mrs. Lister, Mrs. George Bulkley, and others. I must, however, also separately mention M. J., who, on Saturday, sent no less than thirty beautifully dressed dolls—a large barrow full—each with her name on her waist-belt.

Of the scores of Scrap-books I can only speak generally. The Puzzle Editor will deal with them seriatim next week, and I will only say that their makers, as far as I could judge, showed great taste and aptitude in their arrangement of scraps and adaptation of material of all kinds. And I do know this; that in a hospital a scrap-book is often more welcome than any toy that can be sent. Children never tire of its picture-pages, and can look at them when too weak for aught beside. So I am sure the numerous scrap-book-makers may feel content that, whether they gain a prize or not, they have appreciably contributed to the consolation and happiness of many a suffering little patient.

But I must really cease, though I have a great deal more to write about had I space. I have not even alluded to Messrs. Shrimton's useful present of cards, beads, cotton and crochet needles; to Messrs. James Clarke & Co.'s fifty copies of the "Christmas Rose," a pretty illustrated book; to H. R. A.'s gross of scissors; to J. G. R.'s photograph of animals, &c.; to Messrs. Phillips' Christmas cards; Messrs. James' fancy needle-books; to Messrs.

Wymans' seasonable present of 100 packets of the game of "Merry Matches"; or to the scores of other pretty and useful things. I can only repeat that every kind gift will be fully appreciated, and that the grateful thanks of more than 11,000 happy children will be given this Christmas to every willing hand that in any way contributed to make the Toy Exhibition and Distribution of Christmas, 1884, so complete and so satisfactory a success. By the way, a correspondent writes to ask whether the Prize-money comes out of the subscriptions. Of course it does not.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR DAISY,—It was a considerate piece of forethought, characteristically Scotch, in your future sister-in-law to have her birthday on the 26th, so sparing her canny relatives the pain and expense of *two* presents per annum. Wasn't it a Scotch mother who took her children to have their hair cut when they had colds, because the operation invariably gave them colds, and it was out of all reason to pay two doctor's bills when one would serve! But you do not say what kind of birthday or Christmas present, or both, you would like to make your future relative. How would a birthday book do? If she is artistic, you could not do better than present her with "The Birthday Book of Art and Artists" (1), wherein not only the names, but the chief works of all the great artists are given under the dates of their births, and all the extracts in prose and verse are upon the subject of art. It is, as it ought to be, most artistically printed and bound. If, however, she is not especially artistic, I can recommend to you the most tasteful and elaborate and the most admirably edited birthday book I have yet seen, "The Boudoir Table Book" (2). Instead of a couplet or motto, each date has a poem—selected with perfect taste out of a wide field—a notice of the birth and death of some great man on that day, and blank spaces for birthdays, engagements, souvenirs, and memoranda. But it is just possible you may entertain a hearty dislike of your future sister-in-law (a relationship sometimes only less odious than that of a mother-in-law); and in that case I should advise you to present her with a birthday book (3) made up of such feeble, vulgar, and spiteful doggerel as this:

Thin as an arrow onee you were and graceful as the bow,
But times have sadly changed sinee then. You'd make a *target* now.

As, however, you say she is a great traveller, perhaps you would like for her some book that would either recall a past or suggest a future excursion to her. There is that beautiful reprint from the *English Illustrated Magazine*, for instance, "An Unsentimental Journey through Cornwall" (4). Unsentimental! It is gushing with grandmotherly sentiment; but your sister-in-law may not like it the less for that; and, besides, as in the magazine from which it is a reprint, the letterpress is but the handmaid to the illustrations. The sketches are as beautifully drawn as anything of the kind I have seen this season, and are engraved with all the delicacy, softness, and finish that we have come to associate with American book illustrations.

Or how would Miss Emily Faithfull's "Three Visits to America suit?" (5) Fancy any one waiting to make *three* visits to America before sitting down to describe and explain, account for, and theorize upon everthing on that Continent! Such modest self-restraint would have much improved that self-complacent book, "From Fifth-avenue to Alaska" (6), or even, perhaps, "Old World Questions and New World Answers" (7), whose observant and acute author, instead of writing one book upon three visits to America, has written two books upon one. Nor has Miss Faithfull undertaken, after three visits and twelve years' meditation thereon, to solve *every* question, but only to contribute towards the solution of the one question with which her name and life are identified—the present and future social position of her sex. Her book is a little discursive, and sometimes almost confusing, from her three visits getting somewhat mixed; but it is extremely interesting, and I need not say extremely instructive also.

Or how would the Dark Continent suit? There are new editions just out of two books that I recommended on their first appearance to Mr. Sinclair, and of which, I remember, he highly approved; Mr. James's "Wild Tribes of the Soudan" (8), and Mr. Charles Du Val's "With a Show Through Southern Africa" (9). (I ought, by the way, in speaking of American travel, to have recommended to you most strongly, as books for boys full of go and ablaze with the most telling illustrations, "Zigzag Journeys in the Western States of America" (10), and "The Adventures of Six Young Men in the Wilds of Maine and Canada" (11). The fun, to be sure, in both books is often forced, and forced fun is about as cheerful as the grin of a skull; but boys are not fastidious in this matter, while the two things they insist upon—striking illustrations and stirring adventures—are here in lavish abundance.)

But, to return to your friend, if you wish to present her with what is at once a Christmas book and a book of travels—a book of travels, that is, got up as admirably and illustrated as artistically and profusely as what are called distinctively Christmas books—you can make no better choice than Lady Brassey's new work, "In the Trades, the Tropics, and the Roaring Forties" (12). Lady Brassey had a formidable rival in the author of "The Cruise of the *Sunbeam*"; for the sequels of successful books, like a boat in tow, are generally a dead drag upon their forerunners; but this record of 14,000 more miles in the famous yacht is as bright, breezy, unaffected, and genial as its predecessor, and promises to be as extraordinarily popular. The popularity of such books is their best justification, as the author herself suggests in the happy motto she has chosen for her new book:—

And the careworn toiler in dusty ways,
The things that I see shall see,
And give to the Giver his song of praise,
As he shares my joy with me.

The book, I ought to tell you, is alive with drawings by Mr. Pritchett, most of them admirable and all of them good. As your "sister-in-law" is still *in posse*, and as a sister-in-law *in posse* differs from a sister-in-law *in esse* as wine from vinegar, you will probably wish to be *at present* on very affectionate terms, and if so, "In the Trades, the

(1) "The Birthday Book of Art and Artists." Compiled and edited by Estelle Davenport Adams. (London: John Hogg.)
(2) "The Boudoir Table Book." (London and Belfast: Marcus Ward & Co.)
(3) "Voices from the Flower-Land." Original Couplets. By Emily E. Reader. A Birthday Book and Language of Flowers. (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.)
(4) "An Unsentimental Journey through Cornwall." By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." With illustrations by C. Napier Hemy. (London: Macmillan & Co.) 1884.
(5) "Three Visits to America." By Emily Faithfull. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.) 1884.
(6) "From Fifth Avenue to Alaska." By Edward Pierrepont, B.A. (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
(7) "Old World Questions and New World Answers." By David Pidgeon, author of "An Engineer's Holiday." (London: Kegan Paul, Treuch, & Co.) 1884.
(8) "The Wild Tribes of the Soudan." By F. L. James. Second Edition. (London: John Murray.)
(9) "With a Show Through Southern Africa." By Charles Du Val. Second edition. (London: Tinsley Brothers.) 1884.
(10) "Zigzag Journeys Through the Western States of America." By Hezekiah Butterworth. (London: Dean & Son.)
(11) "The Adventures of Six Young Men in the Wilds of Maine and Canada," or "The Knock-about Club." By C. A. Stephens. (London: Dean & Son.)
(12) "In the Trades, the Tropics, and the Roaring Forties." By Lady Brassey. (London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1885.)
(13) "Comic Sketches from English History, for Children of All Ages." By Lieut.-Col. Seccombe. (London: W. H. Allen & Co.)
(14) "The Adventures of Maurice Drummore." By Lindon Meadows. (London: John Hogg.)
(15) "Stanley Grahame." By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1884.)
(16) "Godfrey Malden; or, the Squire's Grandsons." By Mrs. J. F. B. Firth. (London: Frederick Warne & Co.)
(17) "The Wild Horseman of the Pampas." By David Ker. (London: Griffith, Farran, O'Keden, & Welsh.)
(18) "The Boy Slave in Bokhara." By David Ker. (London: Griffith, Farran, O'Keden, & Welsh.)
(19) "The Silver Cañon." By G. Manville Fenn. (London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington.)
(20) "Brothers in Arms." A Story of the Crusades. By F. Bayford Harrison. (London: Blackie & Son. 1885.)
(21) "Magna Charta Stories." Edited by Arthur Gilman, A.M. (London: Blackie & Son. 1885.)
(22) "Traitor or Patriot." By Mary C. Rowsell. (London: Blackie & Son. 1885.)
(23) "The Woman with Two Words." By Sarah Tytler. (London: George Routledge & Sons. 1885.)
(24) "Our Hero." By Mrs. O'Reilly, author of "Dinglefield." (London: Routledge & Sons.)
(25) "On Angel's Wings; or the Story of Little Violet of Edelsheim." By the Hon. Mrs. Greene. (London: T. Nelson & Sons. 1885.)
(26) "The Mystery of Beechey Grange." By the Rev. H. C. Adams. (London: Griffith, Farran, O'Keden, and Welsh.)
(27) "Illustrated Poems and Songs for Young People." Edited by Mrs. Sale Barker. London: George Routledge & Sons.)
(28) "Little People of Asia." By Olive Thorne Miller. (London: Griffith & Farran,)
(29) "The Old-Fashioned Fairy Book." By Mrs. Burton Harrison. Illustrated by Miss Rosina Emmett. (London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington.)

Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street Grosvenor-square.

Tropics, and the Roaring Forties" is the book for your purpose.

But it is quite time for me to attend to the interests of your young people. Do you think it irresistibly funny to represent in pen and pencil King Alfred in the Danish camp as a negro minstrel accompanying himself in a break-down dance on a banjo? If you do, order by all means "Comic Sketches from English History for Children of all Ages" (13). I ought in fairness to say that some of the pictures and verses really are funny; but it is not the kind of fun I care much for, or would much care to encourage in the youth of the rising generation, who are not greatly given to reverencing any thing or any one. Nor do I think the humour of "The Adventures of Maurice Drummore" (14) will hit the taste of our boys as it hit the taste of their fathers thirty years since, according to its preface; though some of the adventures of its "gallant, gay Lothario" of a hero are entertainining enough. Its illustrations, however, are irresistibly (though unconsciously) comic, and remind me of that mysterious blotch in Artemus Ward's "Panorama," which the artist, two years after he had painted it, was conscience-driven to explain:—"I can conceal it from you no longer; them theer is horses." Nor can I recommend to you that nightmare of improbabilities, "Stanley Grahame" (15), nor the rather tedious and tract-like "Godfrey Malden" (16). But here are two really brilliant boy's books, which I can most strongly recommend to you, "The Wild Horseman of the Pampas" (17)—a thrilling story of war to the knife with the Indians on the frontier of the Argentine Republic—and "The Boy Slave in Bokhara" (18), whose hero, a Cossack, is captured by the Turcomans, is sold and resold as a slave, but by his skill, energy, and cleverness, first rises high in the military service of his master, and finally effects his escape from it, from him, and from the country. It is no more necessary that a man should be a hero to write heroic stories than that "who drives fat oxen should himself be fat;" still, it is to Mr. Ker's own wonderful adventures in the countries and among the people he describes, that the extraordinary vividness of his stirring narratives is due.

Then there is Mr. Manville Fenn's "Silver Cañon" (19), a book of breathless interest for boys, describing, as it does, the extraordinary dangers and escapes, and still more extraordinary success, of a company of silver-seekers. Or, if you have a Scotch preference for pleasingly instructive books, here is a tale of the Crusades well told, "Brothers in Arms" (20), or "Magna-Charta Stories" (21), tales of famous struggles for freedom, from those of Horatius and Leonidas to those of the heroes of the Great Charter; a book well-written (though disfigured by a few inaccuracies and anachronisms), and beautifully illustrated. Or this tale of the Rye-House plot, called "Traitor or Patriot" (22), whose Cavalier leanings will suit Mr. Sinclair. Or, once more, Miss Sarah Tytler's "Woman with Two Words" (23); the Syrian girl whose lover, Gilbert-à-Becket (father of the famous Thomas) taught her two words, "Gilbert and London," whereby alone she was guided from the Holy Land to his home, hearth, and heart. All four books have the advantage of being epicene; they will suit girls as well as boys, or, indeed, better than boys. But I think girls would, perhaps, prefer either "Our Hero" (24), one of the best of Mrs. O'Reilly's humorous, natural, realistic, altogether admirable stories; or the exquisitely pathetic "On Angels' Wings" (25). You know that the task you impose upon me leaves me little time to linger over a book, but over this beautiful story I lingered, and took my last leave of its dying little heroine with something of the regret of her friends. I know you dislike sad endings, but there is a sadness like that of mournful music, which is as sweet as it is sad, and the pathos of "On Angels' Wings" is of this softened kind.

Or, if you like a little more plot in a story, there is "The Mystery of Beechey Grange" (26) (a boy's book, by-the-way), where, as in "The School for Scandal," a returned uncle disguises himself to discover the true characters of his relatives, and to choose from amongst them an heir to the Grange. It is a very well-told story; and though the mystery is no mystery to such inveterate novel-readers as you and I, it will probably perplex the inexperienced readers for whom it is written. I shall conclude by mentioning three beautiful books for younger children, Mrs. Sale Barker's excellently compiled and illustrated "Poems and Songs for Young People" (27); a still more beautifully got-up and illustrated account of the "Little People of Asia" (28)—that is, of the babies of Syria, Persia, India, Siam, Siberia, China, and Japan—a very prettily-conceived idea (American, I fancy), very comprehensively carried out; and a charming—really charming—little fairy-tale book, by Mrs. Burton Harrison, very happily illustrated by Miss Rosina Emmett, "The Old-Fashioned Fairy Book" (29). You will certainly read the tales before you present the books, and, as certainly, in reading them you will echo the little poem of Thackeray's prefixed as proem to the collection:—

> Ah! happy childish tales of knight and faërie!
> I waken from my dreams, but there's ne'er a knight for me;
> I waken from my dreams, and wish that I could be
> A child by the old hall-fire upon my nurse's knee.

Believe me, with all good Christmas wishes, ever, dear Daisy, affectionately yours, JESSIE RAINE.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—You will certainly want to know of some new and good dance music for your Christmas festivities; so I shall make that my first subject this week. Fortunately I have discovered a quite delightful valse called "Hypatia," which is composed by a member of our own sex. It is full of melody and music, and is, at the same time, so rhythmically marked that it sets one's feet going involuntarily. It can be had of Pitman, Paternoster-row, or of Cramer, Regent-street. The "Eurydice Waltz," by the same lady (May Ostlere) is also good. Cramer publishes it. Whether the composer, by her choice of titles, means to infer that Hypatia delivered her lectures to the accompaniment of a brisk deux-temps, and that Eurydice waltzed up, to the music of Orpheus's lute, from the infernal regions on the occasion of her interrupted ascent, cannot be gathered from anything in the bright and tempting compositions themselves.

"Shadowland" is a pretty valse, by Hugh Clendon, (Amos & Co.); and the "Botschafter Walzer," by Henry Klein, is both original and striking. The publisher is Klein, Holborn-viaduct, and the composition is dedicated to the Corps Diplomatique, many of whose members are known to excel in the dance. There is a cornet accompaniment published with it.

The "Snow Storm Galop" (Pitman), is rather old-fashioned in style, but as the poor dear old galop is never danced now, I suppose that is all the more consistent.

I am getting rather tired of gavottes, especially as many composers appear to have forgotten that the measure in question should be a stately one, and not merely a polka played "with a difference." If you do not quite take my meaning, first play over one composed by Alma Sanders (Amos & Co.), and then Gluck's, in F, transcribed by Jules de Sivrai (Patey & Willis). In the latter, one can almost hear the steps of the dancers, and see their dignified curtseys and the deep bows of the men, while the former is, by comparison, a mere shuffle.

"Félicité," a capital schottische, is by Enos Andrew (Klein). The "March of the Forty Thieves," by Michael Watson (Patey, Willis, & Co.) is very taking. In fact, if you do not want your thoughts to run into the mould of it for several days, you had better not play it.

I shall tell you of some new songs in my next, but must now revert to the all-absorbing subject of Christmas presents. How difficult it is to think of suitable presents for every one, more especially for one's relatives of the male sex. If they smoke, it is easy enough. There are smoking-tables, cigarette-cases, tobacco-pouches, and a score of other trifles, besides the abominations known as smoking-caps. I have never yet seen the man who looked well in one of these. A Turkish fez is by far the best and most becoming smoking-cap, but this headgear has really lost its *raison d'être* since men began to cut their hair so excessively short. Tobacco

The Belgrave Laundry, 194 & 196, Ebury-street, Belgravia
A laundry for high-class families.

fumes must be persistent indeed to hang on to such very short lengths as the *chevelure* of our modern males is cut into.

What to give Papa? That was the tremendous question which caused us mental throes for many days and nights. You know, one simply *can't* give a man a flower-vase, or a set of scent-bottles, or a handkerchief sachet. And, then, slippers are played out. I believe men hate those horrid embroidered slippers. They are too suggestive of gouty toes; and pocket-handkerchiefs with elaborate initials are too frivolous and effeminate to please most Englishmen, though they might just suit the taste of François and Adolphe. After much agonised thought, we have at length decided on an armchair of a peculiarly-comfortable formation, accompanied by a footstool which we have had, by an ingenious contrivance, fastened to the legs of the chair, so that, in his somnolent struggles, the dear pater cannot push it quite away beyond his reach. It is, however, a most injudicious present, for papa sleeps far too much in the evenings, and his snoring is of a very loud and disturbing kind. But we simply could not think of anything else. We often make Tip bark, so as to wake Papa up, and stop his snoring for a few moments, while we collect our thoughts.

Then there are our Aunts Tabitha and Jemima. No matter what we give them, whether of a simple or an elaborate kind, they invariably make the same ill-bred remark :—"I am sorry you laid your money out on getting this." And yet they would certainly be very much offended if we forgot them at this season of present-making. We have found, I think, something at Osler's this year that will just suit them, in the shape of a set of "Tantalus" liqueur-bottles, in a hand-painted stand set in brass. The case also holds a couple of tiny cut-glass liqueur-glasses. Aunt Tabitha likes "just a thimbleful" of Benedictine occasionally, and Aunt Jemima has a weakness for yellow Chartreuse.

Osler's is a good place to go to for Christmas-boxes. We saw a pretty grape-stand there, with knobs from which to hang the bunches. The bottom is plate-glass, so that the grapes are reflected in it, and the effect doubled. They also have some lovely lamps, and all kinds of new and pretty shades. One, in peacock-blue glass, relieved with gold and olive and faint touches of silver, looks, when the lamp behind it is lit up, just like a cloudy moonlight sky. Some of the chameleon-glass lamps, with kingfisher stems, are things of beauty, owing to the brilliant, glowing colours of the myriads of tiny beads by which the changeful effect of shifting hues is produced. A new kind of china, called Matsu-no-kee, which I believe is Japanese for daisy, is in softest tones of amber, primrose, pale blue, ruby, and turquoise, with daisies on the outer side. Delicious are the water-lilies in chameleon-glass. The orchid-glass has a ground of warm cream-colour, lined with pink or pale blue. There are flower-vases, cream-ewers, sugar-basins, and finger-glasses in this beautiful manufacture. The porcelain menus make nice little presents. They are practically everlasting, since the menu of to-day can be washed off, and the porcelain left clear for that of to-morrow.

There was a large glass bedstead on view when we went, a marvellous piece of workmanship, ordered by some Indian prince. I do not think I should like a glass bed, beautiful as this one looks in a strong light. And just fancy what would happen if anybody exploded dynamite anywhere near! It would be quite too awful to wake up and find scores of pieces of glass sticking into one! But, after all, glass bedsteads are not likely to be generally adopted in England, so I may fearlessly indulge my admiration for the perfection to which this wonderful material has been brought. We were also shown an immense sherry-glass, which was quite flexible; so much so that one could bend it with the fingers. Though it was large enough to hold about a quart, there was only one tiny sand-mark in it (you know glass is made of sand).

From there we went on to Limmer's Hotel, to see the Truth toys, and found an enormous collection, even superior to that of last year. There were endless varieties of dolls, besides every kind of animal, and all sorts of toys, from a magnificent rocking-horse down to woollen-balls suited to tiny, inexpert fingers. The eight thousand sixpences were displayed in all the newness of their beauty in a large box at one end of the room. Maud and I decided that they would make a lovely dress-trimming. Near them were some fine, large musical boxes, to purchase which some kind-hearted lady had sent one hundred pounds to the Editor of Truth. The competitive toys were all together on a string of tables in the centre. A very cleverly-made one represented two artillery-men seated on a gun-carriage. Infinite pains must have been expended on this toy, which was most beautifully and enduringly put together. On another, representing the sands of some popular seaside place, quite a wealth of ideas had been lavished. The sands in question were crowded with all sorts of figures, fashionably-dressed ladies, mashers, nigger minstrels, children, conjurers, bathing-machines, and people bathing. It would certainly need quite half-an-hour's inspection to master all the details of this toy.

Two sisters had had the happy thought of constructing a realisation in miniature of the cottage made of cakes in Grimm's fairy tale, "Hansel and Grethel." The snow that covered the ground when the children go into the wood was sugar-icing, with a lovely brown layer of cake beneath. The roof of the cottage was also cake, and the chimneys were layers of chocolate. The front was made of rows of macaroons, large round pink sweets and chocolate bon-bons, and in the doorway stood the witch-like old woman who came out, if you remember, to ask who was eating pieces out of the roof of her house.

"The Last Load Home" was another ingenious toy, but I fancy children would scarcely appreciate it so thoroughly as a smaller one made by a boy, and representing Robinson Crusoe's hut.

I have sent you off the parcel of toys you asked me to get for you. I think you will find that the majority of them are novel, as I bought them at Cremer's, and he seems to consider it as necessary to have novelty in toys as we girls do in dress. You will see that most of the toys are in separate cardboard boxes. This is an excellent idea; but I do wish Mr. Cremer would not print the price of the contents on the labels, as, after going into ecstasies of delight over something that looks well worth half-a-crown, a child, or more probably its mother, is sure to turn up her nose at it when she finds it only cost a shilling. How the things are made for the money I cannot understand. By the bye, the little toy of "The Hero of Khartoum" on a camel is too good to be handed over to the tender mercies of the rising generation. I have bought one, and put it in my boudoir. The one I send you will, I expect, find a similar destination.

I have also executed your large order for diaries, and so as to give you variety, I have sent you some of De la Rue's, some of Letts's, and some of T. J. Smith & Sons. They all seem to be equally good. The little pocket diaries of the first-named firm, however, are exceptionally nice, though the latter firm are evidently determined to show that Messrs. De la Rue haven't a monopoly in the art of combining the useful and the ornamental, for some of their pocket diaries are, as the old gentleman said in "The Wet Day," at the Gaiety, "very tasty."

Here is a veritable gem from the "Answers" in the housewife department of the *Queen* :—

Before marrying, I asked my intended wife what was the smallest income she would like to have to manage with. She said she could do with £120 a year if necessary, and save something. I took her at her word, and she did it easily and comfortably as long as it was necessary. We had sickness and trouble, but were always saving a little through the worst. *We did not keep a carriage, nor did we give dinner-parties,* but we were always welcome in good society, and easy in our minds as regards daily expenses.

The italics are mine, but will not this clever "Paterfamilias" and his wonderful wife (who are training their daughters "to face the situation" as their parents did before them) be good enough to vouchsafe some detailed particulars of their expenditure when they lived comfortably on £120 a year? They must surely have learnt the secret of the widow's cruse.

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cures Neuralgia Tic and Toothache

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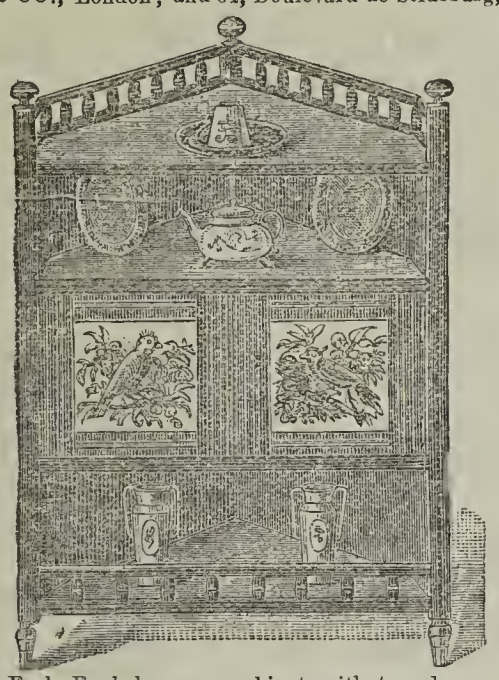

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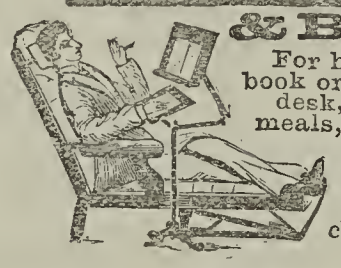

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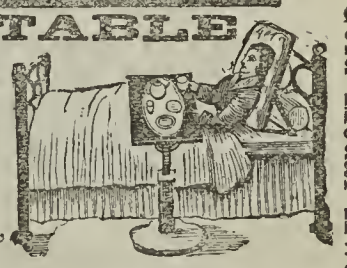

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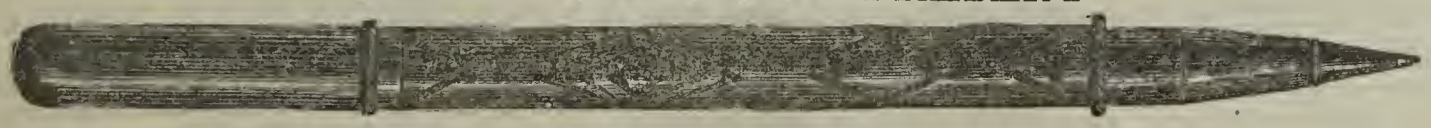

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Annual Income	685,369 0 10

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RULES.

1. The sum of £2. 2s. will be given every week for the best Epigram, Conundrum, Lipogram, Bouts-Rimés, or whatever the announced subject of the competition for the week may be.

2. The Puzzle Editor reserves the right, however, of dividing the above sum between two or more competitors, or of withholding the prize, should exceptional circumstances render such a course desirable.

3 The decision and award of the Puzzle Editor must be considered final and irrevocable, and, for obvious reasons, no appeal from his critical judgments can be entertained.

4. In every instance the Prize wil be given in money, subject to no condition whatever, except the publication of the winner's real name and address in this journal.

5. Competitors will be allowed eight days for the composition and despatch of their efforts; but all such communications must, at the latest, be received at the Truth Office by the first post on Friday morning in the week succeeding the publication of the subject for competition.

6. Not more than one Prize will be given in a Quarter to the same competitor.

7. All New Contributors are Required to Forward with their First Answers their Real Names and Addresses for Registration; such names and addresses will not be published except in the case of Prize-winners.

8. The *nom-de-plume* chosen by competitors should not exceed 12, and must under no circumstances consist of more than 14 letters.

9. Competitors must on no account change the noms-de-plume they have once assumed.

10. On the announcement of the Prize-winner's *nom-de-plume*, the successful competitor must write and make formal application for the Prize, stating the address to which the cheque must be sent. Any competitor failing to do so within three months of winning the Prize will forfeit all claim to the same.

11. No communications can be received on post-cards, by telegraph, or by hand. They must all be sent by the time named above, in post letters addressed—

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"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 305.—CHRISTMAS-CARD VERSE.

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TOY COMPETITION AND EXHIBITION.

Special Notice.

On another page will be found a long article describing last week's most successful Exhibition; and I have to state that my remarks, which will be supplementary to the above report, will not appear until next week, when I shall also publish the award of the Prizes for the Home-made Toys. Next week, too, I shall have much to say about the 120 Scrap-books of all kinds received, but which it has been impossible to carefully examine in time to announce the result in this number. For the present, then, I mnst content myself with thanking most heartily all who assisted in any way in the Competition and Exhibition, and wishing every reader of these pages a most Happy Christmas, and, let me add, Successful (from a prize-winning point of view) New Yesr.

"TRUTH" PUZZLES, Nos. 299 and 302.

Now that the extra pressure occasioned by the Toy Exhibition, &c., is over, I shall be able to announce the decision in these two Puzzles. I hope to do so next week.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 306.

As space is at such a premium this week, I must content myself with saying that the prize will be awarded to Wrar-Gifford for his Charade, for the details of which, I regret to say, I cannot find space.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 309.

The Puzzle this week can be very simply announced. This being the time of the Christmas holidays, the readers of Truth will have plenty of leisure, and, thinking they may be glad of a new way of passing some of it, I beg to state that the Two Guinea prize will be given to the competitor who succeeds

In Answering Correctly the Largest Number of the Conundrums on this and the following page.

It is not to be expected that any one will answer all, and there is no need to do so. Nor will it be well to make wild guesses at the riddles. It will be better to answer a dozen correctly than to send in two dozen random replies. Of course, competitors will not be expected to use the very words of the authors of the riddles. It will be enough if their answers are virtnally the same as those fnrnished by the latter. Only one answer should be sent to each conundrum, and all replies should be put in order, and with numbers before them corresponding to the numbers of the riddles they are intended to answer. No question-part of the riddle need be written; it will be quite enough to quote its number, as stated above.

Answers to Correspondents.

*** I have to thank X. C. and several other correspondents for their kindly-conveyed good wishes, which I sincerely reciprocate to all.

*** I am pleased to announce that Dhu, the winner of Prize 298, which has so long remained unclaimed, has written to say that he wishes the two guineas added to the Toy Fund.

Ka and Joe.—Your charades "Con-naught" and "Church-hill" were too late for publication.

Cheeiton.—Many thanks for your suggestion.

D-p-t-s.—Your Christmas verse would have been published, but it rcached me too late.

Rogger Shurt.—Your note did not come into my hands in time for me to make the correction.

Arnold Amy.—You will see your wish is gratified this week.

Crystal Palace.—The competition being for *original* Charades I was unable to print your kind suggestions. THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 307. ASSORTED SPECIMENS—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

ORIGINAL CONUNDRUMS.

1. What is the difference between a convicted criminal and a wise judge?—Experience.

2. Which of our British regiments fight like savages in battle, and why?—Tale Quale.

3. Why have we always one fine bright day in seven?—Glowworm.

4. When does the Stock Exchange most resemble a bridal trousseau?

5. When is grief known to have a great appetite?—Penguin.

6. Why is England like a steamboat on the Thames?

7. Why is Manisty a funny judge?

8. Why have our judges lately been more lenient to applause in court than usual?—Halse.

9. Why is Mrs. Gladstone obstinate?

10. When do husband and wife change places?—Meredith.

11. Why is Prince Albert Victor's University Examination like a holiday trip to the Principality?

12. Why is a miller's servant exceptionally situated?—Marjoram.

13. Why would a miller be good company at dinner?

14. Why is a marriage before the Registrar more binding than one at church?—Damon.

15. Why is the Editor of the *World* stronger than Atlas?—Pat.

16. How do we know that Boaz was a staunch Radical?

17. What is the difference between a smoking-concert and a biting east-wind?—Bob Ridley.

17*a*. What is the difference between Prince Bismarck and a scandalmonger?—The Task.

18. If my cat, Dinah, upset the milk-jug, what might be said to have caused the damage?

19. Why ought not "The Cnp" to have been performed at the Lyceum?—Keb.

20. Why is Dr. Richardson's method of destroying dogs like the age of ten in our Indian possessions?—Alfredo.

21. What celebrated saying gives an instance of a living Palimpsest?

22. What is better than an English fiver?—Infelix.

23. Why is a collier the most degraded man in society?—Murdoch.

24. Why did the Franchise Bill resemble a punctnal river steamer?—Justice Shallow.

25. What is that which, whether working or resting, has its arms half under the bed and half in a box?

26. What part of a carriage is like the Royal Exchange, and why?—Rogger Shurt.

27. Why should a man feel especially benevolent after a heavy meal?—Tycho.

28. Why is the House of Lords like a garret?—Niahs.

29. Why is an economical curate like a fat pig?

30. Why is a prudent banker like a bicyclist?—Daphnis.

31. Why did General Booth give up the Eagle?—William Tyrrell.

32. Which letter in the alphabet is of the ntmost importance to a young lady, and why?—Morgane.

33. What part of the sailor's outfit takes some people to the ballet?—Gill.

34. Why may Martin Luther be likened to a crow suffering with indigestion?—Saladin.

35. Why is Miss Fortescue unlike her sister actresses as regards her professional engsgements?—Cantab.

36. Why is Lord Randolph Churchill like a soft felt hat?

37. How is it that the Parnellite M.P.s are always overthrown in their endeavours to trample on the Speaker of the House?—Sam Slick.

38. Why does a detective tracking coiners cease to be a man?—Skriker.

39. What nnmber of Truth is the best to eat?—Hermit Crab.

40. Why is a wedding like a false suspicion?—Nokomis.

41. Why is dim gas like bad poetry?—John.

42. Why is it absurd to say that Saturday is the *last* day of the week?—Squelette.

43. Why is a shabby swell like a smoking chimney?—Rambler.

44. What woman never fails to keep tryst with King Christmas?—Beryl.

45. Why is the service clause of the Franchise Act like a certain Isaiahic prophecy of great promise?—Colchester.

46. Why is a Christmas-card almost always sent unwillingly?—Dora.

47. Who was the best medical practitioner mentioned in the Bible?

48. What is the difference between a thief and a grasshopper?—Ainda.

[*Continued on next page.*

49. What young lady eulogised in "Negro Minstrelsy" could lift up London Bridge?

50. Why is the London policeman like a "Masher?"—Kismet.

51. Which is the most suitable river for skaters?

52. What would be a good reply to *Punch's* advice to those about to marry?—Crystal Palace.

53. What letter of the alphabet is capable of changing a feeble light to one of the most brilliant?—G. S. W.

54. Why is the man who attempted to blow up London Bridge especially dangerous?

55. Why may we feel confident that British interests will be properly secured in the West African Conference?—Repealer.

56. What are the Conservatives saying?—Hodgus-Bodgus.

57. Why is love like a corn?—Friar Tuck.

58. What age of a woman may you question her about without fear of offending?

59. When does a woman give up marriage?

60. What is invariably the end of woman?

61. Why is a fox which murders goslings always melancholy?—Guinea Pig.

62. Which is the longest word in the English language? and why?—Summerdale.

63. What great cause has been utterly neglected by Parliament?—Claude Debenham.

64. Why is travelling on the Underground Railway like learning to shoot at the butts?—Sealing Wax.

65. Why is a gosling with its head hanging down on Christmas Day like the following New Year's Day?—D'sea.

66. Why ought India to be in a very bad way at present?—Wahmah tayser.

67. What is the difference between a Tory and a Radical?—Hugo.

68. When may a maiden be likened to a fish?—Observee.

69. Why should a squinting Brahmin emigrate?—Pugsby.

70. What animal did Adam insult most —Cho.

71. Why is a ship in Liverpool like a female culprit on her trial?—D. Thompson.

72. Why was the Finney-Garmoyle case like the severe storm last winter on the Kentish coast?

73. Why may the swallow be said to be given to us in the summer?—Minx.

74. Why should the letter "d" always be introduced into a family?—Alte.

75. What is that of which the common sort is the best?—Juno.

76. When a train runs off the rails into a fallow field in Gloucestershire, why must it quit the county it is in?—Sunflower.

77. Why does naming a late trial give praise to an artist?—Mia.

78. Why is a thaw the best weather to pop the question in?—Bobus the II.

79. Over what study ought Father Christmas to preside?—Jasmine.

80. When does a man leave off laying wagers?—B. H. D.

81. Why would a blind man just having received his sight rather not have it?—Tis So! Tis So!

82. Can you tell me your favourite painter and composer?—Swift.

83. Why is the Lord Chancellor's seat in the Lords a strange anomaly?

84. When Mr. Fortune marries, why may his wife expect twin daughters?—Benadhem.

85. When is a pear not a pear?

86. Why is Etna like the reform of the House of Lords?—Prophète.

87. When does the Duchess of Teck change her name and become a celebrated actress?—Eva Yorke.

88. When may a flower be said to belong to the animal kingdom?—Ellart.

89. Why should recruits not be employed in the Camel Corps in the Soudan?

90. Of what kind of coals are we reminded by an experienced Queen's Counsel, when addressing a jury?—Bobus.

91. What resemblance between an over-educated lady, racking her brains to pass University "Exams.," and a curious antique firearm?—J. McGeigor Allan.

92. What is the difference between Truth and a lantern?—Nellog.

93. Why is a donkey more like an obstructive M.P. than a goat?

94. What kind of drink is a good-humoured French moh like?—Mona.

95. Why would you suppose sailors to be stronger than soldiers?—Simla.

96. What well-known drawing-room song will Sandwich and Maccesfield address to the House of Commons?—Lizard.

97. Why is a wife no longer her husband's property when he is absent?—Cæsar's Cornee.

98. On what occasion are manners at table most unpleasant?—Gueldee Rose.

99. Why should Radicalism commend itself to all buyers?—The Old Un.

100. How do we know Henry VIII. had a strong will?—Doctor.

101. Why is strict integrity necessary in the attempt to gain this prize.—E. Culverhouse.

102. What causes rain to drop?—Nutshell.

103. What is the difference between a celebrated poison and the ancient calendar?—Orchis.

104. Why ought the trustees of the National Gallery to be prosecuted for gambling?—Parmesan.

105. Why may a man purchasing a couch for his infant son be said to exhibit Land League principles?—Coesica.

106. Why is a bottle of pickles like a Creole?—Farfetch.

107. Why is the Egyptian Expedition like a bad commercial speculation?—Justice Shallow.

108. What is the difference between the two honourable members for Northampton?—C. P. N.

109. When does a captain of a ship commit self-mutilation?—Hereford.

110. Why was the compromise like a successfu oculist?—Jim-Jam.

111.—Why will a number of M.P.'s under the new Redistribution Bill be like paid accounts?—Mercury Maker.

112. Why may Christmas-time be called naturally a stormy season?—Cornelius.

113. Why is a bachelor never brilliant?—Puzzled One.

114. Why is a big dance like a railway disaster?—Scrawler.

115. Why is the profession of a dentist most precarious?—Cornwall Gardens.

116. Why was the late endeavour to blow up London Bridge a benevolent action?—Paste.

117. What country in the East is it probable the English will next attack?—Portia.

118. Rates and taxes are more of a nuisance in America than England: prove it.—Keltie.

119. Why ought the Liberals to be chary of passing the Redistribution Bill?—Muffet.

120. Why is high legal dignitary like a pedlar?—Topsy.

121.—When were the Nile boats engaged in deadly warfare?—Wild Thyme.

122. What is the difference between a very wet day and a Frenchman with the toothache?—Browsee.

123. On what two things does age produce opposite effects?—Match Tax.

124. What way do folks generally go to the Crystal Palace, and how do they return?—Avon.

125. When does Mr. Gladstone, in his speeches, make both ends meet?—Spero.

126. What is the difference between a puzzle editor and an unsuccessful man?—Risk.

127. When is Queen Victoria's head not worth five shillings?—Salpinctes.

128. What is the best game for a family party?—Keb.

129. Your uncle has a brother who is not your uncle. What relation is he to you?—Polly Pickles.

130. How is the occupation of the Prince of Wales and his bootmaker very similar?

131. If the world were another shape, why would it be better for us all?—Dora.

132. Why was Mrs. Weldon successful in her suit *v.* Rivière?—Cantab.

133. Why can't a deaf and dumb man tickle nice people?—Sam Wellee.

134. What is the difference between a tossed-up ball and the Prince of Wales?—Pussy Cat.

135. Why does a timid young lady who meets a cow in a dark lane resemble the cow?—Magpie.

136. When is a joint of meat like a noted lady?—Nottingham.

Riddles have been also received from Smash, Javelin, Laura, Screamer, Vanderdecken, Scipio, Toddles, Curly Locks, Maid of Arcadie, Mysie, Maurice Fairlie, Aunt Towzer, Oxymandias, A. E. W., Mary, Jersey Blue, Celt, Lina, Topsy, Emerald, D. E. Samuel, Corinne, A. J. B., W. Barber, Chateaubriand, Hihon, Fabius, Wilsonian, S. Walker, A. D. P., Fay, Courier, Rita, Leon, Roh Roy (aged 15), Vondadelzen, Honour, W. Val English, Tan Tun, East Anglia, Indiana, Snider, Ida.

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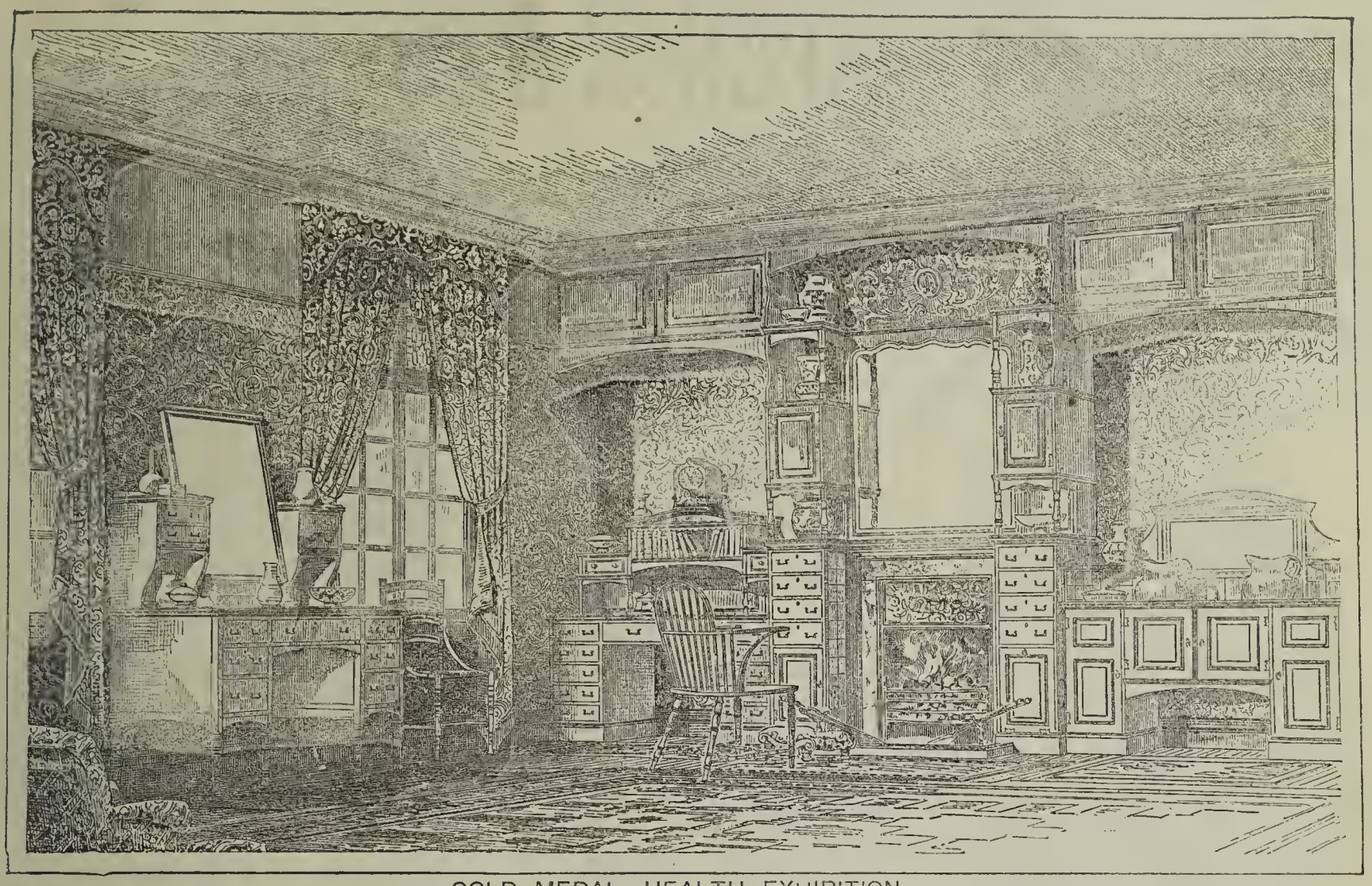

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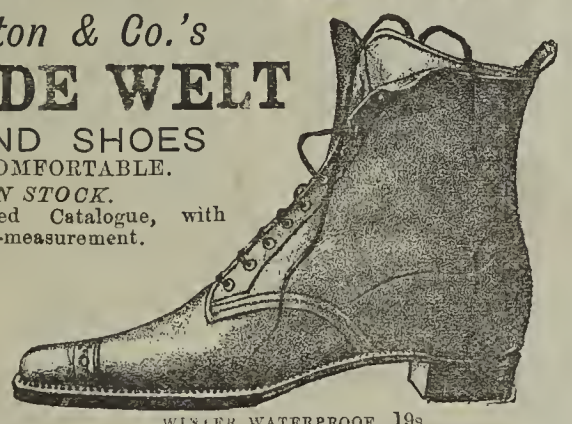

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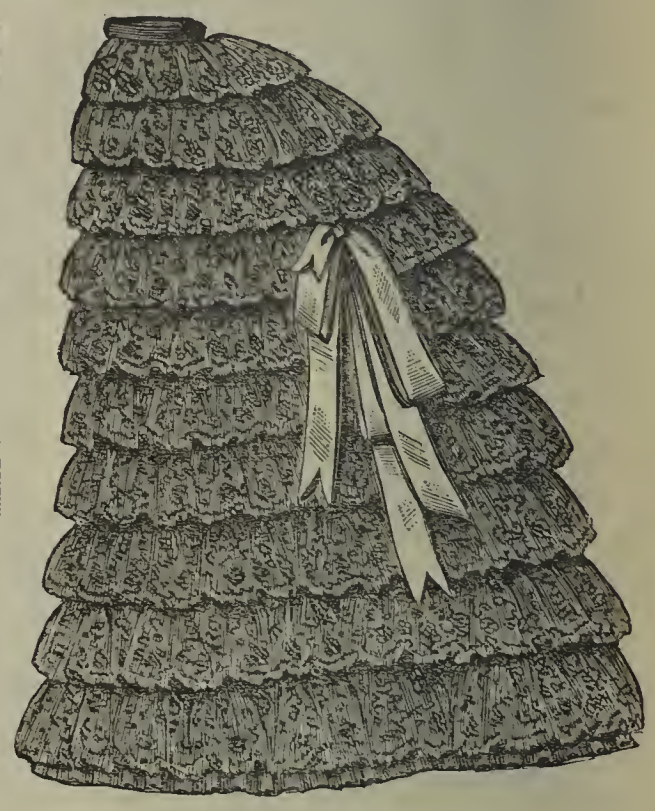

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A WINTER WEALTHERIES.

"H, look!" cried TRUTH, one morning
As she our post glanced through,
"Here is an application
I'd better hand to you."

And with the same, a letter
Upon our table spread,
In which the lines that follow,
Without delay we read.

The Garrick Club,
October the 2nd, '84.

Dear "Truth,"

We have a grievance at which we feel so sore, you will, we hope, excuse us, if we your aid implore. You know how all the season the Healtheries has run, and what a splendid business this rival show has done. You know, too, how we've suffered in consequence of this—that some have

nearly fallen into bankruptcy's abyss; whilst we all of normal profits have shamefully been shorn by this Vauxhall redivivus, *and "South Kensington Cremorne"! What we want, then, is your counsel. Please to tell us how to act to obtain some satisfaction, and to be revenged, in fact. Your advice we'll gladly follow; and, awaiting your reply —for we know you're too goodnatured our petition to deny— we remain, though just at present much disorganised and undone,*

Yours truly,
S. B. BANCROFT,
For the Managers of London.

We very soon decided
What answer to indite,
And here is the rejoinder
We forwarded that night:—

Dear Mr. S. B. Bancroft,

We know your grievance well, and gladly will endeavour your misfortunes to dispel. For this purpose we've permission from the Prince of Wales to say he will see you all next Monday on returning from the play. So be good

enough to meet us just outside the Pall Mall gate; we had better say at midnight, then we shall not have to wait. Be prepared to place your trouble in the very strongest light, and the Prince, we feel persuaded, will do all that's fair and right, for he's been a constant patron of the drama from a youth. So have courage!

Yours obediently,
THE EDITOR OF "TRUTH."

WHEN we arrived upon the scene
(At Marlborough House, at twelve, we mean),
A curious look it bore.
Full twenty muffled forms were there,
In cloaks conspirators might wear,
Whilst broad *sombreros* slouched with care
Helped to conceal them more.
The sentries could not make them out,
But we were no long time in doubt,
For what disguise can hide
The Harris strut, or Barrett pose?
What hat conceal the Bruce's nose?
What cloak the Irving stride?
It was, indeed, our friends, thus dress'd,
Because, as Mr. Hare confess'd,
They 'd keep their scheme unknown!
So bidding them form two and two,
We thereupon the gates passed through;
And without any more ado
Into the hall were shown.
Nor had we long to wait before
A footman opened wide a door,
When, walking quickly up the floor
The Prince appeared before us;
We were about to make our plea,
When Irving, tapping on his knee
A tuning-fork, struck up an "E,"
And led the following chorus:—

THE MANAGERS' CHORUS.

WHEN a Government consents to aid
A specious scheme to destroy our trade,
If that scheme succeeds in ruining us
Can you be surprised we make a fuss?
Look at it, look at it as you may,
Not at all! Not at all! You must say.
For it's a shameful interference that well nigh affects a clearance,
Of the folks that would come to see us play.
And it's something more than funny,
That the poor taxpayer's money,
Should be used in such a very wrongful way.

Yes, I have heard your grievance,
Still would I make reply,
Hollingshead, Toole, and Cecil—
Wait till the clouds roll by!

Wait till the clouds roll by, Harris!
The Healtheries soon must die,
Barrett, my own last Hamlet,
Wait till the clouds roll by!

Lately, you need not tell me,
Your sunshine has been veiled;
Lately, a rain of "paper"
Through London has prevailed.
Yes, my respected mummers,
You've had good cause to sigh;
Still, I'd repeat my counsel—
Wait till the clouds roll by!

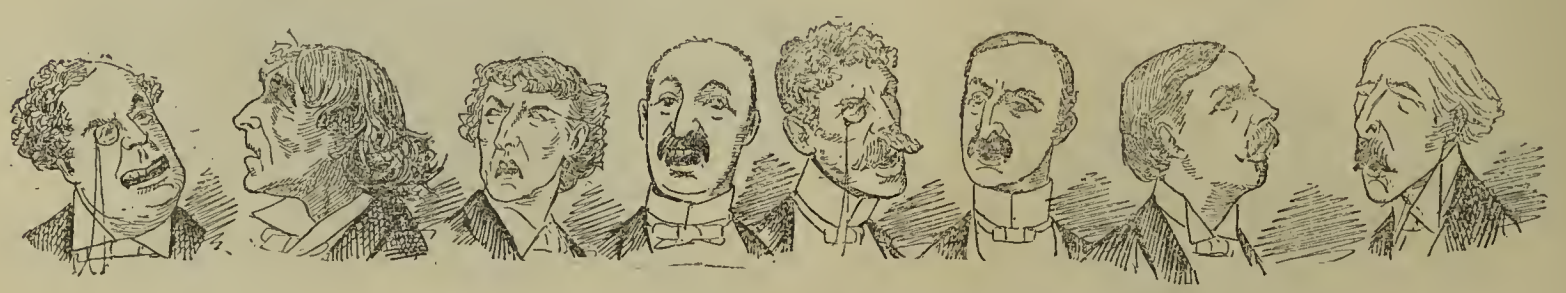
Wait till the clouds roll by, Wyndham;
Swanborough, ne'er say die!
Bruce, my mamma's own actor,
Wait till the clouds roll by!

The pitch-fork flashed in air again,
And then was heard the answering strain—

It is charming, indeed, thus to hear our Prince plead,
And sing to us just like a brother;
But how can we wait when we know 'tis our fate,
To see one cloud capped by another?
The Healtheries cloud soon will break, it is true,
But the comfort *that* yields us is hollow;
For we're certain, alas!
That whenever it pass,
The "Inventories Cloud" will soon follow!

The Prince, as soon as this was finished,
Sang, with a gusto undiminished,

There is much in your contention which I mean to take to heart,
But my post is far from easy, and I play an arduous part,
For I'm pledged to Exhibitions,
(THE MANAGERS. *But they take our daily bread!*)
Still, I'm pledged to Exhibitions since my great papa's been dead.



On this, the Prince, who had not stirred,
Made answer by no spoken word;
But with his eyes fixed still on us,
Opened his lips and warbled thus:—

Song.—THE PRINCE.

IRVING, my own true great one,
I've listened well to thee;
Also to Hare and Kendal,
And all of the rest I see;
And if once we get the masses to approach our open arms,
We run 'em in!
(THE MANAGERS. *You take our bread!*)
We run 'em in! a shilling a head,
To show them science has cheap charms,
We run 'em in! a shilling a head!
(THE MANAGERS. *You take our bread!*)
To show them science has cheap charms!

"LIBERTY" ART FABRICS.—Original designs for Curtains, Chintz, Upholstery and Furniture Stuffs. Patterns post free. Regent-st., W.

A very few moments their breath to regain,
And the managers thus tried their case to maintain :—

We admit your well-meant motive; still we cannot but repeat
That your annual Exhibitions tend our ruin to complete;
So we pray of you to stop them.
(The Prince. *But you've heard what I have said!*)
Still, we pray of you to stop them, for you take our daily bread,
When you thus approach the masses with such very open arms,
And run 'em in
(The Prince. *At a shilling a-head!*)
Yes, run 'em in and take our bread,
By showing science has cheap charms;
You run 'em in at a shilling a-head!
(The Prince. *What! take your bread!*)
Yes! by showing science has cheap charms!

"You see how it is," said the Prince, when they'd done.
"Most willingly all such engagements I'd shun,
But a Prince who determines he'll be his own master
In these days is certain to end in disaster,
And I, for the sake of position and salary,
Am compelled, as they put it, to play to the gallery.
I have to kootoo to the people, in fact,
And use all my patience, and talent, and tact
In pleasing the public, whose voice 'tis alone
Can place me and keep me some day on the Throne.
Now, the people, my masters, have shown, as you know,
A taste for our yearly Variety Show,
And a taste so pronounced that, in fact, I'm compelled
To preside over each as in turn it is held.
Thus it's no choice of mine, and I've claims on your pity
As chief of this so-called 'distinguished' committee,
Composed of mere fussy officials and those
Who are ever so eager in public to pose,
And who work day and night if a chance they but see
Of a ribbon or cross, or a simple C.B.

"You would certainly pity me, let me repeat,
If you sat for one hour in my President's seat,
And saw how I tried, but in vain, to escape
From annoying routine and official red-tape.
I would gladly withdraw, as I've said, if I could,
But I fear that my act would be misunderstood,
And that people would think I was tired of the part
I was playing to foster cheap Science and Art.
So what can I do to assist you?—please, say,
And I'll gladly assent, if you'll point out a way."

We answered on this: "Well, your Highness must know
That the grounds upon which my good friends here all go
Is chiefly the fact that 'tis Government gold
Which is used to these new Exhibitions uphold.
'Tis the favours conferred as to rent and the like
That enable these Shows at our friends here to strike.
In effect they are armed, and equipped for the fray,
Out of taxes these managers actually pay.
They would therefore submit as a truthful deduction,
That they're taxed to assist in their own self-destruction.
And would ask you to see that the next Exhibition
Shall not be retained in this favoured position?"

Song.—The Prince.

Believe me, I see the remarkable force
Of what you have urged on me now;
And gladly would take a remedial course,
If only, dear friends, you'd say how.
So, come, Mr. Bruce; prithee, say, Mr. Harc,
What you want me to shield or to shun;
Mr. Harris, your wishes now please to declare,
And I'll gladly see what can be done.

On this, to the front came a well-known lessee,
And, addressing the Prince, said, "It falls upon me
To ask for your royal permission to read,
A statement most grave, and most damning, indeed;
I have here" (and with that from his pocket he drew
A big roll of foolscap, and waved it in view)
"A report, we're assured, of proceedings which passed
At a Healthery meeting on Saturday last."

"What's that?" cried the Prince, "this is nonsense, indeed!
We did not—however, on second thoughts, read!"

"I may say," said the Manager, op'ning the scroll,
"That we cannot discover who sent us this roll."
"Anonymous, eh!" said the Prince, "spiteful chatter
'Twill probably turn out to be—but no matter.
Go on!"
And on this, with a bow of his head
The Manager thus from his document read :—

"The Prince at the Healtheries."

"The scene was the Prince's Pavilion, and round a large table there sat
"The Health Exhibition Grand Council, discussing this question and that;
"Until, 'midst a stir of excitement, there entered a lengthy array
"Of Attendants, who bore on their shoulders the takings, so far, of the day,
"In bags, which in front of the Chairman piled up on the table they plac'd,
"Whilst singing the lines that here follow with more, p'rhaps, of gusto than taste :—

"Fifty thousand nimble shillings,
Plus a hundred and thirteen,
That's the latest of the takings,
Checked by Maskelyne's Machine.

"So Sing a Song of Turnstiles,
As they twist away;
Fifty thousand shillings
Taken in a day!

"When the Show was opened,
The crowds at once were thick;
Wasn't it a pretty sound
To hear the turnstiles click?

"The people in the gardens still
Are sampling cream and honey;
But we to the Pavilion
Bear the bags of money!

"As the last of the vocal attendants put down his full bag and retired,
"An ardent enthusiast, rising, observed the occasion required

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"The Executive's special thanksgiving, and thereupon
loudly began,
"What proved in the end a *concerto*, composed on the
following plan :—

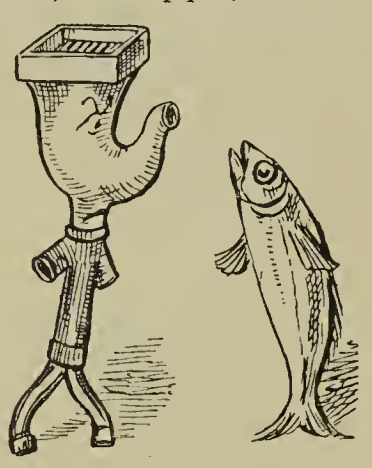
"Am I alone,
And not o'erheard? I am.
Then let me own
Our Hygienic sham!
That scientific zeal,
We feel
's unreal.
Our sanitary style
Is but a wile
Of guile!
Our craze for Health
Means greed for wealth,
By stealth!

"Let us confess
A love for pumps and pistons does not fire us;
Drain-pipes and disinfectants don't inspire us;
Our hearts are not so very keen
On Hygiene.
We don't yearn madly to secure
A perfect sewer.
Nor view with feelings aught but placid
Carbolic acid.
In short, our zeal for health's mere affectation,
Born of a morbid love of admiration."

["*The members of the meeting then joined hands and danced round the pile of money-bags, singing :*—

"To truth declare, we do not care for science e'en a little;
We play a part which with high art is troubled not a tittle.
We run a Show which well we know has no exalted mission;
For our big task we only ask to make but one condition :—

Whatever the line
In which we may shine,
Be it fishes or drain-pipes,
Tobacco, or rain-pipes;



Or building or baking,
Or scented soap making,
Or diagrams mystic,
Or tables statistic
To show how a tax works,
Or Wingfield's new waxworks,
Or noisy machinery,
Lamps in the greenery,
Fountains electrical,
Models symmetrical,
The mixing of custard,
The making of mustard,
The pickling of capers,
Or reading of papers
With sanit'ry warning,
Or social 'Cremorning,'
Be it everything, anything,
Pound thing or penny thing,
Nothing's too small
Our attention to call,
If 'twill fill up a stall,
Nought too grave or too gay
To be thought in our way.
IF—the 'if' is a great one—
IF ONLY 'TWILL PAY!"

* * * * *

At this point, the Prince, who, again and again,
Had seemed scarcely able himself to contain,
Burst in with a "'Tis, as I thought, idle talk.
However, I've no wish your purpose to baulk;
Read on to the ludicrous end, if you will,
And I will endeavour my temper to still!"

Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Goode's Depôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

So the Manager, turning his paper once more,
Continued the Prince with its charges to bore.

* * * * *

"The dancing completed, a gentleman there
"Obliged with this song, to a popular air :—

"When they heard in the City I'd
taken a seat,
At the Board of the Health Ex-
hibition;
My friends, as they met me, shook
hands in the street,
And hoped I should like my
position;
Though most of them added in
accents sincere,
That they thought it was rather
a pity,
To waste precious time in a
Kensington sphere,
I could turn to such use in the
City.

Chorus.—Ah, they didn't guess the
jobbery,
The flobbery, the bobbery!
The slobbery, the snobbery!
They didn't even know—
The scientific crankiness!
Pretended Moody-Sankeyness,
The advertising Yankee-ness!
The utter hanky-pankyness!
That marks the S.K. Show!

"But I guessed at the time these
were short-sighted fools,
And now, my dear colleagues, I
know it;
For that Hygiene pays in most
manifold ways,
Why scores of occurrences show
it;
To a salary take for the task we
essay,
Would a scandal be deemed by
our neighbours;
'Tis in no such direct or such
palpable way,
That we get ourselves paid for
our labours.

Chorus.—For we know about the
jobbery,
The flobbery, the bobbery, &c.

"But though we all scorn to a salary touch,
We are *not* asked to pay our expenses;
Nor is it surprising they mount up so much,
Since our business so truly immense is.
There is patronage, too, which we rightfully claim,
And 'tis sweetest of all our sensations,
To distribute good berths, in Hygeia's name,
For we have a great many relations.

Chorus.—Yes, we turn to use the jobbery,
The flobbery, the snobbery, &c.

"We rejoice to be vested, too, even *pro tem.*,
With a petty official authority,
And at puffs in the papers; for owing to them
We're granted a social priority!
And oh, how delightful to see at our feet
Policemen and gatekeepers grovel,
Whilst to helpless Exhibitors haughtily treat
Is a pleasure as great as it's novel.

Chorus.—No, we don't despise the jobbery,
The flobbery, the snobbery, &c."

"Here, the Secretary ventured," our Report goes on
to say,
"To intervene, not wishing the proceedings to delay,
"But merely to discover if the members wished to
mention
"Any points they thought deserving of the Board's
direct attention :

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"On which so many answers from all quarters quickly came,
"That I must," says our Reporter, "be content but few to name.
"One party there, for instance, wished at once to have a place
"For his butler, who, though palsied, was a most deserving case;
"And, of two adjacent persons, one a berth sought for his son,
"Whilst the other wanted something for an aged uncle done;
"Then a fourth reported gravely he important news had had
"Of a novel kind of drain-pipe now in use in Trinidad:
"Adding that, to see this drain-pipe, he'd resolved to cross the water,
"If the Board would pay th' expenses of himself and wife and daughter;
"Nor did the applications of a kindred nature cease
"Till nearly all the members had made one or two apiece.

"All this time," the Reporter goes on to declare,
"No sign of attention had come from the chair,
"But the President sat there both silent and glum,
"Till, seizing a chance that had tardily come,
"He said, 'You'll remember, the reason we meet
"Is to figures prepare for our next balance-sheet;
"Would it not be as well, then, that task to perform?'

"Said a member, on this, in tone angrily warm,

"'You'll pardon me, Sir, but I say there's no call
"To prepare or to publish those figures at all;
"If we publish a balance-sheet folks will but quiz it.
"Pray, tell me what business of any one's is it?'

"'As to that,' said the Chairman, 'I think you will find
"That the country is not to your view, sir, inclined.
"A balance-sheet publish we should, and we must;
"And you'll not press your strange opposition, I trust.'

"The discussion thus threatened was happily stayed
"By the new proposition a member then made.
"'As the figures,' he said, 'were not ready for use,
"It was plain that no balance-sheet they could produce;
"So at present,' he thought, 'it would be the best plan
"If they tried their immediate future to scan.'"

* * * * *

Here the Prince once again, with a wave of his hand,
Cried, "I will not your silence exactly demand;
But this I must say, and then leave it with you,
Not a word of this precious concoction is true."

Riding Habits.—Specialty of John Redfern & Sons. Ladies' Tailors by Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 26, Conduit-street, London, W. Also at Cowes and Paris.

But the Manager answered, with very low bend,
"If you please, Prince, I'd like to read on to the end."
And so he read on:—

"This had scarce been proposed,
"When a City man (as his demeanour disclosed)
"Jumped up and observed that for weeks and weeks past
"He'd been dreading October, which must come at last,
"And impelled by their great and increasing success,
"And by profits five figures would scarcely express,
"He had therefore endeavoured to hit on a scheme
"By which to prolong their good fortune supreme.
"They had found it so pleasant in summer, said he,
"Irresponsible amateur showmen to be;
"So pleasant to act on a Prince's behalf,
"And order about an obsequious staff;
"So pleasant to pose in that Prince's pavilion,
"As the gracious dispensers of good for the million;
"So pleasant to feel, too, if failure should come,
"That the Guarantee Fund was so handsome a sum,
"And that even in case of an absolute loss
"There'd still be a chance of a Ribbon or Cross;
"So pleasant, in short, had they all through the season
"Found their power to be, that, with very good reason,
"They said, 'We've been six months in clover, that's clear;
"Why not be in clover, then, right through the year?
"And he hoped now he'd asked such a pertinent question
"That some one would make a responsive suggestion.

"On this a stout member stood up in his place,
"And proceeded, in this way, to deal with the case:—
"'Our friend there,' he said, 'has most truly expressed
"The feeling that's present in many a breast.
"The click of the turnstile, it soon will be o'er,
"And our hearts, I make bold to declare it, are sore!
"But why, it's been asked, should we abdicate thus?
"And this is the question we ought to discuss.
"Now, most of the projects of which I have heard
"I must briefly dismiss as entirely absurd.
"To re-open our show is, of course, a suggestion
"That common sense places quite out of the question.
"Not sightseers, even, would long be agog
"If the fountains were always conceal'd in a fog.
"And would any, d'ye think, come again and again
"To look on whilst we milked Tartar mares in the rain,

"Or make way through the sleet and the slush so abhorr'd,
"To hear Daniel Godfrey conduct "The Lost Chord?"
"Not to keep you, in fact, there is only one scheme
"That a practical one I am ready to deem.
"Now theatrical managers long have complained
"That out of their pockets our profits we 've gained;
"Maintaining, in fact, that our Health Exhibition
"Has entered with them into keen competition;
"And making a grievance, forsooth, of the same.
"Well, far from discussing so silly a claim,
"I 'd simply propose with the matter to deal
"In a way that shall make our said rivalry real.
"This winter, in short, let us strike a straight blow,
"And arrange and direct a Theatrical Show!'

"'Midst cheers this bold speaker sat down, and applause
"Followed, too, when another rose after a pause,
"And said that he felt in these matters intensely,
"And liked the theatrical notion immensely.
"So much interested, indeed, had he been,
"He'd been thinking the Prince could apply to the Queen,
"And could ask her so far to her favour extend them
"As Buckingham Palace for nothing to lend them.
"She at first might demur, and might say, 'What! degrade
"A Palace for potentates' domicile made!'
"When the Prince could in answer, desire his mamma
"To remember the Palace was lent to the Shah,
"Who, as she would know, arranged fights in the 'Red Room,'
"And killed, every morning, a sheep in his bedroom;
"Whilst they had no wish to her kindness abuse,
"But would promise the Palace to carefully use.
"Besides, he might tell her, it must be well aired,
"And that they'd see to that, and would keep it repaired.
"'In fact,' he went on, 'to my story cut short,
"If the Prince should the Queen's kind permission report,
"And the Palace be ours for the winter, rent-free,
"A right capital playhouse I'm sure it would be.

"And I also propose we had better decide
"What the new entertainment shall be we provide.
"For myself I'd suggest, ere I sit myself down,
"That a comedy'd tickle the taste of the town!'

"'For my part,' said another, 'I'd much rather not
"Leave this cheap and this lucky South Kensington spot.
"If our normal attractions won't do for the cold,
"Why cannot we, pray, a new series unfold?
"Besides, as a strict Mr. Grundy, I shrink
"From the playhouse, and call it Iniquity's sink.
"No; stick to the Gardens, and make them more gay,
"More lamps in the evening, more music by day;
"With a hermit, and fireworks, and plenty of go,
"Like Vauxhall used to be in our childhood, you know.'"

"Said a third: 'You are right, I agree with you there,
"For it's nonsense to think we can dramas prepare;
"Let us stick to the notion that's paid us so well,
"Not try in a line that's quite strange to excel.'

"'As to that,' cried a fourth, 'the best thing we can do
"Is to run a good Circus the winter months through,
"That fine Albert Hall for our purpose we'd take;
"Just think what a splendid arena 'twould make!'

"'Well, yes,' said a fifth, 'it might serve for that, too,
"But don't you think Promenade Concerts would do?'

"'First rate,' cried a sixth, 'but I know of a way
"Far better than concerts to make the place pay;
"If we 'd our attractions supremely enhance
"We should lay down a floor, and just let the folks dance.

* * * * *

But here the Report (the Lessee then explained) Says—

"The Chairman, who hitherto calm had remained,
"Jumped hurriedly up, and, his cheeks all aglow,
"Cried, 'Gentlemen, this is a terrible blow!
"And I cannot sit here when I think who sits there'
"(And he pointed to Albert the Good in his chair);
"No, I cannot sit silent and hear of a plan
"That would harry the soul of that widely-loved man.
"Come, gentlemen, think of his natural feelings,
"And how he would scout such degenerate dealings.
"Yes, gentlemen, think with what masterful scorn
"He would wither this plan for a bastard Cremorne.
"Why, the fact of such notions about in the air
"Would cause him to flush as he sits in his chair.

Song.—The Prince of Wales.

"O Sire, my dear Sire, thou 'rt not with us now,
And perhaps 'tis as well, on the whole,
For grief and amazement would sit on thy brow,
And anger would burn in thy soul;
To hear men propose that the shrine of High art,
'Spite the fact thou sitt'st by to affirm it,
Should soon on a course pyrotechnical start,
And be turned to the Home of the Hermit.

"But Sire, my dear Sire, look down on thy son,
Who swears that such sacrilege ne'er shall be done!
Look down! look down!
From thy chair, gilded Sire, O look down!

"O Sire, my dear Sire, thy feelings control,
Nor let thy pure spirit be torn;
The Gardens once walked in by thee and old Cole
Shall never become a Cremorne.
As 'tis, coloured fountains and nymphs over-dressed,
And music and lamps in the trees,
Are not too æsthetic, it must be confess'd,
But the line shall be drawn, Sire, at these.

"O yes, my dear Sire, for thy precious sake,
Our 'Shows' we will strive more artistic to make.
So, look up! look up!
Take heart, O my sire, and look up!"

* * * * *

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Here the Manager paused, and looked timidly round,
But nowhere a glance to support him he found ;
For his colleagues, in fact, had, by watching the Prince,
Discovered enough to them fully convince
That the lengthy Report, upon which they depended
Must be utterly false, and they wished it were ended ;
Whilst the Prince, much incensed, with a flush on his face,
Cried, "You 've quite worn me out with your trumpery case.
I cannot, and will not, believe you suppose
There 's an atom of truth in the things you disclose ;
'Tis an utter burlesque, and a bad one at best ;
So, come, do you still wish to read me the rest?"

Said the Manager then, "Whilst your pardon I plead
For what I have felt it my duty to read,
I think I should like to conclude the report."

Cried the Prince, "Then I hope what remains is quite short."

"This I promise you, Prince," the Lessee made reply,
"That 'twill not take me long you may safely rely."
And thereon he continued to read from the roll,
Whilst the Prince tried again to his feelings control.
"The Report now continues," the Manager said :—

"The song of the Prince such an influence spread
"That the instant result of its heart-moving lines
"Was to qualify much the submitted designs,
"Though still the more stubborn and grasping ones there
"A programme theatrical wished to prepare.
"They were backed, they maintained, by the Government's name ;
"They 'd acquir'd a widespread and sensational fame ;
"They 'd (for very good reasons) the aid of the Press,
"And would therefore start off with a chance of success
"Which the oldest lessee, though he thousands might spend
"To obtain it, would fail to achieve in the end.
"Some also insisted that their one course to take
"Was, by hook or by crook, still large profits to make ;
"If by aid of cheap Science and Art—well and good ;
"But if not, why, by aid of whatever they could.
"One member, his views to make stronger, indeed,
"Endeavoured in song their acceptance to plead :—

Song.—A Grand Councillor.

"In all our frequent meetings,
I'm sure one wish prevails—
We try to please our chairman,—
Chorus. God bless the Prince of Wales !

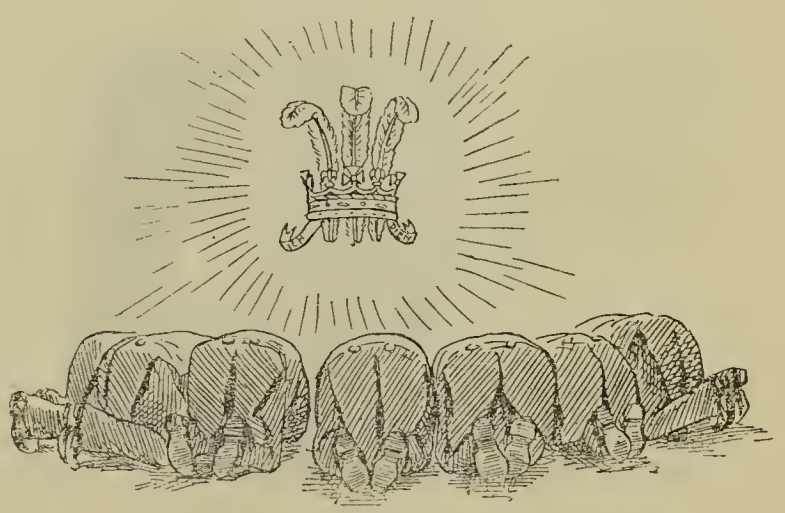
And in the present instance we beg he 'll not conclude,
That in our opposition is any thing that 's rude.
No ! this he may be sure of,
That if it wins or fails,
We all will join in shouting,
Chorus. God bless the Prince of Wales !

"'So excuse me, dear Prince,' he then said, 'if I hope
"That in future, if needs be, you 'll widen our scope ;
"Our "Wednesdays" already are fairly notorious,
"But why not, despising the strictly censorious,
"Invest our fête nights with still greater *éclat ;*
"Of course, I am sorry to thwart your Papa ;
"But think what our gardens might quickly be made,
"If the whole of our cards we defiantly played.
"We have something to guide us ; it is not a myth—
"What 's been done by a Holland, or say E. T. Smith ;
"Add more lamps and more arbours, with rockets at ten,
"And suppers to follow, and dancing ; and then
"We should soon have our gardens swept o'er by a swell sea,
"Like that which once surged at the far end of Chelsea.
"That Londoners will have amusement we know,
"And they 've proved that to get it for miles they will go.
"If we, then, decide we will forthwith supply it,
"You may be quite sure they will come here and try it.
"As it was, see the way that the Healtheries drew,
"When the nightly attractions were sparing and few,—
"Why, they came in their thousands, to sit down in chairs,
"And hear a brass band play diversified airs.
"But make it more jolly, turn on all the gas,
"Have plenty of glare, and of glitter, and glass,
"And then, with our gardens, we may be quite sure
"Of obtaining success that will always endure.'
"Then the Prince cried again : 'This is mere repetition
"Of what has already had my prohibition.
"Beneath the gilt shadow of you all know whom—
"I *won't* have such matters discussed in this room.
"Now, you quite understand ; let me hear one word more
"Of this impudent scheme, and that word you'll deplore.'

"'Twas amusing to notice the startling effect
"Of the Prince's last words, how all murmurs they check'd,
"And in very few moments opinions so changed
"That the stanzas which follow were quickly arranged.

Chorus.—The Grand Council.

"We fancied just now that we had a good notion,
But the Prince is quite sure to be right !
And we'll own we were wrong, with most humble devotion,
For the Prince is quite sure to be right !
So we 'll eat all our words, with a relish supreme ;
We 'll admit we proposed a most ludicrous scheme,
And will loudly maintain things are *not* what they seem,
For the Prince is quite sure to be right !



"We thought white was white, now we 'll say it is black,
For the Prince is quite sure to be right !
And we now will defend what we wished to attack,
For the Prince is quite sure to be right !
To yield our convictions we 're gladly content,
For we toady the great to the top of their bent,
And that twice two is five we will freely consent,
For the Prince is quite sure to be right."

"Then that is all settled, his Highness replied,
"And now I have something to mention beside,
"I lately opposed, with an ardour emphatic,
"The notion of trying a something dramatic
"To fill up the winter when we have no Show.
"'Tis but fair, then, my reason for this you should know.
"Though I act as your chairman, I'm also a friend
"To the Drama, and gladly its might would extend,

Liqueur of the Grande Chartreuse. This delicious Liqueur, the great preventive of Dyspepsia, and even of Choleraic attacks, can now be had of all the principal Wine and Spirit Merchants, and at a cost, owing to the reduction of duty, which brings it within the reach of nearly all Classes. Sole Consignee for the United Kingdom and the Colonies, W. Doyle, 2, New London-st., London, E.C.

A Smooth and White Skin.—Madame Lloyd's Otto de Rose Cold Cream is a balsamic preparation for chapped hands and lips, and all roughness of skin. Invaluable to ladies. It is secured in collapsible tubes which are readily carried in the pocket. Price 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d., of Madame Lloyd, 3, Spur-street, Leicester-square, W.C.

"I patronise plays and I'm partial to actors,
"And never have joined with their many detractors,
"In short, if you 'll listen, in song I 'll confess
"Some sentiments I am most proud to express :

Song.—The Prince of Wales.

"When a Prince is not engaged in his employment—
His employment,
Such as laying by the score foundation stones—
'Dation stones,
His capacity for innocent enjoyment—
'Cent enjoyment,
For the cares of Princely etiquette atones—
'Quette atones.
When he's finished holding Levée's for his mother—
For his mother,
And has done official duties for the day—
For the day,
He contrives his Princely weariness to smother—
'Ness to smother,
By indulging in a visit to the play—
To the play!
So he's often at one playhouse or another—
Or another,
When there is no public dinner to be done—
To be done;
And take one consideration with another—
With another,
A Prince's lot might be a sadder one—
Sadder one!
When there's no official business to be done,
A Prince's life might be a sadder one!

"Oh, yes, the Drama's friend am I,
And oft to my private box I hie,
Where a high-art play much joy affords,
Or the Bard of Avon holds the boards;
Nor can I wholly keep aloof
From the meretricious *Opera Bouffe;*
For you see I 'm bound to such plays attend,
Because I 'm known as the Drama's Friend.
All. You are!
Hurrah for the Drama's Friend!
P. of W. And I'll remain so to the end,
I'll be the Drama's Friend!
All. Hurrah!
Hurrah for the Drama's Friend!

P. of W. "'Tis for this cause that, when in my box,
I sit through a *ballet*, although it shocks,
By reason, perchance, of raiment sparse;
And sometimes, too, I sit out a farce,

And even am known, for once in a way,
To put up with a glaringly French French-play;
For I must, you observe, my views extend,
If I still would be known as the Drama's Friend!
All. You must!
Hurrah for the Drama's Friend!
P. of W. For I want to be so to the end,
To be the Drama's Friend!
All. Hurrah!
Hurrah for the Drama's Friend!"

* * * * *

"And that," said the Manager, bowing again,
"Is all, in effect, that my papers contain."
"Then all I can say," cried the Prince, in reply,
"Is that I have scarce patience such trash to deny;
I let you read on just to see what mean spite
Could do at its worst, and I 've learned it to-night;
And I'm bound to add this : that I think you 're to blame
In accepting this precious Report without name,—
You, at least, should have tried to discover its source,
And, failing in that, why—have burnt it, of course!"
Said the manager then : "We have cause, I confess,
Undoubted regret to sincerely express.
We have, p'rhaps, been too reckless in what we believed,
And have charges without due precautions received.
However, of course, after what you have said,
We admit that we must have been wholly misled;
Though much that is found in this roll, we must say,
Reflects but the gossip that 's current each day.
Still, no harm has been done, for there 's now been a chance
For denying the charges we came to advance;
And, hoping you 'll take some such view of the case,
We would humbly entreat of our Prince his kind grace!"

Then the Prince, in reply, said : "I won't be severe,
Because I believe you were all quite sincere,
And did in your hearts think the gossip you heard
Was not altogether far-fetched and absurd;
And so, though I cannot concur in your view,
I shall not refuse that forgiveness you sue;
But I still must denounce with the whole of my strength,
That tissue of falsities, read at such length.
To begin with—to this I your notice would call :—
On the day that you name we did not meet at all;
But that 's a small matter, I 'd rather repeat,
That the whole of your story 's a falsehood complete;
It 's an utter concoction; nor can I conceive,
How you came such an evident squib to believe.
There 's one point, however, in which I admit
There's a semblance of truth to be met with in it:
I mean in that part at the end, where it states
My love for the drama, and on it dilates;
That, all of you know, and you 'll thus understand
Why your present complaints my attention demand,
And why it has caused me of late poignant pain
To know that your loss meant South Kensington's gain.
I have grieved that the crowds to our Show we admit
Have been drawn but too much from the theatre's pit,
That the rank and the fashion pervading our halls
Have left empty too often dress-circles and stalls,
Till at last you have cried, and in anguish full sore,
'Tisn't "Shakespeare" that "Bankruptcy" spells any more,
But 'tis "Healtheries" now that means ruin outright,
As our Houses with "paper" are filled every night.'
"Yes, I tell you most frankly I think you have reason
For blaming our Show for your losses this season,
And I sympathise with you so far that I mean
In your aid if I can to forthwith intervene,
In what way, I confess, I have not yet decided,
But I my intention to you have confided,
In order to claim your intelligent aid
In the effort, whatever it be, that is made.
But I 'll offer, myself, the best hints that I can,
And foster at least, if not furnish a plan.
So give this attention, and ere we next meet
Some scheme of relief we shall doubtless complete."

With a gleam of satisfaction was the pitch-fork tapped again,
As the managers (all feeling that they had not called in vain,)
Followed Mr. Henry Irving till the Prince's dwelling rung
With the joyous acclamations of the song that then was sung.

On the sunny side Pall Mall lives the Prince we love so well,
Who 's as pleasant and obliging as can be;
And who never duty shirks, nor his business ever burks,
Nor refuses any citizens to see.
We his promise now have heard, and we gladly take his word,
Very happy to our confidence evince,
In the Hope of all the nation,
And the Pride of his high station,
In our busy, broad-backed, drama-loving Prince!

This finished, the managers bowed their "good-byes,"
Re-adjusted their cloaks, slouched their hats o'er their eyes,
And thus strode to their homes, be they west, south, or north,
To await what the Prince's kind promise brought forth.

The Latest Invention in Pens. — Macniven & Cameron's "Scotch Express" and "Flying Scotchman" Pens. An improvement of great value. They eclipse all others.—*Vide the Press.* 6d. and 1s., per box, of all stationers.

The Prince at "Truth" Office.

IT was about, say, three o'clock on a
bright October day
That a brougham (black, picked out
with red) turned down Great
George-street way.
At four 't had left the House of Lords,
and, spite its rapid pace,
A crowd of very vulgar boys had held
it close in chase;
For they had caught a glimpse of him
who, smiling, sat inside,
And recognised Great Britain's hope,
and likewise Ireland's pride.

Forthwith, as by that brougham went, the people stared
amain,
Till passing in at Queen Anne's Gate it turned and turned
again;
And ere we 'd any chance to think what caused the coming
roar,
Dashed just half-way up Carteret-street, and stopped
outside our door.

It seems that, as the Prince came in, a clerk his wish
demanded,
And when he said, "I am the Prince!" the usual paper
handed
(P'rhaps thinking that some prosy bore the visitor might
be),
That he might state his name, and why the editor he 'd see.
Meanwhile, though, we had heard his voice, and so made
haste to send
A message down, which put at once the boy's doubts at
an end;
But ere we'd time to stir the fire and place an easy-chair,
The royal soles were heard to creak upon our private
stair.
Two senior office-boys came first, and with most ready
tact,
(Which we have since rewarded well) before the Prince
they backed;
His Royal Highness followed them, and then we saw
appear
Three of our clerks with rulers drawn, who thus brought
up the rear.

This escort then bowed in the Prince with wonderful
success,
And we stepped forward thereupon our guest to thus
address,
Our office-boys, it may be said, being signalled to remain,
And join with all their boyish might in echoing our
strain:—

Oh, dear! what can the matter be?
Oh, dear! what can the matter be?
Oh, dear! what can the matter be?
Seeing our Prince has come here?
He 's come without sending a note to prepare us;
But that 'tis not unfortunate news he can bear us,
And that he 's not come from our business to tear us,
We hope that he soon will make clear!
So, Prince, *please*, say what the matter is;
Pray, state if this call meant to flatter is;
Or, if its purpose mere chatter is,
We should that fact like to hear.

Solo.—The Prince.

Oh, Truth! I 'm in a quandary!
Oh, Truth! I 'm in a quandary!
Oh, Truth! I 'm in a quandary!
And I want you to help, if you can!
The actors have come in their great tribulation,
And want me to aid them to make some sensation
To save them from what they declare 's ruination;
And I cannot think on a plan.
Yes, Truth, that 's what the matter is;
This call not for mere chatter is,
Nor meant to bandy mere flatteries,
For you 're a much-occupied man.

So please, Truth; please, Truth, the brief occasion seize, Truth
And tell me what I'd better do—you can now, if you please,
Truth.
Yes, state, Truth; state, Truth; and do it while I wait, Truth;
For ever since I knew you first, my faith in you 's been great,
Truth.

These vocal interchanges o'er, the Prince sat at our table,
And we most readily agreed to help if we were able.
But first, at our request, he gave more details of the case,
Referring to the interview which at his house took place,
Recounting also what he since had said at Kensington,
And asking our advice again as soon as he had done.

"Liberty" Arabian Furnituro and Decoration. A new Sketch-book post free. Liberty & Co., Chesham House. Regent-street, W.

Our answer, quickly made, was this: "In such a ticklish task
As you suggest, dear Prince, we 'd like Truth's own kind aid to ask."

"By all means call her!" cried the Prince, "Her face I 've never seen;"
"But what is this?" he added, as he looked behind a screen.
"That, Prince," we answered, "is her Well, and (this in lower tone)
Excuse us if we counsel you to please let Well alone!
Intruding eyes or hands, indeed, she does not like at all.
See, Prince, we press this ivory knob when Truth we wish to call."
We pressed, an answering tinkle came, and then from far below
There floated up the words, "Who 's there?" in accents sweet and low.
"'Tis we," we answered. "Will you come, and could you please be quick?"
"I 'll trim my lamp at once," said she; "I 'm putting in a wick,
But that shall not detain me long! my mirror *is* quite clean!"
And so we led the Prince away and rearranged the screen.
Nor had we any time to wait; our seats we 'd scarcely taken
Before there came a sound as though a chain were being shaken,
And noiselessly, yet like a queen, and with unstudied grace,
The fair young form of Truth appeared, and glided to her place.

"Your Royal Highness," we began, "permit us to present
Our guardian angel!" adding then, as he most lowly bent,
"Truth, this is England's future King, a Prince you ought to know!"
"Delighted, I am sure!" said she, as she, too, curtseyed low.
"Allow me," cried the Prince, "to take your hand-glass and your lamp,
And pray do sit here, next the fire; I fear you must be damp."
"No, no!" she answered, with a laugh; "believe me, I 'm quite dry;
Thanks to my magic lamp, you see, the dampness I defy.
But tell me," she said, eagerly, "your Princess—how is she?
And your sweet children, who for years I 've hoped that I might see!"

But o'er the chat that followed here 'twere best to draw a veil,
And only to report those things it 's needful to detail.

Truth soon was made acquainted with the matter in debate,
And showed her normal grasp of facts and penetration great.
"It comes to this," she said, at length, "the actors, you declare,
Have suffered very grievously, and would their loss repair.
But how? is what you would decide; well, due consideration
Makes me advise them to forthwith attempt retaliation.
They know what 'tis has injured them; let them a lesson learn,
And use the bitter truth thus taught to aid them in their turn.
Let them, in short, try to arrange as quickly as they can
Some great theatrical display upon the Healtheries' plan!
Let them, for instance, try to get—here *you* can help them, Prince—
All persons of celebrity to sympathy evince;
Not actors and lessees alone, but bishops, politicians,
Artists and authors, architects, great merchants and physicians;
Enlist Society at large, get hold of every class,
And you thereby at once ensure their sympathies *en masse*."

"A splendid notion," cried the Prince, "but may I ask you, too,
What special sort of show you think we best could carry through?"

"Nay, that," said Truth, "amongst yourselves you surely should decide;
Form a Committee, and let that your future plans provide.
With such a host of councillors as you, Prince, can demand,
A programme of surpassing strength could certainly be planned."

"Quite so," said we. "You first should get the striking combination,
And then arrange among yourselves the principal sensation.
As to the first, that 's soon ensured, and, as Truth says, the second
May, as a natural consequence, to follow it be reckoned!"

"You both are right," replied the Prince, "and my relief is such,
That from the bottom of my heart I thank you very much.
I now can bravely meet again the piercing eye of Irving,
And Harris's Augustan form no longer feel unnerving;
Nay, I believe I e'en can stand and face with courage cool
The celebrated 'rolling eye' of Mr. J. L. Toole.
So thank you very much again, and always look on me
As one who hopes, in many ways, a friend of Truth to be."
With that His Royal Highness rose, and, at a sign from us,
Two office-boys, who waited near, began to carol thus:—

His name is Albert Ed.,
And never before nor since
Old Time began, did you ever scan
Such a versatile all-round Prince!
For there 's nothing that can be found
In the whole of our sea-girt isle,
That cannot be done by this princely one,
Who is so versatile!

He is so versatile! He is so versatile!
Come work or come play, it 's all in his way,
He is so versatile!

At laying foundation-stones
He proves uncommonly quick;
And it 's grand to see what a dab is he,
With an *In Memoriam* brick;
Whilst hearing addresses read,
He can always contrive to smile;
And at turning sods and taking the odds,
He is equally versatile!

He is so versatile! He is so versatile!
And he 's quite at his ease in planting trees,
He is so versatile!

Minton's China.—Thomas Goode & Co., Artists and Designers in Porcelain, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square.

He 's great at taking chairs,
Or boxes at the play,
In eating dinners or "finding" winners,
You 'll find he 's quite *au fait;*
In music, too, he 's scored
In a most successful style;
And with zeal unbounded, a College has founded,
He is so versatile!

He is so versatile! He is so versatile!
And he plays his part to advance High Art,
He is so versatile!

He 's specially at home
In Courtly etiquette;
In presenting flags or in shooting stags,
He never failed as yet;
And he often helps mamma,
In the business of the Isle;
And in matters of State will co-operate—
He is so versatile.

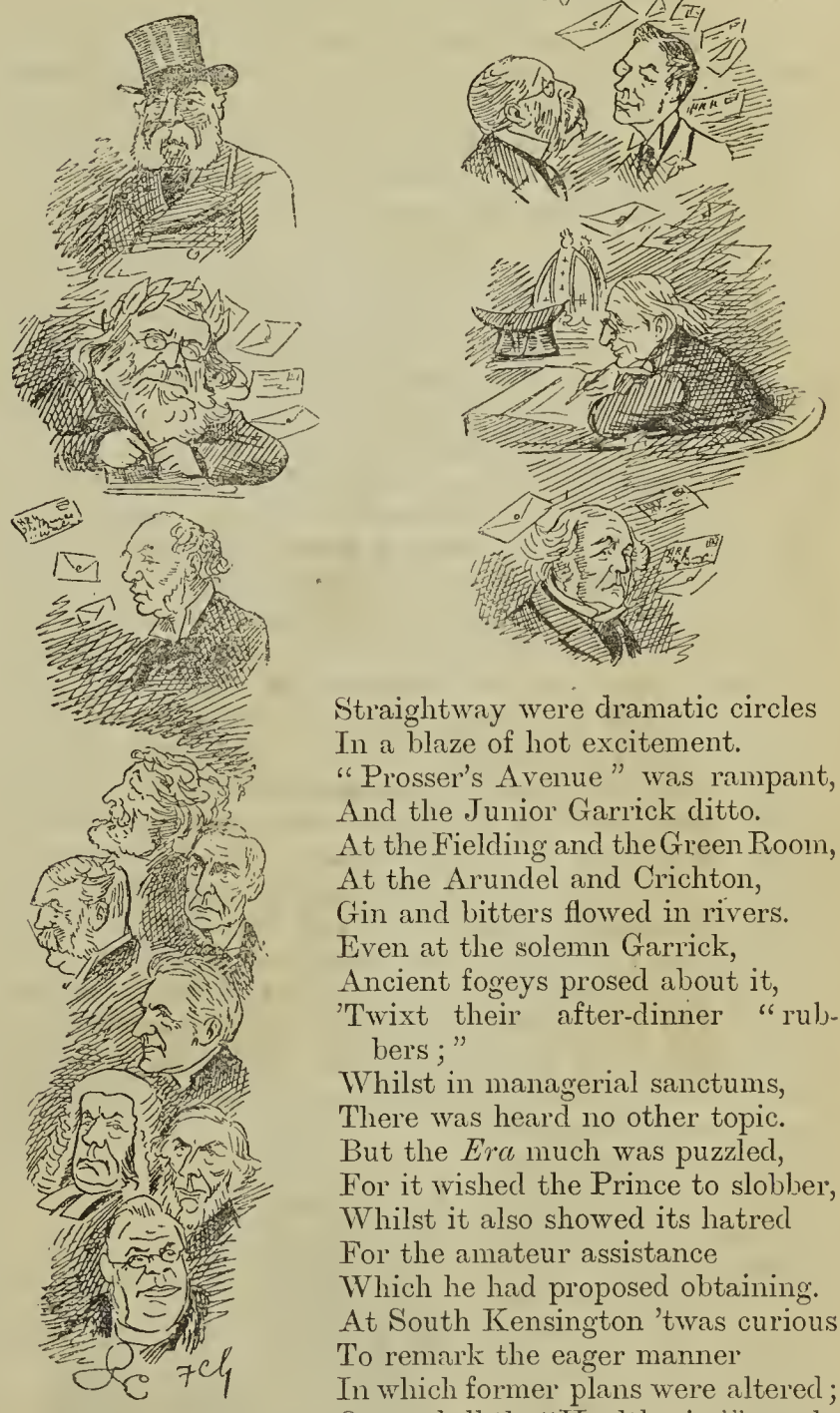
He is so versatile! He is so versatile!
And he 's never tired, whilst his aid 's required,
He is so versatile!

With these lines sounding in his ears, the Prince went down our stairs,
And we were able to take up the thread of our affairs.

The Prince's Next Move.

THAT the counsel Truth had given
With the Prince found special favour,
Was established very clearly
By his energetic action;
For, ere many days, the rumour
Of his contemplated purpose
Spread throughout the whole of London;
And 'twas known that he intended
To assist, with all his ardour,
In the scheme for partly making
Up to the lessees the losses
Of the past disastrous season.
Never, p'rhaps, was shown more plainly
What great power a Prince possesses;
Never was the whole of London
So inclined by one strong impulse;
No, not even when it wasted
Money on the School of Music
At the Heir Apparent's bidding;
Or, on his solicitation,
Lavished further sums in starting,

On its lines, a Royal College.
Scarcely were the Prince's wishes
Fully stated, than all classes
Vied with eagerness to do them.



Straightway were dramatic circles
In a blaze of hot excitement.
"Prosser's Avenue" was rampant,
And the Junior Garrick ditto.
At the Fielding and the Green Room,
At the Arundel and Crichton,
Gin and bitters flowed in rivers.
Even at the solemn Garrick,
Ancient fogeys prosed about it,
'Twixt their after-dinner "rubbers;"
Whilst in managerial sanctums,
There was heard no other topic.
But the *Era* much was puzzled,
For it wished the Prince to slobber,
Whilst it also showed its hatred
For the amateur assistance
Which he had proposed obtaining.
At South Kensington 'twas curious
To remark the eager manner
In which former plans were altered;
Once and all, the "Healtheries'" people
Volunteered to help the movement.
Now the Prince had laid before them
His own wishes in the matter.
Mr. Gladstone, for his colleagues,
Wrote to promise their assistance;
Even the unyielding Marquis
Intimated he would gladly
Countenance the Prince's project;
Radical and Tory members
Sank their politics most gladly
To assist his novel purpose;
Letters came in sacks and thousands,
Pledging, all of them, their writers,
To essay their very utmost
In the cause the Prince commended;
Bishops wrote, and rich Dissenters;
Dukes assured his Royal Highness
'Twas their warmest wish to serve him;
So did Tracy Turnerelli,

And poor Tupper (in a sonnet);
Merchants wrote, and well-known artists;
Playwrights, priests, and leader-writers.
One day's post alone included
Letters from the Great Macdermott,
Mr. Froude, and Mrs. Weldon!
Social *belles*, in scented *billets;*
Judges, on official paper;
Aldermen and men of science;
Specials, poets, and explorers,
Hinted similar devotion;
And, in short, so vast a number
Of allies assistance offered,
That the meeting called to settle
What should be the entertainment
Brought together such a gathering,
So distinguished and so different,
So assiduous and assorted,
That in public meetings' annals
Never yet was known its fellow!

It went, in fact, extremely well, but, still, upon the whole, it was too large for business and too noisy for control. For dozens wished to talk at once, and had their words been printed, the *Times* itself had scarcely held the various projects hinted. Duchesses thought a *fête* was best, and promised, if they had one, they 'd spare no trouble to prevent it turning out a bad one. One even said, excitedly, that, if they 'd give her scope, she 'd bring her youngest daughter there to dance on a tight-rope. Ladies, whose charms were widely known, said, eagerly, they 'd sing or dance a *ballet*—or, in fact, do almost anything. The rush of men to play the fool was numerous and intense; dukes, earls, and baronets, and squires longed only to commence. Women of reputation, good and pure enough *chez-elles*, offered to do the wildest thing the *fête's* success to swell; in fact, some matrons, with a zest no sense of shame could baffle, agreed to put their daughters in a "Matrimonial Raffle." The *fête* proposed bade fair, indeed, such scandals to promote, that, in the end, the Prince refused to put it to the vote, protesting he 'd not be concerned in what, 'twas plain to see, would, if it were persisted in, a social outrage be; and, spite the clamour which the sex were prompt thereon to raise, declined to help in any way so scandalous a craze.

Then once again the Babel rose, and some were heard to speak for *Soirées à la* Pfeiffer, some for *Tableaux à la* Freake. A motion for a Concert found support on every hand, and amateurs engaged to swell the Viscount Folkestone's Band; indeed, it was discovered, 'midst the ever-rising din, that some five hundred ladies wished to play the violin. The Prince, too, made it clear, as soon as music was propounded, he 'd like to work the College in he had so lately founded; on which his brother Alfred rose, the meeting to remind, he played himself, and could compose dance-music when inclined; and was continuing to say he 'd do a *valse* or two for half what Sullivan would charge, and come and play them, too; when Benedict, Weist Hill and Hayes, Macfarren, Barnby, Manns, and quite a score of music men, suggested rival plans, and caused the Prince, at last, 'midst din that he could not arrest, to doubt if music had a charm to soothe the savage breast. "It 's clear," said he, "this notion of a concert will not do, unless we 'd these composers see their hands in blood imbrue. Some of them Wagner hate, I know; yet all, as you can see, in quite an obvious manner share his lack of harmony!"

Athletic sports were mentioned next, and then a General said, he thought it would be well to have a Tournament instead. The Duke of Cambridge, though, demurred, and so, in point of fact, each thing proposed time after time, was censured and attacked. A Panorama and a Race, a Banquet and a Ball, were named, discussed, and thereupon thrown over, one and all. At last the matter tedious grew, and as there seemed no sign that those assembled would agree to any settled line, the Prince put Mr. Gladstone up, to say that 'twas decided that out of those most precious hints the meeting had provided, 'twas felt the necessary plan could easily be made, so that there was, in truth, no cause for seeking further aid. Their noble Chairman, therefore, wished to thank them every one, as much for what they wished to do as though it had been done, and hoping they would patronise the coming benefit, whatever, on mature advice, they chanced to make of it, he begged again to thank them all, and (turning to the Prince), hoped they would, by three parting cheers, their loyalty evince. On which, with three times three hurrahs, the vast assembly rose, and brought four hours of heated talk to a belated close.

* * * * *

What followed may be briefly told. The Prince, with steadfast zeal, invited those he thought most fit to with the problem deal. The individuals he thus chose included party men, and those who 'd made a name with sword, with chisel, brush, and pen; and having fixed an afternoon, he met them, and proceeded to ask what they considered best would yield them what was needed.

'Twas very soon decided, and in manner, too, emphatic, that whatsoever else might be, the Show should be dramatic. This settled, the committeemen (the Prince still in the chair) debated what should be the shape they 'd give to the affair, and after many hours of talk, in which each well-known form of stage production was discussed in language somewhat warm; in which, in fact, high tragedy, low farce, comedietta, with melodrama, opera bouffe, and *ballet* and burletta, were all brought forward and dismissed; the meeting's final choice fell on a

MONSTER PANTOMIME

without dissentient voice. For that, 'twas felt, might comprehend well nearly everything, and serve the most assorted scenes upon the stage to bring. It might be made, the Prince observed, A Grand Conglomeration of Sense and Nonsense, Politics, Satire, and Sanitation, of Science and of Merriment, of Dance and Song and Pun, A Fisheries *cum* Healtheries *cum* Wealtheries in one. In short, his Royal Highness spoke with so much animation, his colleagues in his plan agreed with little hesitation.

They were about dispersing, when the Prince said, "By the way, I see Sir Frederick Leighton there: will he, then, kindly say what would be most original to serve as our drop-scene? P'rhaps he can tell us what of late the novelties have been." "I think," Sir Frederick answered, "that A Fan 's the newest thing." "Then that," the Prince suggested, "may some fresher notion bring." "Yes," called out Mr. Poynter, "here's something good *and* new—

A BROBDINGNAGIAN HAND OF CARDS.

How think you that would do?" "Capital!" said the Prince on this; "but whose hand shall we take? Stay! would it not be well the cards political to make?" "Yes, that it would," Lord Cranbrook cried. "We all should like, I 'm sure, to see what Mr. Gladstone plays his victories to secure." "Nay, nay, not all!" cried Sir R. Cross, for "I 'd much rather see the cards our gallant Marquis plays." "Then Marquis it shall be!" the Prince exclaimed. "We certainly can easily provide a drop-scene that we can reverse — a 'hand' on either side. The one, the G.O.M.'s, of course; the other, let us say, the Marquis's; he is, I think, the Tory leader, eh?" There was a cry of "No!" at this. Then Lord John Manners said, "I think Sir Stafford Northcote ought to play the hand instead." "Sir Stafford be it!" said the Prince, this brought a roar of "Noes;" on which the Chairman cried, "Why, then, who *is* it you propose?" "Lord Randolph!" was the eager cry; "he plays our trumps for us!" "This is a matter," said the Prince, "we can again discuss. The notion is, at least, all right, howe'er it 's carried out; and such a curtain, brightly done, will take the town, no doubt."

* * * * *

What was at last decided, and whose hands were really done, the reader may at once observe by turning to Page One!"

The Meeting of the Managing Committee.

Scene.—*The Committee-Room (a State apartment at Buckingham Palace). Members of the Committee, including the representative men and women of the Social, Political, Clerical, Legal, Architectural, Musical, Fiscal, Theatrical, Journalistical, Nondescriptical Worlds discovered in session; with* H.R.H. The Prince of Wales *in the chair.*

The Chairman:

I AM quite overwhelmed, I am indeed,
To see so large a meeting, and I plead
For its indulgence, and desire its aid,
That this discussion useful may be made.
The talent in this room, though, is so great,
I know not who should open the debate;
But think it best, perhaps, to first let speak
Those individuals who assistance seek.
That is, I 'll ask the Actors who are here
To deal with what is surely in their sphere,
And give to us their views how best we may
Engage the company our piece to play.
Ladies, I 'm sure, will gladly give attention
To those great men—their names I need not mention—
Who grace this meeting, and who honour me
By deigning sub-committeemen to be.
But for the present, as I 've said, I 'll ask
For counsel on our coming arduous task;
And we should first of all, I think, decide
Those rules which shall our choice of actors guide.
Now, Mr. Kendal, we should like to hear
What *you* suggest. [Mr. Kendal *rises.*

Mrs. Kendal (pulling Mr. K.'s coat-tail). Be seated Willie, dear.
(*To Chairman.*) My husband's very diffident, you see;
He always leaves such things as these to me.
My views, I thought, were known. Each candidate
Should be required specific'lly to state,
What Sabbath-school he as a boy attended,
And by what clergyman he 's recommended.
If he be married, then I say that we
Should his certificate of marriage see;
If single, we should learn from him instead
The hour at which he goes each night to bed;
Whether he 's joined the Polytechnic classes,
Or, if he 's not, how he his leisure passes.
So much for males; with females, though, I feel
That we with still more stringency should deal.
Not only should they act with strict propriety,
But *I'd* require them to be in Society;
A term by which, please, understand I mean
Circles in which dear Will and I are seen.
I d strongly urge, too, that we should taboo
All those whose *cartes* are kept on public view.
My own were once so kept, to tell the truth—
That was a fault, though, of my giddy youth,
Of which some twenty years since I repented,
And now am quite resolved should be prevented.
One's portrait in a pamphlet, though, I 'd pass,
Provided that the pamphlet be first-class.
In such a case advertisement's a duty,
And seems surrounded by a moral beauty;
But portraits not with letterpress connected
Should be, I say, most jealously suspected.
We should be careful, too, how we engage
Good-looking girls of somewhat tender age;
Youth is a snare, and so is beauty, too,
And we should both religiously eschew,
And for the sake of our fastidious patrons,
Only engage genteel dramatic matrons.
A pretty actress! Fie! The very notion
Fills me at once with quite a shocked emotion

Solo.—Mrs. Kendal.

O tell me not that she is fair,
Or makes applauding houses tremble
With grand dramatic passion, rare
As that of Siddons or of Kemble!
I ask you not if on the stage
Her acting is intensely telling.
It may be so,
But *I* would know
What passes when she gains her dwelling.
Do her actions there show clearly
That she loves her hubby dearly,
Like the prim and proper wifie every actress ought to be?
Does she sit upon his lap and
Tell him everything that 's happened?
And do they talk Martin Tupper
As they linger at their supper?
These methinks the vital points are—these the things to which to see.

What recks it though she be the craze,
If she can't needle use, and thimble?
What care I though she grandly plays,
If she at buttons is not nimble?
Her comedy may be as bright
As that of wicked Mrs. Jordan;
It may be so,
What *I* would know
Is, has her husband been churchwarden?
Does she go to church on Sunday,
And make morning calls on Monday
On the upper ten of Bloomsbury?—this is what I would find out.
Does she darn the household stocking,
And consider flirting shocking?
Does the notice of a stranger
Much upset and disarrange her?
If it does, whate'er her acting, she will suit, I have no doubt.

[*At this point* Lord R. Churchill *is heard whispering to* Lord John Manners.]

The Chairman. I think, Lord Randolph, that I hear your voice.
Do you know anything to aid our choice?

Lord R. Churchill. May it please your Royal Highness, I do not.

The Chairman. Then were you two concocting some deep plot?

Lord R. Churchill. I 'll frankly tell you, Prince, what you o'erheard,
To that great Statesman opposite referred;

For Chaps, Chilblains, Roughness of Skin, &c., use "Glycerine and Honey Jelly." In bottles, and tubes, 6d. and 1s., post 2d. extra. Prepared only by Osborne, Bauer, & Cheeseman. Sole Proprietors of "The Inexhaustible Salts," as supplied to the Queen, "Baby's Soap," "Bauer's Head Soap," 19, Golden-square, London W.

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I was remarking that in case you meant
To dancing introduce to some extent,
And if a sword-dance came within your plan,
Sir William Harcourt, there, would be your man.

Sir W. Harcourt (*pompously*). I beg to rise to order, and to claim
The Chair's protection.
The Chairman. And I grant the same.
Lord Randolph, your remark, I am afraid,
Was not with any good intention made.
Pray do not interrupt like that again,
Or order I shall certainly maintain.
P'rhaps Mr. Kendal now would say a word.
Mrs. Kendal (*to Mr. K.*). Come, dear, stand up, and don't look so absurd!
Mr. Kendal (*looking inquiringly at Mrs. K.*). Well, Mr. Chairman, I will echo merely
The points which Mrs. Kendal's made so clearly.
Morals are most important; and I trust
That we should all reject with stern disgust
A candidate if it were found that he
Failed any evening to get home to tea.
There is another point with which I feel
I have especial competence to deal:
We can't, I think, denounce in terms too strong
The perils of the *risqué* comic song;
I have myself such horror of the things,
The very thought my boyish blushes brings.
Why, I would never sing such songs as these
Even to try a Royal Prince to please.
However, I need not enlarge on that,
My hint will be sufficient, *verb. sap. sat.*
(*Briskly.*) Oh, I have something else to say to you.
You know that——
Mrs. Kendal (*in a still, small voice*). Mr. Kendal, that will do!
Mr. K. Quite so, my dear, I've nothing more to say,
And so will take my seat without delay.
The Chairman. I'm sure we thank this couple most sincerely
For having put their views so very clearly,
I share with Mr. K. his feeling strong
On what he calls the *risqué* comic song;
And as to Mrs. K., though there may be
Some here who don't go home each night to tea,
Yet all, methinks, who've heard her speak to-day,
Will own she is consistent, any way.
She has a right to actresses upbraid
Who make advertisement their acting aid;
And I regret that she did not speak longer,
And make her criticisms sternly stronger;
I wish she'd quoted, to her tale adorn,
That actress whose manœuvres she would scorn—
Who, but a week or two ago, went down,
And, at a Congress in a country town,
Bepuffed herself with no small eloquence
At absent sister actresses' expense.

I think myself that Beauty's photograph
Is shown in window-panes too much by half,
But better far advertisement take *that* form
Than that an actress, standing on a platform,
Should so far stoop herself to advertise
As to make spite and envy her allies.
I could have wished, though, as I just now said,
That Mrs. K. had shown her up instead.
For she'd have been so very pat a sample,
For her to give us as a black example
Of that insensate craving for publicity
Which can be found in league with strict pudicity.
But now, as we would learn the views of all,
On Mr. Bancroft for his hints I'll call.

Mr. Bancroft. My counsel can be given very briefly.
One thing in actors we must look for chiefly.
We ought to see that those we may engage
Are not mere gentlemen upon the stage.
We have no need of further Poole-dressed levies,
Of haw-haw swells, or empty-headed heavies;
And what I say, I have good cause to mean,
Thanks to what I on my own stage have seen;
It has been proved—aye, by experience gruff—
That wearing dress-clothes well is not enough;
The tailor-dummy school has had its day;
What we require is players who can play.
And 'twould be very silly to rely
On that which good stage managers supply;
Fine scenery and perfect taste, in fact,
Won't take the place of actors who can't act;
The public will not pay to see a pack
Of padded noodles set in *bric-à-brac;*
Nor pardon actors, when they wholly fail,
Because they sit in chairs by Chippendale.
No! they will not a feeble piece condone
Because good taste in mounting it is shown;
Velvet in place of vigour will not do—
An epigram's worth tons of ormolu;
One witty dialogue will earn more praise
Than suites of furniture of Louis Seize;
Shoolbred may furnish, Gillow may upholster,
But both combined bad plays cannot up-bolster;
For one good scene, with force and life replete,
Beats all the bargains bought in Wardour-street;
And does far more a play to safely launch
Than giving Messrs. Liberty *carte blanche.*
The Chairman. I feel convinced such sentiments as these
Are full of wisdom and can't fail to please;
And that friend Bancroft's views are "real grit,"
Even his rivals must, I think, admit.
But may we hope he has yet more to say
In his own earnest and attractive way?
Mr. Bancroft. Nay, nay, I'd sooner, please, not speak again,
But I will sing you all a little strain;
'Tis not pretentious, but by this sigh's token,
Believe me from my very heart 'tis spoken.

Naldire's Tablet.—The Prize Medal Dog Soap destroys all insects, cleanses the skin, removes all doggy smell and gives gloss to the coat. Price 1s. of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Stores.

Beautiful Pit, behind the stalls,
For treatment kind thy memory calls;
Who could fail to thy use admit,
Pit of the Haymarket, Haymarket Pit!
Pit of the Haymarket, beautiful Haymarket Pit!

In fancy's eyes you seem to say,
Think of the Drama's bright hey-day;
When first-night critics would views emit
From the famed front row of the Haymarket Pit!
Pit of the Haymarket, beautiful Haymarket Pit!

To your cheap seats the people come
In a vigorous crowd with a hearty hum;
And where is the manager who 'd permit
One seat to be filched from the Haymarket Pit?
Pit of the Haymarket, beautiful Haymarket Pit!

The stalls are cynical, boxes sneer
At the warm applause to actors dear;
And the cheer that cometh their hearts to knit,
Is sent from the rows of the crowded pit.
Pit of the Haymarket, beautiful Haymarket Pit!

So, Pit, last on! and hold your own,
Whatever else may be overthrown;
And let fond hands your each seat refit,
Pit of the Haymarket, Haymarket Pit!
Pit of the Haymarket, beautiful Haymarket Pit!

The Chairman. A touching strain! (I will not say to you
'Tis true, 'tis pity—pity 'tis tain't true!)
But Mr. Gladstone's on the move I see,
I know he has a Cabinet at three;
Will he, then, say a word before he goes?

Mr. Gladstone. Nay, nay, you must not such a thing propose;
My views on acting (as they're forced to be)
Are drawn from those whom every night I see
Upon the benches opposite to mine—
They act their many parts; still I decline
To found on this pretension to advise.
Much sooner would I see more actors rise;
So pray, dear Prince, the matter do not press.

The Chairman. In that case, we 'll have Mr. Toole's address.

Mr. J. L. Toole. Though thus called forth upon the Turkey *tapis*,
Still, Mr. Chairman—Sir, I am not happy.
No, I am grieved—yes, deeply grieved—to find
So many actors of a frivolous mind,
And ready to devote their frequent leisure
To study parts producing mirthful pleasure.
What they should do, is warning take from me,
And their whole soul devote to tragedy.
'Tis easy work to make an audience laugh,
With foolish gags and mere ephemeral chaff.
But let, I say, the histrion's aim be high,
And be it his to make the people cry!
Comedy! Bah! let 's put it on the shelf—
I 'm studying Hamlet earnestly myself!
Let us, then, see that no one we engage
Who is not sternly sad and gravely sage,
And who does not, like Mr. K. and me,
Each afternoon at five go home to tea.
I quite agree with Mrs. Kendal, too,
That we should with severity taboo
Those efforts made, with such bold multiplicity,
By actors to ensure themselves publicity.
'Tis true, my own name now and then appears,
Spite my entreaties and my scalding tears;
In fact, I am beneath some spiteful spell,
And what I thereby suffer none can tell;
Upon this point, indeed, my view 's so strong,
That I have shaped my feelings in a song.

Song.—Mr. J. L. Toole.

Whene'er I take my walks abroad
(I take them daily, as a rule),
I utter cries,
And shut my eyes,
Where'er I see the name of Toole.

But, thanks to Mr. Frank Burnand,
I live beneath a kind of "cuss;"
And, ten to one, where'er I run,
"Toole" stares at me from off a 'bus.
Yes; a big, big T and a big O O, and a capital L and an E,
From window and hoarding,
From bills and from boarding,
Insist upon gazing at me.

In tram or train it 's just the same,
And though I try to keep quite cool,
I sob aloud,
Amongst the crowd,
And almost curse the name of Toole.
I hie me north, I hie me south,
Try inland towns and "do" the coast,
Always my name, in lurid flame,
Burns bright on gate and wall and post.
Yes; a big, big T and a big O O, and a capital L and an E,
From trunks and big cases,
And odd sorts of places,
Insist on still gazing at me.

You see, then, what a sorry case is mine,
And how the fates to worry me combine;
'Tis all in vain I sigh and yearn for peace—
Those bold advertisements have no surcease;
I take a play-house—still it is the same,
They go and give that theatre my name.

Ah! would I were a violet,
To hide and ne'er be seen;
To hang my head,
And perfume shed,
Beneath my leaves of green.
I want no puffs, I need no pars,
I crave not pomp, I seek not power,
But my one plea is, let me be,
Low Comedy's most modest flower!

The Chairman. These sentiments I 'm sure you 'll all agree
Do credit great to Mr. J. L. T.,
Whom I shall gladly think of from this hour
As our "Low Comedy's most modest flower!"
But Mr. Millais tries to catch my eye.

Mr. Millais. I have to leave the meeting, that is why.

The Chairman. What! You must go?

Mr. Millais. Yes, 'tis a dreadful bore,
But I must earn a thousand pounds by four.
I wished to say, though, that I 've seen of late
Good *Tableaux Vivants* interest great create.
Could we not, then, say, three or four arrange?—
They 'd be, I think, a very welcome change.

Mr. A. Harris. Yes, Mr. Chairman, you this hint should note,
Twould pay, I 'm sure, to care to it devote.
The Chairman. It shall be seen to.
Mr. Millais. And I p'rhaps may add
One subject which I think would not be bad,
'Tis—

"THE LAST MUSTER."

The Chairman. What, by Herkomer?
Mr. Millais. Precisely.
The Chairman. How would you the scene transfer?
Mr. Millais. Why, 'stead of Chelsea Pensioners, I 'd make
The best-known Tory Peers their places take;
'Twould work out well!
The Chairman. Why, yes, if that was all,
We might add Gladstone's shadow on the wall.
But this and other details we can change
When on the boards the *tableau* we arrange.
Thanks, Mr. Millais, thanks!
Mr. Millais. Then I'll engage
To draw it as it should be on the stage.
The Chairman. Again, our thanks!—but I a lady see,
Who 's making wild attempts to signal me.
Pray let her speak, by all means, if she will,
She doubtless has good precepts to instil?
Miss Mary Anderson. I'm much relieved at thus escaping censure,
Although to rise thus forwardly I venture.
I 'm led, in fact, to break the usual rule,
That I may echo our dear Mr. Toole,
And tell you that I share the infelicity
Which comes of undesired, unsought publicity.
I am a stranger in your lovely land,
Yet, soon as I put foot upon your strand,
Your naughty papers, most of them, commenced
To publish my biography condensed;
And put in paragraphs, well, daily nearly,
Which gossipped of my doings, O, so queerly!
Much grieved to see thus printed every day,
Puffs, better far than those for which I pay,
I strove to find the culprit, but in vain,
Who wrote me up in such persistent strain!
Who could it be, I wondered, that inspired
Those strange reports which to the States were wired;
And who 's the person that, spite all I say,
Still writes about me in this lavish way?
Who pays for those expensive cablegrams,
Which tell of me such matrimonial crams?
Who hires those bands that meet me at the stations?
Who tips the roughs who give me such ovations?
Who sends the papers private facts by dozens,
About myself, my sisters, aunts, and cousins?
How odd that strangers should make all this fuss,
And spend repeated sums of cash for us!
My step-papa, he also thinks it strange
That these same folks should our affairs arrange,
And says they must be stopped, and so do I,
For I am so unworldly and so shy!
How is it, then? Whatever is the reason
That I have been so talked of all the season?
The Chairman. If you are truly anxious this to know,
'Twill not be hard, I think, the cause to show;
I wish to speak without the least offence,
And feel assured you've too much common sense
To mind me stating why in truth it is
That whilst some lionize you, others quiz.
The case is this: We like your pretty face,
We much admire your coldly classic grace;
We rush to see your every charming pose,
And think your acting, too, improvement shows.
So far so good. But now to change my strain,
I'll state what 'tis that goes against our grain;
What many, then, are ready to resent
Is that you should, to such a great extent,
Seem to consider that we have in you
A Thespian sensation, naïve and new,
And act as though your *chic* agglomeration
Of domesticity and fascination
Were quite a novelty in our great city.
Now this, I must confess, I think a pity;
For though it may seem somewhat odd to find
Such varied qualities in one combined,
And to observe such very obvious traces
Of Mrs. Grundy mixed up with the graces;
Yet actresses, believe me, here abound
In whom the said good traits are also found;
In fact, they are so numerous with us,
That mere good traits we care not to discuss:
And, as a rule, no effort 's ever made
To their domestic excellence parade.
We do not care to know that, acting done,
Late supper and champagne they always shun,
And hasten home to revel in the joy
Of toast and supper, and spare hours employ
In reading to their mothers till they doze,
Or mending their young brothers' little hose.
We neither wish to know, nor do we ask,
When once an actress has performed her task,
What she may be or do; and so when you—
Or when the papers, rather—give a view
Of what is to be seen at your fireside,
We are inclined such candour to deride,
And to resent, as I've already said,
The way in which your praises get so spread,
Not as an actress, merely, but as one
Who in domestic virtues yields to none.
It is then—take this, pray, on my authority—
This frequent talk of your superiority

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THE LAST MUSTER.

(With Apologies to Mr. Hubert Herkomer, R.A.*)*

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Which vexes those who gladly, but for this,
Would nothing see in you at all amiss,
And which has, I consider, been the reason
That blame has mingled with your praise this season.

Miss Anderson. Oh, Prince! How *very* clever! You have hit
Upon the secret—that I must admit.
Yes, you have let me know, without a doubt,
Why 'tis that I am so much talked about.
Still, I must say that what you so upbraid
Has certainly, in my case, richly paid.
And then, you know, I come from Yankeeland,
Where all such details are in great demand;
And though, you state, in London no one cares
To know about an actress's affairs,
I'm bound to answer that their publication
Has helped to make of me a big sensation,
And aided the Lyceum seats to fill
Far more than any advertising bill!

Song.—Miss Mary Anderson.

I am the pink of properness, and wheresoe'er I roam
I carry the accessories to make a happy home.
I bear about an old armchair, the very best of mothers,
A step-papa, a cousin Jane, a time-piece and two brothers.

Chorus.—Oh! we're a happy familee,
From Mary down to Jo,
Step-pa, mother, sister, brother,
I, and cousin Flo;
We have a very cosy hearth
Which scandals never mar,
We're a devoted familee,
We are! we are! we are!

I always hurry home to them when once the curtain's down,
'Twould kill me were mamma to weep or step-dada to frown.
My servants fully understand "No followers allowed,"
And o'er my spotless domicile there rests no scandal-cloud.

Chorus.—For we're a happy familee, &c.

When interviewers visit me (I know not why they call),
I rattle in my artless way, and tell my little all;
How I work hard for mother dear, and teach my brother Jo,
And how we spend our happy hours, and where to church we go.

Chorus.—For we're a happy familee, &c.

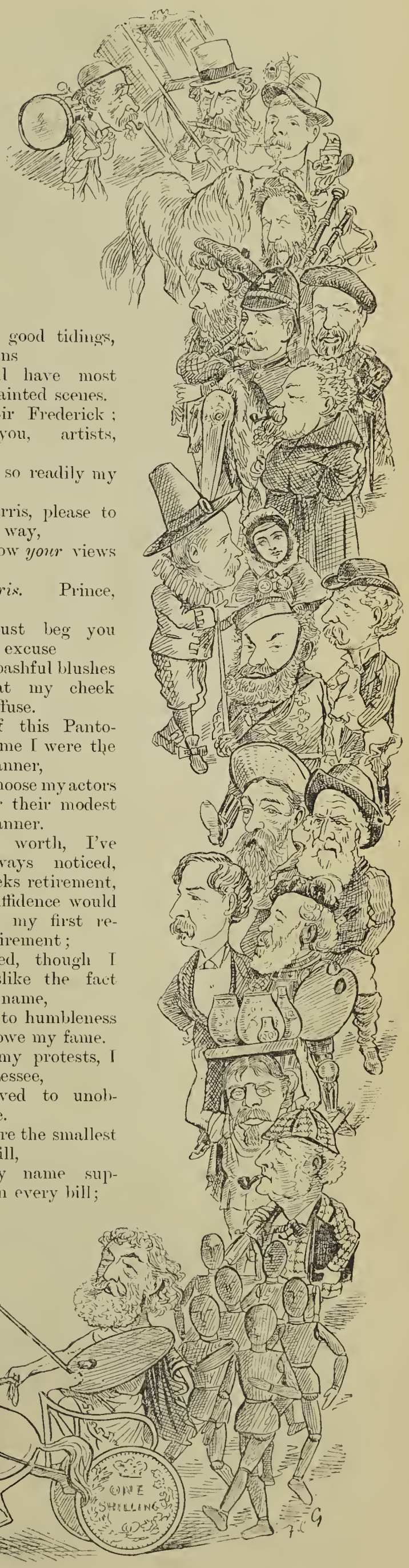
Yet people dare to say that when a soap
I recommend,
It's not because I *merely* wish the maker
to befriend;
And that when I am photographed (in
somewhat scant attire),
'Tis not twelve copies for myself *alone*
that I require.

Chorus.—Yet we're a happy familee, &c.

The Chairman. Thanks, very much, for such a lively song;
But, come now, we must try and get along.

This meeting will, I'm certain, hear with pleasure,
Our artists' offer to give up their leisure,
Should it be needed, to assist our plan,
And help in every kind of way they can.
This is indeed good tidings, for it means
That we shall have most grandly-painted scenes.
Thank you, Sir Frederick; thank you, artists, all,
For answering so readily my call.
Now, Mr. Harris, please to come this way,
And let us know *your* views

Mr. A. Harris. Prince, I obey,
Though I must beg you kindly to excuse
The bashful blushes that my cheek suffuse.
If of this Pantomime I were the planner,
I'd choose my actors for their modest manner.
True worth, I've always noticed, seeks retirement,
So diffidence would be my first requirement;
Indeed, though I dislike the fact to name,
It is to humbleness I owe my fame.
When, spite my protests, I became Lessee,
I then resolved to unobtrusive be.
I took good care the smallest parts to fill,
And had my name suppressed on every bill;



I kept myself, indeed, quite on the shelf,
And puffed and flattered all except myself,
But yet true talent told—the name of Harris
Is known in London, Meiningen, and Paris ;
And now, spite all that I can say or do,
'Tis seen on hoardings, and in windows, too.
The moral's clear, I'm thinking : in these days
It is retiring modesty that pays !

The Archbishop of Canterbury. May I be pardoned if I add a word ?

It strikes me, then, the speeches we have heard,
Have not much helped the end for which we met,
Which was that we might proper actors get.
My histrionic brethren seem to me,
Too personal in their remarks to be,
Too apt to talk about themselves, too prone
To link our project's fortunes with their own.
This is at least my notion of affairs,

The Chairman. And Primate, it is one your Chairman shares.

I, too, have felt that as each speech was made,
Our progress was not hastened, but delayed,
And, as most actors clearly have a way
Of bringing in themselves in all they say,
I have decided that we 'll not protract
Discussion which to nothing leads, in fact,
But we 'll adjourn, advertisements prepare——

Lord Selborne. One moment, Prince, ere you forsake the chair,

Let me remind you that our Pantomime
Will cause much trouble and consume much time.
I 'd urge this plan, then, strongly, though politely,
Wire for "One Pantomime, complete, from Whiteley."

The Chairman. A very happy thought ; still, on the whole,

I think we 'd better keep the sole control ;
And, hoping we at last success may earn,
I hereby move this meeting now adjourn.

[*It does so, and the Scene closes.*

Further Preparations.

FOR the next week or two the Committeemen's zeal
Attempted with dozens of details to deal.
But the first thing to settle was what tale to take
As the plot of the piece they intended to make.
And 'twas thought, to begin with, the Pantomime's bent
Should political be to so great an extent
That its principal action should have a relation
To the Peers, and the way they'd defied the whole nation,
But on further discussion 'twas deemed for the best
To make *one* scene political, leaving the rest
To refer, as they do in all new Pantomimes,
To some classics of childhood or nursery rhymes,
So a small sub-committee was named straightaway
The perusal of Nursery Tales to essay.

When it met there ensued a new conflict of choice,
As the members for this tale or that raised their voice.
First, one thought that "Gulliver" should be the tale,
Because for keen satire so well 'twould avail ;
Whilst another urged "Jack and the Beanstalk" would do,
If they gave it ironical meaning all through.
Another liked "Little Red Riding Hood" best,
Whilst a fourth for "Tom Thumb" a warm liking exprest,
For 'twas certain, said he, to a triumph become
Should Lord Randolph Churchill be cast as Tom Thumb.

Late at the Theatre, Snug little Dinners, Banquets, Balls, and all the necessary society engagements, often upset the system and prevent enjoyment. Good spirits, strong nerves, sound robust health can always be secured and retained by using Kaye's Worsdell Pills. The purest, most widely used, and best medicine of the present day.

"The applause," he continued, "would swell like a storm
If his Lordship, on stilts, would consent to perform."
The next voted "Whittington," urging this tale
Would furnish a chance they should seize without fail
For attacking the City, its gorging and guzzling,
And approving the Bill for the Aldermen muzzling ;

They talked for two hours, but yet could not agree,
Till the Chairman, at last, said, "It's easy to see,
There is only one way of deciding this plot,
It shall not be *one* tale, but we'll work in the lot ;
Say we have some eight scenes," he went on, "then I hold,
It were well a new story in each one were told.
That settled," said he, "we have now to decide
What authors the various scenes shall provide.
Some one lend me a hat—thank you, Bishop Magee ;
Now, will you please all keep your eyes fixed on me ?

* * * * *

"In that hat," said the Prince, "as no doubt you can see,
Are some slips which were written and folded by me ;
Now upon each of these if you looked you would find
The name of a tale and an actor combined.
Very well, I propose, then, that some eight of us
Should each draw a slip—there's no need of a fuss ;
Then I'll open them all and the names that they hide
Shall our scenes and the persons to write them decide ;
But come, ere we draw, 'twill the int'rest enhance,
If we try an extempore chorus and dance.

Song and Chorus.—The Sub-Committee.

Mr. H. Irving. In the Prince has flung the slips !
Lord Tennyson. Each he's pressed and folded flat !
Mr. W. S. Gilbert. Thrice he's mixed those fateful strips !
Mr. A. Swinburne. Thrice has shaken up the hat !

All. Round about its brim then go,
As our glances in we throw (*They dance round*) ;

For within that hat sublime
Lurks our Christmas Pantomime!
There in embryo it lies,
Hidden from our eager eyes;
There, within the folded slips,
Are the precious unknown "tips!"
Dancing thus around we go,
Longing to the secret know!

At a sign from the Prince, Lord Tennyson, Bishop Magee, *and six others advance and draw eight slips from the hat. They then hand them to the* Prince, *who opens them and speaks as follows:—*

Scene One, "The Cavern of the Drols;" Scene Two, "Babes in the Wood;" Scene Three, "The Giant Killer, Jack;" Scene Four, "Red Riding Hood;" Scene Five is "Richard Whittington;" and "Cinderella" Six; "Robinson Crusoe's" Seven; as Eight we "Ali Baba" fix.

Now for the Authors! Toole's the first, and then of Scene the Second, Irving and Wilson Barrett must as authors joint be reckoned; the Third Scene's Bancroft's; for the Fourth chance Mrs. Kendal takes; and of the Fifth, of Drury Lane's Lessee the author makes. Then, with the Sixth, we've Hollingshead, and for the Seventh Miss Vaughan, whilst Truth's fair self, I'm glad to see, with Scene the Eighth is drawn!

* * * * * *

The Scenes and their Authors thus frankly announced,
On the Prince Mr. Gilbert most angrily pounced.
"It's exceedingly strange," he proceeded to say,
"That we dramatists all are left out in this way.
Still, it is not too late, and your piece I'll still do,
If you make your Committee beg pardon through you."

But the Prince merely smiled, as he said: "I think not."

"But, stay!" answered Gilbert, "I have *such* a plot!
I should take Cinderella, and twist it about,
And make her a very old man with the gout;
Whilst her sisters should live in a mean little hut,
And be both deep in love with a rain-water butt.
Till a fairy ——"

"Indeed," said the Prince, "you waste time.
We've arranged, as you know, for our new Pantomime;
And we certainly do not care much for your wit
When Sullivan doesn't write music for it."

And then G. R. Sims said he had a new play,
Of which the four acts passed in Ratcliff-highway.

Mr. Wills thought a charmingly incorrect piece
From history might the attractions increase;
But the Prince quickly told him, Pinero, and Pettit,
That the Pantomime now would remain as he'd set it;
And, content with the work the Committee'd gone through,
Soon after adjourned till the next day at two.

* * * * *

Now the scenes had been settled, the work so increased,
That the Prince and his colleagues from labour ne'er ceased;
There were dresses to choose, there were bills to prepare,
There were "properties," too, to be fashioned with care.
Old enemies joined in essaying new tasks—
Mr. Lawes was assisted by Belt at the masks;
And as soon as the masks thus completed had dried,
Thorold Rogers and Firth in keen rivalry vied,
To see which of the two the most praise should demand
For laying on paint with a "Liberal" hand,
As with dabs of bright carmine they gave a deep glow
To the noses of Salisbury, Carden, & Co.!

Now, too, were advertisements published each day
For the actors who were to take part in the play;
And the rush of all classes engagements to get
Was so great that the Palace was fairly beset.

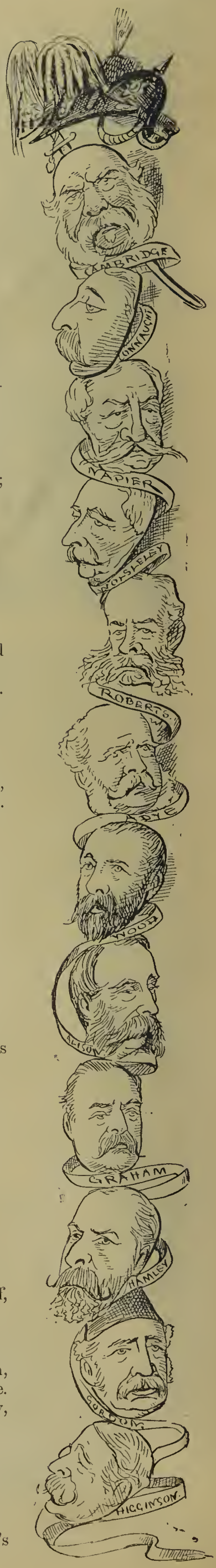
'Twas amusing to note, too, how parties who came
Some chief leading part to pretentiously claim,
Were only too eager before they withdrew,
The work of a call-boy or super to do.

Lord Randolph, who'd played leading business, he said,
Consented to act as a gasman instead;
Whilst the Marquis of Lorne, Sir R. Cross, and the Tecks
Were glad to get parts as the takers of checks;
And Sir W. Harcourt consented to wear
A big mask, and go on as a comic Lord Mayor.

It took weeks to decide how the cast should be made,
And meanwhile, that rehearsals might not be delayed,
The Prince called a meeting, at which 'twas decided
A plot of the piece should by him be provided;
So when, in due course, all the authors were there,
H.R.H. read this Plot out aloud from the chair.

The Plot of the Pantomime.

ERE I read you out my notions for the plot (the Prince began),
Some of the most recent features of our venture let us scan.
First, then, let me gladly tell you that the Bishops, as a class,
Have agreed to patronise us, and to take their stalls *en masse ;*
Nay, they are so very willing round our worthy cause to rally
That the more athletic of them are inclined to dance a ballet.
Now, I think a "Bishops' Ballet," as a draw, immense would be,
So the notion will be fostered with all earnestness by me.
Then, again, a deputation from the Horse Guards came last week,
Headed by my second cousin, who was good enough to speak
With such kindness of our venture—all the Generals said the same—
That the army as our patrons we most certainly can claim ;
More than this, I have the sanction of the Royal Duke to say
That he Generals will lend us to be supers in our play ;
So, you see, we've two supporters, should our strength be roughly tried—
We've the Church and we've the Army like a pillar on each side.
Now, though, let me briefly tell you how I think the scenes you drew
Will be dove-tailed best together. This, then, is my general view :—
Mr. Toole, of course, will open in the "Drols' benighted Cave,"
Where the Drols, in dismal darkness, will 'gainst Freedom plot and rave ;
And will be extremely anxious, for be sure no purpose good,
To, by some means, gain possession of the Children in the Wood ;
Bill "Frankeyes" and his sister will be found, then, in Scene Two,
Where the Drols' own giant leader will essay his worst to do ;
But his efforts to abduct them will be foiled by Gayrock brave,
And the good, kind Fairy Progress, who, that she the pair may save,
Changes Bill to Jack, and bids him sally out and giants slay,
Whilst the little girl she changes to Red Riding Hood, we'll say.
Well, then, Jack soon meets some giants, and we note, in our Third Scene,
How they fared, and how our hero served them with his blade so keen.
At the end, I think, 'twere better that a giant should press Jack,
When again the Fairy Progress, warding off the fierce attack,
Shall take Jack away in triumph ; and, to pay for what he's done,
Thereupon she will transform him into Richard Whittington.
In Scene Four we meet Bill's sister, now known as Red Riding Hood,
And are shown her strange adventures with the Wolf and in the wood.
She, of course, though, is not eaten by the wolf, as in the tale,
For, her godmamma appearing, makes that hungry creature quail !
And inviting our small heroine in her chariot to sit down,
Changes her to Cinderella, and then drops her up in town.
In Scene Five our gallant hero at the Mansion House we see,
For Dick Whittington's been chosen London's new Lord Mayor to be.
In Scene Six, though, we shall find him tiring of his civic life,
And so anxious for existence in which mortal danger's rife,
That he sails abroad as Crusoe, when, as you may well expect,
On a seeming desert island he is very shortly wreckt.
Then we see, in Scene the Seventh, how sweet Cinderella lives,
And how she receives the lessons that her fairy godma gives.
Then we come to Scene the Eighth, and there observe the process strange,
Which makes our old friend R. Crusoe into Ali Baba change.
Once transformed, of course, the author knows the story he's to tell,
And I think he'll find the details will come in extremely well.
But this scene, of course, will finish with a proper transformation,
And for this we shall be able to arrange a Grand Sensation.
Please, though, understand, my authors, that I do not want this plot
To at all too closely bind you in the scenes you drew by lot ;
'Tis a general outline only of that plot which I have made,
That is now to be extended by your kind and skilful aid ;
And remember I am anxious that your scenes should introduce
Any new or current topics which you think would be of use ;
Thus do not forget "Thought-reading" ; that you can't too hotly chaff,
And if you denounce its humbug, you will surely cause a laugh.
Have a shy, too, at the doctors ; take Society's physicians,
And describe the way they've toadied in acquiring their positions.
Give the Law and Church a rub, too ; let the Vestries feel your scorn,
And, in short, bring in each grievance which we have so grimly borne.
Fill your scenes with searching satire, make them light, yet not too funny,
And our Pantomime performance cannot fail to bring in money.
Write your scenes as soon as may be, and on—let us Tuesday say,
I'll be here again to meet you at the time we came to-day.
Then we'll read the scenes together, or discuss what they contain,
And amend and add and alter ; and, if needs be, make more plain.
Go, then ; do your very utmost, and I've not the slightest doubt
We shall make our new performance quite the "happiest" thing that's out.



Mr. Toole's Scene.

The Organizing Committee is discovered on the stage of the theatre, and the Chairman, after some preliminary chat, calls on Mr. Toole *to read the scene he has prepared.*

MR. TOOLE (*producing his MS.*) My scene commences, as you are aware,
That Pantomime whose authorship we share;
And as it is Scene One, I need not say
It's laid in darkness, far from light of day,
Where noxious ogres, in most hideous masks,
Prepare to set about their wicked tasks.
But 'twould be better, perhaps, my scene to read.

The Chairman. By all means, Mr. Toole, pray do proceed.

Mr. Toole (*reading*) :—

Scene I.—*The Cavern of the Dullermites and Home of Drols, lit up by flickering lights. As curtain rises,* Giant Blublud's *found, with all his evil followers around.* Prifleege, *and* Rakrent, Bayliff, *and the rest, each of them with a Drol's distinctive crest. Then* Giant Blublud, *swinging his huge mace, leads off a chorus in stentorian bass.*

We Drols for some hundreds of years,
'Gainst freedom have ever combined;
'Gainst all that is right
We've exerted our might
With a stubborness sottish and blind.
At last, though, our victims have turned,
And threaten our powers to abate,
And to here let us lie and decay till we die
In a dotage of impotent hate.
Yes, now they declare we no more
Shall the good Fairy Progress delay,
But we'll draw our last breath
And we'll fight to the death
Ere our enemies make us give way.
For if ever there was a black curse
That a country was fated to see,
Such as fever and famine,
If fact you examine,
The blackest of curses are we!

The Chairman. A little strong, the language, is it not?

Mr. Toole. Well, yes, Prince, p'rhaps it is a little hot!
But if we wish to gain the public's cheers,
We can't be too severe upon the Peers.

The Chairman. Well, well, you may be right; at any rate
The Lords most certainly deserve their fate.
But pray proceed!

Mr. Toole. Well, Blublud next, with signs,
His Drols collects, and then declaims these lines:

Blublud. We've sung the reason why we're gathered here.
You know who threatens, and what 'tis you fear;
You know the Fairy Progress not far hence
Takes counsel with her sister Common Sense
How to o'erturn us, and, as we are told,
Chase us from our hereditary hold.
But I defy them! Blublud will not yield
Long as his club of prestige he can wield,
And long as you stand by him, side by side,
In all your native spite and spleen and pride.
But, hark! now, by the pricking of my thumbs,
One of my spirits' near!

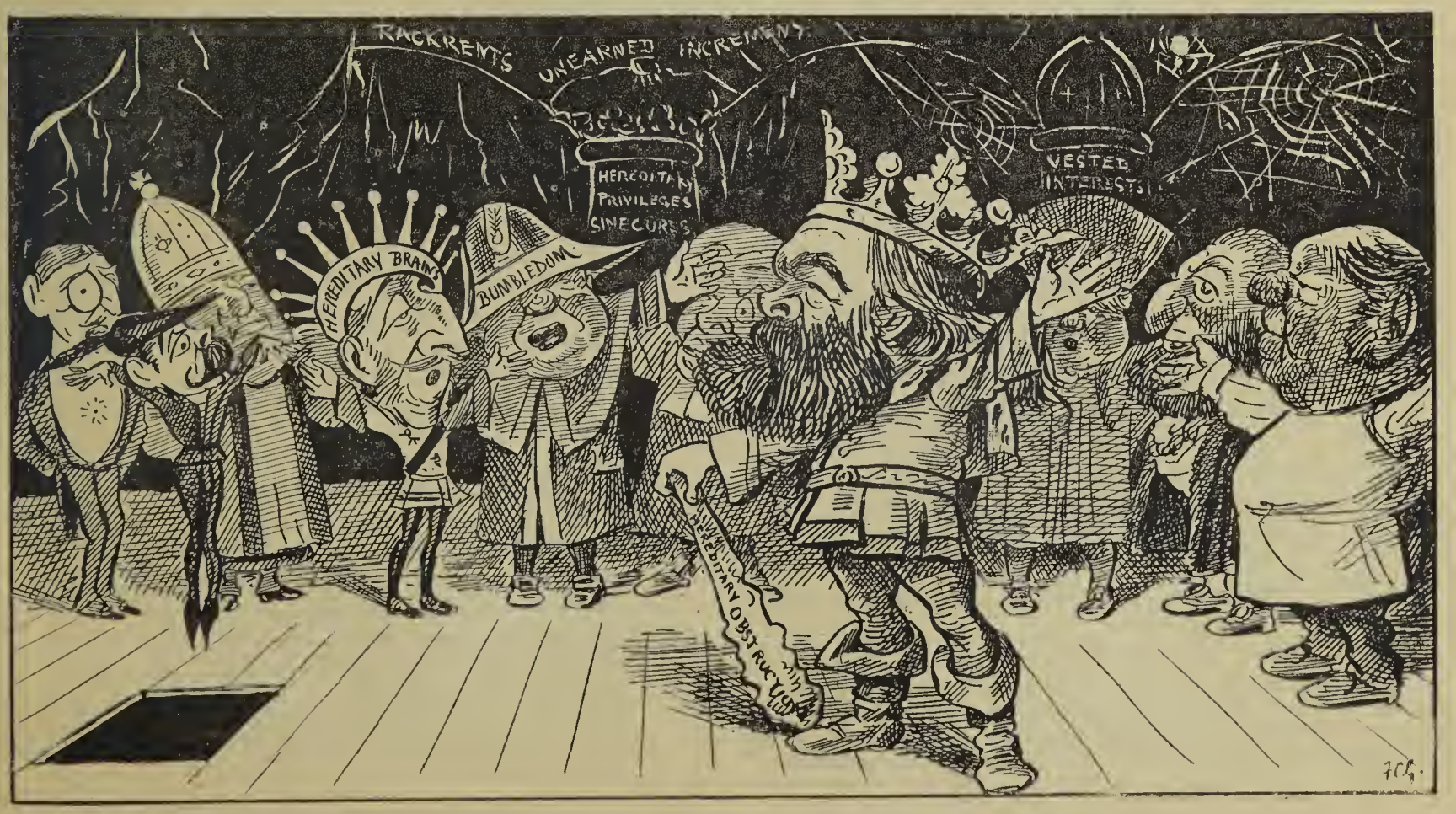
The Gatekeeper. Blackrodda comes!

Enter Blackrodda; *when he* Blublud *sees, he bows his head, and sinks upon his knees.*

Blublud. Thou'rt welcome, minion! Anxiously we wait
Thy pregnant tidings. What has been thy fate?

Blackrodda. Once in the City, great and potent master,
I told how thou wert threatened by disaster.
The Drols' great danger I made known by stealth
'Mongst all who rolled in misbegotten wealth.
Where Envy dwelt and Ignorance was rife,
I whispered hoarsely of the coming strife.
To cringing Courtiers, sleek Monopolists,
To slobbering Toadies, and smug Nepotists,
To venal Rogues, to jobbing Politicians,
To grasping Landsharks, keen Academicians;
To these and hundreds more, all slaves, indeed,
Of power and pelf, of gluttony and greed,
To all I whispered details of thy plan,
And they have sworn to help thee, to a man!

Blublud. 'Tis good! I thought that we allies should find.
A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind.
All that is basely selfish, grossly mean,
Has on the side of Blublud ever been;
Look up, my faithful Drols, the prospect clears.
Let's hail the joyous news with lusty cheers.



Mr. Toole. Well, then, they hail it; and on this I mean
To have a kind of Incantation scene.
Blublud will call upon his new allies,
And they will answer somewhere in "the flies."
Mr. Hollingshead. The "flies," f[illegible]nd Johnny? I, in such a case,
Should think the cellar 'neath the stage the place
For such a lot.
Mr. Toole. Well, that we can discuss;
At all events, Old Blublud opens thus.—

Blublud. Come, all ye who sell your trusts,
All who on the people prey;
Come, ye slaves of selfish lusts.
Aye, come in shoals,
Ye venal souls,
And aid the Drols this day.
Come, ye vampires! Come, ye ghouls!
In whose heart all pity 's dumb;
Ye, who on poor widows batten,
Ye, on orphans' blood who fatten.
Blublud calls—

Chorus of City Promoters, Fever Den Landlords, &c., heard without.—
We come! we come!

Blublud. Bank Directors, Vivisectors,
Local Government Inspectors,
Jerry Builders, and Contractors,
Canting, two-faced Benefactors,
Sleek Tartuffes and impure Purists,
Big and bloated Sinecurists,
Sly officials, who are wary at
Passing rotten commissariat,
Squanderers of unearned pensions,
Pluralists of vast dimensions,
Guzzling Vestrymen, and Ortonists,
Mission'ries, and quack Extortionists,
Partisans who are factitious,
Rhetoricians meretricious;
Every social Sharp and Corsair,
Thieves in stuff, and silk, and horsehair,
Charlatans, Commercial Robbers,
Lying rogues and swindling Jobbers,
Social parasites and scum—
Come in shoals,
Ye venal souls,
For Blublud calls!

Assorted Allies from without.—We come! we come!

Mr. Toole. That Invocation could be made much longer.
Mr. Hollingshead. Quite so; and you could likewise make it stronger
By bringing in my friend "The Board of Works."
Mrs. Kendal. And how the Chamberlain his duties shirks
About the Ballets' skirts.
Mr. Burnand. And you should handle,
Without a doubt, the Covent Garden Scandal,
In which a foulness past description centres.
Mr. Augustus Harris. And, oh! I say, show up those noisy Renters;
They should be crushed without consideration.
Mr. Hollingshead. And, Toole, a word on pot-house legislation.
Mr. Edgar Bruce. And, Toole! do give dramatic pirates one.
Sir W. Harcourt. And, Toole! reflect what Aldermen have done!

Sir W. Lawson. And, Toole! the publicans; they must be flayed.
Mr. Wilson Barrett. And, Toole!—
Mr. Toole (interrupting). Yes, yes; but if I'm thus delayed
You'll never hear my scene out.
The Chairman. Pray proceed.
Mr. Toole. The Invocation I began to read
Can be, I say again, made longer—much,
So as upon more social blots to touch.
But, long or short, I'd end it with a dance,
For which the Drols, all in their masks, advance,
Whilst their allies come crowding on the stage,
And in the measure heartily engage.
The Chairman. A dance like that would certainly be new.
Mr. Toole. Your criticism, Prince, is sound and true.
Methinks the very coldest house 'twould rally
To watch, let's say, a "Gas-Directors' Ballet";
And 'twould the dullest audience entrance
To sit and see "The Jerry Builders' Dance";
A breakdown, also, by Unpaid J.P.'s,
Or "Pas de Coroners" would surely please;
Nor would it tend the furore to diminish
To have a "A Bishops' Can-can" as a finish.
But these are details which must first be tried
Before our Ballet-mistress can decide.
The Chairman. Does that conclude your scene?
Mr. Toole. No.
Blublud then
Goes on to give directions to his men;
How they shall best develop the defence
Which must, he tells them, instantly commence.
But let me read:—

Blublud. Six trusty Drols I need.
(*Six Drols step forward.*) You must straight proceed
To those Blackrodda warned, and say the hour
Is come when we must fight to save our power;
But, first of all, go seek that rascal crew
Whose fever-dens bring them rich revenue,
And say to them: "Our Master Blublud sends
This message, 'Drols have ever been your friends,
And ever will be, if you do but vow
A close alliance, and support them now.
Tell them, if *we* are crushed, their courts must go;
Our fall *their* fever-nests must overthrow;
That, our destruction once complete, reform
Will quickly burst in an o'erwhelming storm,
'Fore which their human styes will be swept down,
Amidst the execrations of the town.'"
First Drol. Great master, we attend!
Blublud. And thus continue:
"But, if you have defiant souls within you,
And still would let each dwelling that appals,
To that accomplish, you should aid the Drols,
Who swear, if they, with your good help, survive,
That means of saving you they will contrive;
So that your hovels, with their filth untold,
May still to you prove weekly mines of gold."

Caution to Shavers.—In purchasing A. S. Lloyd's Euxesis, for shaving without soap or water, be sure to ask for the genuine, bearing, "Prepared only by his Widow" in red letters across labels. Manufactory, 3, Spur-street, Leicester-square. Refuse all others.

Away!
The Drols. We go!
Blublud. And mind! at nothing stick;
Despise no shabby ruse, no dirty trick!
Use any means, and use them with persistonce,
For recollect wo fight for our existence!
[*The Drols depart, and, at the Giant's call,*
Some others into line before him fall.

Song.—Giant Blublud.

Why is it that a Drol's a Drol, and people so adore him?
That is a question often asked which now I would explain.
A Drol's a Drol because his pa' a Drol has been before him,
And that is why a Drol a Drol shall ever more remain.
His father may havo been a fool, the son may be a loony;
His brains may be as soft as pap, his looks and manncrs spoony.

Blublud. To you I mean to give large sums of gold,
Of which you'll have disposal uncontrolled,
For 'tis your task to tempt, to treat, to bribe,
Till some are ready to support our tribe.
Flood them with drink, and when they have no sense—
But not before!—your arguments commence;
Tell them, if they will aid us in the strife,
They shall be kept half-fuddled right through life!
Tell them that, if they for our cause will cheer,
We promise they shall float—nay, swim—in beer;
And, if they'll only aid in our defence,
Shall live in idleness at our expense.

The Drol. Great master, it shall be as thou hast said!

Mr. Toole. I do not think that more need here be read.
The scene goes on with Blublud still selecting
More myrmidons, and them, in turn directing;
Some have to seek out Publicans, and swear
The Drols will make their interests their care;
Some to conclude a Treaty of Alliance
With tradesmen who set honour at defiance;
Some to the fervid sympathy request
Of every blighting Vested Interest;
Some to those Bigots, lank and lean and sour,
Who'd raise the stake again if they'd the pow'r;
Some to those Parvenus who'd sell their soul
If they their names could 'mongst the Drols enrol;
In short, the Leader of the Drols will try
The efforts of the Fairies to defy,
By making all that evil is on earth,
All that is selfish and of little worth,
All that is base and vulgar, dull and proud,
And hypocritical, and mean, and loud,
Rally to help him in the coming fray,
Which all his arts no longer could delay.
The Chairman. It gives us all, I'm sure, much real pleasure,
That Mr. Toole has used so well his leisure.
I had no notion he could be so warm
In writing of political reform.
So earnest, too—why, there is not a pun
(I think I'm right) in all the lines he's done!
Mr. Toole. Precisely, Prince; it's not, I own, like me;
But some things are beyond a joke, you see.
I felt so strongly as I wrote this scene
That——
The Chairman (*interrupting*). All of us see clearly what you mean.
I don't complain; far from it, I commend;
But you've not told us how your scene's to end.
Mr. Toole. After the myrmidons have all departed,
Another song by Giant Blublud's started,
Of which I'll give you just a verse or two,
That you may tell me how you think 'twill do.

He may not know the way to spell, nor easy sums to do;
But if his father was a Drol, why he must be one too!
A Soldier must be brave, and a Courtier must behave,
And a Merchant know the rules of double-entry;
A Sailor must be bold, and a Banker must have gold,
And a Serjeant know the way to post a sentry.
A Lawyer must be 'cutc, and a Flautist know his flute,
And a Pedlar be, at least, well up in Peddling;
And a Jobber must be spry, and a Bill-discounter "fly,"
And a Marplot have undoubted skill for meddling.
And a Doctor must be cool, and a Ruler he must rule,
And a Tallyman be quite a dab at tallies;
And a Harpist he must harp, and a Tout he must be sharp,
And a Ballet-girl show aptitude for ballets.
And a Hunter he must hunt, and a Punter he must punt,
And a Drunkard be a slave to Al-co-hol!
Yes, an Actor should be Kean, and a Miser must be mean,
BUT A DROL HE NEED BE NOTHING BUT A DROL!

But sometimes men to turn to Drols, it haps to be decided,
If so, 'tis cause they've proved themselves unfit for aught beside;
Too old, too feeble, too perverse, too stupid, too derided,
To lead, to follow, to direct, to govern, or to guide!
Yes, when a man's unfit to be amongst his fellow mortals;
When he's been tried and wanting found, we ope our cavern's portals.
And when he can at best but snore, but snigger, and but loll,
We clap a torenoc on him, and make of him a Drol!

For a Soldier must be brave, and a Courtier must behave——

Mr. Toole. But there, I need not give you that again,
Although I think 'twill prove a taking strain.
Mr. Hollingshead. A "strain!" d'you say! it is well named, I take it,
Since you have "stretched" your points so much to make it.
Mr. Toole. I had a poet's licence!
Mr. H. Licence, eh?
To deal in *evil* spirits, I should say.
The Chairman. So that's the finish?
Mr. Toole. 'Tis, sir, in effect;
The final dance, which you of course expect,
Will be a "breakdown"—
The Chairman. Now the jokes come in!
Mr. Toole. And Giant Blublud will alone begin;
Until at last the Drols join in *en bloc*,
Each in his state serob and torenoc!
The Chairman. So far so good, but now to put the question:
Has any one a truly good suggestion?
Mr. Augustus Harris. May it please your Royal Highness, I have one:
I think the Drols, before the scene is done,

Should have a fight, or try to hold a pass
Against two million supers, armed *en masse!*
The Chairman. Two million supers!
Mr. A. H. Yes, sir, *in the Bill!*
In truth, though, just enough our stage to fill;
A skilful manager with little trouble,
Stage forces twenty, fifty times can double.
The Chairman. Of course, I know what Mr. Harris means,
Thanks to my knowledge of "behind the scenes,"
And 'twould be easy, by the plan he names,
To meet the—well, already countless claims
Of noble amateurs who wish to act
In our new Pantomime; though 'twill need tact
To coax a Duke who wants a leading part
To play a super; still his love of art
And our diplomacy combined may do it;
Harris, your notion's good—some day renew it.
But now, one moment, whilst I think of it,
I have a Tableau subject to submit,
'Twas mentioned to me, as a fact, to-day
As I came in, by Mr. Long, R.A.
He thinks the public's fancy it would take
Should we a huge

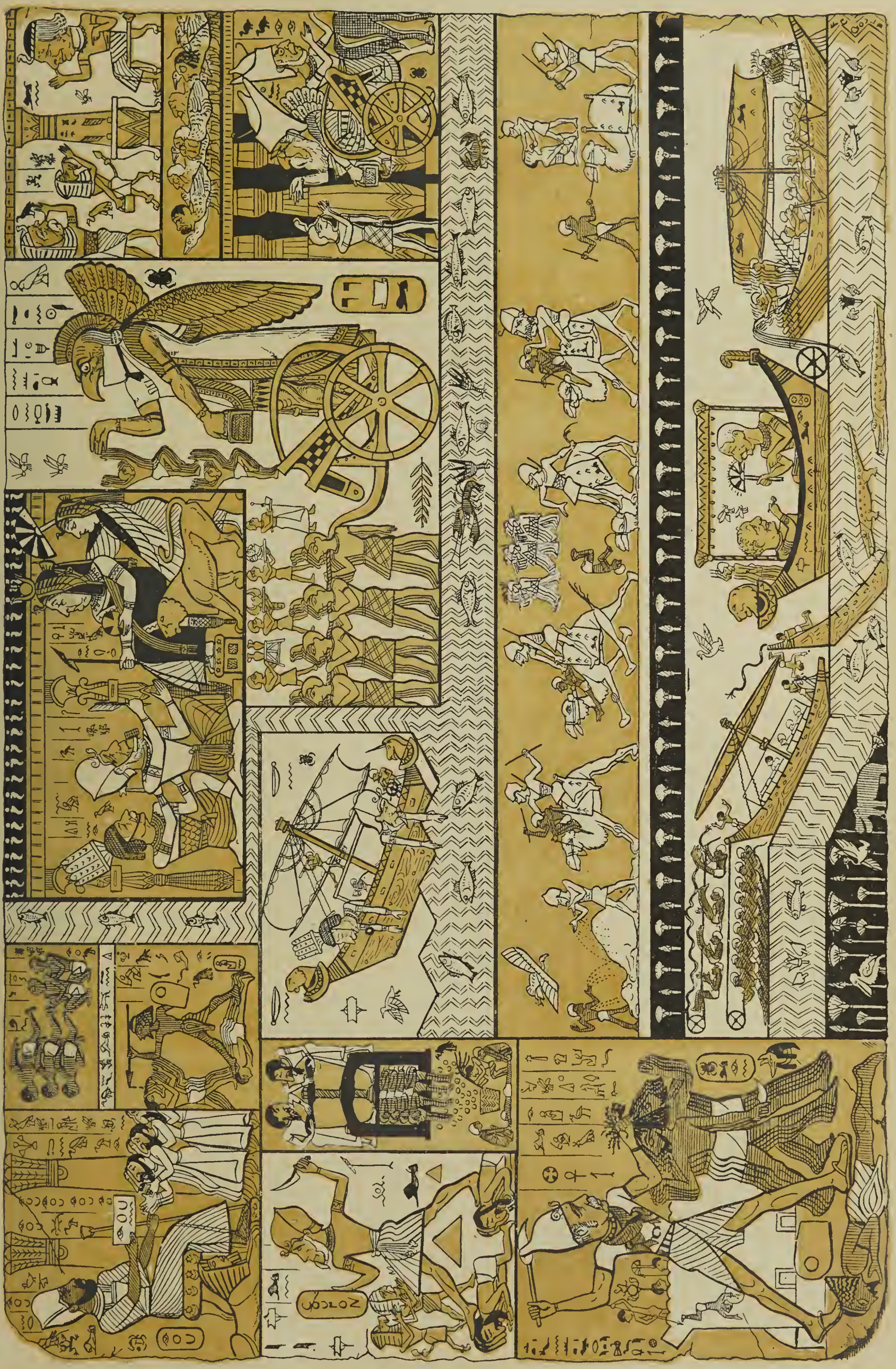
EGYPTIAN TABLET

make,
Just in the style of those we sometimes find
In Ancient Egypt's palaces enshrined.
Now I decidedly shall vote for one.
Mr. Long, R.A. I may say, Prince, that I a sketch have done,
Which, if you please, I'll hand at once to you,
To guide you when the big Tableau you do.

[*He sends the drawing to the* Chairman.

The Chairman (*looking at it*). Accept our thanks! It could not better be!
Mr. Long, R.A. I've worked in recent incidents, you see,
They all run on from left to right.
The Chairman. Just so;
And make, I'm sure, an edifying show.
That's capital, that drawing of the Nile!
And how you've kept, too, to an antique style,
Shapira could not well have done it better!
Yes, Mr. Long, we're very much your debtor,
We are, indeed.
Mr. Long, R.A. It's given me much pleasure
To draw the Tablet in an hour of leisure:
And, if it can of any use be made,
I am, believe me, Prince, far more than paid.
The Chairman (*to* Mr. A. Harris). Please take this sketch, and have the details plann'd,
That they may be put speedily in hand.
Mr. Harris. It shall be done, my Prince, without delay.
The Chairman. 'Tis well. And now, let's hasten onward, pray.
Who is the next?
Mr. Irving. *My* proposition, sir,
Is simply to the final dance defer
Until the Drols have had a chance to show
How obstacles in Progress' path they throw.
The Chairman. And you'd show this——
Mr. Irving. By bringing to the cave
A messenger, who Blublud's ear should crave,
To tell him that the Fairy Progress meant
To give the people cause for sweet content;
That countless blessings she proposed to pour
Upon their heads if he'd oppose no more.
'Tis true (she'd add) that he possess'd the pow'r,
By Fate conferred, in an ill-omened hour;
Still, in the name of justice she besought
That he, contented with past ills he'd wrought,
Would fight no longer in so bad a cause,
Nor thwart the passing of her longed-for laws.
The Chairman. And he'd consent to do her bidding?
Mr. Irving. Nay!
He'd scout her messenger without delay;
And, sending his unflagging minions forth,
Would bid them search, east, south, and west, and north,
For every Drol he reckoned as his slave,
And then, if needs be, whip them to the cave.
The Chairman. And when they got there?
Mr. Irving. Each should give his name,
And tell his tyrant whence it was he came.
Mr. Toole. Ah, this has got the true dramatic ring,
Go on!
Mr. Irving. Well, this would be the kind of thing.

1*st Drol.* I come from haunts of rogues and fools, with whom I have been betting;
2*nd Drol.* And I have spent the afternoon my dog on kittens setting;
3*rd Drol.* And I am here from drawing bills I have no thought of meeting;
4*th Drol.* Whilst I have come with traces fresh of an outraged husband's beating;
5*th Drol.* I'm straight from gossip with a groom and joking with a jockey;
6*th Drol.* And I've just left a pony dead, through too much "mounted hockey;"
7*th Drol.* And I was found behind the scenes distributing rich presents;
8*th Drol.* And I supplying (as agreed) a West-end shop with pheasants;
9*th Drol.* And I was Bacchus worshipping with, p'rhaps, too much devotion;
10*th Drol.* And I was "guinea-pigging" East, a truly splendid notion;



AN EGYPTIAN RELIC.

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11*th Drol.* And I, with my most Drol-like leer, down Regent-street was prowling;
12*th Drol.* And I, with my dear brother Drol, our own snug nest was fouling;

13*th Drol.* And I was taking housemaids at a cowardly disadvantage;
14*th Drol.* And I was practising a new patrician style of "chantage;"
15*th Drol.* And I was busily engaged in starving folks evicting;
16*th Drol.* And I, helped by a nosrap, was harsh sentences inflicting;
17*th Drol.* And I was making ducks and drakes of all that I could handle;
18*th Drol.* And I was hastening to join my title to a scandal;
19*th Drol.* And I was loafing at a bar, by way of relaxation;
20*th Drol.* And I was hurrying to keep my latest assignation.

Mr. Irving. You might go on *ad lib.* with these confessions,
But 'twould be well to limit such digressions;
So when a score had spoken, I'd suggest,
A short, united chorus would be best,
Such as——

Chorus.—The Twenty Drols.

But sinning, or winning, or grinning,
Or wining, or dining, or what,
When party requires us
One animus fires us,
And off we career to the spot.
For smoking, or joking, or soaking,
Whate'er our attention may draw,
We will rush to our cave
Old abuses to save,
Or to crush a beneficent law!

The Chairman. That's excellent; but still I'm bound to say
The scene's a failure in one special way.
Mr. Toole. And what is that Prince?
The Chairman. Why it's not connected
With any Fairy Story as directed.
Each scene, by our arrangement, was to be
Coupled with some known tale in manner free;
But you've forgotten this!
Mr. Toole. Pardon, I've not:
I've studied every Fairy Story's Plot,
Searched "Andersen," and "Grimm," and "D'Aulnoy" through;
But as a fact, Prince, not a tale would do.
There was no episode I could detach
Which with my facts about the Drols would match;
The story-tellers' wildest inspirations
Had ne'er foreseen such gross abominations.
Search as I might—and sooth, Prince, I searched well—
Fiction for Drols could yield no parallel;
And I have been obliged, as you have said,
To stick throughout to my own plot instead.
But there is one thing I, of course, must do,
That is arrange the plot to suit Scene Two;
Which, by our programme, it is understood,
Will be about the "Infants in the Wood."
Well, then, the Giant Blublud of my scene
To be the uncle of these "Babes" I mean;
And for the reasons Scene Two will explain,
He'll try possession of the twins to gain.
This, though, at proper length I shall work out
When I in earnest set my task about;
At present, I have said enough to show
To what proportions my first scene will grow.

Messrs. Irving & Wilson Barrett's Scene.

R. WILSON BARRETT (*producing MS.*). As my collaborateur and friend is late,
I think I will begin, at any rate.
Our scene, then, Prince——

[*Enter* Mr. Henry Irving, *hurriedly.*

Mr. H. Irving. But what is this I see?
This is not what we settled, Wilson B.?
I was to read, you know——
Mr. W. B. Yes, you are right,
But in your absence, well, I thought I might
At all events commence.
Mr. H. I. (*bitterly*). Ha, ha! again,
That eagerness advantage to obtain.
Pardon me, Prince, if I, to check emotion,
Carol a strain I made up on the ocean.

Who first in melodrama played,
And then, when he a name had made,
Like me Shakespearean parts essayed?
My Barrett!

Who copied me in sundry ways,
And jealous of my early bays,
Got Wills to write him blank-verse plays?
My Barrett!

Who, when I Romeo's part had done,
Vowed he would play a younger one,
And so came out with Chatterton?
My Barrett!

Whose breast with such ambition burned,
That he the whole of "Hamlet" learned,
And played it when my back was turned?
My Barrett!

And who, if I do not take care,
Will my dramatic sceptre share;
Nay, perhaps to rival me will dare?
My Barrett!

Mr. H. Irving. Thus having eased my soul, I'll now proceed
The fruit of our joint authorship to read.

"Westminster, London," there the scene we 've laid,
In which appear at once the Boy and Maid.
He Billy Frankeyes' named ; whilst she in sport
We christened Distri-Beauty—"Bu" for short.
Their parents, worthy Commoners, are bound,
By some old musty deed which has been found,
To send their children for a month or so
Up to their uncle Blublud's house, although
They know quite well that he will do his best
To maim and torture each defenceless guest.
They are, in fact, so fearful of foul play,
They only send the boy at first to stay ;
A plan which Blublud very much incenses,
Causing the visit which the act commences.

Mr. W. Barrett. I beg to enter, Prince, my protest here.
I had a notion which, spite Irving's sneer,
Would I feel sure have novelty imparted
To this old tale as soon as it was started.
The Babes, as you must know, are as a rule
Shown us as little children still at school.
Well, what I wanted was, by way of *coup*
To have them at the utmost only two.

The Chairman. But that would make them almost infants.

Mr. W. B. Quite so,
And I maintain the story would be right so ;
The earliest versions justify my view.
Besides, 'twould make the scene so *naïve*, so new !
I 'd play the baby boy !

The Chairman. Yes, yes ; but now
You 'd better to your colleague's reading bow.
Come, Mr. Irving, pray.

Mr. I. I will resume
Where Blublud enters angrily the room,
Poor Billy Frankeyes dragging by the hand,
The sister's presence also to demand.

Blublud (*addressing the Babes' parents*). Look here, you've sent this Bill of yours to me ;
And I'm of course delighted him to see (*pinches him slyly*) ;
Oh, yes, I'm very fond of Billy, very (*cuffs him*),
And with my Drols will make him, O ! so merry ;
But that's not it—I want his pretty sister (*pretends to weep*),
You cannot think how very much I've miss'd her,
Dear little Bu, I'm sure she'd like her nunky,
Do let her come ! (*aside, kicking Billy*) Take that, you little monkey !

The Parents. If, as you say, you love our Bill there so,
Why 'twas you kicked him then, we'd like to know.

Blublud. Kick him ? What me ? Me kick your Bill ? Nay, nay !

The Parents. We saw you do it !

Blublud. Lor, 'twas only play !

The Parents. The child is crying, see !

Blublud. What ! Billy cry ?
Then that's from joy—his spirits are so high.
Why, since the hour you sent him up to me,
His little life has been one long, glad spree.

Billy. O, nunky ! what a wicked story ! why
You thrashed me only yesterday,

Blublud. Fie ! Fie !
You wicked Bill ; my Drols I even told
To play with you.

Billy. Then all they did was scold.
Look, parents dear, where one old Drol has kicked me (*shows bruises*),
And here ! (*shows wounds*) where they all set on me and "licked" me !

The Parents. Poor Bill ! why they've cut pieces out of you !

Blublud. You mustn't think that all you hear is true.

The Parents. But here are proofs which cannot be withstood—
You've maimed our Bill !

Blublud (*doggedly*). 'Twas only for his good !

The Parents (*bitterly*). Indeed ! Then when he to the country goes,
And his bruised limbs, and wounded features shows ;
They must consider that 'twas kindly done—
In fact, a proof of his dear uncle's fun ?

Blublud. Yes, that's just it. But come, about his sister !
I haven't yet, you know, as much as kissed her.
You'll let me take her back with little Billy ?

The Parents. Indeed, we do not mean to be so silly !

We're bound, alas! thanks to that musty deed,
From which we hope to very soon be freed;
(Already we've invoked the Court Supreme
And moved it to amend the ancient scheme);
To send our luckless Bill to stay with you,
But we're *not* forced to spare his sister too.
Nor will we trust her in your wicked hands.
Blublud. Beware how you reject my just demands!
The Parents. Just! Nonsense!
Blublud (seizing Billy). Just or not, your precious brat
Is in my power, pray remember that!
And if you don't give me his sister——
The Parents. Well?
What then?
Blublud. Why, I'll compel you.
The Parents. Not compel!
Blublud. I say I will!
The Parents. Your threats we can defy.
Blublud. I'll kill your Bill!
The Parents. You're bad enough to try.
But you forget that, if our Bill *should* die,
Two million men will ask the reason why!
Blublud (in a changed tone). Come, come, I'm sure there is no call to quarrel;
It isn't either neighbourly or moral.
Besides, do recollect with whom you're dealing,
And give me credit for a kindly feeling!
Let me, at least, just have a look at "Bu,"
I want to know she's well.
The Parents. You really do?
Blublud. Yes, honour bright!
The Parents. Your sentiment is good:
"Yes, honour Bright!" We only wish you would!
As to Bill Frankeyes' sister, she's quite well.
Blublud. I want to see her!
The Parents. Then your want dispel.
"Bu's" very well, we tell you, growing daily,
And getting on, in every way, most gaily.
Blublud (whining). Do let me see her, for a minute only!
The Parents. Not half a one.
Blublud. The girl will be so lonely
Without her Bill.

Mr. H. Irving. This is not all the scene, but it will do
To show the line of action we pursue.

Mr. W. Barrett. And I consider that I ought to say
That much of it is not pursued *my* way.
I wished to have Bill's sister on the scene.

The Chairman. I'm very loth indeed to intervene,
But 'twould be better, p'rhaps, upon the whole,
Were Mr. Barrett to himself control.

Mr. W. B. But Irving, Prince, has proved so domineering!

Mr. H. I. And Wilson Barrett 's always interfering!

Mr. W. B. No. I maintain what you call interference
Is in reality my close adherence
To all that's best and oldest in the play;
I should have shown this if I'd had my way.
For instance, I proposed, as you well know,
That Bill should wear a monster red-tape bow.

Now, what did you think of *that* notion of mine?
Mr. Irving. Not much!
Mr. W. B. Not *what?*
Mr. I. Not much!
Mr. W. B. Then, what did you think of my other design?
Mr. I. Not much!
Mr. W. B. Not *what?*
Mr. I. Not much!
Mr. W. B. But, think, if we gave Billy's sister a dress
Cut out of a Map of our Islands; confess
That the costume would be a tremendous success?
Mr. I. Not much!
Mr. W. B. Not *what?*
Mr. I. Not much!
Mr. W. B. Still, it's better than nothing at all.
Mr. I. Not much!
Mr. W. B. Not better than nothing at all?
Mr. I. Not much!
Mr. W. B. But she must have a dress,
And the Map one, confess,
Would be better than nothing at all?
Mr. I. Not much!

The Parents. Then send him back to-night.
Blublud. What, with these wounds?
The Parents. Yes; we'll soon set them right.
Blublud. No, no; my Drols would miss the boy so much.
The Parents. 'Tis at their peril, mind, that him they touch!

Mr. W. B. Then, what do you think of my "Hamlot," I'd ask?
Mr. I. Not much!
Mr. W. B. Not *what?*
Mr. I. Not much!
Mr. W. B. But surely you own I accomplished my task?

Mr. I. Not much!
Mr. W. B. Not *what?*
Mr. I. Not much!
Mr. W. B. But my Godwin's researches, my novel machinery,
My play-scene enacted outdoor 'neath the greenery;
Come, what do you think of all this and my scenery?
Mr. I. Not much!
Mr. W. B. Not *what?*
Mr. I. Not much!
Mr. W. B. Still, 'twas better than nothiug at all?
Mr. I. Not much!
Mr. W. B. Not better than nothiug at all?
Mr. I. Not much!
Mr. W. B. But my readings, so new,
Must have surely pleased you;
They were bettor than nothing at all?
Mr. I. Not much!

Mr. W. B. Then what do you thiuk of my "Chattertou," pray?
Mr. I. Not much!
Mr. W. B. Not *what?*
Mr. I. Not much!

The Chairman. Gentlemen both, however well you sing,
Remember, please, the Pantomime's the thing.

From all this petty altercation cease,
And keep *to*, if you will not keep, the piece!

Mr. W. B. Quite right, Prince; but it isn't I, it's Irving.

Mr. H. I. Of such reproof I feel I'm undeserving.
Barrett, I grieve to say, has tried all through
To thwart me.

Mr. W. B. Well, you tried to snub me, too.

Mr. H. I. I'd scorn the action!

Mr. W. B. I scorn you as much.

The Chairman. Come, come, co-authors, pray behave as such;
We wait to know the ending of your scene.

Mr. W. B. I'm sure it's time that I should intervene.
Well, then, we close that interview you've heard
(That's Irving's part—I think it most absurd),
And Blublud, trying to conceal his rage,
Clutches Bill Frankeyes and goes off the stage;
Then "Bu," the sister, comes on with a dance;
And here I think occurs a splendid chance
For a strong song!—the facts for which I'm noting—
Upon the inequalities of voting.

Mr. H. I. 'Twill never do.

Mr. W. B. 'Twill make a certain hit,
And quite bring down the gallery and pit.

Mr. H. I. Bring down! My aim's to *elevate* the masses!

Mr. W. B. *Your* aim is dollars!

The Chairman. This my patience passes;
I must, and will, at once adjourn this reading,
Unless you cease from thus its course impeding.

Mr. W. B. After the song, then, Blublud comes again,
With several hired supporters in his train
To force the parents "Buty" to let go,
Or, at the very least, the girl to show.

Mr. H. I. But tell them who were Blublud's new allies.

Mr. W. B. The Cave of Drols some of his gang supplies;
The other ruffians of a type most thorough,
Included Bribaree and Pocket Burra,
Who knew their own demise was very nigh,
Unless Bill Frankeyes' sister soon should die.
These hired supporters have their dance, and sing
A chorus of corruption in a ring;
And then occurs, amidst some lively action,
An effort at the little maid's abstraction.
This Gayrock, Billy's plucky foster-father,
Prevents, by his great vigilance, or rather
By beating Blublud in the stand-up fight,
In which they afterwards display their might.

The Chairman. So all ends pleasantly.

Mr. H. I. Yes, thanks to me,
Bill Frankeyes and his sister we leave free.
Barrett was anxious that they both should die
As in the legend.

Mr. W. B. Yes, but tell them why.

Mr. H. I. Your notion was that, on them, lying dead,
Big Blue-book leaves should drop from overhead
And cover them, but as it seemed to me
We wanted Bill to figure in Scene Three.

The Chairman. Yes, that is needful; 'twill, indeed, be best—
As in my Scene-Synopsis I suggest—
To let the Fairy her good arts employ
Upon the stage, and change both girl and boy.
Bill should become the Giant-killer Jack,
And start at once upon some giant's track;
Whilst "Buty" 's changed into Red Riding-Hood.
Yes, that will be the way.

Mr. H. I. (*to his co-author*). I knew it would!
Didn't I say, now, 'twould be better so?

Mr. W. B. What you told me was—

The Chairman (*interrupting*). Don't such temper show.
We thank you both for what you've jointly done,
And have no doubt your scene will duly run.
Meanwhile, pray finish it as 'tis to stand,
And we will put the copying in hand.

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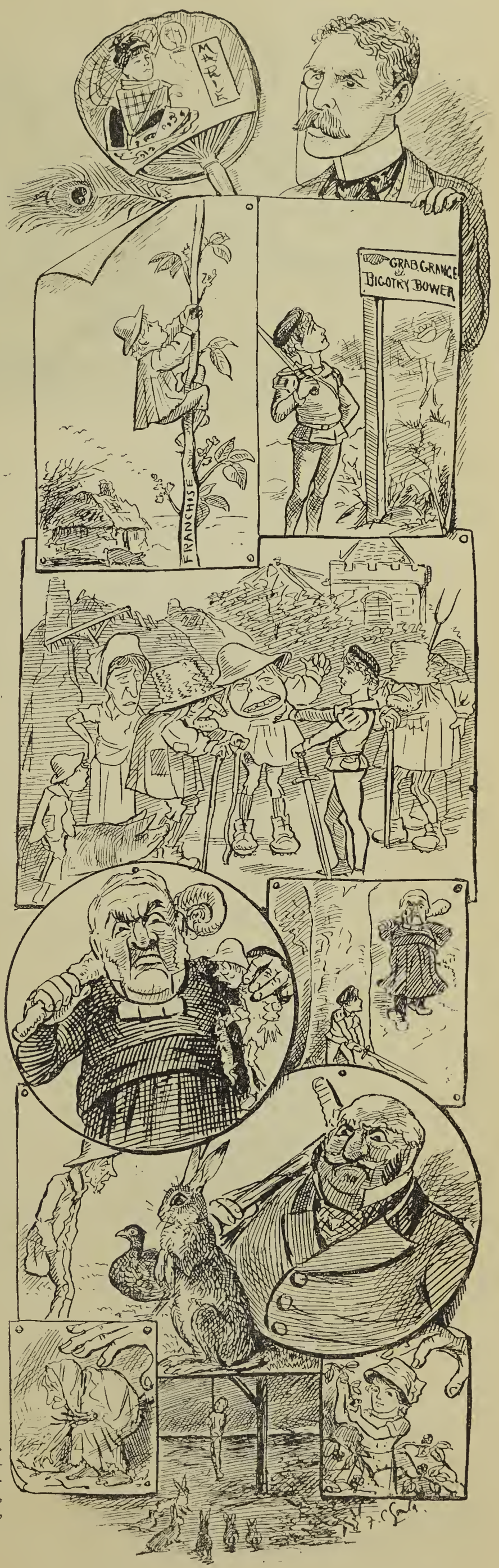
Mr. Bancroft's Scene.

R. S. B. BANCROFT (*to Prince, producing a large roll of foolscap*). Shall
I begin, Sir?
The Chairman. What, your scene?
Pray do!
Mr. B. With your permission, Prince,
I'll first run through
This list (*unrolling long scroll*) of properties that I require
To mount this scene of mine as I desire.
The Chairman. But, pardon (*consults paper*)! Scene the Third proceeds
To deal with Jack the Giant-killer's deeds.
Surely there 's nothing very new in this.
Mr. B. Nay, Prince, you would not have me so remiss
As not to grasp the story's archæology;
Such carelessness could find no meet apology.
Now, Jack was born (or so I find it hinted
In a black-letter tract at Leyden printed)
In County Cornwall, B.C. 98,
An early and a somewhat dubious date;
Still, thanks to the researches long and deep
Of three tame antiquarians I keep,
I've culled the features of that early life:
What clothes, what customs, what pursuits were rife;
And hope to place upon our Christmas stage
A finished picture of that mythic age.
The Chairman. What trouble you have taken!
Mr. B. Say not so,
It is a joy into such things to go.
But to my scene. It opens one Mayday
Upon the shores of famed Tintagel Bay;
And, in a set of tableaux, I propose
What Early Cornish life was to disclose;
To show the way of Early Cornish baking,
An Early Cornish fight and merrymaking;
An Early Cornish wedding, too——
The Chairman. But stay!
Your scene, you know, must some ten minutes play,
By no means longer. Will all this come in?
Mr. B. The mining, too, of Early Cornish tin,
I have arranged a tableau *that* to show.
The Chairman. Indeed, I fear the early tin must go;
At any rate, just now we'd rather hear
That part where you make Jack himself appear.
To quote my "Argument," Bill—of Scene Two—
Becomes, as he grows up, a hero new,
And, leaving home, with pack upon his back,
In *your* scene is the Giant-killer Jack.
Mr. B. You 've put the case, my Prince, with great exactness;
I only hope I may show like compactness.
Well, then, my tableaux done (for still I hope
They may be saved, to widen my scene's scope),
Jack enters, sword in hand, and has a talk
With the poor villagers who with him walk,
Somewhat in this style:—

Jack. Now, tell me, if the question isn't rude,
Do any giants on your peace obtrude?
1*st Villager.* Giants, forsooth! I rather think they do.
Scores of 'em!
Jack. Prithee, name me one or two.
1*st Villager.* There's one, a most uncommon cruel lot,
As has his castle handy to this spot.
We call him Giant Nosrap; others, though,
This pest as Carvi or as Rotrec know.
Jack. He lives near here, you say?
2*nd Villager.* D'ye hear them bells?
They're ringing in the castle where he dwells.
[*The Villagers run off.*



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Jack. But why this haste?

1*st Villager* (*hurriedly*). Oh, when we hear that sound,
To hurry to his castle we are bound;
For if we don't, he—but, take care, he's coming!

Jack. Where is he?

1*st Villager* (*as he exits*). Listen! that's the giant, humming.

Jack *gets behind a tree, and remains concealed as* Giant Nosrap *enters, clad in a suit of black-cloth mail, with stiff-starched white-linen bands round his neck, and carrying a crozier-shaped club in one hand, whilst in the other he draws a waggon containing sacks of corn, wheatsheafs, cows, baskets of fruit, &c., which he has just carried off from the defenceless villagers' homesteads. As* Jack *listens, the* Giant *sings as follows:—*

Song.—Giant Nosrap.

I'm a Giant, you must know,
Tiddy-fol-lol!
Who am strictly *comme-il-faut*,
Tiddy-fol-lol!
For I'm kept up by the State
(To spread sectarian hate)
At a bountiful old rate,
Tiddy-fol-lol! Tiddy-fol-lol!

I always dress in black,
Tiddy-fol-lol!
And on pity turn my back,
Tiddy-fol-lol
And whenever I've to chide
I have always always tried
No to lean to mercy's side,
Tiddy-fol-lol! Tiddy-fol-lol!

Yes, I'm called Giant Nosrap, I'm called Giant Nosrap!
And, as through my district I ply,
I claim all the first fruits,
By no means the worst fruits,
So much like a locust am I.
I take farmers' cows and
Fat sheep by the thousand,
And all kinds of arable crops,
And barley and wheatstacks,
And wood-piles and peat-stacks,
And turkeys, and apples, and hops!
I spread superstition,
And use my position
'Gainst progress to ardently fight;
I hate all improvements,
And rational movements
I crush with the whole of my might!
Then bring out your tribute, diversified tribute,
Nor dare to your off'rings deny,
Lest, unforgiving, I worry you living,
And turn on your corpse when you die!

Jack (*appearing*). You hoary reprobate! to sing like that!
Aren't you ashamed of it?

Giant. What are you at?
You impious layman, know you who I am?

Jack. Know you?—yes, far too well, you utter sham!

Giant (*lifting his crozier club*). Dare to approach, and I will lay you low—
D'you hear me? (*Aims blow at Jack.*)

Jack (*dodging it.*) Ah, my friend, much, much too slow.
Now, see if you can hear what *I've* to say.
Why should I let you live, you monster. Eh?

Giant. Oh, this is sacrilege! Beware your fate!
Why, I'm the trusted creature of the State!

Jack. So much the worse, then, for the State that trusts you.

Giant. My curses on you!

Jack. Ah! my talk disgusts you?
Perhaps the news, then, I am come to kill you
With a disgust more direful still will fill you.

Giant (*again vainly attacking Jack.*) Are you bewitched, that I cannot despatch you?

Jack. The fact is, I was born to over-match you;
To forge this sword, which soon shall pierce your heart,
Two million countrymen have played a part—
Men, once your victims, but your masters now,
Whom your pretensions can no longer cow.

Mr. Bancroft. Well, after more of such like conversation,
In which the hero (speaking for the nation)
Asks Giant Nosrap why he shouldn't die,
And finds he has no pertinent reply,
The fight takes place, and 'midst a ringing cheer
From villagers who 've dared again come near,
Jack gains at length a triumph most complete,
And lays the Giant dying at his feet;
But scarcely has he done so than the ground
Shakes with a roaring and a thunderous sound,
And as the villagers to shriek begin,
A new and taller giant rushes in.
"Who 's this?' Jack cries; but the new giant sees
The prostrate Nosrap, and falls on his knees,
Groaning and swearing, with tumultuous breath,
That Nalddrol will avenge his comrade's death;
Till Jack attracts the giant's eye at length,
When Nalddrol bellows out with all his strength:

Song.—Giant Nalddrol.

O dear, O dear, I feel so queer,
I think I shall go wild,
Unless I lock a poacher up,
Or crush a helpless child;
Ho! bring me an aged crone, I say,
Who has dared to gather my sticks;
Or a plump small boy who to annoy,
My brambleberries picks!
A week I will give for a faggot,
And a twelvemonth (with "hard") for a hare;
Three months I'll give for a trespass,
So let small girls beware!
Six months I'll give for a turnip,
And a fortnight at least for two sticks,
And three years, as a rule,
At a Criminal School,
To whoever a blackberry picks!

Mr. Bancroft. Jack, in amazement, asks what this can mean,
On which the Giant strides about the scene ;
And sings again, whilst trying all the time,
To catch a man or child for some small crime.

Song.—Giant Nalddrol.

I'm the curse of my country, tho terror of all,
Especially those who are feeble and small ;
I'm a grabber of land, and the people know me
As a big-acred Nalddrol and J. of the P.
Yes, I am a J. of the big, big P.,
And a very funny J. I'm, too ;
For I never, never saw any practice in the law,
And I never know what to do.
But the clerk to whom I look finds the law out in a book,
And he whispers what it ought to be ;
And the pris'ners at the bar,
Who or what-so-e'er they are,
They never mercy get from me !
Jack. What never ? *Giant N.* No, Never !
Jack. What never ? *Giant N.* No, never !
No, never mercy get from me !
Jack and the Villagers. Then give three groans, and three times three,
For the cruel J. of the big, big P.
Aye, give three groans, and three times three,
For the J. of the big, big P.

Mr. Bancroft. Of course, Jack kills him ; stabs him to the heart,
And then is ready off again to start.
The Chairman. One moment ; have you many giants more ?
Mr. Bancroft (*consulting MS.*). Well, at the very least a score.
The next is Rakrent, he's an Irish Giant,
Especially abusive and defiant.
Jack puts his eyes out.
The Chairman. Yes, but don't you see
There cannot time for all your giants be.
I tell you what, now, you had better do :
Jack, to conclude, should have an interview
With *one* more Giant who disorder spreads
Because he has, we'll say, a score of heads ;
Each head could sing a line of some good song—
A verse apiece would make the scene too long ;
And as each head thus owned its special vice,
Why, Jack could cut it clean off in a trice.
Mr. Bancroft. It shall be done, Prince.
The Chairman. Then, by way of end,
The Fairy, wishing to the boy commend,
Shall turn him to Dick Whittington, and take him
To London Town, its new Lord Mayor to make him.
It's true he's young, but then he's proved so sage,
And wisdom 'tis that makes Lord Mayors—*Not age*
Mr. Bancroft. Precisely, Prince, I'll end it as you say.
The Chairman. And bring it finished, please, some future day.

Mrs. Kendal's Scene.

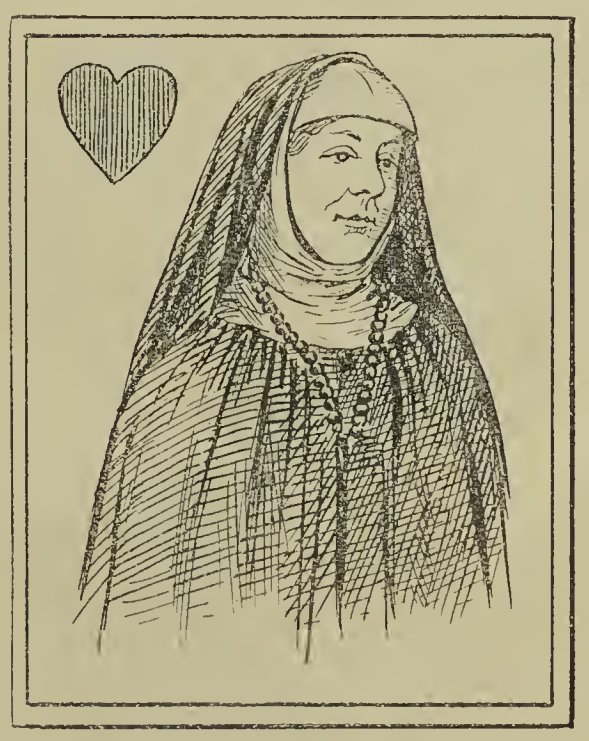
RS. KENDAL (*taking out her MS. scene from her reticule*). And now, my Prince, it is my turn to read.
The Chairman. Quite so, dear madam.
Mrs. K. Shall I, then, proceed ?
The Chairman. Please do ! The Female Infant in the Wood
Becomes, as we've agreed, Red Riding Hood ;
And you will doubtless now to us make clear
What happens to her in her altered sphere.
Mrs. Kendal. When I consented to give up my time
To writing what's mere paltry pantomime,
I felt, Prince, that I might p'rhaps get a chance
To my crusade against the Stage advance ;
And thus be able to myself repay
For mixing with mere actors in this way ;
For this, I must impress upon the meeting,
My stage connection is at most but fleeting.
In a few years (if fortune favours me)
From all its gilded vice I hope to flee ;
And from some genteel spot, quite *comme il faut*,
Try to forget I ever stooped so low.

Solo.—Mrs. Kendal.

I'm thirty-five ! I'm thirty-five !
And so to keep I shall contrive,
Until I long enough have played
An ample fortune to have made,
Then I, with bitter scorn, intend
The stage to fiercely reprehend,
And publicly to set my face
Against this national disgrace.
Meanwhile, 'till I can this contrive,
I'm thirty-five ! I'm thirty-five !

When I the age of forty see,
No more the stage shall know of me ;
No more will I take leading parts
With actresses who show their *cartes ;*
That is, I won't unless, of course,
Things unforeseen my hand should force.
If all goes well, though, at that age
I mean to gladly quit the stage !
Meanwhile, until my time arrive,
I'm thirty-five ! I'm thirty-five !

Mrs. Kendal. Of all the heroines in the Nursery host,
I think I love Red Riding Hood the most ;
I always liked her tale the best of all,
And as my past existence I recall,
I see in it a curious parallel
To that of this small maid I love so well.
I was a timid, shrinking girl like her,
Almost afraid into the world to stir ;
Until at last the thought occurred to me,
A Nursing Sister I should like to be ;



I did, in fact, try on the starched white cap,
And round myself the cloak so ample wrap ;
And deemed the costume most becoming, too,
When quite a novel thought my brain went through.
Musing, one day, how wicked was the age,
And how all kinds of vices filled the stage,
A voice within me cried, "Your path lies there !
Go on the stage, and its correction dare ;
Once on the boards, you can essay reform,
And from within, its strong defences storm ! "
Well, as you know, I listened to that voice,
And in due course declared the Stage my choice.
But, oh, my friends, I shudder even yet,
To think what risks my maiden feet beset ;
Dangers, temptations, thronged about my way,
Till, like Red Riding Hood, one summer day,
I met the Wolf himself ! Yes, face to face ;
And mine, indeed, seemed then a desperate case !
But, did I waver ? No ! And, as you see,
The wicked creature did not swallow me.

No, no, I swallowed him! And, if you care
To see that Wolf—he's sitting in that chair. (*Points to* Mr. Kendal.)

The Chairman. These reminiscences, I'm sure, amuse us;
But, still I hope their author will excuse us
For wishing she would rather let us know
How 'tis she means this scene of hers to go.
In fact, time presses.
Mrs. Kendal. I expected this.
No matter; these remarks you find amiss,
At which, too, I observe some members sneer,
They'll gladly at the next Church Congress hear!
I certainly shall waste no more on you.
As to my scene, I need not read it through;
Enough to say, Red Riding Hood is made
Of all that is improper, most afraid;
The strange adventures I invent for her,
To current matters, as a rule, refer.
Thus, in her journey, she's accosted by
An aged reprobate, who, glass in eye,

Stares at her in his senile, doddering way,
And, as she runs from him, attempts this lay.

Song of the Prowler.

I'm a paralysed old *roué*, with a deeply-wrinkled leer,
I have gout and I have palsy, and my breathing's very queer;
My walk is very tottery, and my sight is very bad;
I dye my hair and eyebrows, I use a liver pad,
And I wear a padded coat upon my back, la-di-da!
And my varnished boots have not a single crack, la-di-da!
I have artificial teeth!
And tight stays my coat beneath;
In fact I'm quite the prowler, la-di-da! la-di-da!
In fact I'm quite the prowler, la-di-da!

[*At this point a Messenger enters hurriedly with a note for the* Chairman.]

The Chairman (*reading note*). Will Mrs. Kendal kindly stop one moment?
This note refers to something for our Show meant.
I know you'll pardon me for this digression,
'Tis in relation to our

ROYAL PROCESSION.

Mrs. Kendal. Why, what is that, Prince?
The Chairman. Surely you have heard.
Mrs. K. Indeed I've not—no, not a single word!
The Chairman. It's soon explained—in one of our first scenes
We've a procession of our Kings and Queens.
Mrs. K. But that's like Drury Lane.
The Chairman. Nay, wait a minute!
And I'll explain the difference that's in it.
Our Kings and Queens, to give the scene variety,
Are living people, mostly in society.
Who places will in our Procession share,
Because our monarchs' names they chance to bear.
Thus Tennyson, as Saxon Alfred leads,
And William Gladstone (with his wife) succeeds
As Norman William, whilst his red-haired son
Is taken by the Duke of Hamilton.
We've Irving, then, to Henry's mantle don,
And Sir John Bennett makes a grand King John;
Then as his son comes Chaplin in the rear,
Whilst as First Edward I myself appear.
And so, in fact, it is all through the scene,
We have names also for each King and Queen.
Mr. Harris. But what's amiss, Prince?
The Chairman. Why, this note from Bright,
To say his Cromwell jerkin's far too tight.
Mr. Harris. Ah, apropos. I fear that's not the worst,
There's something wrong, too, with our James the First.
The Chairman. You mean James Lowther.
Mr. Harris. Yes, he says his ruff
Won't do at all.
The Chairman. What, not quite large enough?
Mr. Harris. He tells me that it strangles him to wear it.
The Chairman. Well, well, he'd better try to grin and bear it.
I wish, though, Harris, you would see to this—
Bright's note, I mean; find what it is amiss,
And do, please, try if you can put it right.
Mr. Harris. I will, Prince,
The Chairman. Yes, I'd like to please John Bright.
Now, Mrs. Kendal, if you'll be so good,
We will continue your "Red Riding Hood."
Mrs. Kendal. With pleasure, Prince. You've not forgotten yet
How she was by an aged "Prowler" met.
She also meets an agent, who tries hard
To her engage, but she's upon her guard,
And when she hears that it is for a stage,
On which the *ballet* would be all the rage,
She flies again with horror from the spot;
Until at last she gains her grandma's cot.
I scarce need tell you in the present case
The normal *dénouement* does not take place;
But as the Wolf's about the girl to eat,
The Fairy Progress comes with all her *suite*,
And, having sent him howling to the wood,
Makes room beside her for Red Riding Hood

A ROYAL PROCESSION.

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF
CALIFORNIA.

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

And then, this shy young mortal to entrance,
Bids all her *coryphées* a ballet dance!
The Chairman. A *ballet*, Mrs. Kendal! Can it be
We hear aright?
Mrs. K. Yes, Prince, you soon will see
That what *I* call a ballet is a measure
Which Mrs. Grundy could sit out with pleasure.
Even my fairy, I would have you know,
Will not be dressed her arms and legs to show.
She'll be so clothed as not to cause a frown,
And wear a simple, straight alpaca gown.
As to my ballet, if I have it done,
You may be sure 'twill be a proper one.
Indeed, to save mistake, some dolls I've dressed
(My husband's helped me with most cordial zest)
In that costume in which it seems to me
A ballet-girl ought properly to be.

[*With this, her husband placed upon the table the ballet-dolls, which, happily, we're able, thanks to a courtesy most kindly shown, to furnish in a drawing of our own. These dolls, have dresses fastened round their throats, and long and starchless linen petticoats, with goggles blue*

which things, with tuckers round the neck most ample, made every doll a most amusing sample. Some of the company gave loud guffaws, others essayed satirical applause; the Chairman *tried in vain to look didactical; but* Mr. Hollingshead, *who's always "practical," exclaimed:—*

I think that ballets are my line;
In them, in fact, I and my partner, Shine,
And Mrs. K. will pardon me, I'm sure,
For saying—though her motive is so pure,
The ballet-girl with high-necked dress won't wash!
That prudish *ballerines*, in fact, are bosh!
Ballet is ballet! 'tis no good at all
Unless it fills each evening every stall;
And girls costumed like hers, why, they'd be hiss'd
Alike by Masher and by Methodist.
No, my dear madam, let the ballet be—
Or, rather, leave its management to me.
I have, indeed, a dress designed of late
Which will sensation certainly create,
Whilst critics to decide will vainly try
If body is too low or skirt too high.

disposed on many a nose, and legs and arms fixed in a proper pose; and sandled shoes o'er which drop pantalettes, edged with a lot of frilling and frisettes;

'Twould puzzle even Mrs. K. to say
My ballet-girls offend in any way.
[*Produces dolls and poses them on table.*

Mrs. Kendal. I claim the kind protection of the chair;
This is the scene which I was bade prepare,
And I've prepared it as I thought it best.
The Chairman. I'm sure we shall be glad to hear the rest.
Mrs. K. I may explain that, be it hiss'd or not,
I cannot change my ballet-dress one jot;
In fact, the girls *I* should to dance engage
Would not in muslin skirts go on the stage;
They are, indeed, selected, as a rule,
From bible-classes in a Sunday-school,
And, just to satisfy them 'twas not wrong,
After their dance they'd sing a little song.

Song and Chorus.—"The Reformed Ballet-Girls."

Who are we whose massive feet
Just have danced this ballet through?
We are maidens most discreet
As to what we say or do!
We have never learned to wink,
Like the worldly *ballerine;*
We within our shoes would shrink
Were our ample ankles seen.

We of mashers never heard,
Save of those for turnips used;
It may safely be averred
Billet-doux we've ne'er perused;
If a man should speak to us,
We should cry "Per-lice!" and shriek,
Or within a Bloomsbury 'bus
Shelter from the villain seek.

We no frisky matrons are,
And our *cartes* are never shown;
Sadly 'twould our feelings jar,
If we thought that we were known.
And we'd meet each amorous glance
With a vacuous stony stare;
We would rather die than dance
With our legs high in the air.

When, though, we have done our task,
And we have to blush no more,
With golosh and macintosh
Teacher will be at the door!
And a veil on every face,
Two and two with podgy tread,
We will leave the wicked place,
And march bashfully to bed!

Mrs. K. This sung, the Fairy, in a proclamation,
Defies the Drols and their new combination,

And promising she will be near at hand
When Billy and his sister help demand,
In whatsoever name they may apply;
She bids her chariot mount into the sky.

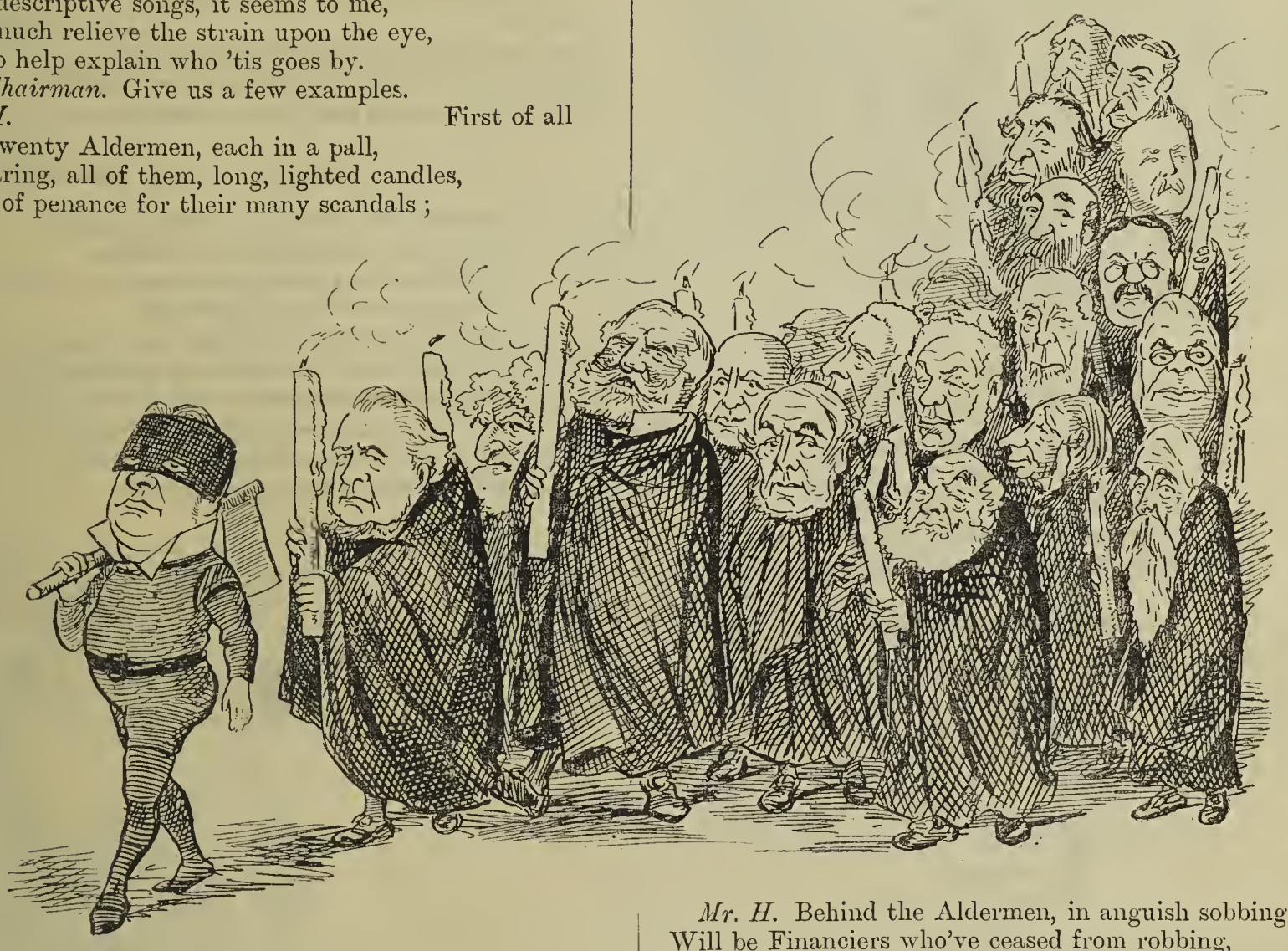
The Chairman. And that's the end?
Mrs. K. Well, no, it is not quite,
For just before she's hoisted out of sight
I thought she might declaim with great effect,
My paper, read, as you may recollect,
Before the Congress; done with animation
I'm sure 'twould make a palpable sensation.
And then she would, by way of epilogue,
Announce the publisher as Mr. Bogue;
And p'rhaps it would the pamphlet's sale increase,
To add my portrait forms the frontispiece.
The Chairman. Your portrait? Why I thought that you despised
An actress who in this way advertised.
Am I not right?
Mrs. K. Well, scarcely, for I claim
The motive in each case is not the same.
Mine is a most unselfish one, and pure.
The Chairman. We're very glad to credit it, I'm sure;
But there are many people, I'm afraid,
Whom you will find it hard to this persuade;
And who will even venture to assert
That your own acts your arguments subvert;
When, in a pamphlet which quite scarifies
Those actresses who dare to advertise
By means of photographs in public shown,
You coolly publish thousands of your own!
So, fearing that discussion may arise,
I think we'll "cut" that reading from the "flies."
Mrs. K. "Cut" if you please, or let the public jeer me,
I care not, for the Congresses will hear me,
And I, next season, shall not lack a place
From which to spread abroad what foul disgrace
Covers the stage, whereon, indeed, I see
No one redeeming feature left but me.
It's as you choose, Prince—it is your concern.
The Chairman. Why, then, to Mr. Harris I will turn,
And ask him briefly now to let us know
How 'tis he thinks the City scene will go.

Mr. A. Harris's Scene.

THE CHAIRMAN. Yes, Mr. Harris, we expect from you,
Of young Dick Whittington a novel view;
For "Billy," *alias* "Jack," as we've arranged,
Is now to "Master Richard" to be changed.
So pray oblige us!
Mr. Harris (*producing his note-book*). In this scene of mine,
Of Dick, the boy, you will not find one line.

I take my pen up when his cat has made
His fortune, and, with that large fortune's aid,

He's bought his way up to the Civic Chair,
And has become Dick Whittington, Lord May'r !
In fact, to "make" our Pantomime a go,
I mean to give his great *al fresco* Show
On such a scale, so gorgeously complete,
As even Lord Mayor Nottage's to beat !
Though that, I'm bound to add, so good was made,
That it put former efforts in the shade.
The Chairman. Excellent !
Mr. H. Yes, I think I've done the trick,
And that you'll own that I am "up to Dick !"
Who, you must know, thanks to his birth and training,
Is all for civic nuisances restraining ;
And eager for the thorough reformation
Of everything pertaining to his station.
The Chairman. You've planned this Show, then ?
Mr. H. Yes, its every item,
It took a long time even thus to write 'em.
(*Shows plan.*) You see from this how big it's bound to be,
And so descriptive songs, it seems to me,
Would much relieve the strain upon the eye,
And also help explain who 'tis goes by.
The Chairman. Give us a few examples.
Mr. H. First of all
March twenty Aldermen, each in a pall,
And bearing, all of them, long, lighted candles,
By way of penance for their many scandals ;



As they come up the stage they'll stop and sing.
(*Producing note-book.*) Well, this is something of the kind of thing.

Song.—The Alderman's Miserere.

We pipe our eye for the days gone by,
In the times of White and Whetham ;
For the banquet and ball in old Guildhall,
In the days we used to get 'em.
Midst the gorging gush and the greedy rush,
Our seats were always handy ;
And we came off fine with regard to wine,
And likewise punch and brandy.

O, the gorging old days and the greedy old nights !
O, the jolly civic lunches and our big appetites !
Ere Sir William Harcourt's Act had put us to rights.
But we don't get that sort of thing now,
Oh ! no.
We don't get that sort of thing now.
(*Spoken*) Oh ! no.

And oh, 'twas rare to sit in the chair
At the Police-court every morning ;
To echo the Clerk's judicial remarks,
And to add a pompous warning.
And 'twas just first-rate to dine in state,
With the highest nobs hob-nobbing,
And in wine to swim till our eyes were dim,
And our temples kept a-throbbing.

O, the gorging old days and the greedy old nights, &c.

Yes, we groan and sigh for the days gone by,
Those days so truly Tory ;
When, cock-a-whoop, we could wade through soup
To civic pride and glory ;
When vulgar show, and the punch's flow,
Gained knighthood's elevation.
And the "h's" dropped in no way stopped
Our social transformation.

Oh ! the gorging old days, and the greedy old nights, &c.

Mr. H. Behind the Aldermen, in anguish sobbing,
Will be Financiers who've ceased from robbing,
City Promoters, played-out Bulls and Bears ;
All will pass by, weighed down with useless shares,
And seize upon a break in the procession,
To sing the following piteous confession :—

Song and Chorus.—A Lament.

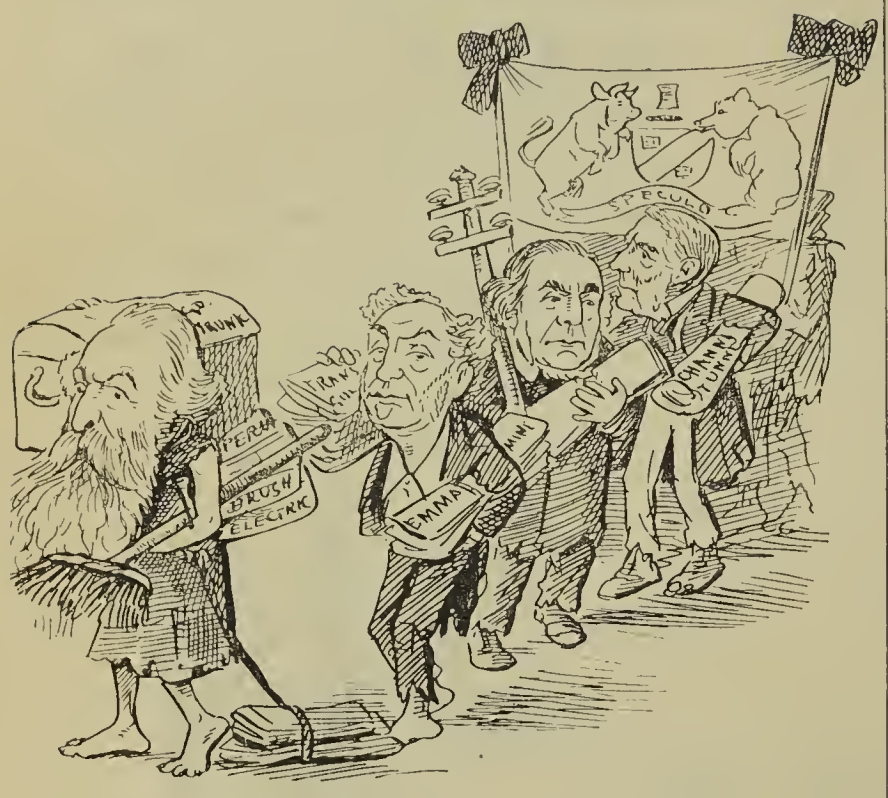
Where is our last big *coup ?*
Far, far away !
Where are our profits, too ?
Far, far away !
'Till, in our indigence,
We think of getting hence ;
P'rhaps clients have less sense,
Far, far away !
Far away ! Far away !

Where are those "specs" we made ?
Far, far away !
Where is our quiet trade ?
Far, far away ;
Once we had mansions fine,
Now lodgings are our line ;
In two-pair backs we pine—
Far, far away !
Far away ! Far away !

Special Notice.—The Manager of the Belgrave Steam Laundry begs to state that, having at last completed the additions to the Laundry, he is now in a position to do £30 a week more washing for private families.—Address 106, Ebury-street, Belgravia, S.W.

"Liberty" Art Fabrics.—Original inventions for Ladies' Costumes and Toilets. Patterns post free. Regent-street, W.

Gone are our prancing steeds,
Far, far away!
Gone those expensive weeds,
Far, far away!
Gone with our mashing suits,
Gone with our varnished boots;
Gone with our hothouse fruits—
Far, far away!
Far away, far away!



Once there were "bogus" lines,
Far, far away!
Likewise much "salted" mines,
Far, far away!
O how we "bulled" their shares,
Then how we turned to "bears,"
None now such "sells" prepares,
Far, far away!
Far away, far away!

P'rhaps folks can still be "done,'
Far, far away!
So we will cut and run,
Far, far away!
Here swindles now are vain,
But, once across the main,
We may pick up again,
Far, far away!
Far away, far away!

Mr. H. When in due time the ruined songsters pass,
We'll march the Livery Companies *en masse*,
All with their banners, bearing on their face
The total squandered yearly, in each case,
With gilded pyramids to represent
The sum that they in gluttony have spent.

The Chairman. And will the Liveries sing?

Mr. H. I've not decided.

The Chairman. In case they do, your tune might be provided
From Gilbert's "Patience." Some such lines as these
Would not upon the whole, p'rhaps, fail to please.

Song.—The Liverymen.

When we first took our livery up,
The Wardens observed, with a wink,
Of dinners and luncheons,
And port wine in puncheons
You'll have even more than you think,
And "fivers" most neatly enshrined
In your napkins you'll normally find,
And *bonbons* in caskets,
And fruit in neat baskets
To make your good lady look kind,
Should you sometimes fill often the cup,
Now you've taken your Livery up!

But lo! the Commission has sat,
Nay, more, it has dared to declare,
That the notes napkins under
Were nothing but plunder,
And that *bonbons* no more we must share;
Yes, it rules that the cash hereto spent
On gorging, for teaching is meant.
Whence we in each Livery,
Are feeling quite shivery,
And hipped to an awful extent.
So no more shall we wine, dine or sup,
Though we've taken our Livery up!

Mr. H. Thanks, Prince! you 'll give me further help, I hope?

The Chairman. I may; but what comes next!

Mr. H. A Telescope,
On which, fixed up for use upon its stand,
Dick at the Mansion House has placed his hand.

The Chairman. But why a telescope?

Mr. H. You soon shall hear,
For, as the monster glass is seen t' appear,
The Flunkeys who have got it on their shoulders
Explain its purpose thus to the beholders:—

Song.—The Mansion House Telescope.

This all other glasses most widely surpasses,
For if you its eye-piece look through,
You will see very plain what is passing in Spain,
And likewise at Pesth and Peru;
One cursory glance will exhibit you France,
Though the air be most cloudy and murky;
And look when you may you will see Mandalay,
And the uttermost portions of Turkey.
But vainly you try parts of London to spy—
Not a glimpse of the spot is revealed to your eye.

What happened was this, if aught went amiss
At Merv or remote Madagascar;
If a Cooly lacked rice in the town of Berbice,
Or Bombay held a ghee-lacking Lascar;

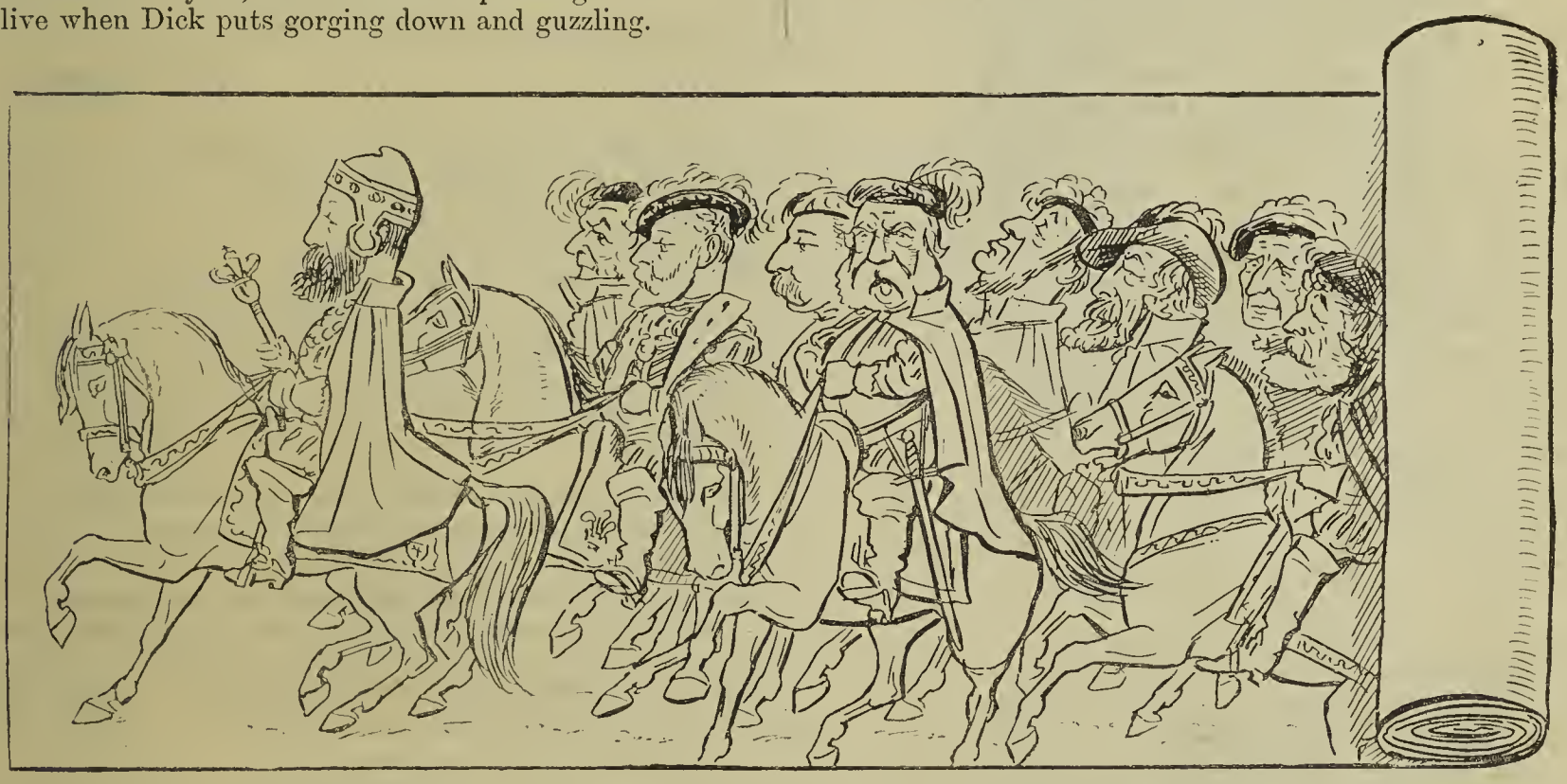
Should a panic malicious be felt at Mauritius,
  Or should fire overrun Bomarsund,
At once the Lord Mayor brought these lenses to bear,
  And raised a Relief-granting Fund;
And with efforts persistent, calamities distant
He dealt with long after they were non-existent.

But, sad to relate, when a dolorous fate
  O'ertook a poor wretch in Soho,
When case after case of starvation took place
  At Stepney, or Walworth, or Bow,
If then the Lord Mayor brought these lenses to bear,
  The glasses were focussed in vain,
For there then was no chance of his posing in France,
  Or receiving an "Order" from Spain;
And he did not much care any object to aid,
Unless it afforded a chance for parade.

Mr. H. After the Telescope is borne along,
Will come the Parish Beadles with their song;
The *very* Common Councilmen will follow,
Declaring that the world is too too hollow;
And those Purveyors, who will find it puzzling
To live when Dick puts gorging down and guzzling.

Mr. Hollingshead's Scene.

THE CHAIRMAN. Now, Mr. Hollingshead if you're prepared,
  We'll hear how Whittington as Crusoe fared.
Mr. Hollingshead. Dick, then, soon tiring of his civic life,
  Longed for some spot where dangers were more rife,
And, though too old to schoolboy tastes retain,
  Resolved to seek his fortunes on the main;
My scene, then, tells you how he tried to do so,
Under the well-known *alias* of Crusoe.



The Chairman. Your naming Dick reminds me that this youth
Has small connection with this scene, in sooth.
Is this advisable?

Mr. H. Well, it is he
Who is the cause of everything we see;
He has removed the City's chief reproach,
And will come on at last in his gilt coach.
There is no doubt processions go down well,
And great success for this one I foretell;
For when the old abuses have past by
Will come the part on which I most rely—
Dick Whittington's new show, and all that 's best
In London's area—north, south, east, west—
Our wisest men, our poets and physicians;
Our painters, authors, seers, and rhetoricians;
These will be seen, great, grand, and noble entities,
Instead of those anonymous nonentities
Who, as it is, in scrubby hats and gowns,
And carriages they 've jobbed for three half-crowns,
Roll on an endless line behind the banners,
To show us how debased are civic manners,
And how extremely, vulgar, dull, and slow
Can be what passes for the Lord Mayor's Show.

The Chairman. I like the notion much, so please extend it.

Mr. H. Need I read on to show you how I'd end it?

The Chairman. Nay, do not trouble; I am quite content
To let you finish your experiment.
Just let me know the probable expense,
And we'll the properties at once commence.

The Chairman. Succinctly put; but then we know that you
Are always practical in what you do.

Mr. Holl. Thanks, Prince; but now to tell about the trip
Which Crusoe starts on in a "coffin-ship;"

Sanitary Inspection.—Fee 2 Guineas. Improvement works undertaken. The Sanitary Engineering Co,, 115, Victoria-st., Westminster.

In fact, as he sets sail, the owner sings
This "*chant de voyage*," standing in the wings.

Sail on, decayed and rotten craft, sail on thy cranky way!
Too water-logged to keep thy course or thy sprung helm obey;
Sail on, oh, paralytic bark, sail on thou ancient hulk,
And may that cargo shift ere long thou carriest in bulk!
Yes, scuttle upon the breakers,
Or be driven upon the strand;
Aye, go to the dogs in congenial fogs
On the banks of Newfoundland!
Or get submerged in a tempest,
Or blown on a rock-bound shore,
Be smattered or smashed, or battered or dashed,
But never come home any more!

Thou art insurèd, rotten one, for full six times thy worth,
And we shall hear that thou hast sunk with jocund glee and mirth.
Thy cargo is a bogus one—that's underwritton, too;
But laugh Ho, ho! and laugh He, he! we've not insured thy crew!
So they can starve or can fester,
Or scurvy can rack their bones;
They can linger afloat in a leaky boat,
Or go down to Davy Jones.
They can live upon weevily biscuit,
Or be drowned, or escape ashore.
Whatever may hap, we shan't care a rap,
So that *you* don't come home any more.

Mr. Holl. Cheered by these parting words, our hero sails,
And quickly meets with equinoctial gales,
In which, as you may probably expect,
This coffin-ship is very promptly wrecked;
That he is saved, though, you will also guess,
Nor will you be surprised at the success
With which, like other shipwrecked mariners,
Assorted stores he to the coast transfers.
He only of the fated crew remains,
And, when at last the rocky coast he gains,
He climbs with ardent haste the nearest high land
To find he's on what seems a desert island.

Musing on this, he then reseeks the shore,
Thinking he'll see the Mansion House no more,
When at his feet, pressed down into the sand,
He finds a printed something on the strand,

Which he at first for a subpœna takes,
A supposition which his anger wakes;

Cabinets.—Druce & Co. are now showing an extra Stock of Artistic Cabinets at exceedingly moderate prices, commencing at £2. 15s., also a great variety of Fire and Folding Screens, from 5s. 9d. Inspection is invited.—68 and 69, Baker-street, W. Also entrance from Baker-street Bazaar.

But when he stoops, and picks it up at last,
His apprehension's very quickly past,
For this he reads, whilst towards a tree retreating:—

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THE SUMMER MEETING.

THIS DAY AT TWO,

UPON THE NEW CLEARED SPACE,

THE USUAL VARIED SPORTS AND GAMES

Take place.

PULLING THE LONG-BOW. GIVING OF LEG-BAIL.

BALANCING BOOKS; AND RIDING ON A RAIL.

SHOOTING THE MOON. "KITE"-FLYING.

MARKED-CARD TRICKS.

OUTRUNNING CONSTABLES

At Half-past Six.

For details (other than these Posters tell), apply at once to

W. WADDELL.

On reading this, our Crusoe looks around,
To see if other signs of man abound.
His desert isle must be inhabited,
For W. Waddell had thither fled;
But who besides? As this remark he makes
A sudden sound upon his hearing breaks,
And near the shore, packed in a jolly-boat,
He sees a jocund company afloat,
Who, as they row to land, most loudly sing,
Until they make the very welkin ring:—

We were Trustees in Bankruptcies, Accountants cute were we,
And should be yet but for the Act of artful Joey C.
Yes, still official assignees we might for life have been,
Had not that dreadful Chamberlain appeared upon the scene.
We were tricky, tricky, tricky! and our figures oft were dickey
But the new Act came and caught us on the H O P.
Yes, although we were so tricky,
That J. C., he was so quick, he
Insisted on us paying up the £. s. d.

But we thought over what had passed, and how, by red-tape's aid,
We'd pocketed at least ten pounds for every shilling paid.
And as we this recalled, we said, "Shall we pay over, then,
And cease to be Accountants, and become mere honest men?"
For we're tricky, tricky, tricky, &c.

Our mind was soon made up. Said we: "We will not pay a sou!
Confound that Joseph Chamberlain and his new measure, too!
We'll follow where Waddell has led; so Ho! to cross the main!"
And we So-ho'd and crossed it, too; and here we are again!
For we're tricky, tricky, tricky, &c.

Crusoe has hardly stepped behind the tree,
When the Accountants land, right cheerily,
And raise a shout, which brings an answering cry
From midst a clump of forest trees close by;
Whence, the next minute, men, at least a score,
Come running very quickly to the shore.
One keeps in front, and all th' Accountants cheer,
And cry "Waddell! Waddell!" as he comes near.
And Crusoe scarce can watch without emotion
Their mutual joy and evident devotion.
"But," says Waddell to them; "you ought to know
These friends of mine—all very *comme-il-faut.*"
And Crusoe now the name of each obtains—
Thus, "Lambri Pasha!" Mr. Higgs, of Staines,
Signor Lipardi; Mr. Blakeway, too,
Defaulting bank-directors not a few,
With bank-cashiers (of these at least a score),
Absconding brokers, too, and many more—
For instance, Mr. James Montgomery Walker,
Who, dogged by Justice, had contrived to baulk her.
The Chairman. What happens then?
Mr. Holl. Why, Crusoe steals away,
Afraid in such bad company to stay,
And to the other side the island goes.
The Chairman. And what adventures do you then propose?
Mr. Holl. Why, then I meant to make him sing a ballad
Descriptive of the Market of Mud-salad,
And find a pretext—how, I hardly know,
To give the Board of Works a slashing blow.
The Chairman. But won't that seem to be dragged in a bit?
Mr. Holl. Well, yes, to some extent, I must admit;
But it would be a terrible privation
Not to "let out" at "pot-house legislation."
The Chairman. Well, well—I'd better see the way you do it
Before I make my mind up to taboo it.
But just think what your scene is, I would beg,
And try to hang your "smacks" upon some peg.

Miss Kate Vaughan's Scene.

MISS K. VAUGHAN. It is, I think, Prince, clearly understood
That I take Mrs. K.'s Red Riding Hood.
Mrs. Kendal (*haughtily*). Indeed, it isn't! For I must decline
To let Miss Vaughan have anything of mine.
Miss K. V. (*coldly*). Pray do not trouble, for it is arranged
As soon as I your heroine take, she 's changed,
And it 's as Cinderella she comes in.
In this fifth scene I 'm waiting to begin.
Mrs. K. If there is no connection, that will do,
But I could not collaborate with you.
Miss K. V. That 's *very* true; you could not if you tried,
For I have in my calling too much pride
To in joint acts of any sort engage
With one who 's libelled so the modern stage.
Mrs. K. How dare you talk like that!
Miss K. V. Because I choose.
The Chairman. Such interruptions I cannot excuse.
Miss Vaughan, I beg of you to read your scene,
And Mrs. Kendal must not intervene.
Miss K. V. My task has been a very simple one
So I will tell you briefly what I 've done;
My Cinderella, to afford variety,
I 've made a girl in modern high society,
With two proud sisters and a ma-in-law,
Of whose abuse she stands in mortal awe;
As the scene opens, she 's discovered dressing,
And thus her grief is vocally confessing:—

Song.—Cinderella.

My mother bids me pinch my waist
Another inch or two,
For, though already tightly laced,
She says it will not do!
And, oh! she says that I must wear
A body cut so low—
My cheeks will flame with honest shame
As through the streets I go!

She says I must expose my charms,
And cause the roughs rare sport,
And leave quite bare my neck and arms,
Because we're going to Court;
But I have heard our Court is pure—
I know our Queen is so—
She cannot, then, require, I'm sure,
Poor me half-dressed to go!

Miss K. V. As she sings thus, her sisters both come in,
And laugh at her, and call her pale and thin,
Bidding her look, to add to her dejection,
At their most skilfully made-up complexion,
Until, their feelings to contain unable,
They sing—

This Ditty of the Toilet-Table.

Ten little Stoppered Phials standing in a line,
We drank chloral out of one, and then there were nine!
Nine little Stoppered Phials, one on a plate,
We took our rouge out of that, and then there were eight!
One little, two little, three little, four little, five little Stoppered Phials;
Six little, seven little, eight little, nine little, ten little, Stoppered Phials!

Eight little Stoppered Phials pointing up to heaven,
We emptied one to stain our eyes, and then there were seven!
Seven little Stoppered Phials full of toilet tricks,
One held enamel wash, and then there were six!
One little, two little, &c.

Six little Stoppered Phials; to our nerves revive,
We drank perfume out of one, and then there were five!
Five little Stoppered Phials a precious secret store,
We took out our *Eau des Fées*, and then there were four!
One little, two little, &c.

Four little Stoppered Phials, kept where none can see,
We poured our hair-dye out of one, and then there were three!
Three little Stoppered Phials, one full of dew,
We bathed our neck and face in it, and then there were two!
One little, two little, &c.

Two little Stoppered Phials, one wouldn't run,
We scraped our lip paste out of that, and then there was one!
One little Stoppered Phial, when it was undone,
Out came our pimple wash, and then there was none!
One little, two little, three little, four little, five little Stoppered Phials!
Six little, seven little, eight little, nine little, ten little Stoppered Phials!

Miss K. V. Then the two sisters recommence their chaff,
And at poor Cinderella's failings laugh.
Says one: "Was ever known a gawk so simple?
She has not made a single extra dimple."
"See," cries the other, with affected passion,
"She has not done her hair down 'door-mat' fashion!
And what a waist! it must be twenty inches!"
And then the poor, long-suffering girl she pinches.
So they go on until at last they leave,
And Cinderella 's left alone to grieve.
But not for long, for as her gloves she mends,
The Fairy Progress suddenly descends,
Not in the frock that Mrs. K. required,
But, let me add, in gauzy dress attired,
And with a train of bright attendant fays,
Who dance about in varied sprightly ways.
"Why, who are you?" the frightened girl exclaims,
On which the Fairy in reply declaims:—

Song and Chorus.—The Fairy Progress.

I'm the wonder of an age
That of wonders is not chary,
For I'm a competent, keen, acute, expertly mechanical Fairy.
I've a most miraculous wand,
Which induces things to vary.
Chorus of Fays. Oh, yes! she's a changing, topsy-turveying thaumaturgical Fairy!
The Fairy. I touch a Coach-and-four—
Chorus. And, lo! a Locomotive's screaming!
The Fairy. I touch a Bark Canoe—
Chorus. Behold! a fine Cunarder's steaming!
The Fairy. I touch a Hut of Mud—
Chorus. See where a Stately Mansion rises!
The Fairy. I touch a savage—
Chorus. Lo! her touch transforms and civilizes!
The Fairy. I touch a Yokel—
Chorus. He becomes a Man of Light and Leading!
The Fairy. I touch the lightning—
Chorus. O'er the waves the Telogram flies speeding!
The Fairy. I touch a Tory—
Chorus. But as yet she's not improved *his* breeding!
The Fairy. I touch a Drol, too—
Chorus. Here at last a check her power sustains;
She cannot change the Drol, who still an useless Drol remains!

The Fairy. But I'm a wonder, I repeat,
In spite of my style so airy.

The Fairy and Chorus. Yes! I'm / She's a remarkable, resolute, daring, indescribable Fairy!

The Chairman. And now, Miss Vaughan, if I have your permission,
I think that this will be a good position
For working in a Tableau of my own.

Miss K. V. You wish it by my Fairy to be shown?

The Chairman. Precisely so; your heroine might say,
"Now, Fairy, will you please to me display,
What in, say, twenty years the state will be
Of those Grand Offices we are to see
Erected, so they tell us, in Whitehall?"
On which the Fairy, answering the call,
Will wave her wand, at once a view affording,
Of what I'll christen

OUR OFFICIAL HOARDING.

What it will look like when it's brought to view,
This little sketch of mine will show to you.
What say you then?

Miss K. V. Why, that I don't object.

The Chairman. 'Tis well! I dared your sanction to expect.
And if you'll kindly make a note—I mean
Just mark the Hoarding Tableau in your scene,
That will be settled; and we'll beg of you
Your interrupted reading to pursue.

Miss K. V. What follows I need not detail at length,
In short the Fairy thereon shows her strength,
Fits Cinderella out, as in the tale,
And promises her aid shall never fail.
Nay, more, as 'tis not time at Court to be,
She bids her say what she would like to see.
"Well, first," she cries, "if such a thing can be,
One of our greatest beauties let me see."
On this the Fairy waves her wand, and shows
A well-known belle (her name I 'll not disclose),
Who, when our heroine to see her asks,
Is, as it 'haps, engaged in toilet tasks;

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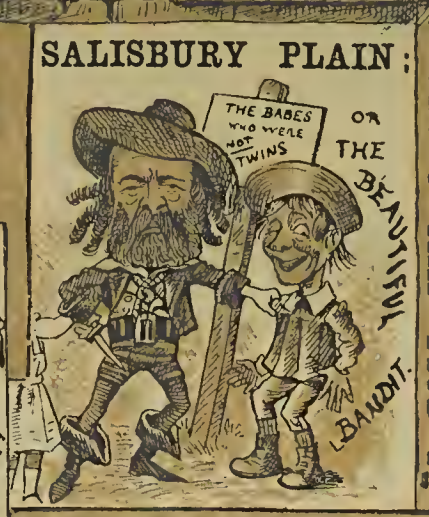

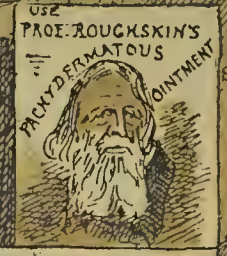

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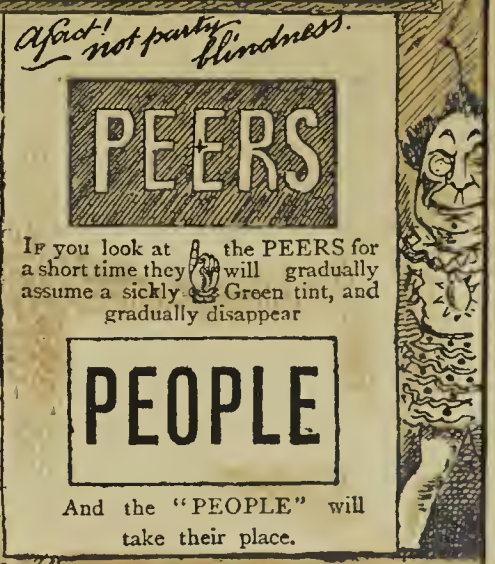

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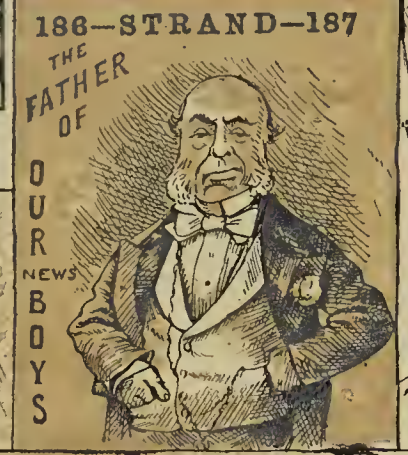

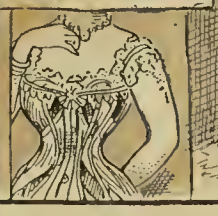

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And, spite the pain acute she feels at times,
Accompanies her actions with these rhymes.

Song.—The Social Belle.

It's clear, if I'm to hold my own, I must, with ardent zest,
To supplement my natural charms attempt my artful best.
What Nature's done is very well, but Art can do yet more
To round, to smooth, to renovate, to polish, and restore.
So I lace myself like this (*does so*),
I pad myself like that (*does so*),
Make what is angular look round, what bony is look fat (*does so*),
I hair-pin on this hair (*does so*),
Frisettes I stick in there (*does so*),
And to be in the fashion quite this bird-cage thus I wear (*does so*).

I take my blushes from a box, complexion from a jar (*does so*),
My dimples are to order made (a guinea each they are),
My curls were purchased through the Stores (a very cheap job lot),
The alabaster of my neck is four-and-six per pot.
And I line my eyes like this (*does so*).
I mark my veins like that (*does so*),
Fill up this wrinkle so, lay this excrescence flat (*does so*);
I fix and I cement (*does so*),
I powder, puff, and scent (*does so*),
Until, at last, my form is fit in public to present!

Miss Vaughan. These *Tableaux* I propose to multiply,
The details, though, I need not specify.
It is, indeed, so late, it will be well
For me to quickly how I finish tell.
The Chairman. Yes, 'twould, I think, be wise to not delay;
We'll hear about the rest another day.
Miss Vaughan. In due course, then, my heroine goes to Court,
And sees strange things which her surprise extort.
For instance, she meets there with high-born crones,
Who shiver as they show their aged bones;
And worthy matrons, who their necks had cased
With a thick layer of enamel paste.
There, too, our heroine, spite her sisters' jeers,
Makes many conquests soon as she appears;
And in the end, as duly I explain,
Does, as her husband, a rich Duke obtain!
But into this, and what 'tis next ensues,
I will not enter now, unless you choose.
The Chairman. Then kindly leave the details till we meet
To hear these outline Scenes when made complete.
Miss Vaughan. 'Tis as you wish, Prince.
The Chairman. Many thanks, indeed,
For there is yet, you know, so much to read.

Truth's Scene.

THE CHAIRMAN. And now I'm sure we deem it quite a treat,
Our most respected friend, Miss Truth to meet.
Your scene, I think, the opening eight concludes,
And to the "Ali Baba" tale alludes?
Truth (*consulting a MS.*) Yes, Prince, you are quite right.
The Chairman. Then may we ask
How you have pleased to set about your task?
Truth. That white-haired gentleman, I think, omitted
To say how Crusoe his strange island quitted;
So I suggest one way for him would be
To take th' accountants' boat and go to sea.
At all events, he does get safe away,
And then is wrecked again without delay;
Half-drowned and starved, he begs the Fairy's aid;
Nor is her kind assistance long delayed,
For she appears, for his relief arranges,
And him to Ali Baba promptly changes.
The Chairman. For some good reason, doubtless?
Truth. I will quote
A little song that strikes the scene's key-note;
'Tis when she is about the change to make,
Just as she gives her magic wand a shake.

The Fairy's Invocation.

O Robinson Crusoe, O Robinson C.!
Henceforth Ali Baba I'd have you to be;
And this is the reason, sir, why:—
Because in this wicked and Drol-ridden State
Forty Vices personified judgment await.
So off, Ali Baba, say I!
Yes, off, and collect every Vice that you can,
And when you have Forty, remember the plan
That your namesake once found did not fail;
Put your Vices in jars without any delay,
And treat them forthwith in the same kind of way
That the Thieves were all served in the tale!

Truth. Thus charged to carry out a special mission,
And quickly realising his position,
Our hero starts to seek the various Vices;
And one short walk across the stage suffices
To introduce to him Vice Number One—
A Beery Bung, who's seated on a tun,
Whilst, on his face a drunken, vicious leer,
He, with vile drugs, adulterates his beer.
Ali has but my magic lamp to show—
The Fairy gave him this, you please must know—
When, with an oath, the Publican proceeds
To follow him wherever 'tis he leads.
Then, as he starts again upon his way,
A Vestryman induces him to stay;
And so, at well-nigh every step he takes,
He fresh addition to his samples makes.
And so goes on, till, following behind,
He's all the Vices he was bade to find.
These he thereon essays to catechize,
Obtaining answers which cause much surprise—
They are so impudent, so self-reliant,
And, without doubt, were recklessly defiant.
At last, however, I (Truth) intervene,
And have the Forty Jars brought on the scene.

Now, pressed for time, as I know well you are,
We will suppose each Vice is in his jar.
On this I (Truth) go round, my lamp in hand,
And Transformation swift from all demand.
But here's a case, as written in my scene,
To show you more precisely what I mean.

Deutz & Geldermann's "Gold Lack," and "Cabinet" Champagnes can, if requested, be supplied by all Wine Merchants, and obtained at leading hotels and restaurants. Consumers are requested to see that no other brands are substituted.

"Truth *goes to the jar containing a* Vestryman, *and thus addresses him.*

Vestryman, too long thou'st guzzled:
By this token, then, be muzzled,
[*Pours in some oil from lamp.*
Cease to muddle and to meddle,
Cease to peculate and peddle.
Change to honest citizen,
One of Harcourt's Councilmen!"

Thus I in turn go up to every jar,
And, learning who the various tenants are,
To each some few appropriate lines address,
In which his special failings I express.
But as you know, Prince, it is found at length
That though the oil is of most potent strength,
Yet still the would-be transformation's such,
That for the time the change worked is not much,
And 'tis discovered that twelve months 'twill take
Each Vice a Virtue apposite to make.
So for the present it is soon decided
The jars shall winter quarters have provided.
Now, as it happens, there's a cave at hand,
And into this safe place at my command

Ali and his assistants roll the jars,
Then shut its portal and secure its bars,
Leaving the Vices thus in meditation,
To there complete their thorough transformation.
Now, we have more adventures in my Scene;
Ali with Cinderella meets, I mean,
And, after many risks and dangers great,
Bill Frankeyes and his sister, thanks to fate,
Get reunited, and with joy compare
The strange adventures that fell to their share.
But none of this, I think, should here be told,
Though, if need be, I could the whole unfold.

The Chairman. Well, thanks, then. If you will not be offended,
I'll ask you, though your scene is not quite ended,
To kindly let us take the rest as read,
And with our Transformation deal instead.
This Transformation, now, we've quite decided,
Shan't be like that by most lessees provided,
In which, midst glare of limelight and of gold,
Scenes open and posed ballet-girls unfold.
No, we will give instead what cannot fail
To point a moral or adorn a tale.
Our Transformation is to be, in short,
A visible and practical retort
To those who to the silly view adhere,
That right divine surrounds the British Peer!

Truth. However will you do it?

The Chairman. In a way
That is original, at least, you'll say.
Let us suppose that your scene has been played.
Well, then, the change will instantly be made;
And on the stage, as Scene the Eighth moves round,
A kind of double one will next be found.
"Inside the Upper House" one half will be,
And here the Peers in robes of state you'll see;
Whilst just outside a crowd of boors will stand,
Tending to horses, p'rhaps, or tilling land.
Then Fairy Progress will come up a trap,
And at a sound, like distant thunder-clap,
And, with appropriate gesticulation,
She'll warble out this mystic

Incantation.

Dukes and Viscounts, Barons, Earls,
'Stead of nobles turn to churls!
Take those robes of velvet off,
Coronets proceed to doff!
For the time has come, at last,
When your day of grace is past.
Given long to shelve and shirk,
You, at last, are doomed to work.

Rimmel's Perfumed Almanacs.—"Western Flowers" and "The Light Fantastic Toe," 6d. Novel Christmas Presents in great variety. List on application. 96, Strand; 128, Regent-street; 24, Cornhill

Mansion you must change for cottage,
Potage à la bisque for pottage!
Gun for spade and rod for rake,
Pitchfork you for one must take.
'Stead of voting Aye and No!
You must dig and delve and sow!
Come, then! leave those padded benches—
Out and weed potato trenches.
Quit your gilded "Sleepy Hollow,"
And the plough and harrow follow!
Come, ye noblemen effete,
Come and earn the bread you eat!
Come, and by your hardy labour
Try to benefit your neighbour;
Strive to make up, ere you're dead,
For the wasted life you've led!
Come, then, come, no more delay,
Come in all your State array;
And, as through the doors you range,
Hear the spell!

Hey! Presto! Change!

Truth. And will the house the actual change remark?
The Chairman. No; for the stage just then will be too dark.
But, when the light's turned up, it will be found
An alteration's taken place all round.
The yokels in the House of Lords will be,
The Peers as artisans and hinds you'll see.
The Horsey Earl you'll notice grooming steeds;
The Betting Lord a plough-horse humbly leads;
The Pheasant Butcher 's calmly sticking pigs;
The Purse-proud Peer a bed of turnips digs.
But I need not into description go,
For we have made a sketch the scene to show,
And there you'll better see than I can tell
The odd results of the transforming spell.
This is the notion. What d'you think of it?
Mr. Irving. I think——
Truth. And I am *sure* 'twill be a hit.
The Chairman. And now, of course, the question needs reply,
Upon what comic scenes shall we rely?
Truth. But where's the clown? I have not heard about one.
The Chairman. The fact is, we intend to do without one.
All. Without a clown!
The Chairman. Well, yes; for you will find
That in the after-scenes we have designed—
Some comic ones, but others, serious, very,—
The clown and his three friends, that quartette merry,
Would, far from tending to assist a scene,
Delay it rather, should they intervene.
Truth. But people like the clown so!
The Chairman. That I own;
But still I cannot, on this ground alone,
Include him when there's nothing he can do.
But stay, though, as so urgently you sue,
We may, perhaps, so far our purpose change
As with the Bumptious Bartlett to arrange;
Or Mr. Lowther—James, of course, I mean—
To act as clown in each alternate scene.
This, though, I will not promise.
Truth. Thanks, indeed.
The Chairman. And now my serio-comic scenes to read.
Mr. Harris. May I suggest, Prince, that it's always better
Not to keep actors too much to the letter.
The Chairman. I thought as much; and so I've not been wrong
In writing for each one a separate song—
That is, for every scene; the total's nine;
And to these songs I will myself confine.
Shall I begin?
Mr. Bancroft. Your pleasure we await.
The Chairman. I'll only, then, by way of preface state,
That I will take the songs from number one,
And read them through until the nine are done.

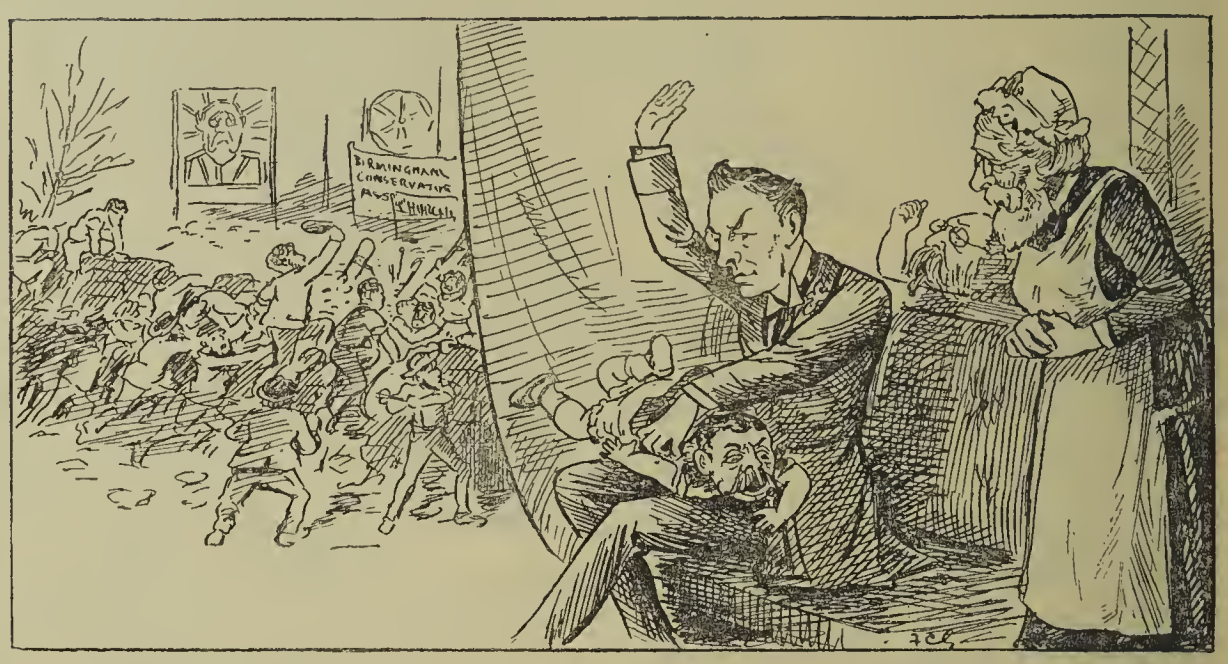
Scene One.

Song.—The Spanker and the Boy.

Mr. Chamberlain *sings* :—

LET me spank him for his Leader!
Let me spank his "bonnet" boy,
Who so oft is a seceder,
Poor Sir Stafford to annoy!
And before I've done his trouncing,
Little, trying, tricksy elf!
For his recent Aston bouncing,
Let me spank him for myself!

Kind friends! don't hold my hand,
Nor for him be a pleader;
Few can his tongue withstand—
I'll spank him for his Leader!"



Sir S. Northcote *sings* :—

Ah, he spanks him for his Leader
With much pleasure I observe,
And for him I'll be no pleader,
But wish Joseph's hand more nerve!
For the tricks that boy has played me
Have been utterly too bad,
And the way he's disobeyed me,
It has almost driven me mad.

Please do not spare your hand, I am no interceder,
For gladly here I stand, whilst you spank him for his Leader!

Lord Churchill *sings* :—

He has spanked me for my Leader,
I am very grieved to say;
For I can't but be a heeder
Of his much more vigorous way.
And my next wild accusation
Shall of some opponent be
Who has less determination
Than strong-handed Joseph C.

Yes, from his spanking sore, in vain I've been a pleader,
So him I'll tempt no more to spank me for my Leader!

Scene Two.

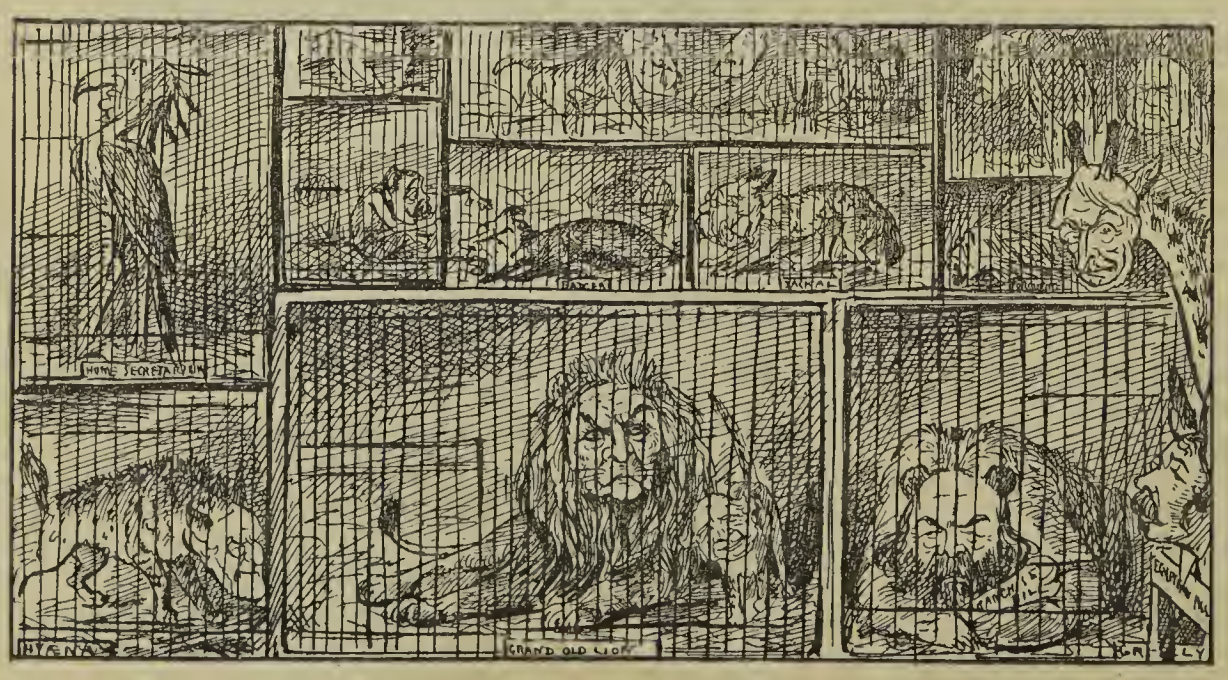
Song.—The Parliamentary "Zoo."

WALK up! walk up! and see our show!
You'll find it worth a view;
It's so complete,
You cannot beat
The Parliamentary "Zoo!"

We've animals of every sort, and every size, and feature;
We've Irish Bulls, and Funny Dogs, and lots of City Bears,
We have one specimen at least of every curious creature;
So listen to the wondrous list their keeper now declares.

We've a Wolff that is a Jackal,
We've a Beetle to attack all
Wicked Quadrupeds that will not say their prayers;
We've a Lynx that writes despatches,
We've a Sea-dog that muffs catches,
And a Beaver with a Buffalo that pairs

The animals are fed at eight,
And 'tis a sight to see
The Lion take
A well-done steak,
The Bison drink his tea.
'Tis well worth while to gaze upon the Leopard changing spots,
The Skunk consuming buttered toast, the Camel at the grill,
And 'tis a treat that 's most complete to see the Gull hatch plots,
Or watch the Pelican attempt to carry his own Bill!

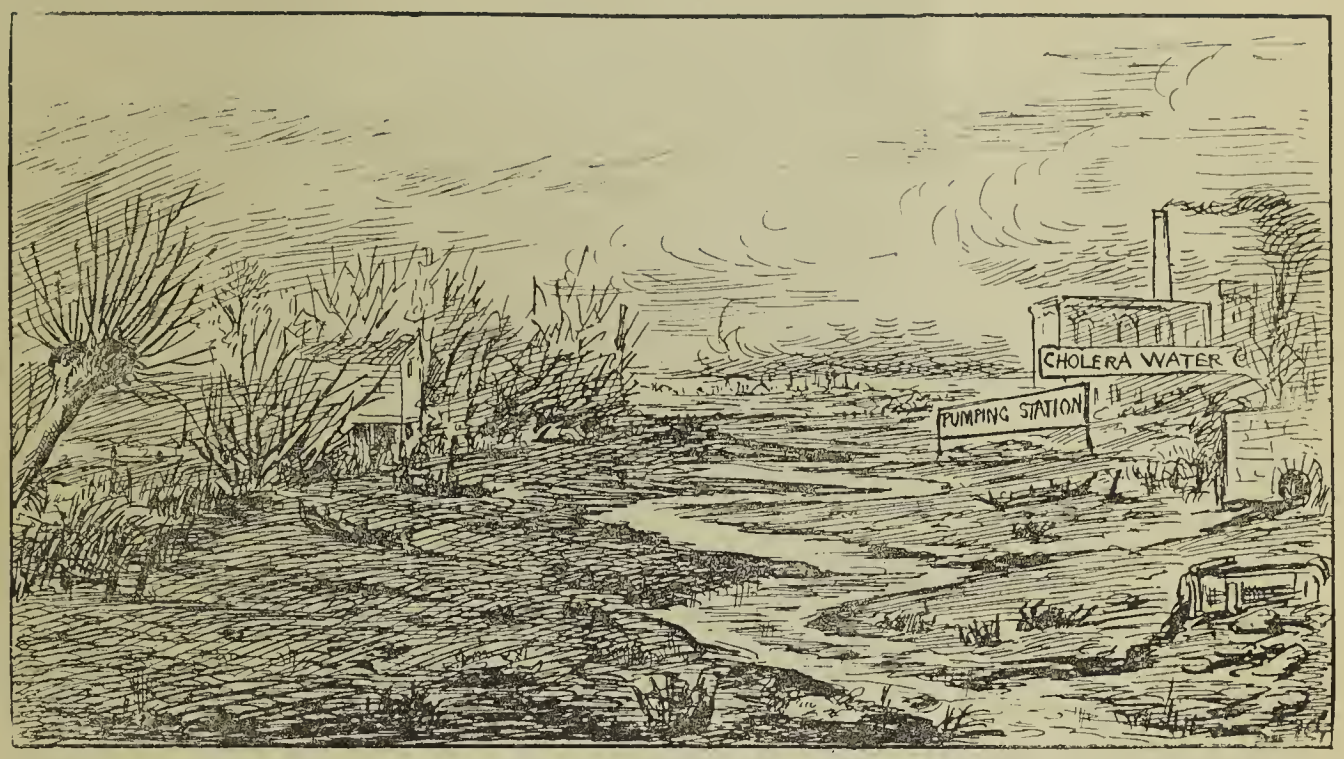


We've a temporising Toncan,
And a Tabby-cat that mew can,
And a Parrot that asks questions by the score.
We've a Reindeer that can write well,
And a Badger that can bite well,
And a well-developed "Legislative" Bore!
Yes! we have a lot of Rabbits,
With gregarious little habits,
And an Eagle with the "Ayes" that likes to vote.
We've a Fox that makes sly speeches,
We've a Tomtit that impeaches,
And a Polar Bear that wants to change his coat.

Scene Three.

Song.—Our Waterless Waterway.

BEHOLD in me a ruined river,
That was once a prime health-giver,
Ere they dared to me deliver
To the Board of Works.
Since the sewage they have shot in,
They send daily such a lot in,
Fishes now my waters rot in,
Thanks to senseless shirks!
Once my tide was strong and rushing,
And my fair green banks kept flushing;
Now I am too weak for gushing,
Hushing all the way!



Once past Richmond I went brawling;
Now my depth is ever falling,
And o'er mud-banks I go crawling,
And the air defile!
For I'm mired by dirty rain-pipes,
Made unclean by reeking drain-pipes,
And befouled by monster main-pipes,
Till my stench is vile!
Once, my crystal waters gleaming,
On by many a town went streaming;
Now my water, then so beaming,
's Steaming all the day!

Water-companies abuse me,
That's why anglers cannot use me,
And riparian tenants lose me,
As they are remarking.
Worse, I spread contamination,
And disease and vitiation
Issue from each exhalation
Rising down at Barking.
Once I was most fit for drinking,
As I in the sun lay winking,
Now, though, I am quickly shrinking,
Stinking all the day!

Scene Four.

Tune.—"Standard" Starvation.

COME, you prejudiced Officials! Come, Inspectors of our Schools!
Cease awhile your warm discussions; cease to lay down hard-fast rules!
Cease to push with such fell purpose, what at best is but a craze;
Cease to fight around those "Standards" that like fetishes you raise.

Aye, abstain awhile from cramming
The pinched scholar's aching head;
We, for pity's sake, implore you,
Feed his body first instead.

Never mind that fatal forcing; leave, oh! leave the o'erworked brain;
Nor the scholars' lives embitter, your statistics to maintain!
For whilst you frame lengthy minutes, and your cruel edicts spread,
Your precocious School-Board Crichtons often lack their very bread!

So abstain awhile from cramming, &c.

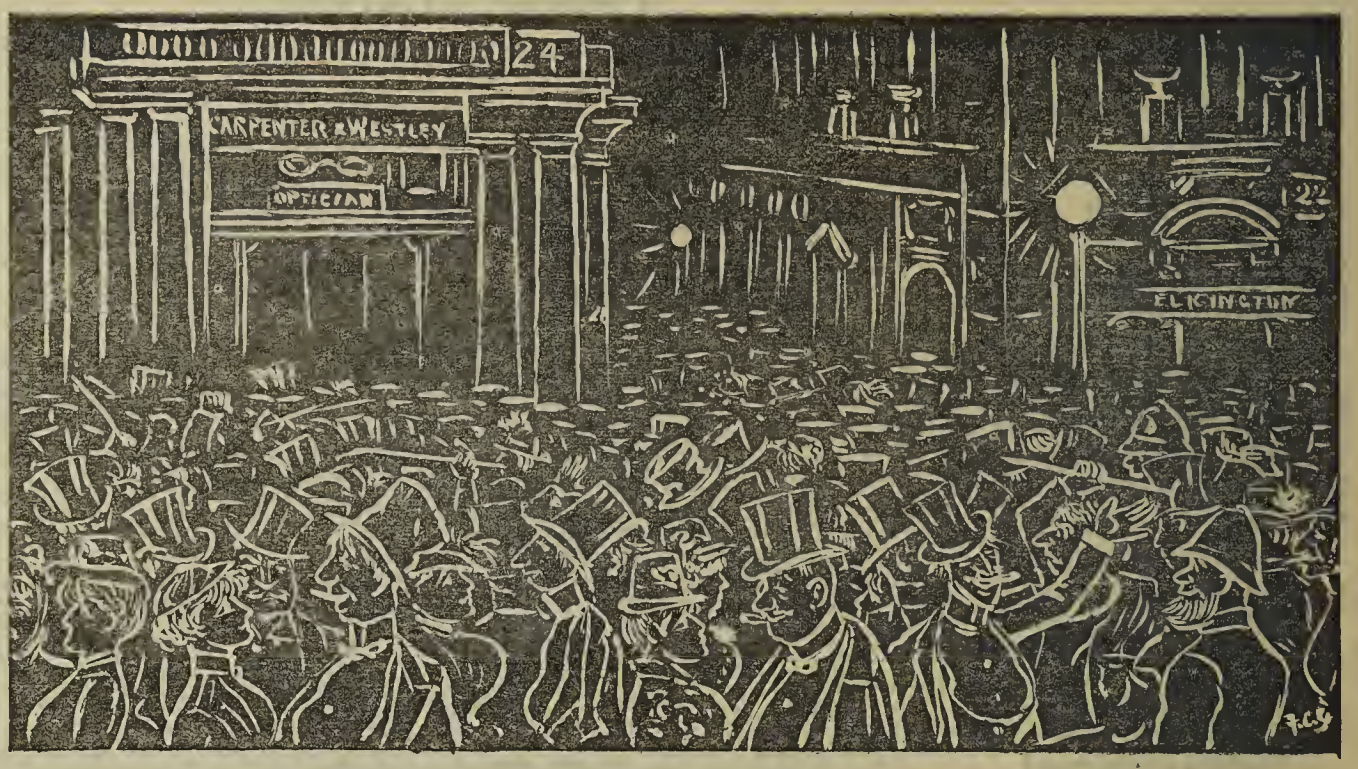
Never mind the silly protests that economists may make;
Nor insist on keeping bye-laws when 'tis lives that are at stake.
For it truly little matters what instruction 'tis you give,
If the children that receive it are not strong enough to live!

No, abstain awhile from cramming, &c.

So we earnestly advise you to set up one "standard" more,
And to weigh your poorest scholars ere they pass the schoolroom-door;
Let a scale be at the portal, and let not a child go in
Till 'tis proved that mind and body both are ready to begin.

Yes, abstain awhile from cramming, &c.

Scene Five.



Song.—London's Inferno.

THERE is a sound of revelry by night,
For England's capital has gathered then
Her lowest and her foulest and too bright
The gas shines o'er frail women and fast men!
A thousand tongues wag noisily, and when
The music-halls the shameless concourse swell,
And drunken wretches reel from many a den,
The scene grows yet more like an earthly hell!—
But hush! Big Ben booms midnight, like some solemn knell!

Do they not hear it sounding on the wind,
These reckless haunters of the crowded street?
Nay, on they course, their laughter unconfined,
Prepared in all their brazen shame to greet
The ribald roysterers they haply meet!
But hark! that bell of doom breaks in once more,
And some lone hearts its echoes now repeat;
But louder, shriller, ghastlier than before,
Rises that hideous midnight Market's odious roar!

Ah! now there's eager hurrying to and fro,
And frightful oaths and tears of deep distress
And cheeks are drabbled which an hour ago
Were brave with artificial loveliness.
And there are sudden quarrels as the press
Of desperate women swirls and surges by,
With laughter forced and words of bitterness,
Which overwhelms the outcasts' deep-drawn sigh,
As the pale moon breaks through the sombre-clouded sky.

And this in London! in the very street
Which speaks the grandeur of the wealthy west!
'Tis here debauchery and riot meet;
'Tis here each night, when purity's at rest,
There rages rampantly that moral pest
That saps our city's health and blasts her name,
And steals the reputation she posses't,
Leaving her rifled of her once fair fame,
A bye-word for the nations, and all Europe's shame

Scene Six.

Song.—A Princely Prayer.

MAMA-IN-LAW, mama-in-law, O, pity us I pray;
You know I hold you much in awe—you've such a Sovereign sway!
And that's the reason I was led to do the thing you bid,
But since such trouble has been bred, I'm sorry that I did.

For, O! I'm so unhappy,
And she has fallen sick,
And people jeer at me and say
I've played her a shabby trick!
Yes, I have lost domestic peace,
And through the world must roam,
For there's nothing now but trouble in
Our once most happy home!

Her family is good and old, and, please, I love her so!
And happiness is worth much gold, as you, dear step-ma, know;
Besides, my case, you must agree, is only Lorne's reversed
Then why have you come down on me and done your Royal worst?

So please to withdraw your edict,
And let us meet again—
Oh, do not force two loving hearts
To far apart remain!
You valued your connubial bliss,
Then force me not to roam,
But let us happy be once more
In our little Hessian home!

For, perhaps, you may remember what happened once before,
How then a loving pair you forced your sternness to deplore,
When you recall what followed in a near connexion's case,
You surely will extend to us your clemency and grace!
The Kaiser's a stern old tyrant,
But you're a woman true;
So, 'tis with hope we once again
Thus make appeal to you.
Be generous, then, have pity, pray,
Nor cause true bliss to roam;
But, oh! let peace once more come back
To our happy little home

Scene Seven.

Concerted Piece. — The Nation's Navee.

HH, Britannia, the pride of the ooean,
The homo of the brave and the free,
It is time that with zealous devotion,
We saw to the Navy for thee.
If tyrants thou still wouldst make tremble,
Thou needest some armour-clads new,
Or else—it is vain to dissemble—
It's all up with the Red, White, and Blue.
It's all up with the Red, White, and Blue,
It's all up with the Red, White, and Blue;
It is useless to longer dissemble,
'Tis all up with the Red, White, and Blue.

Recitative.

Radicals, Whigs, or Tories we—
We are of all us eager to save the Navee;
Partisans of the deepest dye—
That white is black we would all vote "Aye!"
Whatever our party whips may say,
We never venture to have our way.
But this is a case in which we think
We ought to politics wholly sink,
And join with a patriotic glee
To increase the strength of the Queen's Navee.

Duet and Chorus.—Liberal and Tory First Lords and Followers.

L. First Lord. The storm, long brewing, soon may burst
On England's peaceful shore.

T. First Lord. Soon foes may join to do their worst,
As in the days of yore.

L. and T. F. Lords. 'Tis that our prestige safe may be
Our politics we ban.
If we supreme would be at sea,
That is our only plan.

Chorus. And shoulder to shoulder, right steady and true,
We must fight as our forefathers taught us to do.
So up once again with the Red, White, and Blue
And sustain the old Navy of England

Scene Eight.

Song.—Our Non-Advertising Soldiers.

THE Volunteers of England, how modestly they stand,
Prepared to do their duty though snubbed on every hand!
Not theirs to puff their actions, not theirs to strut and pose.
No; all they ask is to be led to meet their country's foes!
"The Artists," as becomes them, are always fresh as paint;
That they 're not more 'neath "canvas," is p'rhaps their sole complaint.
Their Colonel, you will notice, in collar works right well;
In fact, in big, white *collars*, if all the truth we tell!
The London Scottish have a ram, which always heads their corps,
And Lumsden wears the mantle now so long Lord Elcho wore—
Or, rather, tries to wear the same, for there are those who say
It sometimes covers Lumsden up in the most thorough way.
"Doncha know the L.R.B?" They would be quite content
If they had not to our Lord Mayor to arms sometimes present;
This tries them sorely, but still worse the City Marshal's whim,
That they, because he wears red clothes, should arms present to him!
Since London Scots have now a ram with which their corps to head,
The London Irish mean forthwith to get a pig instead;
Then, what with taste for whisky-punch and shamrock shoulder-straps,
Who will deny these Cockney Celts are patriotic chaps?
And they have right good officers, who hold them well in hand.
Now Donegal and Dauboney have both ceased to command,
There's Ward; and Furnival at home alike in silk and pink,
And two right dashing Majors who from tactics do not shrink.
The P.O. Volunteers defy the most exacting railer,

With such a soldier in command as Colonol Du Plat Taylor
And the Victorias would be as swell as in days past,
Were it not for the fact that swells are getting scarce at last.
But space is failing, and no word of Ranelagh has been said,
Nor of the Lawyers (Devil's Own) and their devoted head;
St. George's, too, Queen's Westminster, and Civil Service Corps,
These must perforce be left unpraised, with scores of regiments more.

Scene Nine.

Song. — The Fate of "Gorgonzola Hall."

WE could at last no longer fight against our crushing fate,
So "Gorgonzola Hall" got turned into "New Billingsgate."
Whilst we, deprived of pears and nuts, and "sweeties" bought of "Dunny,"
Went out into the world to try to make a little money.

Some of us turned photographers, the lords regained Mayfair;
"Stephen" into the wine-trade went; and "Bob," in his despair,
Took to the road with tracts; whilst "Jack and Harry," reft of hopes,
To active training went forthwith inside the stakes and ropes.

"Laurence and Pat" became M.P.'s; and, when he was not preaching,
"Jack Long" was little Bible tales to Sunday scholars teaching;
"Bennie" to Mormon Land returned; and "Little Ted," at last,
Across St. George's Channel to his bog-girt mansion past.

"The Major," in his Highland home, upon his bag-pipe wailed;
"Richard" his little lonely barque across th' Atlantic sailed;
"The General's" wild laugh thenceforth at Aldershot was heard;
"The Colonel's" sternly martial tones the Shorncliffe echoes stirred.

"Peabody" "dashed his wig," and ceased to hunger for "more books;"
"Algy" no longer brushed his hair, regardless of his looks;
"The Lion's" roar was checked at last, and even "Joe" grew thin;
And "John" went to his old port wine and much-loved violin.

To Sanger's "Little Gus" repaired, to play a super tar;
"Arthur's" melodious shrieks in "Trunks" no more were heard afar;
"The Skipper" he a-hunting went, whilst "Lacy's" ceaseless zeal
Made him upon the cinder-path the "Demon of the Wheel."

And now at night the Huntsman Wild the Yankee Market sees,
Amongst blue lights and murmurs of in-nu-mer-a-ble Bees!
But never now, 'midst soft "miaows" is "Poor Old Joe!" discerned,
Nor is the "Saint" asked solemnly if he his bread has earned.

"The Chevalier" his organ and his monkey both regained;
But "Edmund" in its place no more his eye-glass dull maintained.
The "Grasshopper" was silent, too; "King Cole" no jokes advanced;
His Majesty the "King of Spain" no "Options" now financed.

The "Captain" his much-swelling chest in breastplate did install,
And then went off to do his best to ornament Guildhall.
In short, all hied this way or that, at Fate's so harsh decree,
Till Capel-court was empty as the mull of "W. B."!

AND with that," cried the Prince "the performance will end,
Unless we see cause to our programme extend.
There *are* some more scenes we could use, it is true—
(The ones, Mr. Harris, I handed to you),
But I fear that if these in addition were acted,
Our piece would be then too unduly protracted.
They're arranged, I may state, by some warm sympathisers
Who wished to assist—I mean Truth's Advertisers."

"I've examined them, Prince," Mr. Harris returned,
"And in them have certainly merit discerned;
So I think, on the whole, we shall find it the best
To have them performed, but apart from the rest.
They give us a chance certain people to use,
Whose services otherwise we must refuse."

Said the Prince: "I agree, then, to what you propose,
That these scenes in effect shall our Pantomime close.
So they did. And they now, in effect, may be noted
In the pages to traders' announcements devoted.

"And now," the Prince added, "it only remains
To every one thank who has taken such pains;
And to also regret that we don't see our way
All the hints to include we've received for our play.

We are bound to consider our Pantomime's length,
And we thus many points of most evident strength
And political satire and flashes of wit
Have been fairly compelled to entirely omit.
Thus many a scandal and crying disgrace,
For censure of which we had hoped to find space;
Many evils Society tries to conceal;
Many vices, in short, with which Truth tried to deal,
We've been forced to leave out of our new Pantomime,
To be duly attacked, though, at some later time!
So let their defenders just use this reprieve,
And try to a lost reputation retrieve;
Electing to act in a sensible way
That may censure prevent at no far-distant day.

"But there's much yet to do; still I am not afraid,
For I'm certain that no one his task will evade.
Meanwhile, we'll adjourn until Monday at noon,
When—unless you consider that Monday's too soon—
We will meet on the stage at the hour I have said,
That the piece may be then to the company read."

So the meeting broke up; and when Monday came round,
There was none who was not at his post duly found;
And, in short, from that day until Boxing Night came,
Scarce an hour of repose could the management claim:
The toil was incessant, but nobody shirked;
From the Prince to the call-boy, all willingly worked;
Till amidst loud expressions of public delight,
The curtain drew up on the opening night.

The Result.

IT is not our intention to publish, as we could,
The notices unnumbered, and mostly very good,
In which the London papers were eager to express
The fact that the performance had proved a great success.
No, it is not our purpose those critiques to here obtrude,
But with a private matter to our narrative conclude.
The piece, then, had been running some six or seven nights,
And was already quoted as one of London's sights,
When in our crowded post-bag, one morning it befel,
We lighted on a letter, addressed "Miss Truth, the Well."

Which letter, as it deals with a notable event,
We think it not unseemly to publicly present.

My Dear Miss Truth,

Three months ago you gave, at my suggestion, some excellent advice to me upon an urgent question. I thanked you at the time, but since I've put your words in action, and therefore feel I ought to state with what great satisfaction I've seen success my efforts crown, just as you said it would, and been the means, I've cause to think, of doing real good.

Now this result, my dear Miss Truth, undoubtedly is due to that good counsel offered me so willingly by you. Our Pantomime so well received is certain now to run, for in our takings we each night surpass the previous one. It goes still better every time, and therefore I'd propose that you should come again to-night, and so a box enclose. But, whether you consent or not, I crave your kind permission to call and make to you, forthwith, some fuller recognition of all that my Committee feels, and I most fully share: so may I ask for one half-hour, if you as long can spare. On Thursday then, if you so please, I'll come at half-past three, and bring—for they insist on it—some colleagues, too, with me.

I will not here repeat our thanks, but leave them till we meet, when it will be my privilege to lay them at your feet. Far better than ten written *words I always deem one* said *word, and so remain,*

My dear Miss Truth,
Yours truly,
Albert Edward.

* * * * *

The hour has come, and loud's the hum up Carteret-street now swelling,
As hansoms stop and broughams drop their tenants at Truth's dwelling.
The Prince is there, and Bruce and Hare, and several legislators;
The Premier, too, soon comes in view, and two well-known debaters.
In short, a score pass through our door, and eagerness elates them.
As in they go where, cheeks aglow, Truth quietly awaits them.
With bows profuse, and much excuse, and compliments repeating,
They all form line, and, at a sign, commence this vocal greeting:—

With hearts filled up with gratitude,
That ever shall prevail;
We venture to this day intrude,
And Truth to loudly hail;
We thank her for her good advice,
And beg our Chairman now
To please produce that laurel-wreath,
And place it on her brow!

[The Prince *deftly brings out a box from his coat-tail pocket, and opens it.*

All. Yes, crown her! crown her! crown her
Yes, crown her truthful brow!

Truth. Please, don't so overwhelming be;
Your gratitude is going too far.
Such laurel-leaves are not for me;
You're much too grateful, indeed you are!

Mr. Gladstone:
I hailed a hansom cab to-day, and here did quickly whirl,
I dressed myself up spruce and gay to see this charming girl,

And now I'm sure I hope that wreath upon her brow will stay,
That all of us may have a chance admiringly to say—

Chorus. She's got it on! she's got it on!
Doesn't she look fascinating?
She's got it on! she's got it on!
Spite of her expostulating,
She 's got it on! She 's got it on!
And whilst this reiterating,
We declare, She's more fair
Now she's got it on!

Truth. Then thank you all, kind people!
And as you wish it so,
This wreath I'll wear, and tender care
Upon it I'll bestow.

All. We ask no more, sweet maiden;
If only this you'll do,
So beg to say Good day! Good day!
And take our leave of you.

The Prince But before we go we shall just have time
To give three cheers for our Pantomime!

All. Aye, give three cheers, and three times three,
For those who our Pantomime go to see!

Mr. Gladstone. And now, if you please, three more to raise
For this fair young maid who wears the bays!

Truth. And grant me a favour before you've done—
Three good cheers, please, for Every One!

All. Yes, three good cheers, and then we've done—

Hip, hip, hurrah for every one!

☞ *A Key to the six full-paged Cartoons in this Number will be published in the ordinary issue of* Truth *of Dec. 4.* ☜

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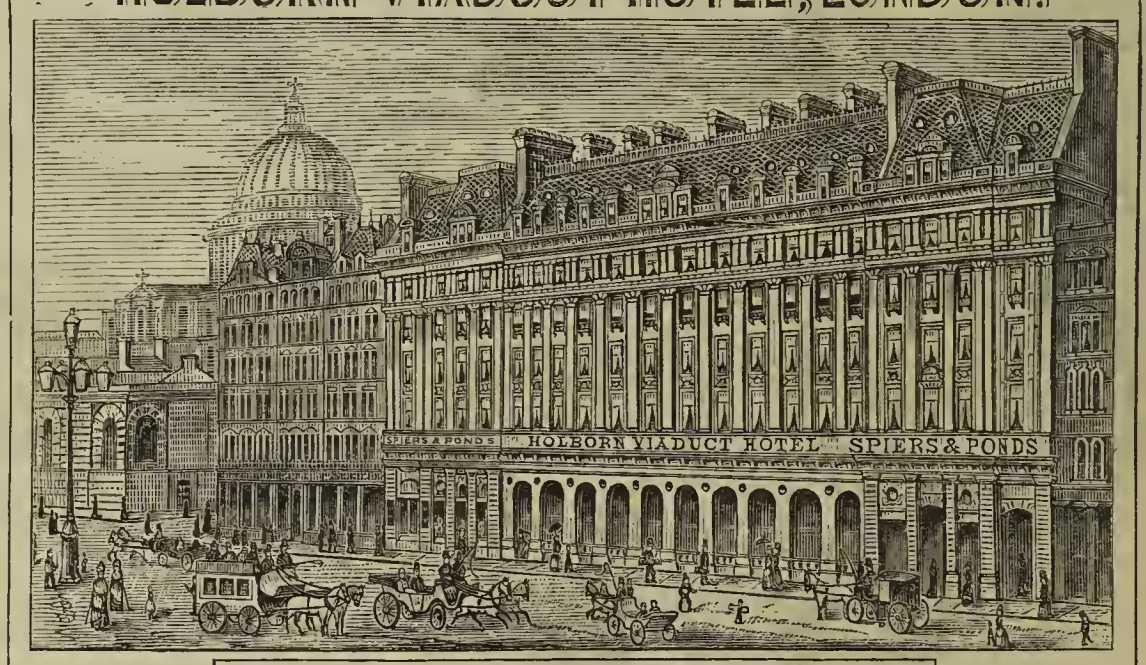

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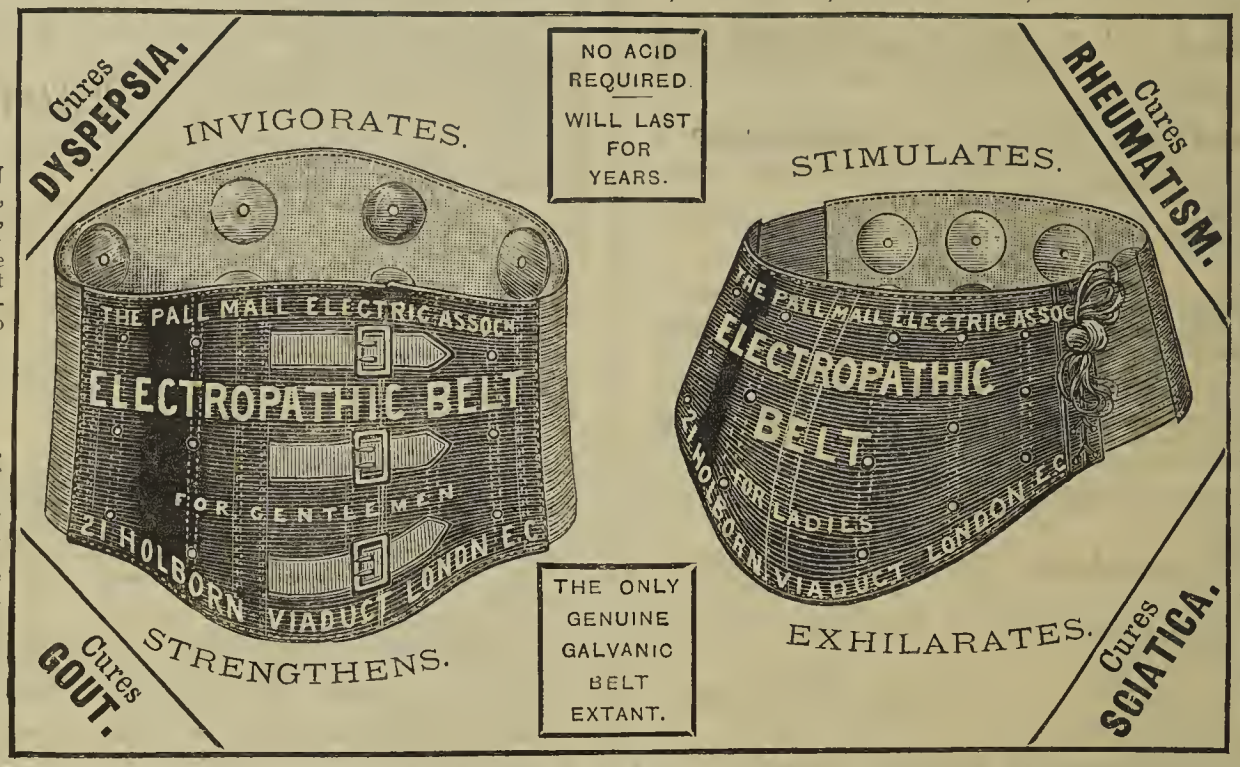

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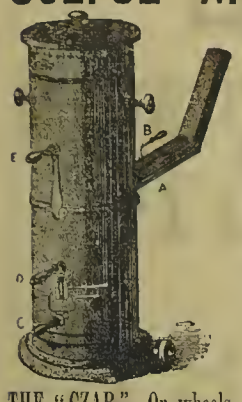

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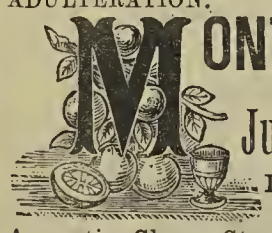

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